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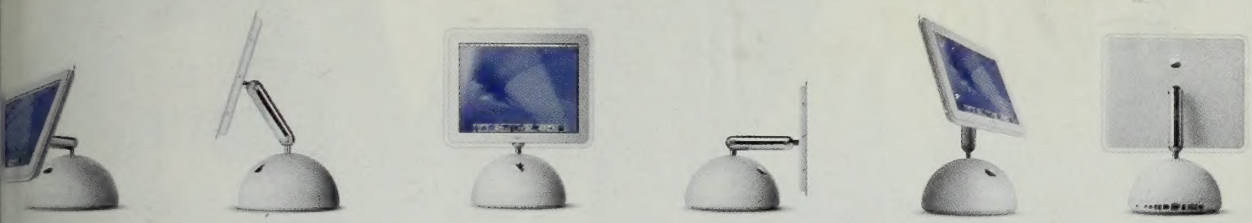
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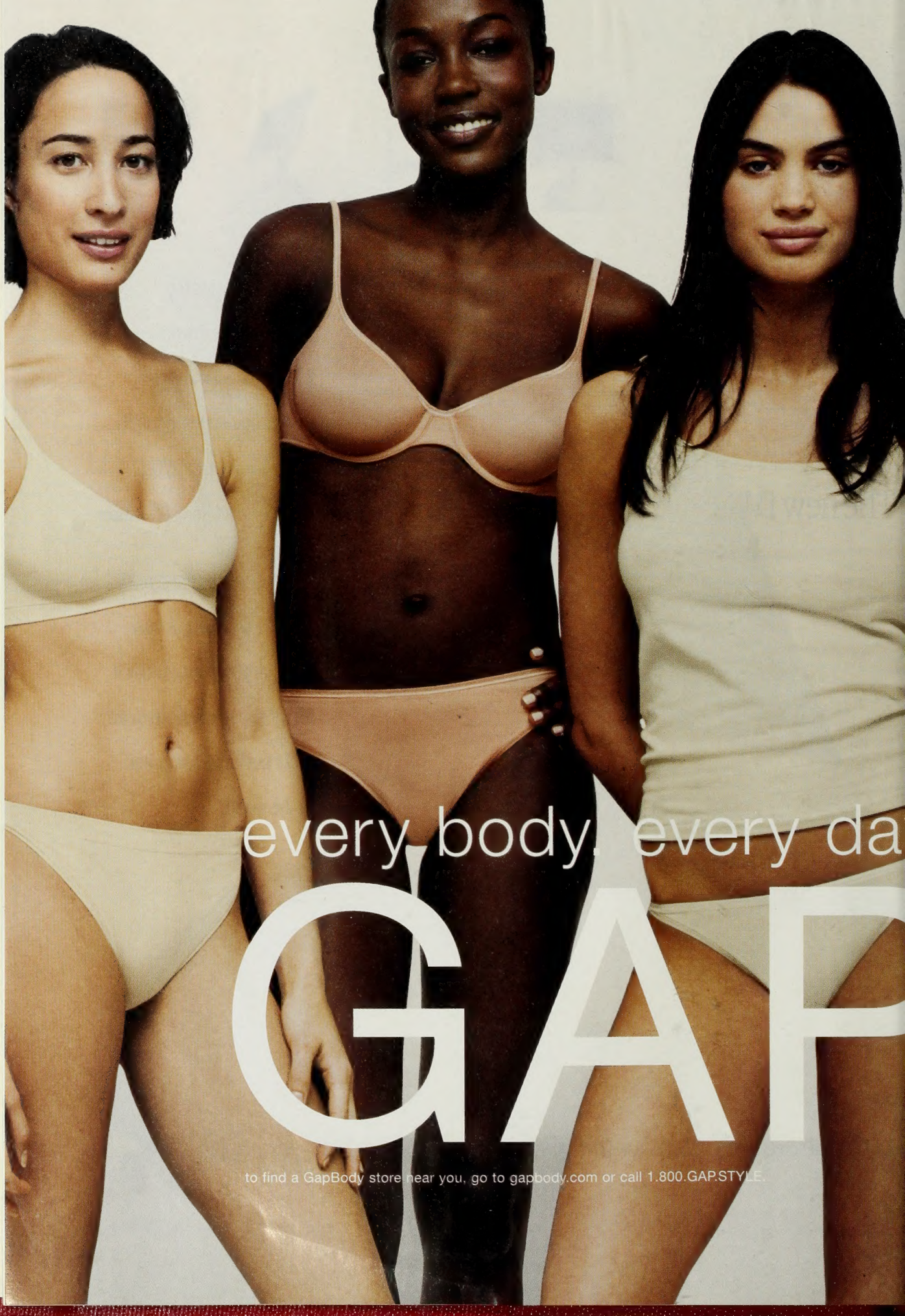
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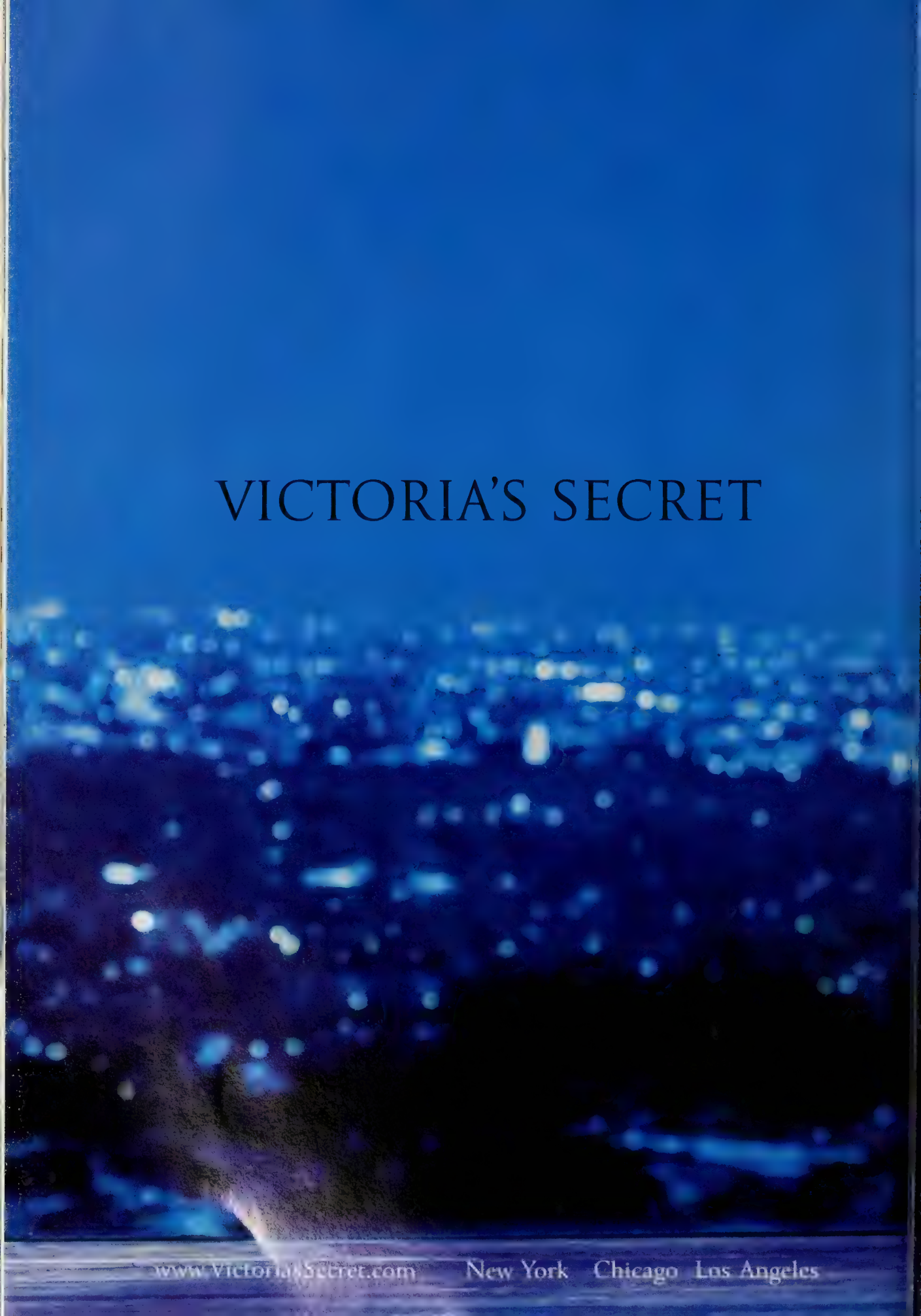
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Features

LEADING BLONDE A teen-set idol, Kirsten Dunst is still a teen herself, only now leaving the family nest for a place of her own. But with lead roles in Peter Bogdanovich's latest film, *The Cat's Meow,* and Sam Raimi's forthcoming *Spider-Man,* she's declared herself a contender for full-fledged stardom. Michael Shnayerson discovers that the Valley Girl next door is game for almost anything, except nude scenes. Photographs by Mario Testino .....

CAMELOT'S SON For the staff of *George,* the boss just happened to be a constant paparazzi target, the World's Sexiest Man, and the bearer of a uniquely powerful American legacy. In an excerpt from his memoir of working alongside John Kennedy Jr., Richard Blow, the magazine's onetime editor offers intimate recollections of dinner at Kennedy's Tribeca apartment, glimpses of the happiness and turmoil in John's marriage to Carolyn Bessette, and the most authoritative picture yet of those final, stormy days before tragedy struck ....

MACHINE OF DREAMS Sure, Jay Leno, Diane Sawyer, and Sting loved riding the Segway scooter, which was finally unveiled last December, but is multimillionaire inventor Dean Kamen's engineless people mover really going to end the reign of the automobile? John Heilemann has the story behind the most eagerly anticipated new technology in decades—the pursuit by a top Silicon Valley venture capitalist, the ongoing struggle between commerce and genius—as well as another extraordinary Kamen machine that could power a global revolution. Photographs by Todd Eberle.....

THE FRANCO FILE When James Franco won a Golden Globe for his TV-movie portrayal of James Dean, the reaction was, essentially, "Who?" Bruce Weber and Ned Zeman spotlight the coolly chiseled young actor whose performances in *Spider-Man* and *City by the Sea* will soon have audiences saying, "Oh, James Franco"—and fans cooing, "*Oooohhhh,* James Franco!" .....

THE EXPLORER'S HEART Reaching the peaks and the poles, descending to the ocean's depths, and making the clouds their home—these are the challenges that have driven the likes of Sir Edmund Hillary, Sir Ranulph Fiennes, and Thor Heyerdahl. Today, when base camp at Everest resembles Yosemite on Labor Day, Jonas Karlsson photographs 10 of the greatest living explorers, Scott Gummer hails their triumphs, and Hillary recalls his historic conquest, among other adventures.....

THE LADY WAS AN ADMAN In the 1950s, the advertising industry was the Madison Avenue of legend, with a pack of mavericks breaking away from the stodgy, gray-flannel-suited past. Mary Wells Lawrence went even further, becoming the first woman to head her own agency. In an excerpt from her autobiography, Lawrence tells how she made the business more colorful, fell head over heels for a top client, and, with a little help from Princess Grace, turned the villa La Fiorentina into her own best advertisement .....

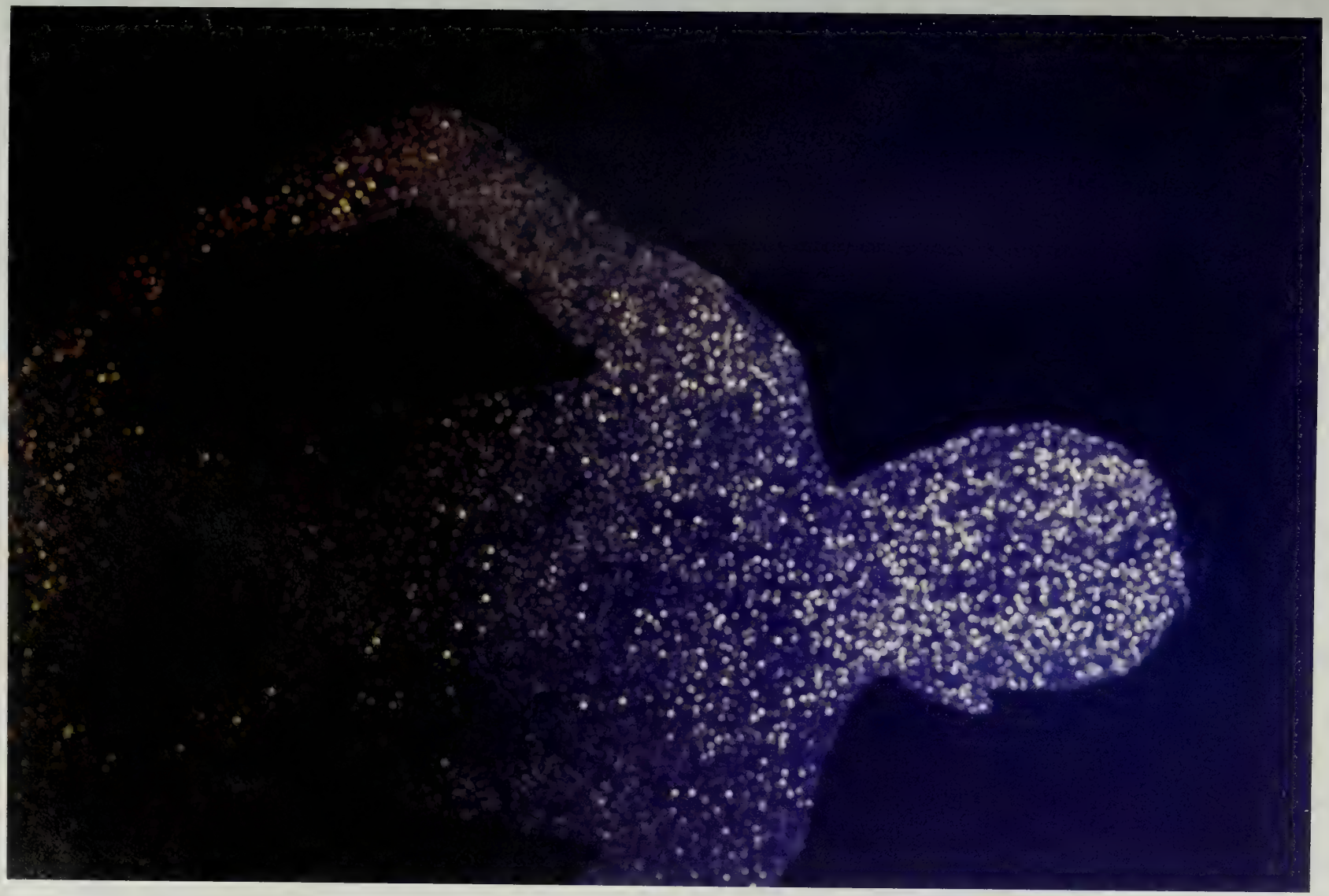
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Fanfair

31 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE Open Target—Philippe Starck's designs on the home. Hot Reels: Bruce Handy reviews *Enigma* and Eric Rohmer's *The Lady and the Duke;* Coming Attractions—Walter Kirn stays up with *Insomnia.* Elissa Schappell's Hot Type; A. M. Homes on German photographer Thomas Struth. *Mangia, mangia*—Helen Schulman on chef and cookbook author Mario Batali; Edward Helmore glimpses *Bright Young Things: London.* Evgenia Peretz on the fashion world's newest darling, Zac Posen; Hot Looks unveils the sweet smells of spring; designer Cindy Greene's animal instincts. . . . . .

Columns

PLANET SALGADO Sebastião Salgado, lauded for his stirring portraits of Third World toil, migration, and famine, has aimed his lens at the suffering caused by polio. Christopher Hitchens follows him to the slums of Calcutta, where Salgado campaigns to inoculate children against a vicious but preventable scourge, which could be eradicated by 2005 8

THE SHOCK OF THE OLD Pop culture has hit the rewind button. From Stephen Ambrose and David McCullough to C-SPAN, the History Channel, and Ken Burns's documentaries, James Wolcott dissects the current history boom, the plagiarism scandal that has authors scurrying to check whose words are whose, and the threat from recent attempts, by Rudy Giuliani and George W. Bush, to commandeer the past 10

THREE FEUDS AND A WEDDING Depravity and royalty, murder and marriage: Dominick Dunne mixes the high life and the lowdown as he turns his diary pages on Gary Condit, the death of Princess Margaret, dinner at the Woody Allens', Kennedys and Skakels in court, Elizabeth Taylor's bad edit, and, last but hardly least, Liza Minnelli's fourth walk down the aisle. 11

IRAQ'S ARSENAL OF TERROR The threat from Saddam Hussein appears even greater with new information from another high-level Iraqi defector involved in the regime's arms program. In David Rose's exclusive debriefing, a former top Mukhabarat official describes smuggling radioactive waste for "dirty" bombs, turning bio-weapons facilities into undetectable mobile units, and moving closer to a ballistic missile that could reach into southern Europe. 12

DEUCE OF SPADES In the beginning was the bag, the Kate Spade handbag, a must-have accessory that soon became a museum piece. Laura Jacobs profiles the couple responsible for the beautifully spare design of bags, eyewear, a men's line, and now, in partnership with Estée Lauder, beauty and fragrance products: Kate and Andy Spade, for whom love and business seem to be a perfect match. Portraits by Eric Boman 13

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JOHN F. KENNEDY JR. IN HYANNIS, MASSACHUSETTS, 1997 ... 176

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SIRENS FOR SCANDAL With their "3 A.M." column for *The Mirror,* Jessica Callan and Eva Simpson have become London's hottest gossips, courted and feared by celebrities, publicists, and aspiring stars. If there's no story out there, they'll make one happen. Nancy Jo Sales tags along on a champagne-fueled hunt for Russell Crowe and discovers why the 3 A.M. girls' nightly sorties lead to such irresistible breakfast reading 14

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BART STAR Meet Nan Darien's nephew Jerome and discover what's poisoning the youth of today. Forever-young Dick Clark, celebrating 50 years of *American Bandstand,* grandstands for George Wayne. Henry Alford imagines a disturbing world: What if the Cat in the Hat went on a bender with Elizabeth Wurtzel and the Lorax? Out & In: cloned cats, Tara Reid, and the real axis of evil. 19

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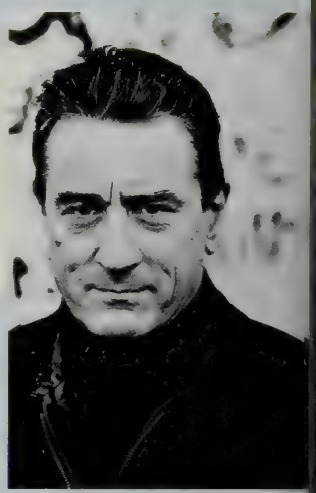

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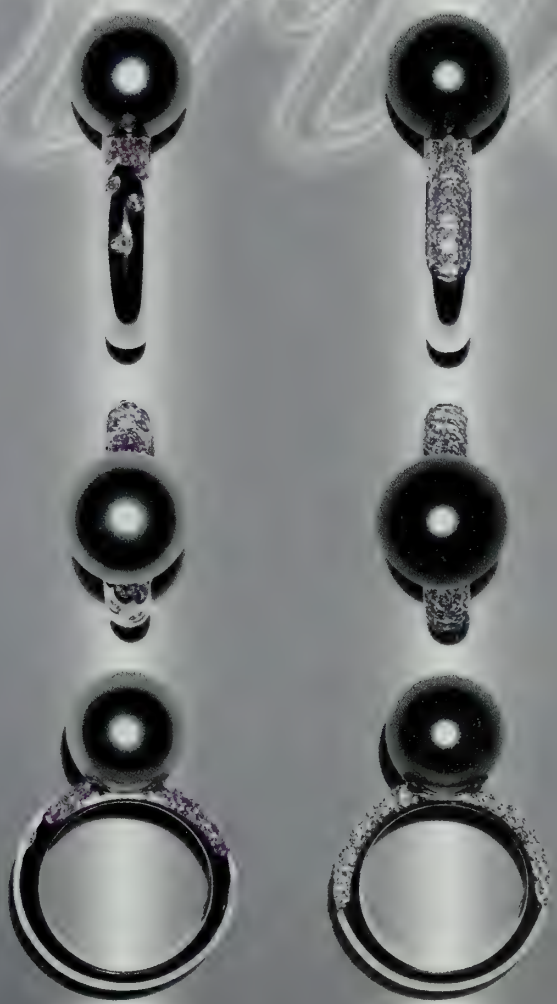
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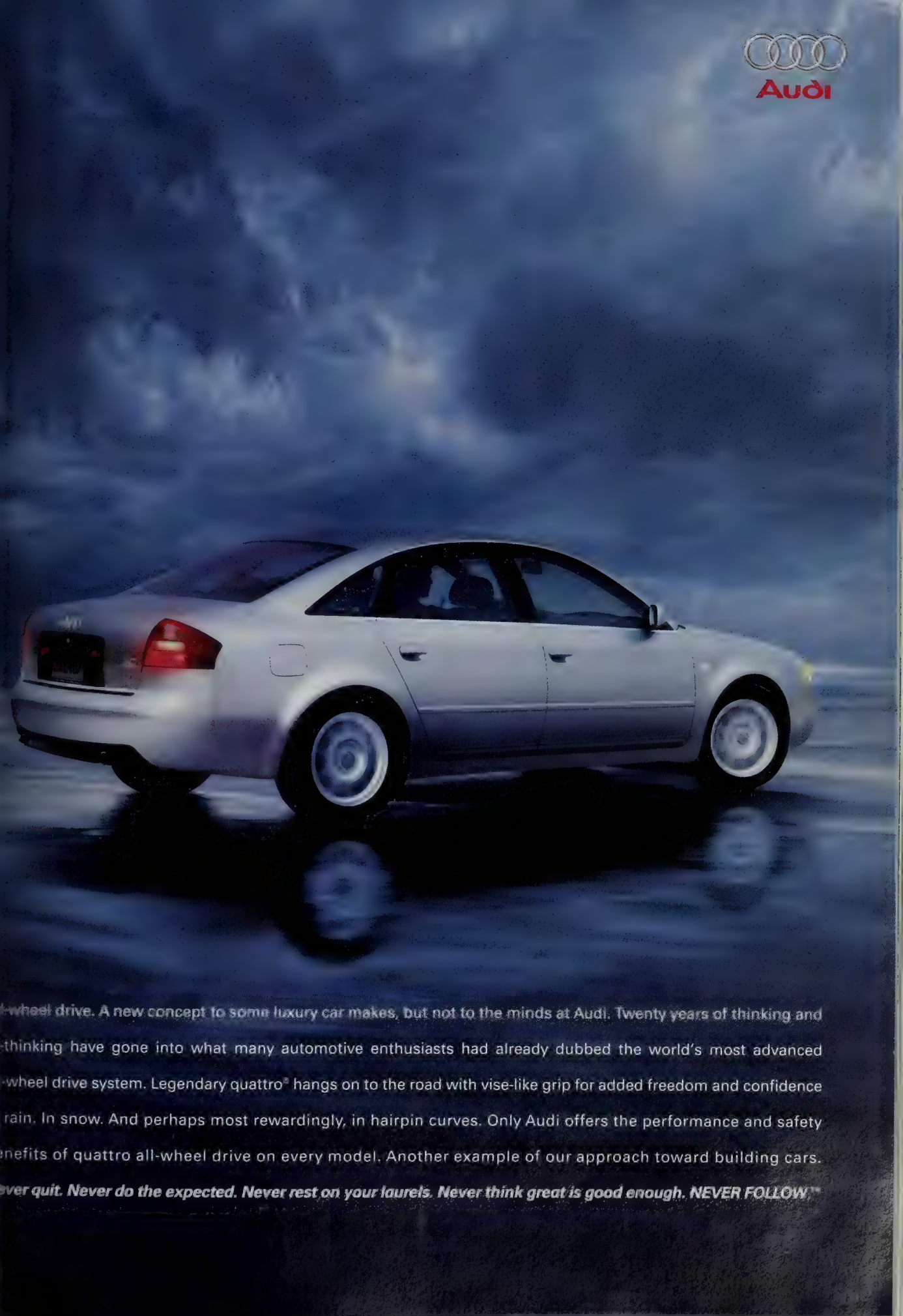


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Those Magnificent Men . . .



To someone like me, whose idea of adventure is wearing brown shoes with a blue suit, the notion of exploration—I mean true globe-trotting exploration (you know, gut-gripping danger, lost appendages, cool gear)—is a romantic if baffling one. Men and women who leave the comforts of bed and home to explore the far ends of the earth and beyond seem like throwbacks to the days of suffragette rallies and newspaper-sponsored cross-country car races. Personally, I find it impossible not to admire these people. And given the risks inherent in their various job descriptions, a surprising number of the great explorers who made their mark in the last century are still alive. Hello, did I hear "portfolio"?

Sir Edmund Hillary, who with Tenzing Norgay, his Sherpa partner, became the first man to successfully climb Mount Everest, is still with us. So is Thor Heyerdahl, who didn't let a serious fear of water stop him from getting onto a balsa-log raft for his 1947 *Kon-Tiki* expedition and sailing 4,300 miles, from the coast of Peru to the island of Raroia in Polynesia. Hillary, 82, and Heyerdahl, 87, are but 2 of the 10 legendary explorers in Jonas Karlsson's portfolio, which begins on page 190. Karlsson, who traveled 28,000 miles over eight months to pull this assignment together, not only shot the gallery of the pioneers of extreme sports for us that ran in June 2001 but also took those amazing photographs of firemen, volunteers, and just plain heroes for "One Week in September," our special edition on the World Trade Center attacks, which ran last November.

Inventors are another strange b that harks back to an earlier day. at the top of anybody's list of the w great tinkerers has to be Dean Ka who has set up his own Menlo Pa New Hampshire. Kamen is a Nat Medal of Technology winner w string of fabulous inventions (incl a wheelchair that can climb st have made him rich. You no doubt remember the frenzy of n speculation last year surrounding Kamen's mysterious technolo breakthrough that was first known only as "IT" and soon there by its code name, "Ginger." People said the thing would chang shape of cities.

And indeed it may. Last December, Kamen revealed Ging be a beautifully designed and brilliantly conceived engineless wheeled scooter officially called the Segway. Not surprisingly men's machine got a lot of play, as Diane Sawyer, Jay Leno, and er television stars demonstrated its astounding ability to stop, turn, and balance without effort on the part of the rider. On 184, John Heilemann, who reported on the device for *Time*, ha full story behind—and beyond—the Segway, a tale full of revela about the imperatives of genius, about the challenges of market revolution, and about another potentially world-altering machine Kamen has been keeping under wraps.

There is no doubt about it: Kamen is an authentic genius with a dictably difficult stripe. And he knows that people think he's a l ful. "Do I think I'm unreasonable? Yes, I do," Kamen tells Heilem "Being unreasonable is how things change." —GRAYDON CA



ON THE COVER
Kirsten Dunst wears a dress and shoes by Tom Ford for Gucci. Hair by James Brown. Makeup by Gucci [illegible] by Kate Lewis. Fingernails by Thomas Thurnauer. Hair products by Kerastase Maximurizer, makeup, and nail enamel, all by Chanel. Production by Brian Howard for Production. Styled by Sarajane Hoare. Photographed exclusively for V.F. by Mario Testino in Los Angeles on November 9, 2001.


GIORGIO ARMANI



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CONTRIBUTORS



As a member of *George* magazine's original editorial staff and later as its executive editor, **Richard Blow** had a unique window onto the professional and private life of its founder, John F. Kennedy Jr. Not long after Kennedy's death, in July 1999, Blow handed over the reins of the now defunct monthly, retreated to the Caribbean, and decided to write a book about the boss he had grown to know and admire. "One challenge of writing about an icon like John F. Kennedy Jr. is that everyone feels as if they know him," Blow says. "I wanted to show the John Kennedy people don't know." An excerpt from Blow's *American Son: A Portrait of John F. Kennedy Jr.*, due out from Henry Holt this month, begins on page 176.



M. MELLE PATTEE

For San Francisco–based journa **John Heilemann,** test-riding inventor Dean Kamen's Segway Human Transporter, the revolutio people-moving machine that created major buzz last year befo its public unveiling, was nothing of amazing. "It's one of those ra devices that has about it a certai quality of magic," says Heileman whose article on Kamen starts on page 184. The author of *Pride Before the Fall,* about the Micros anti-trust trial, and an upcoming book about the powers that be i Silicon Valley, entitled *The Valley,* Heilemann says, "I've spent a lot time with visionaries, engineers, and geeks, and even in that crow Dean Kamen stands out."



Some people consider explorers, well, mildly insane. But in **Scott Gummer's** opinion, "they are exceptionally inspirational." Starting on page 190, Gummer (far right) profiles 10 of the world's most accomplished explorers, such as 96-year-old dogsledder Norman Vaughan (with contributing photography producer Ron Beinner, near left, and contributing photographer Jonas Karlsson). Having written about the pioneers of extreme sports in the June 2001 issue of *V.F.*, Gummer explains, "There is a big difference between adventurers and explorers. Adventurers seek thrills, explorers seek truths." Something of a seeker himself, Gummer, a father of four, recently took his 11-year-old daughter, Ella, on safari to South Africa.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56





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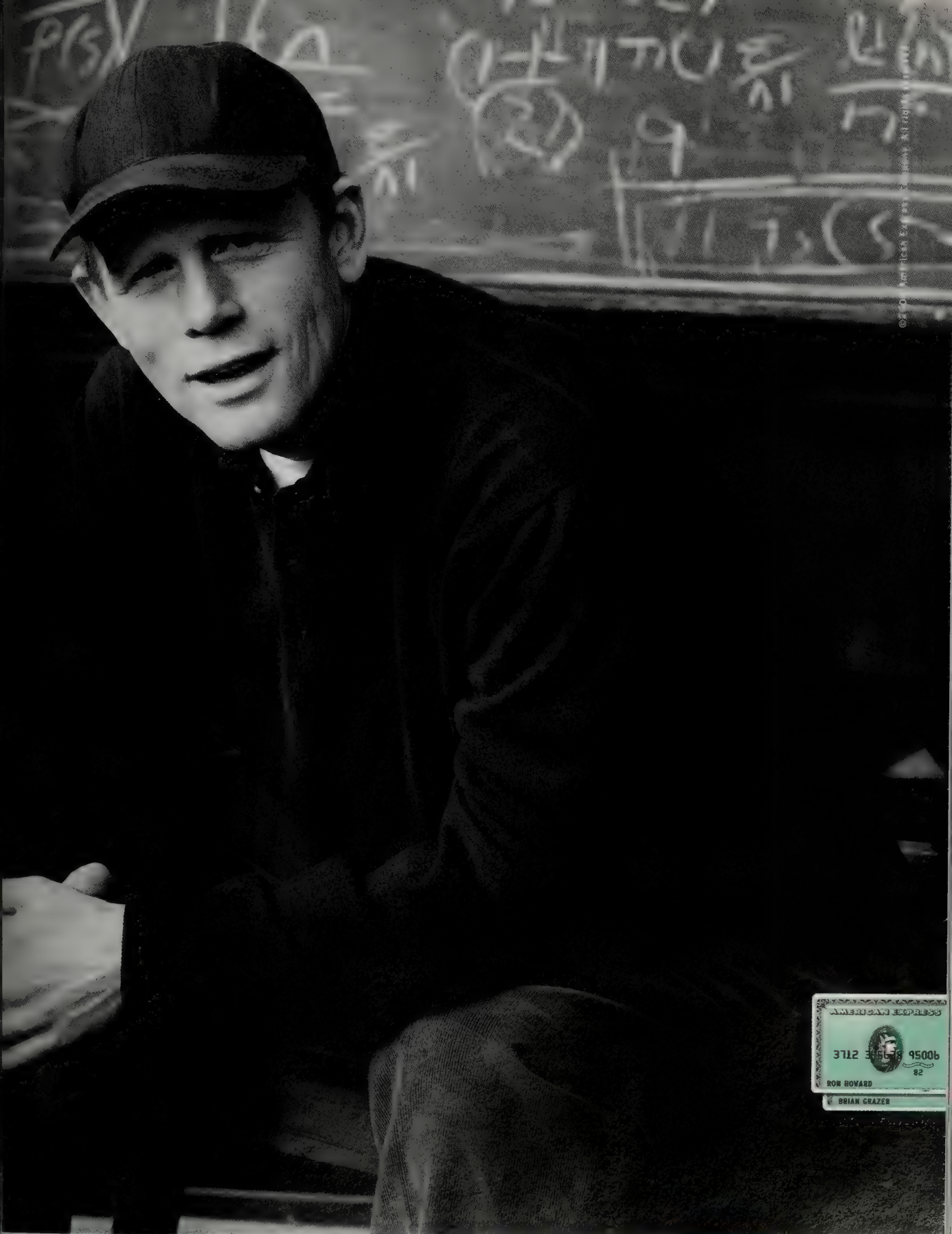
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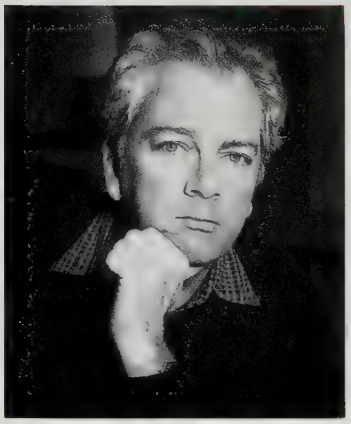


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52



FRANCINE FLEISCHER

She's just 19, but already Kirsten Dunst is a Hollywood veteran, having performed in so 25 movies. That's as many as Meg Ryan an Gwyneth Paltrow and nearly as many as Jo Foster, three other actresses contributing edi **Michael Shnayerson** has profiled for *Va Fair.* "Certainly Kirsten is much younger, less seasoned, and, in some ways, even naïve," Shnayerson, "but she shares with the others seemingly bedrock sense of confidence." Wi month's release of *Spider-Man,* he says, Dur about to become a national household nam she's still almost achingly sweet, unspoiled, fun. You come away wondering how her spir possibly survive the experience unscathed."



The only woman ever to build a large international advertising agency (the fabled Wells Rich Greene) and the first woman ever to float a business on the New York Stock Exchange, **Mary Wells Lawrence** has always been driven by her belief that a television or print ad should be a theatrical event. In her new book, *A Big Life in Advertising,* excerpted in this issue beginning on page 206, she describes her extraordinary rise, her jet-age marriage to onetime client Harding Lawrence, and their idyllic life together in Saint-Jean-Cap-Ferrat. But don't mistake her autobiographical impulse for a sign that she's slowing down. "Stay tuned," she says. "There is a lot more to come."



CAROLYN HOYLE

After meeting with an Iraqi defector in the Middle East, *V.F.* contributing editor an London *Observer* reporter **David Rose** reve new information about Iraq's weapons of mass destruction. "Since the U.N. inspector thrown out in 1998, Iraq has geared up to t and produce the most deadly kinds of weap in a big way once more," says Rose. He also reports on Iraq's close ties with Hamas, the terrorist group involved in the suicide-bomb campaign against Israelis. Rose has recently written for *V.F.* about Sudan and about Iraq brigadier general Abu Zeinab al-Qurairy. He currently working on his fifth book, *The Big Club,* about a death-row inmate in Georgia.



Sebastião Salgado—whose work to eradicate polio in India is the subject of Christopher Hitchens's column this month—knows that there are tougher health battles on the horizon. "Polio is a global problem that we can finish," he says. "What's next is hepatitis B, AIDS, and malaria, among others." Born in Brazil, Salgado started taking pictures professionally after experimenting with his wife's camera in the early 1970s. Since then he has devoted his life to documenting social transformations around the world. His most recent project, "Migrations," was mounted last year at the International Center of Photography.

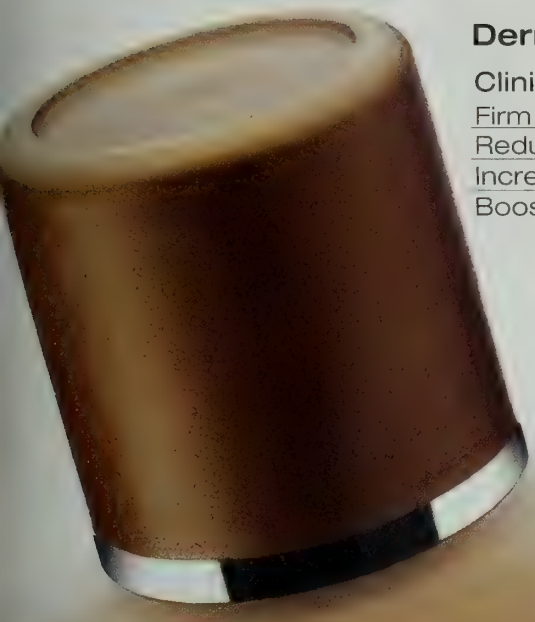
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56



GASPER TRINGALE

Contributing editor **Laura Jacobs** discover that New York accessories designer Kate Spade and her partner and husband, Andy, v oversees marketing and advertising and has h own shop in SoHo, make for one of the city's great collaborations. "Andy brings a conceptu clarity to the company that complements Kat sculptural talents," Jacobs says. "The merger of their sensibilities is an amazing fit." Jacobs who wrote about Emily Post in December 2 was not surprised to find out that each new Kate Spade employee is given a copy of Emi Post's *Etiquette*. "Graciousness is part of the aesthetic," she explains. Jacobs's first novel, *Women About Town,* is out in late May from Vi

All photographer **Eric Boman** knew about Kate and Andy Spade, the wife-and-husband team behind the $70 million business of bags, shoes, and beauty products that bears Kate Spade's name, was that "their products are knocked off on every street corner in Manhattan." Boman was delighted to find that Kate and Andy were game for just about anything, including destroying their own merchandise. "In one of the pictures, their dog is tearing one of Kate's bags on the floor," he says. Rather than ruining an authentic bag, an assistant suggested buying a counterfeit bag. "And Kate said, 'No, no, no! People will think they're badly made.' So she gave us a bag from the new line for the dog to chew up."





MELANIE LINEA

When you see a *V.F.* writer on the *Today* show, it's likely that deputy director of public relations **Sharon Schieffer** helped make it happen. A Washington, D.C., native, Schieffer grew up in a household where "not only *The Washington Post* but *The Hotline* and *The Cook Political Report* were required reading." At age 16 she attended her first national political convention. "The circ atmosphere of politics is not that different from breaking big news stories, which the magazine d virtually every month," says Schieffer. "The pho ring off the hook and your mind is going a milli miles a minute. You don't have a second to reflect on what's happening until after the reporte deadlines. And then it starts all over again."

On page 142, contributing editor **Nancy Jo Sales** chronicles the nighttime adventures of the 3 A.M. girls, London's gossip-column team of the moment, whom Sales describes as "Manolo Blahnik–wearing Walter Winchells." "They're an interesting phenomenon because, even though they're a national joke, they have a lot of power, and people are afraid of them," Sales says. Having written for *V.F.* about the Hilton sisters, ID Models owner Paolo Zampolli, and Hugh Hefner, Sales knows a thing or two about infiltrating the lives of boldfaced names—and cuts the 3 A.M. girls a little more slack. "Being a gossip columnist is grueling work," she says. "These girls are married to their column."



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HOUSE OF THE BRAVE

David Halberstam does it again; Cimino, skin-deep; Liza's uplifting encore; Sid Bass, a class act; the brotherhood of September 11; Lady Apsley defends her name; Gore Vidal fires back—so does Dominick!



STANDING TOGETH
Firefighters of Engine Company
Ladder Company 35, in the garag
their firehouse, at 66th Street
Amsterdam Avenue, New York C
January 9, 20

I have never been so moved by a magazine article ["Of Fire and Men," by David Halberstam, March]. As the daughter of an 89-year-old retired New York City fireman, I was raised in the culture of the F.D.N.Y. My father believed he had the greatest job in the world, and he loved going to work. As children we spent much time at his firehouse. We slid down the pole, sat on the truck and rang the bell, wore the helmets and boots. When my father got off the bus after work the kids in the neighborhood would run to him, begging for the "fireman's carry." I was so proud of him. He taught us to trust firemen, and to go to a firehouse if we were ever lost or in trouble. And he was right.

Halberstam's article made me remember the brotherhood that my father is a part of, and made the brave men of Engine 40, Ladder 35, come alive. I only wish his words could actually bring them back. I was visiting New York on September 11. From my hotel room in SoHo I saw the World Trade towers burning. When the first building collapsed I watched in horror because I knew there were firemen in there. I prayed they had all gotten out, but I knew they hadn't. Firemen don't leave the building until everyone else is out.

I called my father that day and said, "Thank God you're not still on the job, Daddy." He said, very sincerely, "I wish I was still on the job." I'm sure that he wishes that every day.

KATE WALL GAN
Santa Fe, New Mexico

AFTER READING ABOUT two pages of David Halberstam's article, I had to stop and consider whether I could even bear to continue. I honestly didn't know if I could take the heartbreak that was sure to come. In the end, I read every word, stopping only to put my head down and sob.

Many thanks to the author for conveying, simply yet powerfully, the very essence of each man from Engine 40, Ladder 35, who died that day. Halberstam painted a beautiful portrait of 12 men who were clearly heroes in their everyday lives, not just on that fateful day. I feel honored to have learned more about the lives of these men.

JENNIFER WATSON
Incline Village, Nevada

AS A LIFELONG New Yorker, I wanted to tell you how moved I was by the two stories on firemen in the March issue.

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the amazing sacrifice our public servants make and how poorly we reward them for their efforts.

Congratulations on your treatment of this painful subject, and for continuing to remind us all, in a quiet and elegant way, of the people who make our lives safer and more pleasant in this vast and ever complex metropolis.

CHARLES AVERY FISHER
New York, New York

MY COUSIN WAS a member of Engine 40, Ladder 35, who died in the tragedy. It really made me and my family very proud to see all of the heroes from that house honored in your magazine.

PETER C. ROBERTS
Chandler, Arizona

DAVID HALBERSTAM'S ARTICLE was heartbreaking and breathtaking, but to me what really made that article were those 12 small photographs of the heroes of 40/35. I found myself flipping back to that page at the start of each section that told the story of another brave man. I studied their faces, committing them to memory so I could think of them every time I pass a firehouse, or go down to Ground Zero, or look across the river and see that those great towers really are gone. The article is a remarkable example of the power of the marriage of word and image.

JARRETT A. LOBELL
New York, New York

HALBERSTAM HAS DONE it again. He's simply the best at doing what he does. Is he a national treasure or what?

GARY BLEVINS
North Whidbey Island, Washington

CIMINOVILLE

I WAS A LITTLE DISMAYED by your piece on Michael Cimino ["Michael Cimino's Final Cut," by Steve Garbarino, March], a man who's been out of the limelight for so long that he deserves a decent retrospective profile. You imply that he is reclusive and poker-faced ("[he] smiles a rare smile"), but the man I met at the Venice Film Festival last year was genial, hilarious, and full of stories, making time to sign autographs whether people wanted them or not. I'm not so naïve as to think he was always like that, but I think your reporter is being a little disingenuous.

You dwell, for example, on the fact that *Heaven's Gate* was a flop. Perhaps at the time—which was before video and DVD. Cimino says it's now in pr Has anyone checked the figures lat I'd like to know. And how about s more recent reviews of the film, now the dust has settled? It's time the m was seen for what it is, not what it And what about *The Deer Hunter*? *Thunderbolt and Lightfoot*? Don't tell he won't discuss them, because I k firsthand that he will.

Instead, we hear that boring old ru about Cimino's being a pre-op trans ual. Be honest: how old is that? I'd at least five or six years. And whom you wheel out to back it up? "Th Hollywood agents and publicists." W fail me! To my mind, *Vanity Fair* sta for time-honored standards in jour ism and photography, one of the magazines still to do so. But Cimi planned return to directing, with *M Fate,* is dealt with in just a few lines if the project were, at best, shaky a if it does happen, will likely be a c plete farce.

DAMON W
London, Eng

"MICHAEL CIMINO'S FINAL CUT" compelling, but invites the question: W planet is he from? No wonder he c get anyone to bankroll his projects— self-described macho man is a wei He's not David Lynch weird or even chael Jackson weird, but lives far bey that in his own universe, in which appears to make things up as he g along. He has basically carved both past and his face into something he lieves is more exotic and attractive t reality.

TERRILL PROVI
Edmond, Oklah

MICHAEL CIMINO'S LONG and invol explanations about the rumormonge girlfriend and his dates with the "Per girl," "Asian girl," and "French girl" me giving them as much credence do Michael Jackson's claim to a l standing relationship with Brooke Shie At the same time, I really don't c about whom he's sleeping with and w he's done to his chin.

N. J. MOR
Hamilton, On

TOP BASS

I WAS DELIGHTED by Suzanna drews's article on Sid Bass ["Betting Kingdom," March].

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any sort of favorable commentary about the titans of finance. Amid the current barrage of white-collar improprieties, involving everything from federal energy policies to the art business, it is refreshing to see that an old-school, quiet, handshake dealmaker like Sid Bass is still around. Anyone working at his level will have an occasional dip in fortune. Perhaps Mr. Bass had a liquidity problem. Perhaps he was shoring up cash for a very rainy day.

More probable, however, is that he had obligations or margin calls which he chose to honor. Mr. Bass's integrity remains intact, which is more than can be said for our friends at Enron and Sotheby's.

JEFFREY C. GILLESPIE
Bel Air, California

FIRE IN THE LENS

MANY THANKS to Gedeon and Jules Naudet for sharing with their hearts as well as their cameras such a raw and emotional experience ["Bond of Brothers," by David Friend, March]. I am thankful not only for their very survival on that horrific, breathless day but also for their ability to tell the story as filmmakers, brothers, friends, and citizens of New York. The footage will be an everlasting testament to what occurred on September 11, and to the moving camaraderie shared uniquely by brothers.

ANNE SLUCK
Gettysburg, Pennsylvania

TO THE MANNERS BORN

I FEEL I MUST respond to your article of last autumn on the Prince of Wales Foundation, in which I was mentioned ["A Court of His Own," by Bob Colacello, October 2001]. I was deeply hurt by Mr. Colacello's description of my physical appearance, when he described me as "a big, unkempt woman in a frayed red sweater and well-worn jeans," as well as by further characterizations of my ensuing behavior.

Whilst I would not claim to be a size 8, I am certainly not "big" or "unkempt," and the clothing Mr. Colacello described simply does not appear in my wardrobe! In fact, I look ghastly in red, and, furthermore, I wouldn't dream of attending such an auspicious occasion so casually dressed! I was present at the day's polo, but wearing what I thought to be rather a pretty pink twinset, with a pink flo flowing skirt. I was obviously horrif wrong and shall endeavor to give it aw immediately!

Whilst my pride will no doubt reco from the physical insults, I am unable ignore Mr. Colacello's claims to our su posed conversation. First, I would nev ever, greet strangers—and such gla orous ones at that—with the words "I Lady Apsley. We own this place." paints a picture of an ill-mannered, p headed, and pompous British aristoc with a penchant for showing off poss sions, and I am, I hope, the exact opp site. Furthermore, in this country o would always present oneself with Christian name and surname—it is tremely bad form to use one's title as form of introduction.

Moreover, the quote itself is comple ly inaccurate: we do not own the po club—it is still very much in the cont of my husband's father, the Earl Ba urst, so why on earth would I say su a thing?

Although Lord Apsley and I do n live in the main family house, we alwa have taken, and always will, the vi that we are merely the custodians of astonishingly beautiful piece of Glouc tershire, with family traditions dati back centuries. We are lucky enough live in privileged surroundings, but th are just that, an enormous privile and we would never boast about, claim to own, something that does belong to us.

Last, and just as important, Mr. Co cello quotes my "comments" on His R al Highness the Prince Harry's po skills, and whilst the words may be co plimentary, I was not the author. I s know very little about the game of po so I would not feel qualified to judge a one's skill, and I most certainly wo never presume to comment (especially a journalist) about either Prince Willi or Prince Harry—in any context. It simply not done, and I hope that a ca less piece of reporting from an Am can, who frankly should know better, not be misconstrued, labeling me someone to whom people can turn royal "tidbits."

I feel most strongly about these th points, which is why I am taking the usual step of writing to you, and I very grateful to you for setting the rec straight by printing this letter.

THE LADY APSL
Cirencester Park, Engl

CONTINUED ON PAGE


RALPH LAUREN ROMANCE
ROMANCE
THE MEN'S FRAGRANCE



GUESS? CELEBRATES 20 YEARS

If the star-studded Hollywood bash wasn't enough to commemorate the GUESS? 20th Anniversary, GUESS? is giving you yet another reason to celebrate. In association with its 20th anniversary, GUESS? and *Vanity Fair* are partnering with eBay to auction one-of-a-kind, nostalgic GUESS? memorabilia. Remember the GUESS? campaigns that launched the careers of numerous models–like Claudia and Naomi before they hit supermodel status? Now, you can own various items from past photo shoots and give to a charitable cause at the same time. All proceeds from the auction will go to the Entertainment Industry Foundation, an organization dedicated to using the power of the entertainment industry to make a positive social impact by supporting different charitable funds.

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For more information, visit
www.ebay.com/guess20vanityfair.

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LOVE'S SURPRISE

"People don't realize how much we're in love," says David Gest about Liza Minnelli and hims "I'll die for her." Photographed in New York City on December 13, 2001, by Mary Ellen Ma

THE RAINBOW'S EDGE

JONATHAN VAN METER'S article on Liza Minnelli had me rolling in the aisle ["Looking for the Rainbow," March]! In these days of buff superstars, it's great to know we still have a gal like Liza who can bring us back to the pill-poppin' days of Marilyn and Judy. And a wedding, yet, with Liz and Michael Jackson! Fellini couldn't have cast it better. The circus is back in town!

CHARLES BARAN
New York, New York

HOW NICE FOR Judy Garland fan Jonathan Van Meter, who has only "recently" become interested in Liza Minnelli, to feel so superior to his subject. Though Minnelli seems to have welcomed Mr. Van Meter with open arms, some thanks he has given her: a negative spin on every facet of her life, including her very real health problems and her spectacular (if erratic) career, which recently included a triumphant—not, as Van Meter says, "disastrous"—return to Broadway, in *Minnelli on Minnelli*. Liza Minnelli is incredibly gifted. She has created some of the most original film and stage work of the 20th century. She deserves to b spected, not sneered at.

LAURIE I
Toronto, O

I HAD THE PLEASURE of meeting Minnelli two years ago in San Fran while she was touring with her s *Minnelli on Minnelli*. We happened t at the same nightclub, and I walked up and started chatting with her a her upcoming performance. She was approachable and personable. At time I didn't have the money to pay ticket to see the show.

"You can't afford to see the show?" asked me pointedly when I told h wouldn't be attending. Without miss beat, she turned to the man next to he told him my story. "What can we do was more of a statement than a quest

To my delight, I was told that t would be a ticket waiting for me at the door on opening night. I didn't expect at all and was completely surprised b gesture. The show was terrific, and I always be very thankful to Liza for bei wonderful to me, a complete stranger

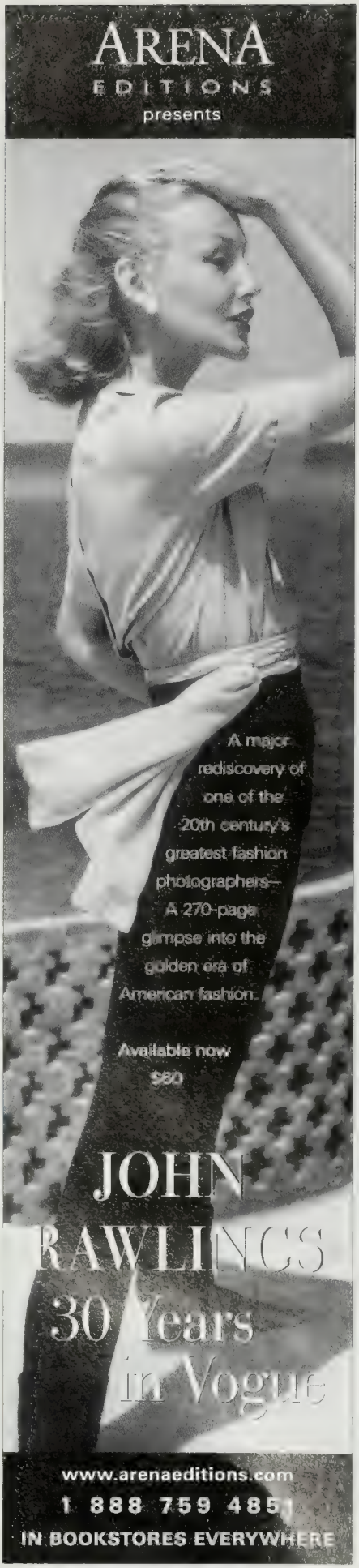
Nowhere in Jonathan Van Meter's cle did I find the kind, giving wom met. Instead he made her out to b





ANNE KLEIN
NEW YORK

OMINGDALE'S MACY'S



empty-headed cartoon character. So what if she's love-struck and giddy? After all the obstacles she's overcome, Liza Minnelli is entitled to some happiness.

RUBEN ALCALA
Hayward, California

"LOOKING FOR THE RAINBOW" was like watching *All About Eve*—only it was more over the top. I love the scene in which the servant removes one cigarette from Liza's mouth and replaces it with another. If you put that in a movie today, no one would believe it. Thanks for the guts to write this story, warts and all. That is why I continue to buy *Vanity Fair.*

SUSAN PARKER
San Francisco, California

VIDAL SIGNS

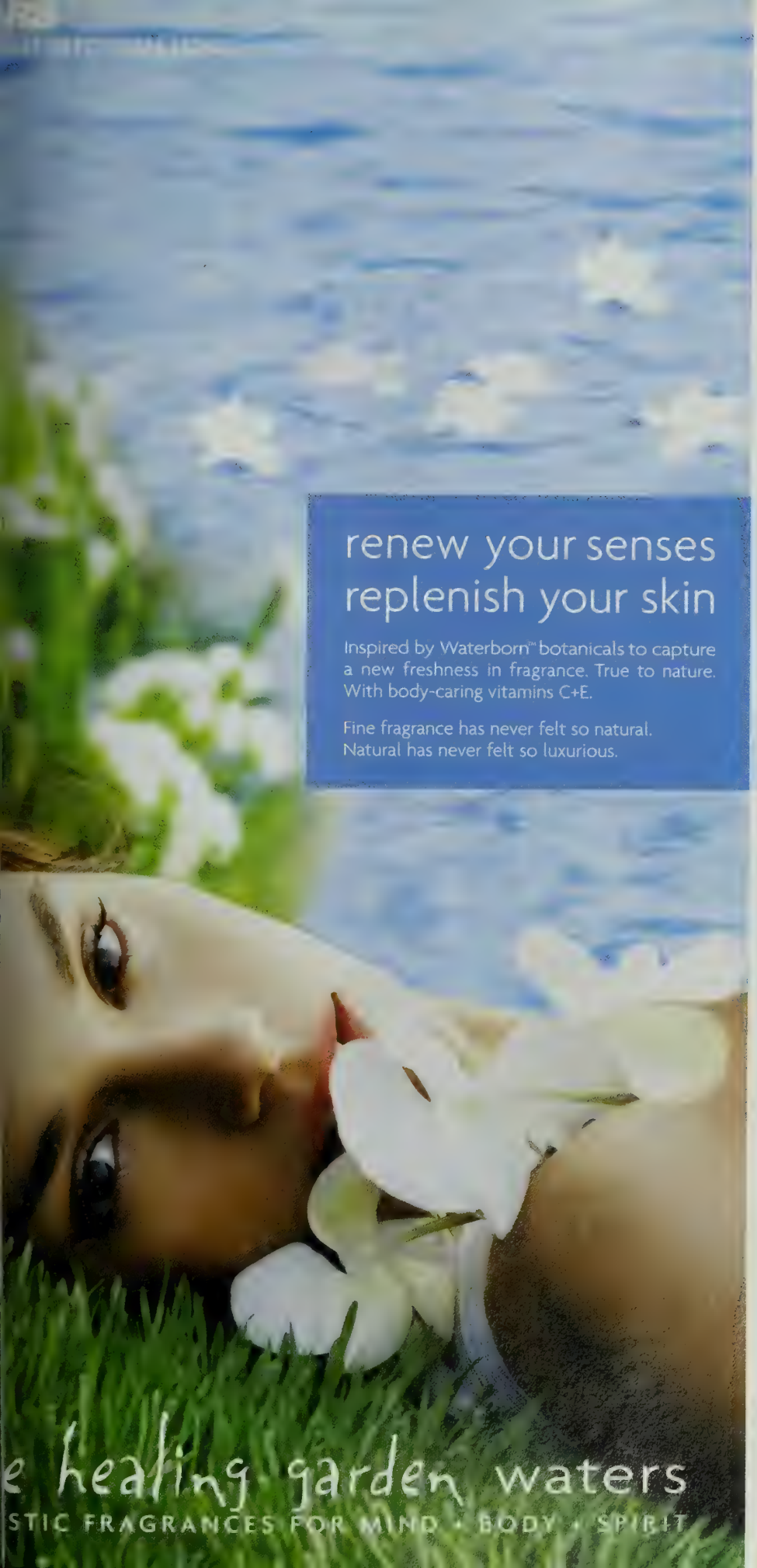
AT A BEVERLY HILLS dinner party, duly noted in your Diarist's March contribution ["Tabloid Trouble," by Dominick Dunne], as we listened to Diarist tell us in grave, morally outraged tones about the "crime and criminality among the rich and the very rich," an area, he confessed, "dear to my heart," I wondered *why* he should be so concerned with the doings of people unknown to him and, with few exceptions, to the nontabloid world. What attracts him? The fact that they are rich or very rich? I can see how murder would attract the professional interest of the late Agatha Christie, who made puzzles for our delight. But Diarist is more interested in who got what money and in Celebrity, particularly his own. A stroll in Ulan Bator and he is recognized by a bejeweled woman who whispers in Le Cirque French that she feels she can trust anyone who has appeared so often on the Regis Philbin show. "Meet me at the Saint Germain Berlitz school *avril le premier sans* fail. I know who murdered . . . " A name unknown to his readers is dropped.

As Diarist droned on, with an occasional minatory bark, "Are you hearing me?," I recalled a conversation of nearly 30 years ago. Diarist's brother John Gregory Dunne is a serious novelist with a liking for ideas. We spoke of families. His and mine. Of tribal notions that he was, years later, to expand on in *Harp,* about Irish Roman Catholic Americans. I repeated to him an observation of Louis Auchincloss, a Wasp novelist who writes about the Wasp establishment of Manhattan, which, contrary to legend, still runs our financial life. Louis also deals in the intricacies of the most taboo subject American life, class. We both agr that the writers who dealt with this c matter in an illuminating way w those writers of Irish origin, start with the master Henry James, and our time, Scott Fitzgerald, John O'H Mary McCarthy. "*Why?*" we wonde The answer came from a mutual frie the critic Thomas Quinn Curtis. " because our grandmothers were maids and we were brought up wan to know what was really going on in upstairs parlor." This was a joke, like all good jokes it has resonanc witness Diarist's shrill off-key respo I tried to tell him the story in the h that he might put to better use all th years of climbing about the jungle g of American society, but he was off a non sequitur. "Then Gary Cor announced that he was going to for office again . . . I have to tell that made me crazy." Yes. And Lit hard sell.

GORE VI
Ravello.

DIARIST REPLIES: That's about as b a letter as I've read in a long time, Gore. 50s. It's right up there with your witticism Truman Capote's death was a good career n for him. You may have had that high-fl talk 30 years ago about Irish writers Fitzgerald, O'Hara, and the master, as you Henry James, but that has absolutely noth whatever to do with what I called your about Irish Catholics at Wendy Stark's din party in Beverly Hills. There were no lite references to famous Irish writers that even We must stick to the facts of what happe Remember, I don't drink at those parties, k an excellent memory, and always carry a g leather notebook for when I slip into the b room after an encounter such as we had to m a few notes. I thought you were in a mean miserable mood because your defense of Ti thy McVeigh, whom you referred to as a pa ot, had been such a colossal flop that it emb rassed the room before nearly clearing it, wh at least held the attention of the table by talk about Gary Condit and Chandra Levy. It simple as that.

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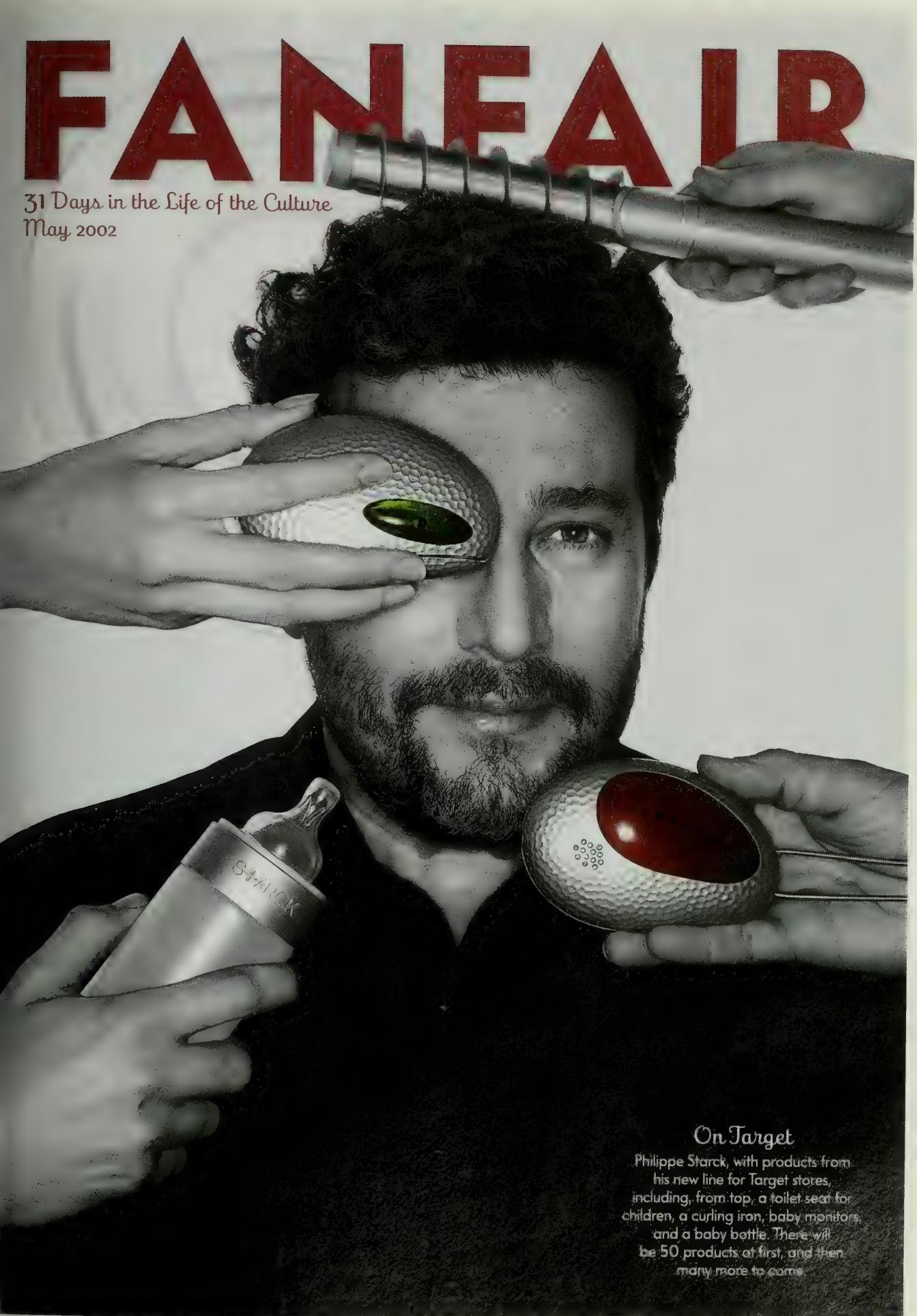
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FANFAIR

31 Days in the Life of the Culture
May 2002



On Target

Philippe Starck, with products from his new line for Target stores, including, from top, a toilet seat for children, a curling iron, baby monitors, and a baby bottle. There will be 50 products at first, and then many more to come.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEAN-BAPTISTE MONDINO



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FANFAIR

May

DERBY DAY, ROYAL JUBILATION, AND ARTHUR MILLER AMPS UP THE FUNNY

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY

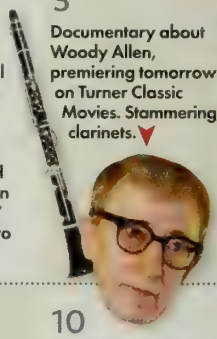


A needlework piece by Mary King, 1754

1
N.Y.C.: the Roundabout Theatre Company revives *The Man Who Had All the Luck*, Arthur Miller's first Broadway production (1944)—for those who prefer Miller's early, *funny* work. Chris O'Donnell stars.

2
Noche, a new, Latin-influenced American regional restaurant, opens in Times Square. From the press release: "Kitchen Strategist: Michael Lomonaco. Kitchen Theorist: Marisol." You need a Ph.D. to eat here.

3
Documentary about Woody Allen, premiering tomorrow on Turner Classic Movies. Stammering, clarinets.



4
Kentucky Derb
Everyone sou
the Mason-Dix
line starts
gathering and
bruising mint i
preparation fo
julep-making.

5
Violinist Itzhak Perlman performs at the New Jersey Performing Arts Center. Perlman: adorable, ursine.

6
"An American Vision: Henry Francis du Pont's Winterthur Museum" at Washington's National Gallery of Art. (A museum in a museum? Very meta.)



8
N.Y.C.'s Atlantic Theater Company stages *This Thing of Darkness*, which, despite its title, is not about RuPaul.

9
Robert De Niro—or, as we like to call him, Bobby D.—helped organize N.N.Y.C.'s first annual Tribeca Film Festival, which opens this week. D-girls and aspiring producers attend unspoolings, discuss emulsion.



10
Philadelphia's Institute of Contemporary Art exhibits 16 graphic and computer artists who are partly inspired by "adolescent notebook art." I ♥ Josh Hartnett.

11
Despite their init
rivalry, Picasso
Matisse each ult
acknowledged
other as his only
equal. See the fi
the smackdown
the subsequent
at London's Tate
Modern's "Mati
Picasso."

12
Jim Dine prints on display at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts. Dyin' to see the Dine (and, afterward, dine).



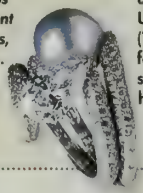
14
Today: view "Funny Funerals and Other Solemn Occasions" at Chicago's Museum of Contemporary Art. Then watch the "Chuckles Bites the Dust" episode of *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*. Compare and contrast.

15
Switzerland: Swiss Expo 2002. Chocolates, fastidious nonhomosexual men.



16
N.Y.C.'s Film Forum debuts art guy Matthew Barney's *Cremaster 3*. That most rare cinematic entity: a Roman-numeral-less sequel.

17
Corner of 64th Street and Madison Avenue: Chanel opens up a new flagship jewelry store. *Vos bijoux sont ravissants, madame.*



18
Houston: a new
$100 million th
designed by R
A. M. Stern is
unveiled by Th
Under the Star
(That's a lot to
for a building t
sounds like it w
have a roof.)

19
"Latin Lovers: Music of South America and Cuba" at the San Francisco Opera Center. Molto, molto, San Francisco.

20
NPR commentator Sandra Tsing Loh reads her one-woman play *I Worry* at N.Y.C.'s Second Stage Theater. Best moment: Loh calls Osama bin Laden "the *Über*-towelhead," "the Towelatollah."

21
The Academy of Country Music Awards, that rare cross-pollination of sequins and banjos.

22
Boston's Museum of Fine Arts displays new work by Robert Rauschenberg—one of the few artists for whom the word "junk" is not pejorative.

23
"Royal Treasures: A Golden Jubilee Celebration" at the Queen's Gallery in Buckingham Palace. Snuffboxes, the Queen's diamond diadem, paintings larger than most homes.

24
Monte Carlo: Formula One Grand Prix of Monaco. *Quel* vroom-vroom!

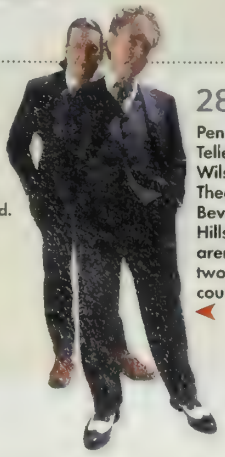




26
Indianapolis 500. Exhaust fumes, men named Randy.

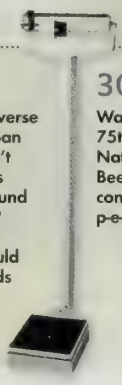


27
Memorial Day. Summer fun gets kick-started.



28
Penn and Teller at the Wilshire Theatre in Beverly Hills. Why aren't these two a couple?

29
The Miss Universe Pageant, in San Juan. (Doesn't the title "Miss Universe" sound kind of fatty? Winning this pageant would put 10 pounds *right* on ya.)



30
Washington, D.C.: 75th annual National Spelling Bee. Anxious contestants get p-e-r-s-p-i-r-a-t-o-r-y.

31
Essence Awards in Hollywood, California. We're down with that.

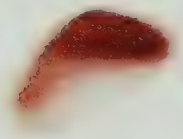


—BY HENRY

CHANEL









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Rohmer Holiday

ERIC ROHMER'S REVOLUTIONARY ROMANCE, *THE LADY AND THE DUKE*



MOB RULES *Top, a Parisian mob; above,* Lucy Russell as Grace Elliott.

"I like to get out from time to time" is 82-year-old writer-director **Eric Rohmer's** explanation for making his latest film, *The Lady and the Duke*, a true story set during the French Revolution and thus a departure from his usual talky romantic comedies about modern, self-absorbed Frenchwomen and the only slightly less neurotic Frenchmen whom they drive nuts. The episodic new film is adapted from the memoirs of **Grace Elliott,** a beautiful Englishwoman (played by **Lucy Russell**) who lived in Paris at the time of the Revolution and had been the lover of the **Duc d'Orléans** (**Jean-Claude Dreyfus**). The two remained close through most of the tumult and guillotining, though she was a Royalist and he, despite his title, was a leading revolutionary. (A **Tracy-Hepburn** film with ruffles and gore!) Note must be made of the clever way Rohmer has created exterior shots, inserting actors into 18th-century-style paintings of Paris streetscapes—pure visual poetry that captures a sense of time and place with deft grace, and is presumably cheaper than all those pre-digital casts of thousands and vast DeMille-ian sets.

HOT REELS

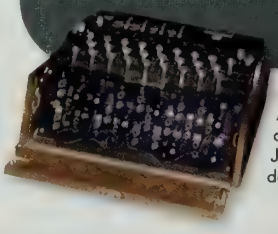
For a costume drama, *The Lady and the Duke* has, in fact, an unusual intimacy. Sure, there are *Tale of Two Cities* intrigues, and a mob rousting about with someone's head on a pike, but Rohmer's interest here is emotional reactions to the Terror, the efforts to keep one's senses in an increasingly senseless time, which you may, alas, find inadvertently resonant. Or not. At any rate, history rarely feels this psychologically astute—it's as if the Revolution itself were another one of Rohmer's baffling, exasperating, all-too-human heroines. **(Rating: ★★★½)** —BRUCE HANDY

Spy Dame

KATE WINSLET'S SLEUTHING ACT, *ENIGMA*

Enigma is based on the thriller by **Robert Harris** and blessed with a smart script by **Tom Stoppard. Lorne Michaels** and **Mick Jagger** are the producers, doing audiences the double favor of making a fine, suspenseful movie while taking time off from *Saturday Night Live* spin-offs and Rolling Stones reunions. The picture is set during World War II at Bletchley Park, the top-secret estate where a bunch of carelessly groomed English puzzle fanatics cracked the Nazis' now notorious Enigma code. The players include **Dougray Scott** as a tortured mathematical genius; **Saffron Burrows,** seriously sexy, as the femme fatale; and an improbably prim **Kate Winslet** looking like Marian the Librarian, acting like Nancy Drew, and seeming to have a ball. As for the plot, someone may or may not be a German spy, someone else definitely is, but, in the end, the Allied cause is advanced. **(Rating: ★★★)** —B.H.





CODE WARRIOR *Above,* Dougray Scott as math genius Tom Jericho; *left,* the Enigma decoder machine.



COMING ATTRACTIONS

Trailer of the month: *Insomnia.* **Directed by:** Christopher Nolan. **Starring:** Al Pacino, Robin Williams, Hilary Swank. **Coming to a theater near you:** May 24. **The treatment:** Act I—Baggy-eyed urban detective (Pacino) flies to remote Alaskan village and joins with eager-beaver cop chick (Swank) to solve the murder of a local beauty. Act II—Nerdy control-freak killer (Williams) taunts and terrorizes sleepless Pacino with breathy late-night phone calls. Act III—Perky Swank, waxen Pacino, and crafty Williams circle one another in the murk. Now it's personal! **Mork, we hardly knew ye:** Eschewing saccharine hyperverbal clownishness for expressionless psychopathic poise, Williams pushes the limits of his art. Think Patch Adams on mood-flattening sedatives after a rough divorce. Think Hannibal Lecter with full, pink cheeks. **There are only three basic plots:** It's fish-out-of-water and stranger-comes-to-town as Pacino beds down in rustic lodge wearing slick leather jacket and gold jewelry. City boy's choice of inappropriate footwear amplifies suspense of wilderness chase scenes. **(Rating: ★★★½)** —WALTER KIRN

Al Pacino and Robin Williams in *Insomnia*.



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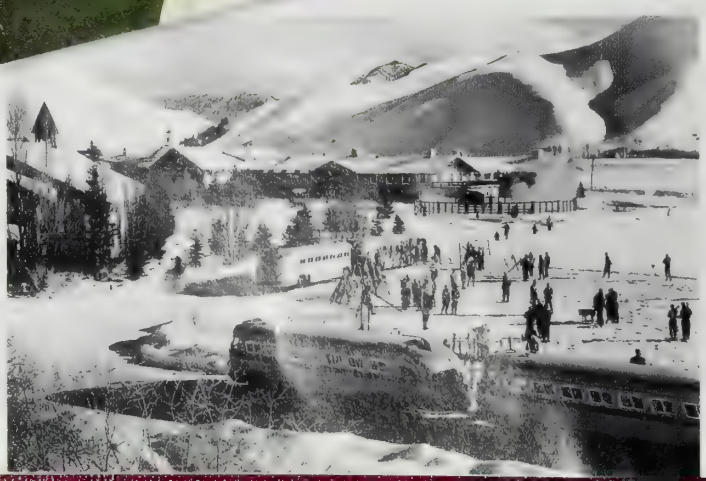
FANFAIR





HOT TYPE





Make it make sense. Is it simply hatred of American culture and the promise of 70 silky-tressed, black-eyed virgins that drive Islamic extremists to become terrorists? **John L. Esposito,** a leading authority on political Islam, delves into what is fueling this *Unholy War* (Oxford).

Also this month: A decade of drinking, drugging, and depression inspired **Rick Moody** to trace his paternal line back to his puritanical forefathers to reveal what secrets might lurk behind *The Black Veil* (Little, Brown). In *Shakey* (Random House), biographer **Jimmy McDonough** harvests the ragged glory of Neil Young, the enigmatic, intensely private father, activist, guitar god, and Eddie Vedder role model. *Stop-Time* author **Frank Conroy** gets personal once more with *Dogs Bark, but the Caravan Rolls On* (Houghton Mifflin), a biographical pastiche of journalistic observations on music and writing. **Sebastian Faulks's** *The Fatal Englishman* (Vintage) eulogizes the lives of three golden boys: a suicidal painter of the 1920s Paris beau monde, a W.W. II fighter pilot killed in a mysterious accident, and an openly gay alcoholic spy who dies in Cold War Russia. **Mike Wallace** and **Allen Mikaelian** honor the *Medal of Honor* (Hyperion) with profiles of American military heroes from the Civil War to the present. Here it is in *Black & White* (Chronicle), **Steven Guarnaccia** and **Susan Hochbaum's** compendium of all things unsullied by color. Distinguished novelist **Hortense Calisher's** tragicomedy *Sunday Jews* (Harcourt) introduces us to an eclectic tribe of family and friends bound together and divided by faith. In 1925 she was the only woman shooting the studio stars—**Robert Dance** and **Bruce Robertson** flash back to the days of *Ruth Harriet Louise and Hollywood Glamour Photography* (University of California). In *Stardust Melodies* (Pantheon), **Will Friedwald** charts the musical biographies of 12 of the greatest standards of the 20th century. Not unlike the league of superheroes, a league of superscientists in the 1930s assembled to save the world in a laboratory in *Tuxedo Park* (Simon & Schuster). **Jennet Conant** records the great thinkers' liaisons—social, scientific, and sexual. A Scottish widower, in the thrall of an American artist, and his gay son's intense friendship with an odd neighbor beat at the heart of debut novelist **Julia Glass's** *Three Junes* (Pantheon). **Hervé Chandès** recalls how, by casting off the shackles of black-and-white film, the colorful *William Eggleston* (Thames & Hudson) revolutionized contemporary photography.



In **Carol Weston's** quirky kid pleaser *Melanie Martin Goes Dutch* (Knopf) the Martin clan takes Amster Amster Dam Dam Dam. All aboard **Nick Yapp** and **Sarah Anderson's** *Bon Voyage* (teNeues), a peek at the world of tourism: jet planes, luxury trains, and Anna Pavlova on a camel. In *Talking Fashion* (Powerhouse), *V.F.*'s contributing stylist **Sarajane Hoare** polishes and punctures the mystique of the fashion industry. From Malibu to Montauk, track sand into America's *Beach Houses* (HarperCollins), by **Michael Webb** with photos by **Roberto Schezen.** Grab your gazpacho and

***Counterclockwise from top right: Untitled,* Portfolio "10.D.70.V2," by William Eggleston, 1971; Christy Turlington, photographed by Patrick Demarchelier for *British Vogue*, 1992, produced by Sarajane Hoare; a Malibu beach house; buses of skiers arriving at Sun Valley, Idaho, from *Bon Voyage* (teNeues); a box of Black Wax, from *Black & White* (Chronicle).**


YVES SAINT LAURENT





HOT TYPE
CONTINUED



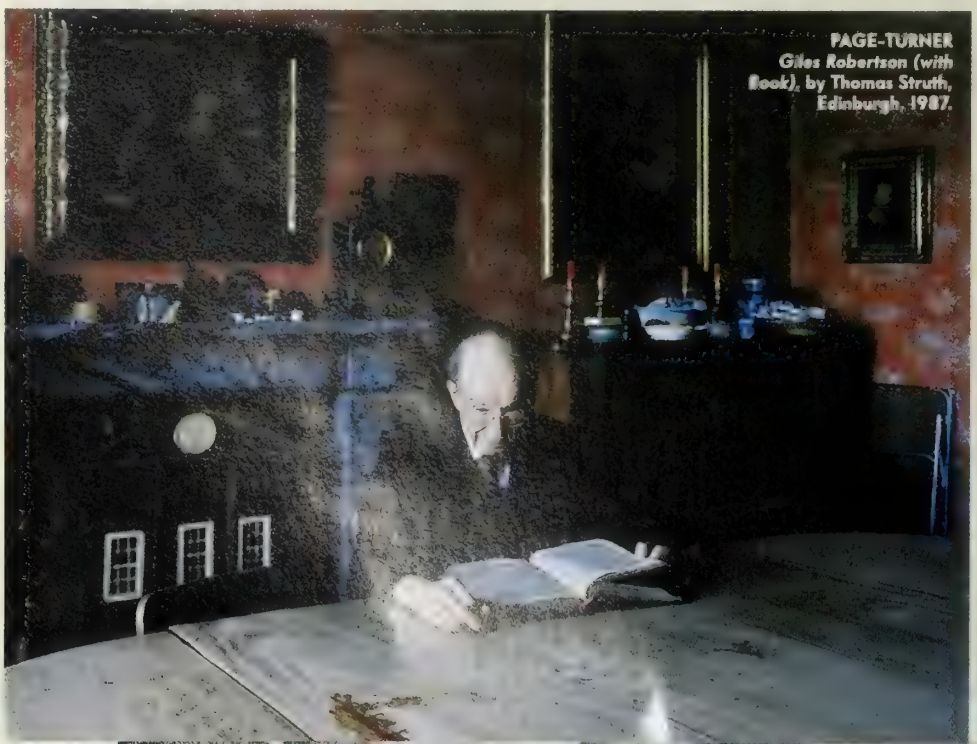
wiener wraps, it's *Potluck at Midnight Farm* (Clarkson Potter) on Martha's Vineyard, with **Carly Simon** and **Tamara Weiss** and sumptuous photographs by **Nina Bramhall. Pierre Borhan's** *Dorothea Lange* (Bulfinch) provides a clear-eyed gaze into the photographer's heart and mind. **Lauren Lawrence's** *Private Dreams of Public People* (Assouline), with a foreword by bed-hopper **Larry King,** puts to rest the adage "Nothing is duller than other people's dreams," especially Luciano Pavarotti's, Oliver Stone's, and Madonna's. Are you ready for your *Close-Up on Sunset Boulevard* (St. Martin's)? **Sam Staggs's** madly irreverent tell-all focuses on the catfights and mind games behind one of film's seamiest classics. *Cancer Schmancer* (Warner) is the irrepressible **Fran Drescher's** frank and sassy account of coping with the big C. In *But Wait! There's More!* (Rizzoli), **Timothy Samuelson** mythologizes Ron Popeil, the mad genius behind gotta-have gadgets such as the Veg-O-Matic and the Seal-A-Meal. God save the *Queen and Country* (Simon & Schuster): **William Shawcross** kneels before Elizabeth II, in admiration of her 50-year reign. Ah, the allure of royalty, prancing about with a fancy scepter, ermine bedspreads, the crown jewels ... now, that needs no explanation.

***Clockwise from left:* the Popeil Brothers' Deluxe Dial-O-Matic Food Cutter and Gadget Master Plate and Pan Scraper; *Mended Stockings,* by Dorothea Lange, 1934.**

Struth Is Beauty

PHOTOGRAPHER THOMAS STRUTH CAPTURES MYSTERY

Thomas Struth is a photographic philosopher. His images are technically flawless photographic paintings, referencing and synthesizing the histories of art and culture. The artist's first major United States retrospective, featuring 100 works spanning the last 25 years, opens this month at the Dallas Museum of Art. "What is amazing about Struth is that he can turn to each of the genres that photography has been known for and create a contemporary object that has classical formal appeal but yet really talks about our world today," says Dallas curator **Charles Wylie.** Struth was a student of **Bernd** and **Hilla Becher's** and **Gerhard Richter's** at Düsseldorf's Kunstakademie, the same artistic incubator that spawned **Andreas Gursky, Thomas Ruff,** and **Candida Höfer.** Coolly dispassionate, imbued with a power more often associated with old-master paintings, Struth's large-scale portraits of urban exteriors, jungle paradises, and tourists standing before works of art in museums are a beautiful catalogue of the way we live now. There is an absence of hierarchy, a wide-open eye which in reality would be overwhelming but here encourages us to linger, to be aware, to look carefully. "It is a mirror to what a viewer is doing while they're looking at the work in a museum," says Wylie. "It doubles back and brings about this idea of awareness on the part of the viewer–What am I looking at now? Am I in a Struth photograph?" —A. M. HOMES



PAGE-TURNER
***Giles Robertson (with Book),* by Thomas Struth, Edinburgh, 1987.**

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Super Mario

THE BABBO COOKBOOK UNLOCKS MARIO BATALI'S SUCCESS

Only **Mario Batali,** the ponytailed, orange-clog-wearing, former Deadhead celebrity chef, could get this vegetarian to eat *lardo*. We're discussing one of his 185,000 passions: the salami kitchen, where he and his crew produce preserved meats for three older passions, the restaurants he co-owns: Lupa, a downtown trattoria; Esca, in the theater district, where *crudo*, "Italian sushi," reigns; and Babbo, the three-star jewel in the crown, a neotraditional Italian restaurant in Greenwich Village. Neotraditional? "We treat our food the way Italians use food in Italy—intuitively." Maybe that's why he can get New Yorkers to fork over $10 a plate for *testa*, Italian headcheese—his intuitive use of pig's head, kosher salt, celery, carrots, pepper, and gelatin. And now you too can boil a pig's head for three hours and make your own *testa* at home. Why? Because another new passion, *The Babbo Cookbook*, is being released this spring by Clarkson Potter. There are the two prime-time Food Network series, *Mario Eats Italy* and *Molto Mario*. How many passions left? His wife, Susi Cahn, and their two young sons, but we're losing count. Back to *lardo*. We're dubious, but Batali, all down-to-earth warmth and confidence, saunters back into the kitchen of Babbo and comes out with two pieces of grilled bread topped with see-through, thin slices of white stuff that melts as he speaks. "Taste it," he says. And who could say no? It's rich and unctuous and, well, porky. It takes us two days to summon the courage to E-mail his assistant. "What is *lardo* anyway?" And thank God we got our answer via cyberspace. "*Lardo* is literally fat," comes the response. Pig fat. Which accounts for the fact that even the audacious *Babbo Cookbook* dares no recipe. —HELEN SCHULMAN

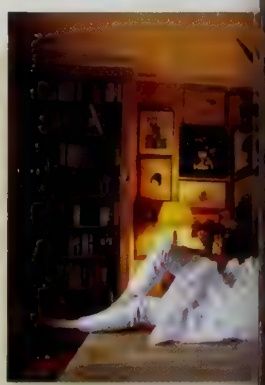


MANGIA, MAN Mario Bat photographed at restaurant Bab in New Y

WORLD BEAT

Tokyo's ultrahip members-only club, Tokyo Sakas (3-5-4 Jingumae, Shibuya-ku), is now open to the public—for lunch. . . . In **Dublin** and everywhere else, people are going mad for Artpark, a set of playing cards designed by Irish artists (including Ulrika Tesse), which benefits the Irish Hospice Foundation. Buy it at www.artpark.ie.

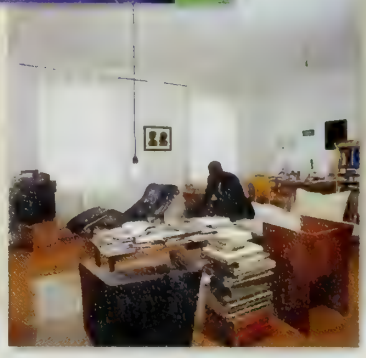




London Sprawling

THE AUTHORS OF *BRIGHT YOUNG THINGS* TURN A KEEN EYE TO BRITAIN

As a compendium for obsessives of the jet-set pecking order, interior decorators, and house burglars, *Bright Young Things: London* (Assouline) will be an invaluable resource. Not that the British edition of this society I-spy book (a U.S. version was published a couple of years ago with a thinly disguised mandate to give Manhattan's heiresses compelling occupations) isn't drenched with certifiable fabulousness and achievement—it's just that the brand-name cash reserves necessary to properly compete in the transatlantic game of lifestyle perfectionism are less in evidence. Described glowingly by friends and relatives, and photographed by *V.F.* snapper **Jonathan Becker,** the almost three dozen subjects anointed with **Evelyn Waugh's** venerable idiom appear enviably composed as international ambassadors of refinement. The subjects' poses range from the conventional to the oddly pornographic (fashion stylist **Charlotte Stockdale**), from the supremely graceful (prima ballerina **Darcey Bussell**) to the eccentric (art dealer **Detmar Blow** luxuriating, sister **Selina** sporting a **Philip Treacy** hat resembling a pair of buttocks). The book may ultimately migrate from the coffee table to a downstairs bathroom, perhaps to return in years hence as a curiosity of the times, but nonetheless its prime mover, London migrant **Brooke de Ocampo,** has comprehensively penetrated the social reaches of her destination and will someday be able to return to New York with a souvenir—in hardcover. —EDWARD HELMORE



LOOK, PRUNELLA, A BOOK ABOUT US! *From left:* **Bright Young Things Selina Blow, David Adjaye, and India Jane Birley.**

"I am very superstitious... not like wear the same underwear for two weeks superstitious."

Kate Hudson

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Boy Wonder

THE FASHION WORLD'S GONE MAD FOR ZAC POSEN

"My clothing is very feminine," says 21-year-old **Zac Posen,** "and I think it celebrates movement." It's precisely this kind of blather that tends to give fashion designers a bad name, but in the case of Posen, darling du jour of **Naomi Campbell, Bijou Phillips,** and random "It girls" with names like **Paz de la Huerta,** it's somehow excusable. Perhaps because Posen understands one of fashion's fundamental building blocks: "It's totally ridiculous," he says. Not that Posen hasn't racked up some very serious Bright Young Thing credentials. The son of painter **Stephen Posen,** he grew up in a bohemian SoHo orbit in which **Francesco Clemente** was a fixture. He was dyslexic, had attention-deficit disorder, wore antlers to school, made bell skirts out of yarmulkes, and made dresses for his best friends, **Lola** and **Stella Schnabel.** As a 16-year-old intern at the Metropolitan Museum's Costume Institute, he soaked up the *enfant terrible*–ness of **John Galliano** and **Alexander McQueen** as they did their research. At Central Saint Martins College of Art and Design in London, he made a leather dress that won the Victoria and Albert Museum prize and is in the museum's permanent collection. He promptly dropped out to do what he needed to do to get on with his career, which in his case meant looking at meat. How meat study can be applied to fashion is anyone's guess; only Posen knows for sure. Suffice it to say that it paid off. In the front row at his debut solo show in New York in February sat one of his newest fans, first daughter **Barbara Bush.** Now the only one left to convert is her mother: "Out of Oscar," he says, "into Posen!" —EVGENIA PERETZ

STRIKING A POSEN
Zac Posen, with one of his creations, in New York.



HOT LOOKS

There were so many fragrance launches this season it's a minor miracle a certain product-loving, party-attending crowd was spared an epidemic of nosebleeds. Wedding-dress queen and skating-costume dabbler **Vera Wang** has ventured into perfumery with a self-titled debut–surely *that* deserves the gold.... Inventors of the Gitane cigarette and the Sèvres potpourri urn, the French now bring us **Annick Goutal's** latest love potion: Le Chèvrefeuille. (No, this doesn't mean "goat-cheese leaf," it's "honeysuckle.") ... Thin, beautiful, almost naked people whispering between white sheets on TV–yes, it's another fabulous **Calvin Klein** brew; this one's called Sheer Obsession.... Patchouli's not just the scent of Haight-Ashbury anymore–**Oscar de la Renta** has combined it with Sicilian bergamot and peony to create Intrusion.... Finally, someone has managed to put Chic in a bottle. **Carolina Herrera** did it, and the flask in question is a Donald Judd and Mark Rothko–inspired affair. Now, if she could only do the same for Time.

Velveteen Underground

HIPSTER CHIC MEETS PETTING ZOO AT LIBERTINE

To their surprise, and to that of an industry accustomed to fits of low-level lunacy, **Cindy Greene** and **Johnson Hartig** have found an enthusiastic demand for customized clothes adorned with 19th-century images of frogs, bats, ravens, greyhounds, and wolves. Their handiwork, sold under the imprint Libertine, has made its way onto the backs of **Sting, Mick Jagger, Michael Stipe,** and members of U2. "It's about the transition from being composed to resplendently disheveled," says Greene, a singer with the art group Fischerspooner and a self-styled New York superfreak for whom life without performance is a bore. Her documentary, *Upside Right,* debuted this winter, and Fischerspooner releases its first album in the U.S. this month. What desires Libertine has tapped—for fairy tales, for the innocence of rustic life—is a matter of conjecture, but the surreal creatures of the imagination that populate the clothes are at the crest of fashion's progressive wave. "There are some things I'm not 100 percent sure of, like a wild boar," says Greene. "But members of the pig family are flying off the shelves." —E.H.



GIVE ME LIBERTINE
Cindy Greene and Johnson Hartig, in their own designs, photographed in New York.



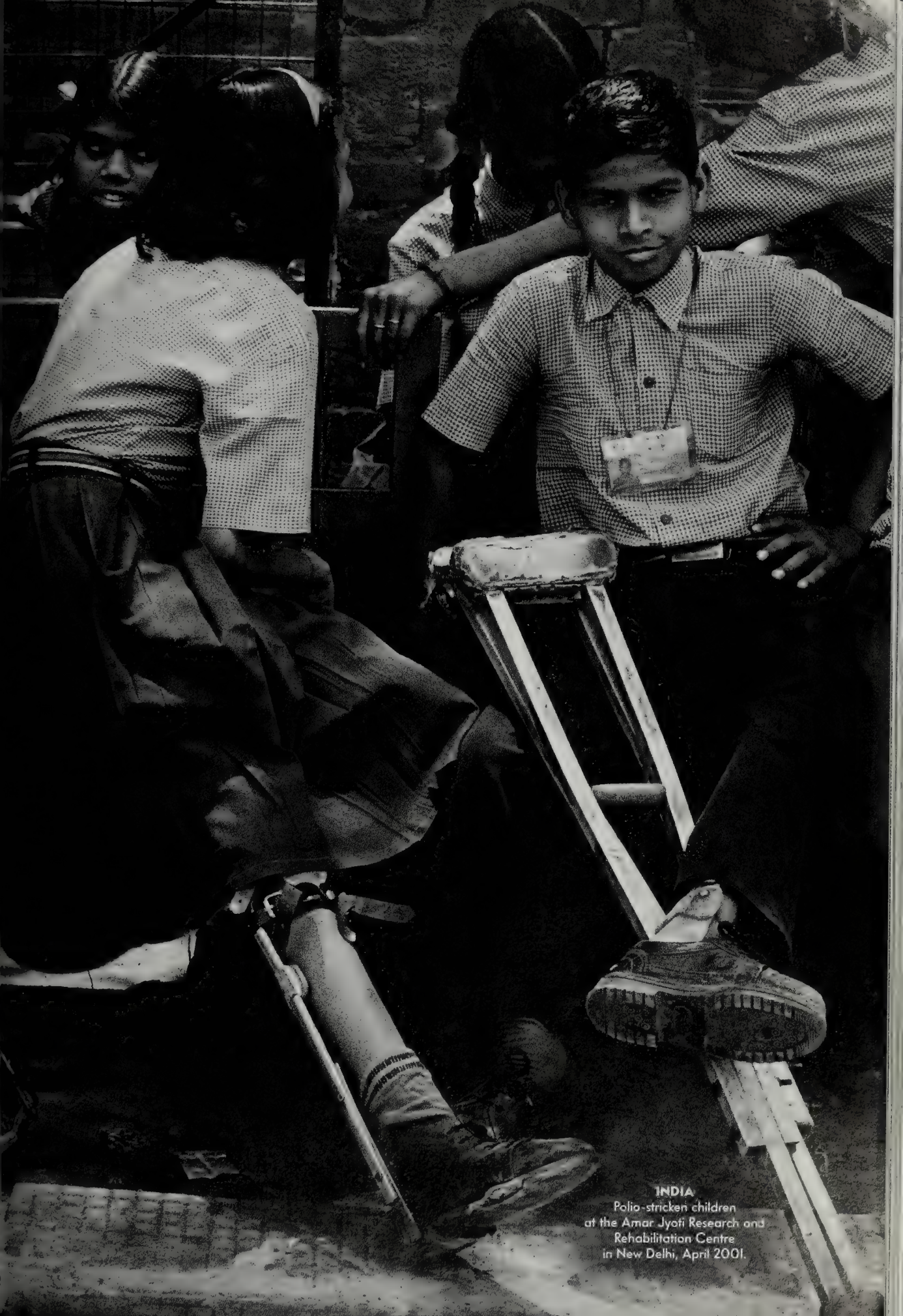
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LETTER FROM CALCUTTA



Planet Salgado

Famed for his photographs of the Third World, SEBASTIÃO SALGADO has taken aim at one of its cruelest (and most preventable) miseries. CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS joins him in Calcutta, where, as a UNICEF special representative, Salgado is using his clout, charm, and art to help eradicate polio



INDIA
Polio-stricken children at the Amar Jyoti Research and Rehabilitation Centre in New Delhi, April 2001.



NEW DELHI Children disabled by polio line up at the Amar Jyoti center, April 2001. The center, attended by more than 500 children, was founded in 1981.

Calcutta is one of the world's more pleasant surprises. Quite contrary to the received image of a torpid, abject megalopolis of misery, with inhabitants too stricken to brush the flies from their own eyelids, it is a place of life and color and drama, well fitted out with bookshops, film studios, newspapers, and colleges. Its architecture and especially its Victorian-era memorials are resplendent if a touch on the shabby side. Begging is rare. Politics are vivid and pluralistic. Religious variety is great, but confessional intolerance is frowned upon. This is no mean city.

However, you haven't really seen a slum until you have seen a Calcutta slum. And I am standing in the middle of one, feeling somewhat self-conscious, and feeling also, and absurdly, that I can actually hear the hookworm gnawing at the soles of my boots. They gnaw through the soles of the children's bare feet all right; it's heartrending to see the kittenlike grace and beauty of these kids and then to notice, in the visages of those not much older, the marks of malnutrition and malady and premature age. (You see a lot of small children clutching even smaller babies: a classic image of underdevelopment.) This is an illegal shantytown thrown together literally on the wrong side of the railway tracks; trains rumble through with clumps of people clinging to the sides. There seems to be a dead dog every yard or so. There are very few pumps or taps, but, in bold contrast, there's plenty of stagnant water to provide malaria and other ills. Impromptu alfresco bathroom arrangements supply just the pungency and authenticity that I do not need.

Distracted by one of many friendly approaches from the children, I suddenly realize that I am alone. Or, rather, since the concept of solitude doesn't exist in a place like this, that I can't see my companion. But soon shouts of enthusiasm guide me to his whereabouts. Down a back alley through the viscous mud and the charcoal fumes, I find a beaming, Kojak-like figure dressed in rough blue jeans and a combat-type jacket, with a slouch hat atop his gleaming pate. He is flashing a smile of big tombstone teeth at a gaggle of youths who have shown him something to engage his interest. He has a camera in his hands. This is Sebastião Salgado, the world's answer to fashion photography. He looks as if he might be cheerfully scouting for a second home in this dump.

Actually, what he is doing is campaigning for a second visit. A second visit, that is, to the polio clinic that operates out of a tiny cement schoolhouse somewhere near the theoretical center of this wretched microcosm. Not everybody in the Third World knows this yet, but if you give a newborn baby just two drops of polio vaccine, grown in the kidney tissue of African green monkeys, and then repeat the dose in two follow-up treatments, one of the world's most awful scourges will pass that child by.

On the day I am trying to describe, which occurred last fall, anthrax had just been discovered in the mailrooms of the United States. And the only epidemic curse to be banished by humane science—the ancient horror of smallpox—was being resuscitated in both rumor and report in its weaponized form. It was obscurely consoling to find myself working with an individual whose efforts were concentrated in the opposite direction. Salgado is here not just as a lensman but also as a special representative for UNICEF, working in consort with the W.H.O. (World Health Organization), the Centers for Disease Control, and Rotary International.

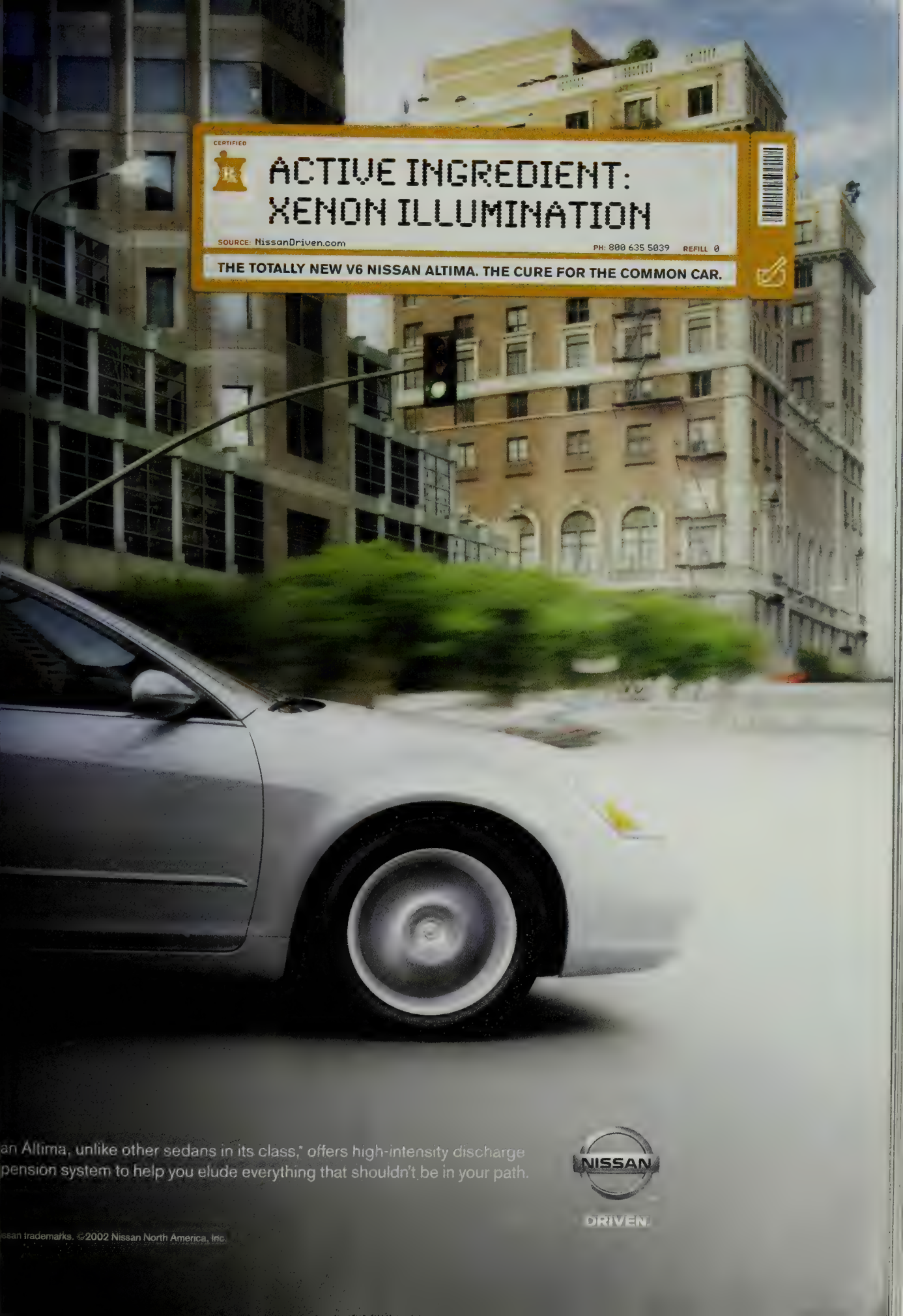
I must have been about seven years old when I became aware, for the first time in my life, that grown-ups could be frightened. There was something at the edge of every parental conversation in 1950s Britain, a note of panic and distress and secrecy. As ever, we as children had intuited what it was about. After all, it was our little friends who suddenly vanished into isolation wards, some to return


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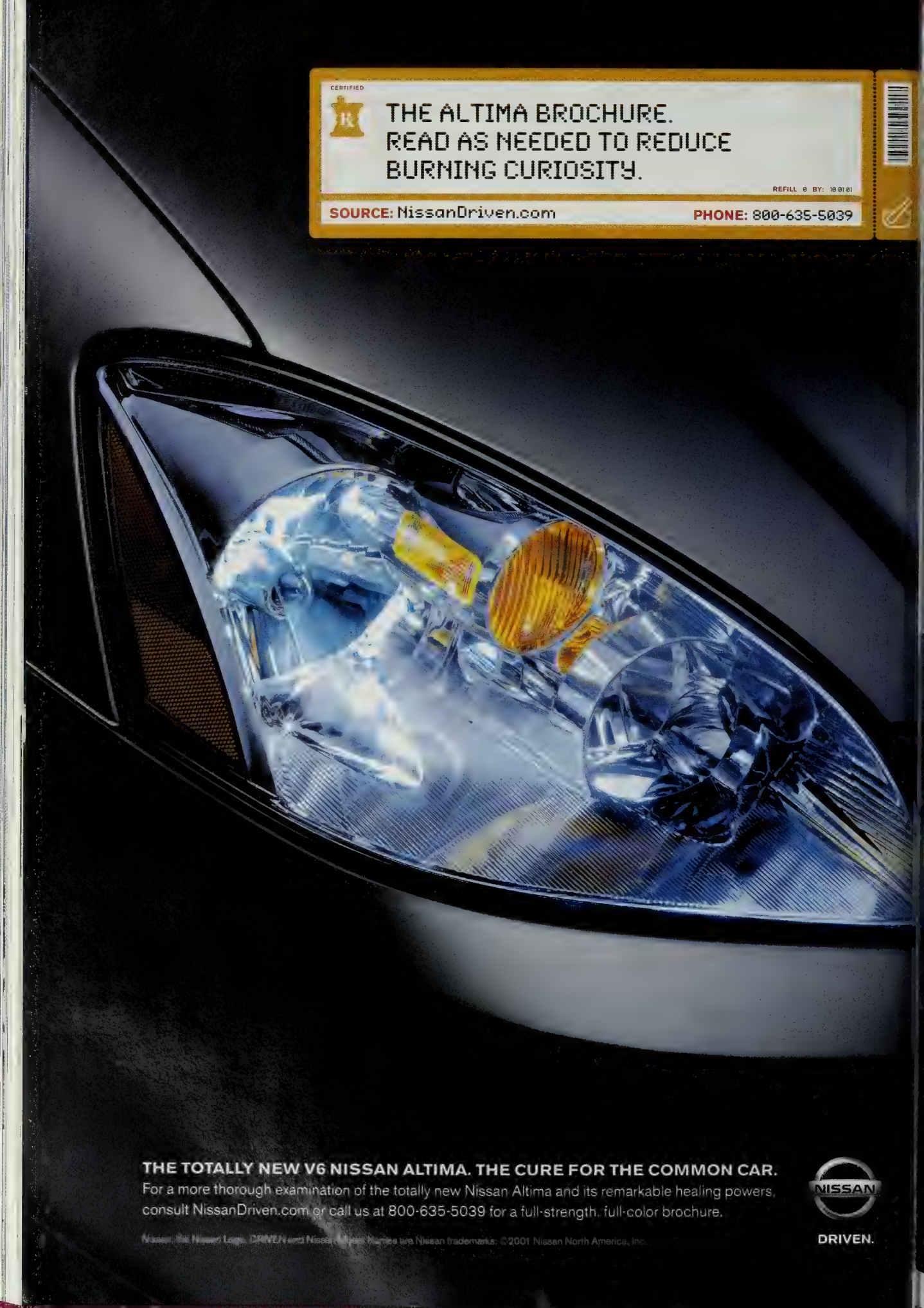


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DRIVEN.

ith braces on their legs and one (spoken in a gruesome Harry Potter–like hush) ho had to be confined in an "iron lung" achine. Polio acts fast; it destroys nerves nd atrophies muscle, and what is deroyed can never be repaired. In those ays, the prophylactic was a course of ainful injections, delivered through hyodermics that looked and felt to a child if they had been designed for pigs or orses. There was fear, and pain, and sufring, and death. The shock wave of that idemic can still be registered. A numer of my contemporaries still limp or rch. Among people you might have eard of, the photographer Lord Snowon is affected, as are Itzhak Perlman, rthur C. Clarke, and Francis Ford Coppla. And this was in the rich, welfareonscious, and well-provided West, rete with doctors and pharmacists, in ne of peace. In only the previous generion or so, nothing could save Franklin oosevelt from lower-body paralysis, and enial of the disability.

Until just recently, polio in a place ke Calcutta was a visitation: a sudden tting off of health or mobility or life, to e prayed against but not to be averted. f the few mendicants you do see, reading their way through the gargantuan traffic jams of cars and cows, most have the shrunken or withered limbs that show the easy, cruel triumph of the disease. Indeed, it was by the chance of photographing migrant workers in India that Salgado became polio-conscious. He was asked by the W.H.O. to take a role in the polio-eradication campaign. And the astonishing, delightful, incredible news is this. There is every likelihood that by the year 2005 the disease will have been banished from the earth. Most countries have already reported that they are polio-free. India has almost done so. But there are pockets of resistance, and this little patch of hell in West Bengal is one of them. Yet in the whole of Calcutta last year there were no reported cases. So the mood at the little cement schoolhouse is upbeat. Salgado snaps away while mothers pinch the cheeks of their infants into a pout, and even as the teardrops sometimes flow down the rounded cheeks, the wonder-working two drops are deftly administered. Meanwhile, handsome and shade-giving peepul trees sprout gradually but optimistically from the poisoned and unpromising earth that packs itself beneath our feet.

> There is every likelihood that by the year 2005 the disease will have been banished from the earth.

Until you have done something for humanity, said the American educator and philanthropist Horace Mann, you should be ashamed to die. Salgado, in his work and in his life, acts as if this were the most self-evident common sense. You have seen his pictures even if you don't realize that you have. His portfolios on the three great Third World subjects—toil and migration and famine—demonstrate that the proper study of mankind is man. They also demonstrate that the Horsemen of the Apocalypse are rightly represented as a posse. Where there is war, there will be famine. Where there is famine, there will be pestilence.

One has to begin somewhere, and one may as well begin with the preventable. In the year 2000, no more than 3,500



SOUTHERN SUDAN Though the oral vaccine is painless, a woman winces as it is administered in Rumbek, a rebel stronghold



SOMALIA Polio victim Mohamed Aden Ali, II, at a soccer game in Baidoa, held to mobilize support for a National Immunization Day.

polio cases were reported by the W.H.O. This represents a decline of 99 percent since the Global Polio Eradication Initiative (G.P.E.I.) was inaugurated in 1988. In 2001, fewer than 1,000 new cases of polio were reported worldwide, more than half of them in India. This contrasts nicely with 1988, when 350,000 cases were estimated. There hasn't been a polio victim in these United States since 1979, and that outbreak was confined to Amish communities in four states. In the year 2000, 550 million children were immunized by means of oral polio vaccine. The enclosing and enveloping arms of care and reason now protect most of the world's infants. But there are 10 countries where the horsemen are still in the saddle. India, Pakistan, Nigeria, Niger, Egypt, and Ethiopia are still afflicted by the illiteracy and dirt that allow the virus to spread, while Angola, Afghanistan, Somalia, and Sudan are so disfigured by war that the eradication campaigns haven't yet been able to seize the reins. (In both Colombia and El Salvador in past years, contending factions declared cease-fires so that the W.H.O. could complete its work.) Salgado, his camera and conscience in tow, has visited many of these nations.

Polio acts fast; it destroys nerves and atrophies muscle, and what is destroyed can never be repaired.

The deadliness of polio arises from its highly infectious and contagious nature. (You can transmit it, as an adult, without apparently suffering from it. The panic I remember from boyhood, I now appreciate, came partly from the guilt of adults at the thought that they might have unwittingly infected their offspring.) But it spreads because of avoidable stupidity, such as the failure to keep the latrine at a sufficient distance from the drinking water. Nonetheless, our Bengali hosts tell Salgado and myself of a certain "resistance." This is not resistance on the part of the virus, but on the part of its potential victims. The famous Jonas Salk vaccine, approved in the U.S. in 1955, was made from killed polio virus and has to be injected. Its much more convenient successor, developed by Dr. Albert Sabin in 1960, is made from weakened virus and can be administered in nonsterile conditions by an almost untrained person. Indeed, for campaign publicity purposes, it has been administered by Nelson Mandela, Kofi Annan, Bill Gates, Claudia Schiffer, and Roger Moore among others. It also costs about nine cents a dose. But, every once in about 2.4 million doses, a child may actually get polio and die as a result of the Sabin vaccine. In areas where there is already elevated infant mortality and a low level of education, this can generate rumors and panic and keep poor, fearful parents away from the clinics. Then, as Salgado and I are informed, there are migratory and transient populations, some of them under the influence of folk religion or other superstitions. Among these unfortunates, it is believed that inoculation leads to both impotence and diarrhea: a forbidding combination. (They also inquire, with a certain desperate cunning, why anything would be offered for free. If only they would learn to ask this about impotence and diarrhea . . .)

Anyway, as a result of these and other reluctances, Salgado and I find ourselves making our own second visit, this time to a small municipality just outside the city. It's an overcrowded and overworked place devoted to the dyeing and cutting and



WOULD IT SURPRISE YOU TO KNOW THAT SAVING A CROP FROM A VIRUS HELPED SAVE A COMMUNITY FROM DISASTER?

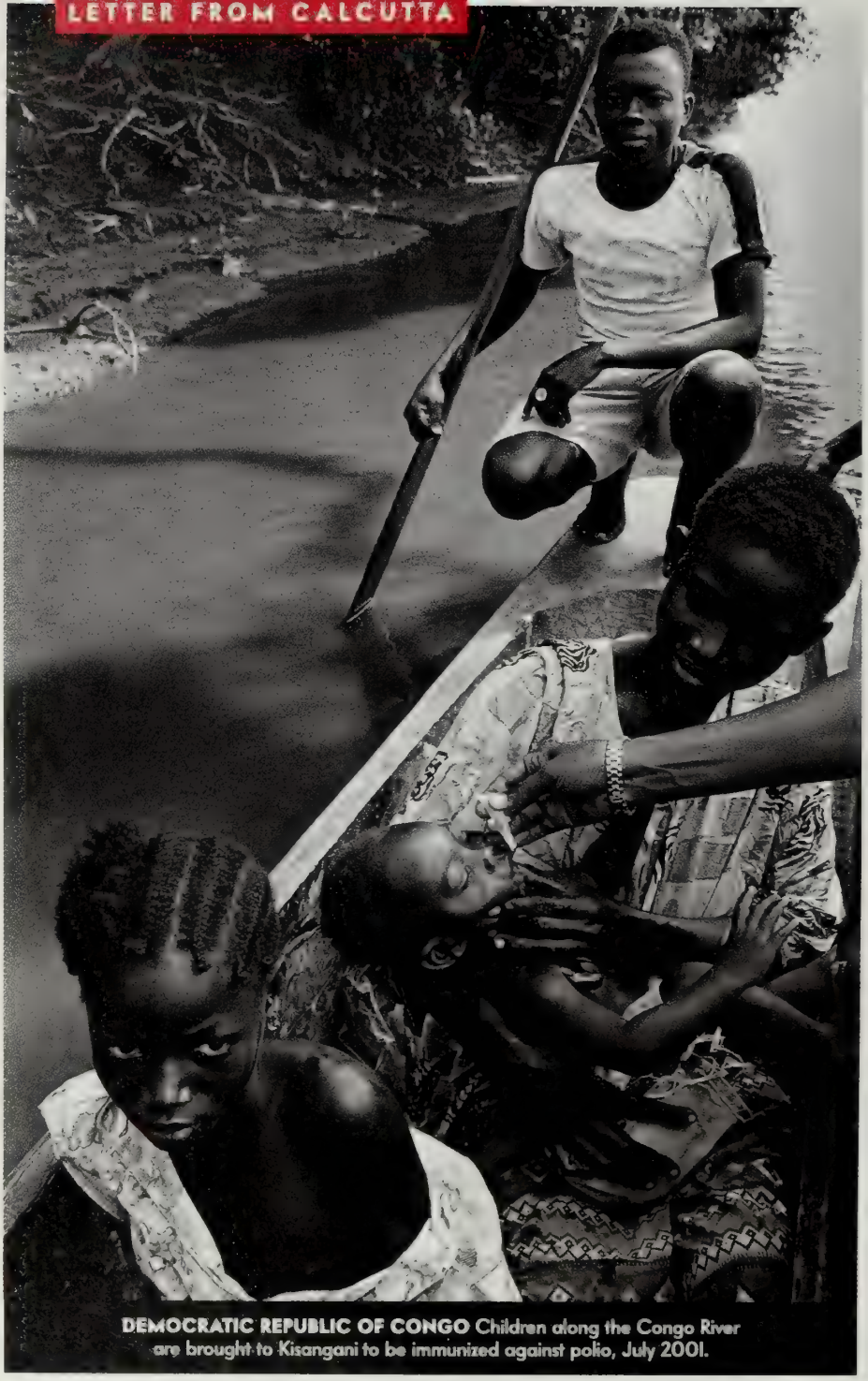
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DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC OF CONGO Children along the Congo River are brought to Kisangani to be immunized against polio, July 2001.

stitching of cheap blue jeans, but it's not a slum. As elsewhere in West Bengal, the Communists still hold local power, and the ubiquitous red flag makes a bold contrast to the white caps of the many Muslim residents. "Mobilization" is the key word of both communities, and the schoolchildren have been mustered with banners and a band in order to encourage the inoculation campaign. Off we go, gaily through the mud and the puddles and (this time) living and barking, rather than dead, dogs. In the crowd I am introduced to Dr. Biswas, who is one of the few and hard-pressed local physicians. He discourses for a bit about village health and village customs, and then I see, emerging again from some fetid backstreet, my Kodak Kojak. "This," I tell Dr. Biswas, "is my colleague Sebastião Salgado." The medical man looks highly honored and impressed. "But you are famous, sir!" he exclaims. "I'm just a worker," says Salgado, who then rejoins the crowd.

There's no immodesty like false modesty; Salgado, however, is an astonishingly unaffected man. He is both a product of and a critic of globalization. Born in the Mata Atlantica area of Brazil some 58 years ago, he moved from the countryside to the city to pursue the study of economics, became caught up in radical politics, and at 19 met Lélia, then girl of 16, who is still his wife. This wa followed by a very rugged period unde the military dictatorship of the time, du ing which he lost friends to violent re pression and went into an 11-year exil with the rescinding of his passport. (To day he has three passports: Brazilian French, and United Nations—no longe rootless but still cosmopolitan. "I have, he says laconically, "a lot of friends aroun this planet.")

Economics has been described as "th dismal science." In the early 1970s, Salga do picked up a camera that belonged t his wife and looked curiously through th lens. He describes it—"Pow!"—as a mo ment of revelation. Not long afterward, o a trip to study World Bank diversificatio projects, he discovered that photograph was his métier. From then on, he aban doned economics for the scrutiny of peo ple and cities and processes—the raw ma terial of political economy. He still turn first, he tells me, to the business pages o the newspaper. But, having now taken hi lens to more than 90 countries, he canno quite see people as economic units any more. Near Kisangani, in what was the Zaire, he once watched helplessly as th population of a Rwandan refugee cam was horribly thinned by neglect. Not a easy assignment to forget. It was in Africa too, as he phrases it in his useful but dis tinctive English, that he one day noticed that his long hair was "completely full o animals." He has shaved it to the scal every day since.

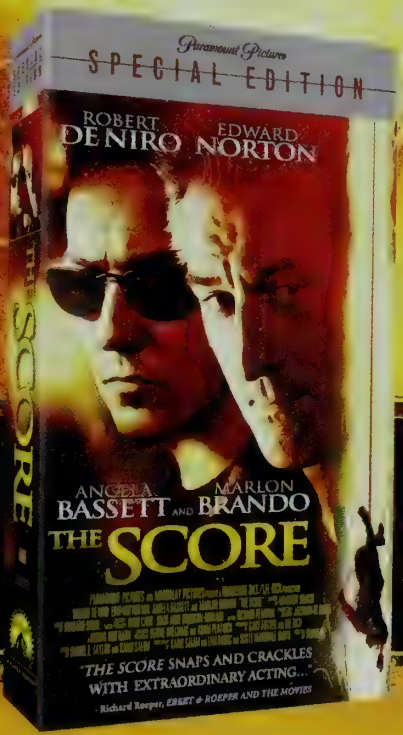
The campaign to eradicate polio is bei ing, in two senses, underwritten b his photography. Not only do hi frames and scenes create a public awar ness even among those who cannot rea but he himself is now able to act as a foun of fund-raising. By donating a portfolio h can create revenue on an extraordinar scale. His artist wife helps as a designe and the subsequent spin-off can create selling "kit" which in turn, as he puts i generates "a chain of solidarity around th world—a chain which can be used to hel combat future disasters." "Disaster" is on of his favorite words. When a moment o photography goes wrong, or when he re calls some scene of nightmare from camp or a bombed city, it is "dees-aster." When things go well, it is "fantastic" o "incredible" or "something incredible." H was once accused by a *New York Time* critic of being insufficiently ironic, and thi odd accusation strikes me as true. Man disaster photographers become blasé an callous, but Salgado doesn't let go of hi sense of wonder and enthusiasm.

In a way, this is because things are per

DE NIRO NORTON

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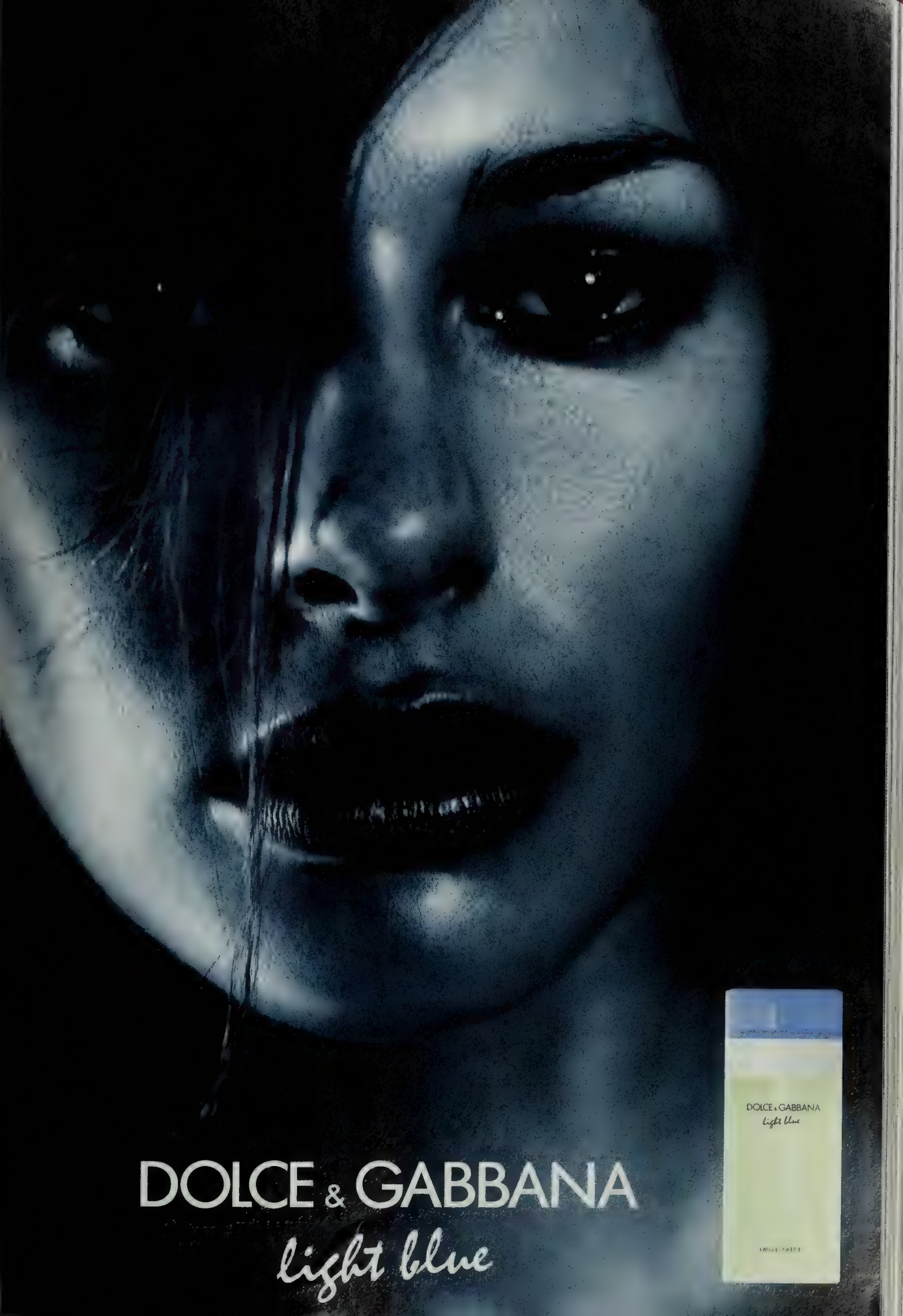
sonal with him. One of his two sons was born with Down's syndrome, and this perhaps helps explain the easy and spontaneous way that he makes friends with afflicted people. In a tense Palestinian refugee camp in Sidon, Lebanon, he tells me shyly, he once dissipated a very rancorous atmosphere by embracing a child with Down's and by showing that he knew what he was talking about. Salgado also has an instinct for the playful and the theatrical. At one point, it was proposed that we have an anti-polio parade through Calcutta, led by elephants. But it transpired that the city could produce only one elephant, the property of the municipal zoo. There were some pachyderms in the town of Cooch Behar, which was reachable only by taking the Darjeeling mail train and then an arduous road trip. After many discussions, Salgado found this too much of a challenge. But I got the impression that he was still brooding about it all the time we were there. The same distant light was in his eyes on the day that one of our highly respectable guides, a woman as demure as she was down-to-earth, told us that the damsels of the Calcutta red-light district were helping to educate their clients and their children about polio inoculation. (Every little bit counts, I suppose, but I rather disgraced myself by proposing that somewhere in there was a way of tackling impotence and polio at the same time.)

You often hear it said that it is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness. This normally strikes me as one of those futile folk sayings, since if you had a candle and a match you would obviously be lighting instead of cursing. However, the half-buried truth of the maxim is that individual human actions can add up. In January 1997, after a strong publicity campaign, India immunized 127 million children against polio on a single day. A decade after he was allowed back to Brazil, Salgado returned to his home north of Rio in the region of Mata Atlantica and found that the local rain forest wa 93 percent destroyed. He has since crea ed an institute with Lélia which has plan ed 330,000 seedlings so far. He is wha one might call a model citizen of a worl that hasn't quite been born yet. Thos who plant trees cannot expect to see ther grow tall in their own lifetimes. Those wh save babies are making the same ultimat bet on the distant future. Neither actio may be as naïve as it appears. A fe weeks after I returned from Calcutta, was escorting my eight-year-old daughte through the shuttered streets of Washing ton on Halloween. There were almost n children on the block that dismal night as the residents of the capital of th Free World battened down their hatche against imagined or real germ warfare Heedless of this, she wielded a collectio box that, I suddenly saw, read TRICK-OR TREAT FOR UNICEF. Borrowing it for moment, I saw that it bannered forth th anti-polio campaign. A small handful o cents would immunize a child ... Dark a it was, and with someone somewhere n doubt squinting nastily at hideous design for the dissemination of microbes, thought of Salgado and, ringing the doo bells loudly, decided that a candle was lot better than nothing. □

> The campaign to eradicate polio is being underwritten in part by Salgado's photography.



KISANGANI Tanks of reserve gasoline for vaccination-team vehicles are transported by motorcycle through Congo's equatorial forest.


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JAMES WOLCOTT

THE SHOCK OF THE OLD

The pop-culture history boom has brought forth charges of plagiarism against authors such as Stephen Ambrose and Doris Kearns Goodwin. But a greater scandal is the threat to future historians, with Rudy Giuliani shipping City Hall papers to a private warehouse, and President Bush embargoing records from the Reagan era

On Presidents' Day in 2000, the findings of a survey conducted with seniors at 55 elite research universities and liberal-arts colleges were published, and to the easily shocked, the results were shocking: When it came to American history, our nation's young scholars qualified as complete knotheads. If the survey had been given as an exam, lamented the American Council of Trustees and Alumni, which commissioned the study, four out of five students would have flunked or squeaked out a D. Fewer than a quarter of these high-tuition sweathogs could spot the phrase "government of the people, by the people, for the people" as belonging to the Gettysburg Address. A plurality thought Ulysses S. Grant and not George Washington rallied the troops at Yorktown. A surprising number believed that the Battle of the Bulge was waged during the Civil War. The fundamental precepts of the Constitution were met with a collective "Huh?" The A.C.T.A. chalked up this dire performance to the shrinkage of academic requirements: "Students can now graduate from one hundred percent of the top colleges without taking a single course in American history. . . . More shocking still is that, at seventy-eight percent of the institutions, students are not required to take any history at all." Into this cavity floods popular culture with all its jittery addictions. American students may not know about wars and stuff, but 99 percent could correctly identify Beavis and Butt-head as cartoon characters. In a single absurd deadpan sentence that seemed to confirm everything that's given George Will gas over the years, the report added, "Similarly, ninety-eight percent of college students can identify Snoop Doggy Dogg as a rap singer while only one percent thought the rap singer was a cartoon by Charles Schulz." Gazing ahead, the commission forecast an ominous eclipse: "Our

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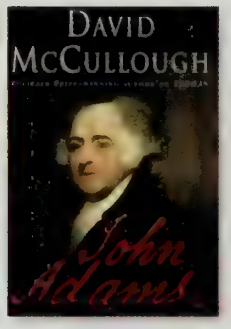
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future leaders are graduating with an alarming ignorance of their heritage—a kind of collective amnesia—and a profound historical illiteracy which bodes ill for the future of the republic." It'll be like having a ruling class composed of losers from the *Weakest Link*.

As usual, the pessimists and worst-case scenarioists are wrong. Far from being a memory eraser, pop culture has become the salvation of interest in history, its booster rocket. We are in the midst of a history boom that owes little to the higher academic institutions—which have increasingly abandoned the wide-screen canvas of civilization and classical studies for bacon strips of fad topics and theory with a capital *T*—and nearly everything to popularizers, amateur buffs, and professional historians unafraid of being readable, jargon-free instructors. From Gore Vidal's periodic novels charting the course of the American empire to Garry Wills's excursions into everything from Lincoln to Saint Augustine, from the best-seller reign of David McCullough's mammoth biography of John Adams (a publishing sleeper if there ever was one) to the equally unpredictable success of *Longitude, Salt: A World History,* and *Brunelleschi's Dome,* history has replaced poetry as the news that *stays* news. Edmund Morris bounced back from the debacle of *Dutch,* his semi-fictionalized biography of Ronald Reagan, where Morris dopily masqueraded as a Zelig figure, to redeem himself with the second installment of his biography of Theodore Roosevelt, *Theodore Rex,* a volume President Bush is said to have read, or at least lugged around. (Louis Auchincloss's trim biography of Roosevelt, also published this year, is better-written, but can't compete as a biceps-builder.) The countless World War II battle sagas from the European theater have been fathered by popular historians such as John Keegan, Donald R. Burgett, and Stephen Ambrose (the overshadowed Pacific theater received welcome attention last year with Hampton Sides's *Ghost Soldiers*); showman filmmakers such as Steven Spielberg (who reteamed with *Saving Private Ryan* star Tom Hanks to present the HBO mini-series based on Ambrose's *Band of Brothers*); NBC anchorman Tom Brokaw, whose *The Greatest Generation* was a gesture of gratitude that triggered a memorial stampede; and the stockpile footage of the History Channel, whose familiar grainy montages of artillery barrages and *Luftwaffe* strafings have led some jokers to label it "the Hitler Channel." The more sedate PBS is home to the banjo-twangy, vintage-photograph-scanning, critically acclaimed documentary epics of Ken and Ric Burns, which have gone on to become video-library essentials.

Pop culture has become the salvation of interest in history, its booster rocket.



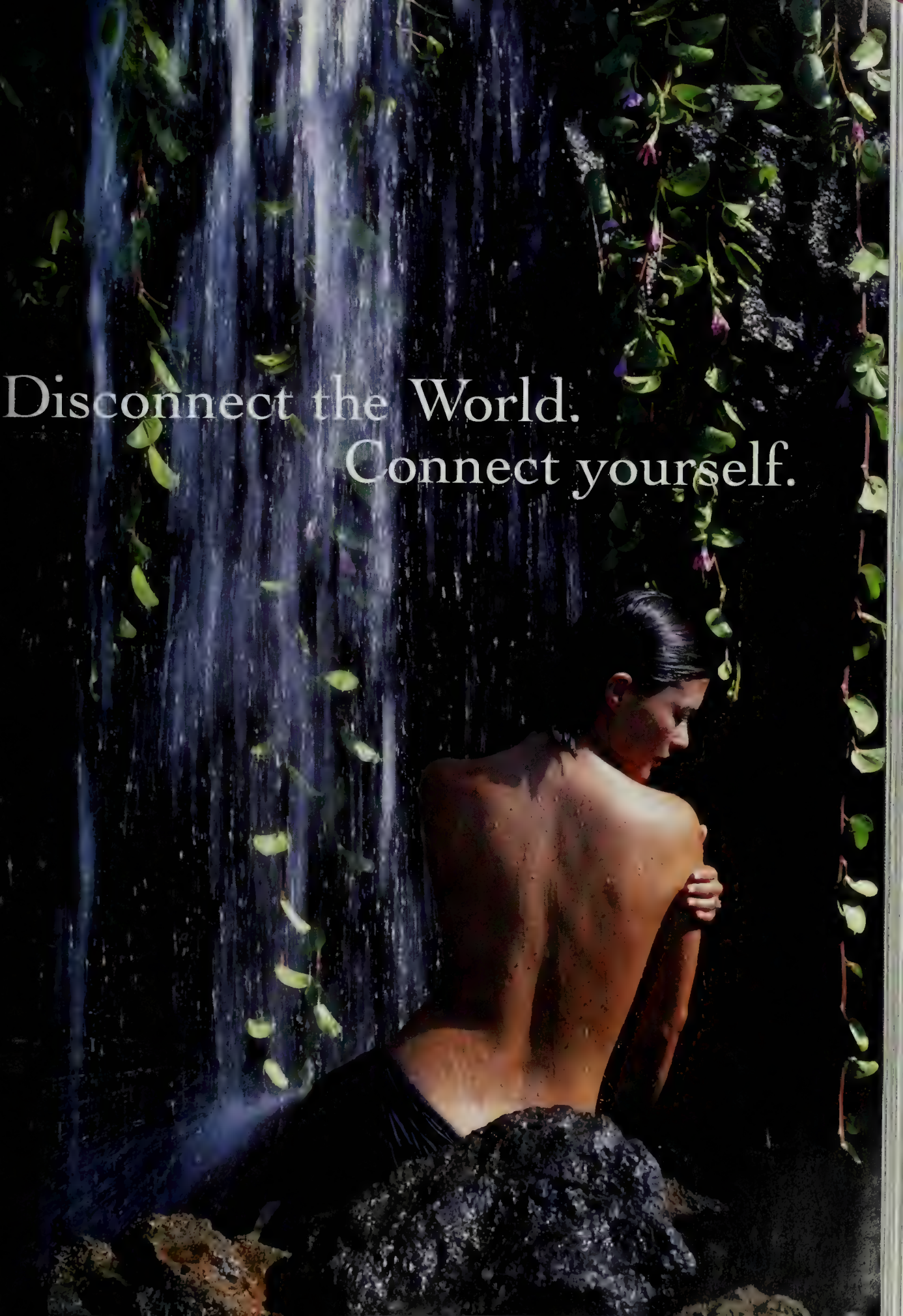


HISTORY LESSON
Above: recent best-selling presidential biographies *Theodore Rex,* by Edmund Morris, and *John Adams,* by David McCullough.

Every boom seeds its own excesses and scandals (as the shareholders and employees of Enron and Global Crossing can bitterly attest), and so far 2002 has seen a bumper crop: allegations of fabricated sourcing lodged against Michael Bellesiles, author of the award-winning *Arming America;* the baring of Joseph Ellis, Pulitzer Prize–winning author of *Founding Brothers,* as a fibber who had concocted a Vietnam résumé as a paratrooper and staff aide to General Westmoreland; and a cluster bomb of plagiarism cases against a number of marquee historians, Stephen Ambrose being nabbed as the most egregious burglar. To some, this outbreak was proof that fat advances and speaking fees lead inevitably to sloppy haste, clip-job recycling, and reckless opportunism. To me, however, these black marks are indicators of rude vitality and healthy momentum, not decadence; individual flameouts, not systemic meltdown. It's in those arenas of ideas where the energy and stakes are highest that you get drama, debate, toupee-pulling wrestling matches, and sudden topples of reputation. Controversy that brings out the fight in opponents and the Sherlock Holmes in skeptics is better than a consensus that leaves a dull, lifeless finish.

If I could nominate one soul for civic sainthood, it would be Brian Lamb, the chairman and chief host of C-SPAN, the public affairs network. For the last two decades he has overseen C-SPAN's emergence as the video custodian of American history and governmental affairs, the Keeper of the Cassettes. Many in the media dismiss Lamb as bland, square. They're not hip to his deep game. With his Zen calm, pale-moon presence, android productivity, and guilelessness in asking blank-slate questions (C-SPAN-ers cherish the moment when he quizzed Winston Churchill biographer Martin Gilbert, "Why was he accused of buggery and what is it?," causing a baffled Gilbert to stammer, "You don't know what buggery is?"), Brian Lamb is the Andy Warhol of white noise, an alchemist who can transform boredom into rapt fascination and package it for consumption. Like Warhol films such as *Sleep* and his eight-hour ode to the Empire State Building, C-SPAN's fixed-gaze videos of congressional hearings, panel discussions, political rallies, and think-tank conferences are real-time, editless, minimalist, discount productions set in a talky purgatory—yet weirdly narcotic to the converted. (On *Seinfeld* Kramer once dashed off to catch C-SPAN's coverage of the Canadian Parliament.) The surface verisimilitude is something of an optical illusion as far as Lamb himself is concerned. On the air, he can seem mild, unassuming, even superficial, but when you check the transcripts later, his questions read as far more incisive, dogged, and methodical than they sounded. He's a stealth inquisitor.

Under his captaining, C-SPAN has established itself as a national educator and built a loyal following with its series *American Presidents: Life Portraits* and *American Writers: A Journey Through History,* guided tours of presidential libraries, re-enactment of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, and retracing of Alexis de Tocqueville's steps in *Democracy in America,* and with its best-selling publishing spin-offs (such as Lamb's *Booknotes,* whose launch he marked by visiting the printing plant and watching copies roll off the presses, like a proud dad in the delivery room). The network's biggest boon to history consumers came in 1998 when sister channel C-SPAN 2 expanded its weekend "Book TV" nonfiction programming to 48 hours. Each weekend, literate viewers can now test their couch-potato powers of endurance (masochismo, I believe, is the technical term) by tuning in to local book-club discussions that maunder on like sewing bees for the slow-minded, lengthy dispatches from literary festivals that look as festive as an airport layover, workshop panels on career opportunities in children's literature. Those supply the yawns for the path that leads to the bubbling oases of "Book TV"'s weekend lineup, its three-hour "In Depth" interviews with distinguished historians, which provide them an unsurpassed platform to expound, delve into detail, and relate their own personal history without being interrupted every other breath. The "In Depth" with John Lukacs, the urbane, droll author of *Five*


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Days in London and *Budapest 1900,* was a master tutorial in 20th-century history. I'm convinced that a contributing factor to the groundswell for *John Adams* was the "In Depth" with McCullough, a promotional godsend. (And destined for the time capsule, too, was the sit-down with professor, activist, and groove master Cornel West, who bopped his head as the C-SPAN host played a hot cut from his pseudo-rap CD, getting jiggy with his own syncopated gospel.)

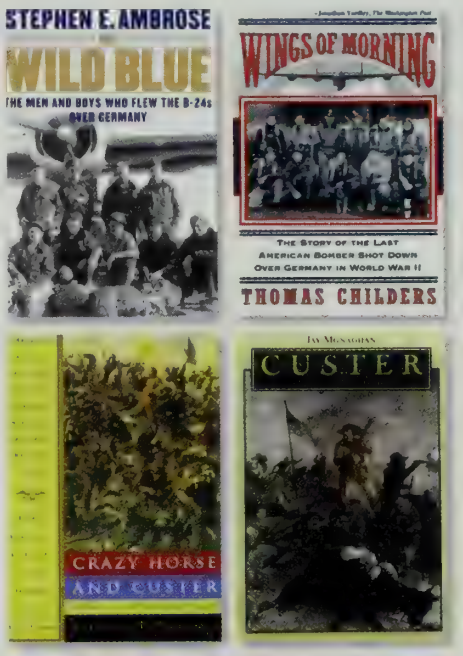
The Nazis were ruthless, murderous and highly perverted. Examine the bizarre sexual escapades of the Nazis and the undercover—or under the covers—methods that U.S. and British intelligence employed to ferret vital information from them. Learn how the U.S. tried to get inside the mind of Hitler and whether the allegations that Hitler had a close relationship with his niece were true.

—Promotional listing for the History Channel's *Sex and the Swastika.*

On the History Channel, it's pictures rather than words gushing from an open spigot. Since its debut in 1995, the History Channel has defined itself as the illustrated storybook of war, industrial might, and brute force, a supercollage of Civil War cannons, Cherokee warriors, Chicago mobsters, W.W. I trenches, strutting dictators, armament buildups, jungle guerrilla fighting, night-raid searchlights, burning ships, exuberant armistices, refugees returning to rubbled cities whose streets have been reduced to rows of jagged teeth. Although Abbe Raven, the general manager of the History Channel, takes pains to point out that only 20 percent of its schedule is devoted to things that go boom, the combination of hardware and heroics, strategic genius and tragic folly, has made the channel a strong draw for men, who account for 70 percent of the viewership. "It's the favorite channel of Tony Soprano," noted *Broadcasting & Cable* magazine, and as we all know, Tony is the epitome of pure pork sausage. Me, I've OD'd on W.W. II documentaries (it may have been the one on Hitler's favorite chanteuse that did me in), preferring to park it in front of programs about recent upheavals, whose material is crisper because the footage hasn't been repeated again and again until the texture and impact have been bleached thin. One of the smarter recent additions to the lineup is the series *History vs. Hollywood,* where each week a movie is screened and chewed over by historical experts trying not to look aghast at some of the liberties taken by the heirs of Cecil B. DeMille with the ascertainable truth. (The lesson: Give Hollywood a gray area and it goes Technicolor.)

It's become harder for historians to play snob with Hollywood's trespasses, given the skeletons being dug up in their own backyard. The first stink was raised by Fred Barnes's cover story for the January 14 issue of *The Weekly Standard,* called "Stephen Ambrose, Copycat," which exposed Ambrose's extended liftings from Thomas Childers's *Wings of Morning* for his own book about W.W. II bomber crews, *The Wild Blue.* Ambrose apologized for appropriating Childers's words without proper citation and said he would correct future editions, mollifying Barnes, who, in a brief follow-up, wrote, "Historian Stephen Ambrose did the right thing and did it graciously." (A professor at the University of Pennsylvania, Childers was less lenient after he learned Ambrose had abused other sources, announcing that he was dropping Ambrose's works from his syllabus.) Had this been an isolated instance, the Ambrose book factory would have suffered only a minor burp. But Forbes.com jumped aboard with a piece called "Ambrose Has Done It Before," accusing the author of dittoing passages from Jay Monaghan's *Custer: The Life of General George Armstrong Custer* in his own treatment of the subject, *Crazy Horse and Custer.* Another historian claimed that Ambrose also had sticky fingers in the Custer book regarding James C. Olson's *Red Cloud and the Sioux Problem.* Widening its net, Forbes.com then claimed Ambrose had helped himself to sentences from David Lavender's *The Great Persuader* for his best-selling book about railroad building, *Nothing Like It in the World.* The rap sheet began to bulge. This was no longer a case of a historian dozing over his file cards and mixing up a few three-by-fives. This, said his critics, was a clear pattern of theft.

Nor was Ambrose a lone perpetrator. Doris Kearns Goodwin, a biographer of Lyndon Baines Johnson and one of the most sensible, informed regulars on the pundit circuit (appearing everywhere from PBS's *The NewsHour with Jim Lehrer* to MSNBC's *The News with Brian Williams* to the Don Imus–Tim Russert–Chris Matthews axis of ego), copped to cribbing passages from Lynne McTaggart's *Kathleen Kennedy: Her Life and Times* for her own contribution to Camelot lore, *The Fitzgeralds and the Kennedys,* and making a payment to McTaggart to settle the dispute. At first this admission stirred a smaller tempest than the Ambrose affair because Goodwin is genuinely liked by her media and academic colleagues, appeared blushingly mortified by what she'd done (whereas Ambrose became more crustacean as the flak intensified), and had a plausible if not acceptable explanation for her errors (working pre–word processing, she had gotten bollixed up sifting through the accumulated blizzard of notes). But, like Ambrose, Goodwin proved to be a bigger looter than first suspected. As the full scope of her borrowings came to light, the hammer dropped: She took an indefinite leave as a commentator for *The NewsHour with Jim Lehrer;* her publisher announced it was destroying inventory copies of *The Fitzgeralds and the Kennedys* (hearing this, I couldn't help flashing to the scene in *Hud* where the tainted cattle are herded into a pit and shot); the University of Delaware withdrew its invitation for her to speak at



THE GREATEST FORM OF FLATTERY? Top: Stephen Ambrose's *The Wild Blue* owes a debt to Thomas Childers's *Wings of Morning.* Above: Ambrose's Custer biography failed to properly credit Jay Monaghan's. Below: a post-scandal Ambrose lecture in St. Louis.



It's become harder for historians to play snob with Hollywood's trespasses.

BOTTOM: © TOM GANNAM

commencement; and an editorial in *The Harvard Crimson* urged her to resign from the university's board of overseers. Although Goodwin's plagiarism seems confined largely to one book, the piling-on has been harsher on her than it has on Ambrose, a multiple offender. Could it be because Goodwin is (a) a liberal and (b) a woman?

Ambrose and Goodwin are just the most famous self-inflicters thus far. "In the latest allegation of what might be called 'Stephen Ambrose flu,' Montgomery College historian Robert M. Bryce has accused the director emeritus of Boston's Museum of Science of lifting vast chunks of text, facts, syntax and even errors from Bryce's 1997 biography of polar explorers Robert Peary and Frederick Cook" (*The Washington Post,* February 4). SUNY CLASSICS PROFESSOR IS ACCUSED OF PLAGIARISM (headline in *The New York Times,* February 22). One historian regurgitating another in a daisy chain of shame. The most cockeyed explanation I've encountered about this epidemic was put forth in *The American Prospect* by columnist Wendy Kaminer, who reasoned, "Originality is not much valued in our consumer culture, which is fueled by the urge to conform." You'd think we were back in the 50s, organization men in their gray flannel suits marching like lemmings off the cliff of the New Haven train platform. Plagiarism has a rich, colorful track record that pre-dates our consumer culture (no literary movement put greater premium on originality than the Romantic, yet Thomas De Quincey and Samuel Taylor Coleridge fobbed off reams of German philosophy as their own). No, the psychological roots and shabby delusions of plagiarism are probably what they've always been: a risky desire to try to outfox the reader, like a con artist passing a forged check; a masochistic compulsion to be caught, humiliated, drummed out of the corps; a diseased vanity about being crowned "creative," as if every idea, image, and trope had sprung virgin from one's brow (look, Ma, no quotation marks).

Like Ambrose, Goodwin proved to be a bigger looter than first suspected.



TROUBLE IN CAMELOT
From left: Doris Kearns Goodwin published *The Fitzgeralds and the Kennedys* in 1987; the author appears on *Meet the Press,* April 29, 2001; and Lynne McTaggart's 1983 Kathleen Kennedy biography.

Plagiarism is seldom excusable and should be censured and its culprits disciplined according to degree, but at least Ambrose and company wrote the walloping majority of their words. I think a larger affront is committed by those so-called authors who write practically none of the words inside the covers, such as the Beltway's viceroy of traditional values, William Bennett, who slaps his brand name on books assembled by a team of Keebler elves who do the backstage research and ghostwriting. Future historians who hit pay dirt may be tempted to follow the Bennett model and farm out all that pesky paperwork so that they can have more time tanning on *Larry King Live.* Ambrose is already on that glide path, presiding over a business operation whose officers include his son, daughter, and son-in-law. "The family company, Ambrose-Tubbs Inc. . . . was originally set up in 1993 so Mr. Ambrose could get a tax write-off on his car," *The Wall Street Journal* reported last year. "Now, the company brings in roughly $3 million in annual revenue from book and film advances, royalty payments and speaking fees." It also sponsors the Stephen Ambrose Historical Tours. According to the same article, Ambrose remains a hard worker, rising at four A.M. most days to write. The Stephen Ambroses of tomorrow may choose to sleep late and delegate.

The real threat to history from this country doesn't come from the low end of the totem pole, but from the top—from C.E.O.'s compelling subordinates to sign nondisclosure contracts (leaving them the exclusive rights to peddle their business-porn memoirs), politicians seeking to bulletproof their legacies by hoarding material. On February 5, New York's *Daily News* revealed that the departed mayor of New York City, Rudy Giuliani, had shipped a mother lode of City Hall papers to a private warehouse. "Backed by an unprecedented agreement signed a week before he left office, Giuliani carted away more than 2,000 boxes of memos, pictures and phone logs—material that other modern-day mayors have handed over directly to the city—and placed them in a state-of-the-art storage facility at his own expense. While the agreement says the city 'retains ownership' and 'ultimate control' over the boxes' contents, it also grants Giuliani the right to withhold from the public any document he considers of 'personal interest.'" To some historians, this is taking privatization a bit too far.

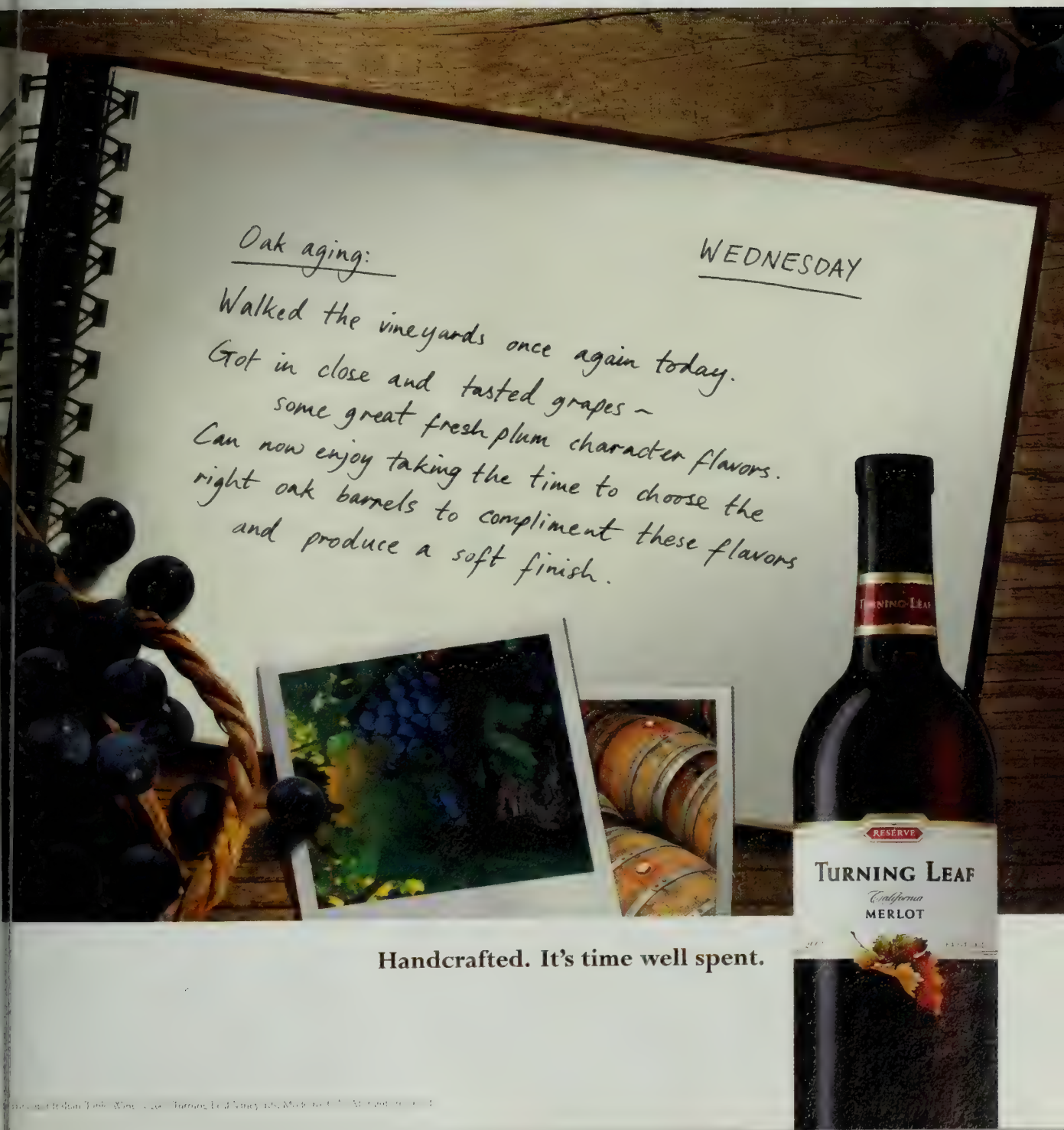
An even greater act of anal retention was committed by President Bush, who signed a surprise executive order on November 1, 2001, that effectively rescinded the 1978 Presidential Records Act, which stipulated that sensitive presidential papers be made available to the public 12 years after he or she leaves office, thereby stalling the imminent release of the material being held by the Ronald Reagan Presidential Library. (The 1978 Presidential Records Act was a post-Watergate reform intended to make sure executive privilege didn't apply in perpetuity.) Presidential historians, political scientists, and even some Republican lawmakers deplored this embargo tactic, none more vehemently than Nixon and J.F.K. biographer Richard Reeves, who accused Bush of using his presidential pen to stab history in the back. Others conjectured that the decision was a retroactive ass-covering maneuver since Bush's father served as Reagan's vice president and a number of Reagan aides are highly placed in the Bush II administration—something fishy, perhaps, in the Iran-contra files? Bush will probably be able to skate free on this because the terrorism war provides ample smoke cover and disgruntled historians aren't exactly a menacing lobbying group. What are they going to do, throw scrolls?

Nevertheless, Bush's fiat shouldn't be permitted to stand. The tragic revelation of Michael Beschloss's *Reaching for Glory,* based on secret recordings in the Oval Office, was that a soul-sick President Johnson felt the Vietnam War was unwinnable as early as 1965 and yet futilely continued the escalation, digging himself and both countries a deeper, wider grave. Imagine how the river of events might have been altered had we known that then. Revoking or emasculating the Presidential Records Act would prevent works such as *Reaching for Glory* or the nasty jolts we've gotten from the Nixon-library tapes from being possible in the future, which may be in the interest of the executive branch but is unconscionable in a representative democracy. Lies in office—that we're used to. It's the price we pay for being able to learn the real score later, no matter whose legacy is jeopardized. We don't need former leaders fashioning themselves as pharaohs. □

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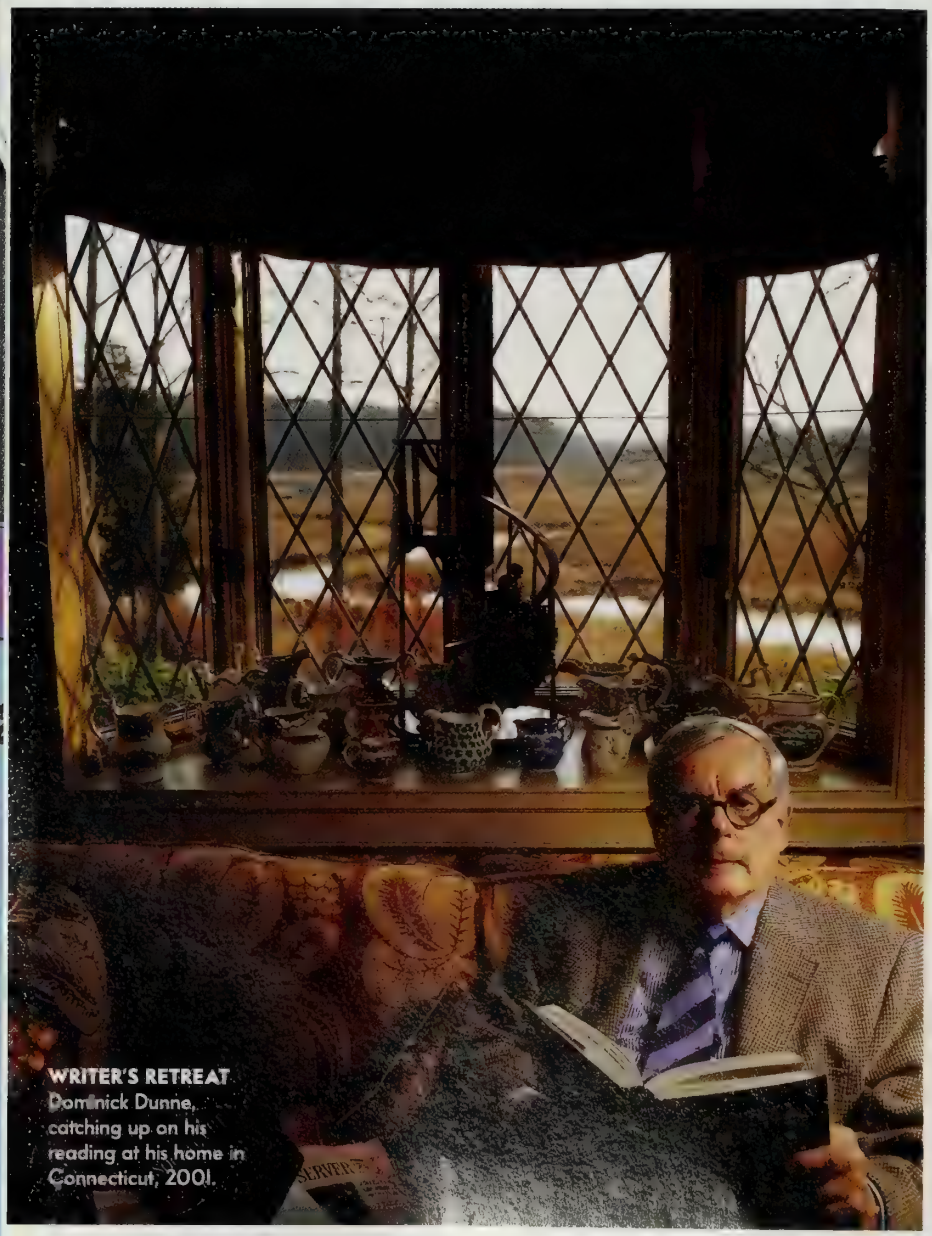
After firing a final, well-deserved shot into the corpse of Gary Condit's political career, the author turns to the latest gossip from the Michael Skakel murder trial, a little dustup with the great Elizabeth Taylor, and—what diarist would miss it?—the scene at Liza's wedding

Next January the 30-year political career of Congressman Gary Condit, of the 18th District of California, will come to an abrupt halt, and hopefully be over forever, to the huzzahs of many, including me. His blatant public lack of interest in the welfare of his discarded mistress, Chandra Levy, after her mysterious disappearance almost one year ago brought him the sort of fame that 11 years in Congress never had. It is difficult not to remember Condit at the time of the disappearance, smiling and walking jauntily past the battery of television cameras and shouting reporters, with his suit jacket slung casually over his shoulder, acting more like a man attending a film premiere than one whose lover had recently vanished without a trace. It was the beginning of the fame that would ultimately destroy him in a staggering defeat in the Democratic primary on March 5.

Shortly before the primary, Condit was interviewed by Frank Bruni in *The New York Times Magazine,* and he had the chutzpah to make a campaign pitch by saying, "I may be the best hope [the parents of Chandra] have to keep the issue alive. Somebody else gets elected—you probably won't hear much about Chandra." Such a lack of grace, I thought, considering his evasiveness on the several occasions when he had the opportunity to make a statement on the subject on television to a public eager to know what he knew.

My biggest moment of the past month was when Gary Condit dissed me on *Larry King Live.* He scolded Larry for having me as a guest on his program. He said, "You let him come on here and make up stuff." I can't tell you how much I enjoyed watching that. Obviously, I had gotten to him. Yes, before September 11, I had divulged the theory on Larry King's show that Chandra may have disappeared on the back of a motorcycle driven by one of Condit's biker pals in the Hell's Angels. The story virtually vanished after that date. I had also said several months later on the show that a procurer of women for the nocturnal pleasures of Middle Eastern potentates and their ambassadors in Washington had told a horse whisperer in Dubai that my motorcycle theory, which he had seen me explain on the earlier Larry King show, was incorrect, because he had been in Washington at the time—delivering girls, I presume—and claimed to know that Chandra had been kidnapped, put in a limousine, drugged, and placed on a private jet.

Condit said early in his hour-long interview with King that he wasn't going to discuss Chandra Levy. Certainly no one tuned in to that interview to hear about water rights in the 18th District of the state of California. I wanted a little light shed on Chandra's disappearance, or a few details about the last time Condit was with her, or *something,* but that was not to be. Whether it was intentional rudeness or mere sloppiness, Condit twice referred to Dr. Levy, Chandra's father, as Mr. Levy. He blamed the media for the bad publicity he had received, not allowing for a minute that he had created the atmosphere of distrust that mushroomed around him. He told the sad story of the mother of another missing person, who couldn't get any attention paid to her child's disappearance. If that poor mother's child had been romanti-



WRITER'S RETREAT Dominick Dunne, catching up on his reading at his home in Connecticut, 2001.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL O'NEILL

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cally involved with a congressman right up until the disappearance, she certainly *would* have gotten publicity, but Condit didn't make that logical step.

There was a disturbing item on "Page Six" of the *New York Post* on February 19, describing a sexual scene of startling depravity—with an audience involved—in which Condit was the central figure. The *Post* credited the *San Francisco Examiner* with the story. I won't go into the details here, tempted though I am, except to say that his body was reportedly entirely shaved for the orgy. Let's, for the sake of argument, say that the story was totally false, that he had never been part of such an orgy, wearing the leather outfit the paper said he had worn. It is a sign of the smarmy public feeling he has created that such degrading stories continue to cling to him. To give the congressman his due, he was gracious in defeat. I firmly believe that one of these days the truth is going to come out about Chandra Levy.

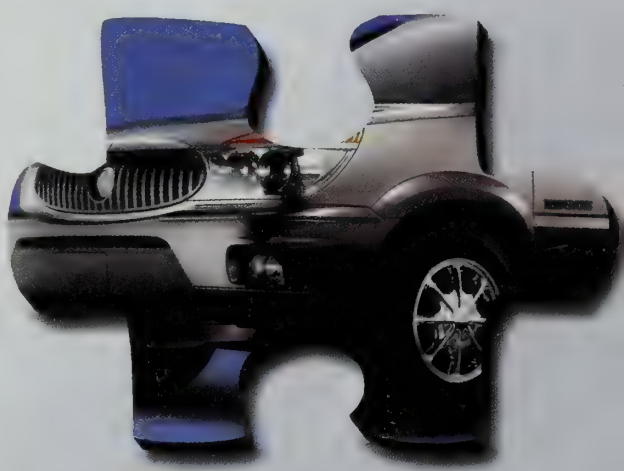
Gloria Vanderbilt and I went to the stately mansion of Woody and Soon-Yi Allen, who were having a dinner party in their stunning new digs on the Upper East Side. It's the kind of house a Vanderbilt might have lived in during the years of their glory. Woody played the docent, taking us from room to room, pointing out the magnificent winding stairway he had had installed, but Soon-Yi was the lady of the manor, calmly rearranging place cards when there was a last-minute no-show, indicating to the butler when it was time to serve, and leading us into the living room for coffee. When Woody talks, you don't want to miss a word. Gloria and I had a great time.

I was sad to hear of the death of Princess Margaret. She was the Princess Diana of her time, a description she would probably hate, for she shared her family's disapproval of the late Princess of Wales. Once, at a lunch party at the vacation house of Prince Rupert Loewenstein, the business manager of the Rolling Stones, in the Hollywood Hills of California, I heard her say in reference to Diana, "The only one who's behaved properly in this whole mess is Camilla Parker-Bowles." Like Diana, Margaret was a public figure whose private emotions were laid bare for all the world to see as she carried out her royal duties in tiaras and jewels, photographed almost every day of her life. She loved a man her family would not allow her to marry. She married another man, had two children, went through a divorce, and had occasional inappropriate liaisons—all written about. She could be difficult and snobbish, but she could also be witty and entertaining. She knew the lyrics of practically every show tune of the musical theater. I remember a weekend at the Arizona ranch of a former ambassador to the Court of St. James's, the late Lewis Douglas—whose daughter, Sharman, was for years a close friend of the princess's—when she performed like a nightclub singer, with a microphone in her hand, moving about among the guests, completely enjoying herself. She was plagued by ill health in her last years and dropped out of the public eye. There was one tragic photograph of her, looking old and unrecognizable in a wheelchair, all glamour gone. Her son and daughter were a credit and comfort to her. Despite her being the only sibling of the Queen of England, her death barely made the news in this country. The Queen went right on with her duties, which included conferring a knighthood on former New York mayor Rudolph Giuliani. The funeral at Windsor Castle was private, attended by a few hundred invited friends. If it was even on the evening news in this country, I must have missed it.

By the time you read this, the long-time-coming trial of Michael Skakel for the brutal murder of Martha Moxley in 1975 will be under way, but before it begins the defense team is using the media to create doubts, which is what it is expected to do. There was a plant in one of the New York tabloids and most of the papers in Connecticut, from where the jury will come, that a hair

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found at the crime scene has similarities to samples taken from Ken Littleton, the live-in tutor for some of the Skakel sons, whose first night on the job happened to be the night of the murder. Believe me, if Littleton could have been blamed for the murder of Martha Moxley, he would have been years ago, and the Skakels would not have had to endure the 27-year disgrace of being suspects.

Then came another bombshell, guaranteed to cause more than a ripple at the trial, which is to be held in Norwalk, Connecticut. As *The Hartford Courant* headlined on March 8, KENNEDYS WILL ATTEND SKAKEL TRIAL. Having once watched this legendary American family take over a courtroom, during the William Kennedy Smith rape trial in Palm Beach in 1991—with a priest in a Roman collar sitting among them during the closing arguments—may I say that they create a formidable sense of power. Priests in Roman collars are not held in high esteem these days, so that part will probably not be repeated, but Ethel Kennedy, the aunt of Michael Skakel, has, as the widow of a popular assassinated presidential candidate, achieved historical importance in our country, and she will surely outshine Dorthy Moxley, the mother of the victim, as the center of attention in the courtroom.

Actually, as I think about it, it is curious that Ethel Kennedy should plan to attend the trial. In 1998, before his arrest and indictment, Michael Skakel wrote a proposal for a book about his family called *Dead Man Talking: A Kennedy Cousin Comes Clean,* in which he was extremely critical of his Aunt Ethel in the matter of the death by drug overdose of her son David in the Brazilian Court hotel in Palm Beach in 1984. Skakel, who says he had been assigned the job of putting the desperate David Kennedy in a drug-rehab center on short notice, claimed that his aunt had forbidden him to use the Kennedy name to gain admission, and without using pull he had been unable to place David where he might have been helped. The proposal is also filled with dark stories about William Kennedy Smith, Robert Kennedy Jr., and especially the late Michael Kennedy, who was killed in a skiing accident in Aspen in 1997. I have heard through the grapevine that Richard Hoffman, the co-author of Skakel's unpublished book, will be called as a witness. I have also heard that the young woman once known to the public only as the 15-year-old baby-sitter with whom Michael Kennedy had had an affair—an affair that broke up his marriage to Victoria Gifford, the daughter of Frank Gifford, the sports announcer—will be a witness. Allegedly, it was Michael Skakel who blew the whistle on the affair, after Michael Kennedy had fired him from his job at Citizens Energy Corporation, a nonprofit company that provides fuel and heating for the poor of Massachusetts. Robert Kennedy Jr. was quoted in *The Hartford Courant* as saying, "My mother, who joined the [Kennedy and Skakel] families together, never had any bitterness toward Michael [Skakel]. She understands what he's been through."

Robert Kennedy Jr. told a reporter from *USA Today* that I led the lynch mob against his family. That's not true. My specialty is writing about the rich and powerful in criminal situations, and his relatives have turned up as defendants in several cases I have covered. I make no bones about the fact that I am a strong advocate for victims—that's the core of my trial reporting. When I met Dorthy Moxley in 1991, I swore to her that I would help her get justice for her daughter, even though the Skakels had been powerful enough to keep the murder on a back burner since 1975.

I've had a slight rift with Miss Elizabeth Taylor, the greatest of movie stars, at least in my book, who has been a friend since I produced one of her films, *Ash Wednesday,* in Italy in 1973, when she was married to Richard Burton and they were the world's most glamorous couple. She had just turned 40 and was at the peak of her amazing beauty. For a starfucker like me, spending the better part of a year in Cortina d'Ampezzo, a fancy winter resort in the Dolomite Mountains, with the Burtons, as they were called, and their considerable retinue, their 30 trunks, their Rolls-Royces and chartered jets, was the ultimate in surreal living. The movie didn't turn out to be as good as the experience of witnessing the daily high-voltage drama that was their normal existence. I always meant to write about it and never did. Last month I got a telephone call from my old friend Michael Korda, the Simon & Schuster editor in chief, asking me to write the preface to an upcoming book called *Elizabeth Taylor's Jewels.* Michael reminded me that Elizabeth still has one of

Princess Margaret was the Princess Diana of her time.



IN HER PRIME
The late Princess Margaret, with her husband, Lord Snowdon, left, at a house party in England in the 60s, photographed by Dominick Dunne.

the great jewel collections, and that pictures of them would be accompanied by Elizabeth's stories of how she came to possess each of the beautiful pieces. I declined, pleading that I was very behind with my next novel, *A Solo Act,* that I was further committed to the monthly diary in this magazine and a new television show, and that there was just no time.

"Elizabeth said that you are friends," said Michael.

"We are, but I don't have the time."

That night I was talking on the phone to the playwright Mart Crowley, and he urged me to write the preface. "You could do it in an hour and a half," he said. "You have such great stories about her, and you like her."

So I called Michael Korda back and said that I would do it. It took a lot longer than an hour and a half. It took almost a weekend. But I enjoyed writing it, because I am fond of Elizabeth, although I rarely see her anymore. I thought the piece turned out to be funny and loving, even as it revealed a kind of life not many people have access to. Korda was pleased with it. "It's very funny," he said. Several people I read it to also enjoyed it. But Elizabeth apparently didn't think it was funny at all. She suggested changes that would have removed every laugh in it. She said things hadn't happened as I said they had, but I've kept a journal for 40 years, and I recorded the year I spent with Elizabeth and Richard in Cortina in great detail. I was furious with myself for having wasted so much time when I should have been working on the novel. Moreover, I certainly wasn't about to take more time to do rewrites to suit the star, so I withdrew the preface and declined payment for my work. I am sorry if I upset Michael Korda, because I had written my first book for him, a terrible flop called *The Winners.* He provided the guiding light to my late-life writing career one day when he said to me, "There is nothing the public enjoys more than reading about the rich and


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powerful in a criminal situation." Bells went off in my head, and I found the niche I had long been looking for. Years later, when I spoke to him about that line, he didn't even remember saying it.

As Noël Coward wrote about one marvelous party, "I couldn't have liked it more." I'm saying the same about Liza Minnelli and David Gest's wedding, which was the talk of New York for the week leading up to the nuptials. The crowds behind barricades at Marble Collegiate Church, where the ceremony took place, and the Regent Wall Street hotel, where the reception was held, were the size of crowds at Hollywood premieres. Everybody loves Liza for the ups and downs of her well-reported life, and her fans turned out in droves to let her know it. I've known Liza for years, though never well. Her mother, Judy Garland, once cleaned out my late wife's medicine cabinet during a party at our Beverly Hills home, when she was married to her third husband, the producer Sid Luft. I knew Liza's father, the director Vincente Minnelli, well, especially during his third and fourth marriages, when he was married to friends of mine. I went to Liza's second wedding, to the late Jack Haley Jr., in 1974, given by Sammy Davis Jr. and his wife, Altovise, at the Comedy Store on Sunset Boulevard. Liza's half-sister, Lorna Luft, who wrote a moving memoir of her family, *Me and My Shadows,* is a friend of mine. The sisters have an on-and-off relationship. Lorna did not attend Liza's wedding, because she was performing in Australia.

Two nights before the wedding, I went to the bridal dinner, which was given by Liza's former stepmother Mrs. Prentis Cobb Hale of San Francisco, at Le Cirque on Madison Avenue. There were 28 guests, including folks such as Clive Davis and Martha Stewart—a typically glamorous Denise Hale event. I hadn't seen Liza for a year, since she had stopped by my place in Connecticut when she was house-hunting in the area. We went out to dinner with my neighbor Cynthia McFadden, who was doing a piece on Liza for ABC, and Sam Harris, a singer friend of Liza's. She was then very overweight, slightly manic, and clearly unwell. Has she changed! She looked great at the bridal dinner. She was happy, funny, almost slender, not remotely manic. We were in the main dining room, and she was the center of attention for everyone in the restaurant. Liza is the kind of person total strangers root for. She said, "Dominick, you haven't met David. You have to meet him." Gest was at the far end of the long table. I went over and said, "Congratulations, David. I'm Dominick Dunne." He replied, "Ann Rutherford sends her love."

For people too young to remember, Ann Rutherford was Polly Benedict in the Andy Hardy series, which starred Mickey Rooney, way back when. She and Rooney were both at the wedding, because Liza invited all her mother's friends from the MGM days, including Arlene Dahl and Ann Blyth. Janet Leigh, immortalized in a shower stall in *Psycho,* was there, as were Anne Jeffreys and June Haver, who was once a nun and who is the widow of Fred MacMurray, a movie star of the 30s and 40s who made an extraordinary comeback on television in *My Three Sons* in the 60s.

The flowers in the church were the prettiest I've ever seen, thousands of white orchids cascading down from the pillars on gold wires. The ceremony was an hour late starting, and there was a certain sense of high camp. I said to the actress Marsha Hunt, who was sitting one over from me, "Maybe there's been a last-minute change of plans." It turned out not to have been the bride or groom who held up the works, but rather Elizabeth Taylor, the matron of honor, who had arrived in slippers and forgotten her shoes, which someone had to brave the St. Patrick's Day parade outside and get from her hotel. She didn't walk in the procession with the bridesmaids. Marisa Berenson, the second matron of honor, led her to a chair by the altar, where she sat throughout the ceremony. (She did not attend the reception.) This wedding was like a show in a church, with lots of applause and an inordinate amount of kissing, with tongues, at the altar, even before the minister said, "I now pronounce you man and wife." At one point Gest kissed Liza romantically on her bare neck. She looked wonderful in her Bob Mackie white gown trimmed with pearls and brilliants. Michael Jackson, Gest's best man, and Marisa Berenson took turns helping her with the train. Years ago in Beverly Hills, I was at Marisa's wedding to a businessman named James Randall, which didn't last, and Liza was *her* bridesmaid. Jane Withers, a child star when I was a kid, sat behind me in the church, wearing plenty of good diamonds but looking and talking exactly the way she had as a child. Margaret O'Brien, another former child star, was across the aisle. Marsha Hunt looked elegant and wonderful. "I went under contract to Warner's in ... 1936, I think it was," she said. "My career was ruined by the blacklist."

Every woman in the wedding party was dressed in black.

When the ceremony started, Gina Lollobrigida, in a bouffant wig, was the first bridesmaid out, followed by the columnist Cindy Adams, Mia Farrow, and a dozen more well-known figures, all long past bridesmaid age. Every woman in the wedding party was dressed in black, a color not usually associated with weddings. The women had been told they could choose what to wear, but it had to be long and black.



MR. AND MRS. GEST
David Gest and Liza Minnelli arrive at their wedding reception in the Regent Wall Street hotel in New York, March 16.

Natalie Cole was an 11th-hour fill-in for Whitney Houston, who dropped out. Standing in front of the altar, she sang "Unforgettable" beautifully. During the ceremony, it was Liza, not Elizabeth Taylor or Michael Jackson, who dominated the scene. She got applause when she entered the church and again when she kissed the groom. As she walked out of the church, she stopped to hug people who caught her eye. The reception was wonderfully done. You realized how skillful David Gest must be at producing spectacles when you saw the effortless manner in which one musical act after another took the stage. Petula Clark sang "Downtown," and the crowd went wild, as it did when the 5th Dimension sang "Up-Up and Away." I left after midnight, and neither Liza nor Michael Jackson had yet taken the stage.

At one point, when I crossed the ballroom to go to the men's room, a guard put his hands up and wouldn't let me through, because I would have had to pass Michael Jackson's table. The guard suggested an alternative route. Jackson was wearing a black outfit with a white Peter Pan collar, and an enormous diamond brooch with a pearl pendant at his throat. He was just sitting there, being more famous than anyone else. □

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SHOWTIME
A state-television broadcast of an Iraqi Cabinet meeting, January 2001. That's Saddam Hussein being seated at the head of the table.

IRAQ'S ARSENAL OF TERROR

After surviving torture, another high-level defector has escaped Iraq. In this exclusive report, he details Saddam's progress toward truly frightening capabilities: "dirty" bombs that spew radioactivity, mobile bio-weapons facilities, and a new long-range ballistic missile

BY DAVID ROSE

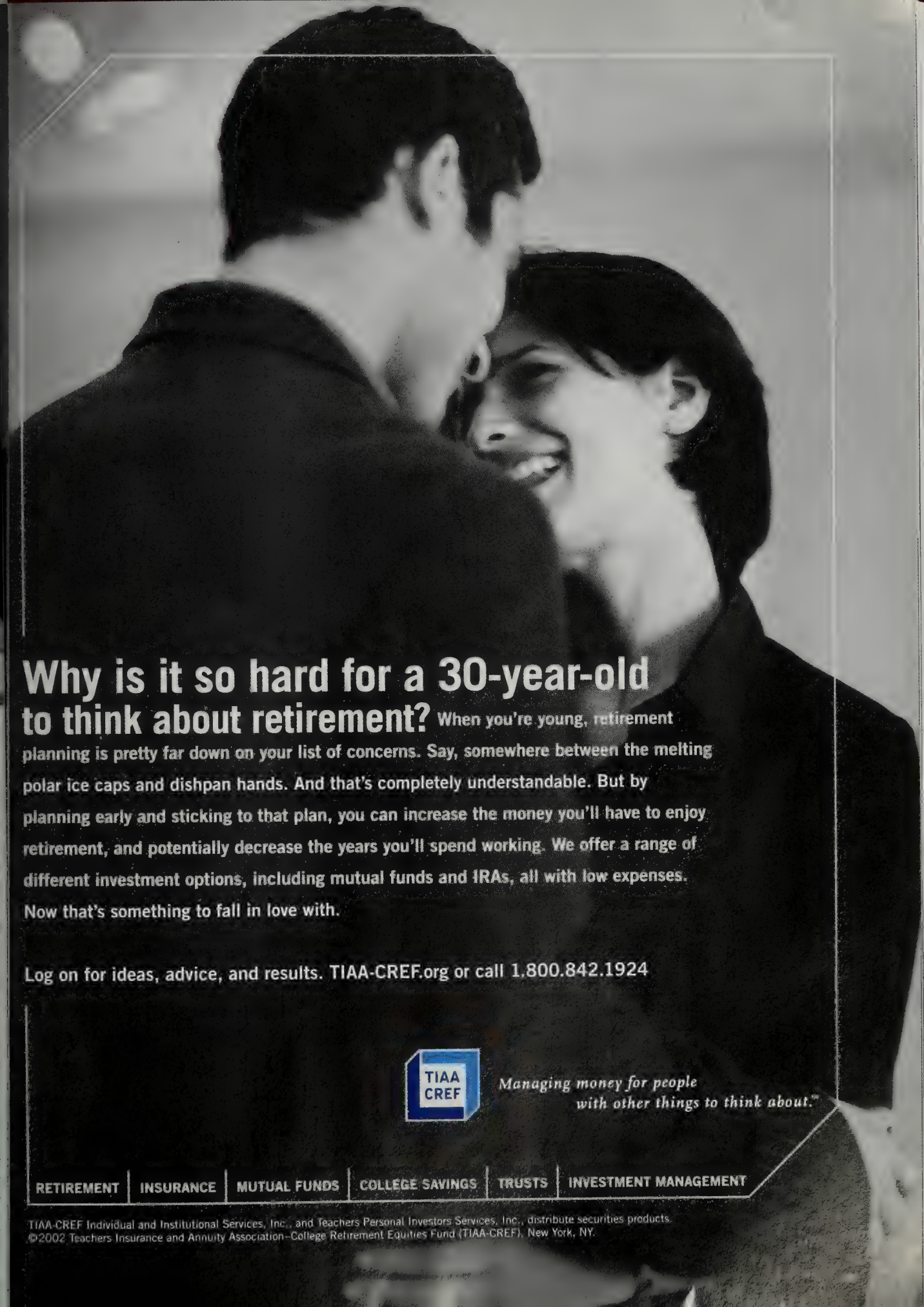
January 2000: a chilly afternoon in Baghdad. At the downtown headquarters of Iraq's Military Industrial Commission, the body responsible for arms development and purchase, its then chairman, General Amer al-Saadi, gathered 13 government officials around the boardroom table: scientists, soldiers, spies. More than a year had passed since the Iraqi president, Saddam Hussein, expelled the inspectors from the United Nations Special Commission (UNSCOM), the U.N. program designed to prevent Iraq from acquiring weapons of mass destruction. "Now we're a free country again," al-Saadi said. "We can do whatever we wish. We want you to work with full force, and you'll be in a race against time. You have to win this race. Everything you need, material or logistic, is available to you."

Al-Saadi, a plump, white-haired man in his early 60s, spoke for three hours. The course of the race, he said, was still unknown. Its finish line, however, was clearly fixed. What al-Saadi called "the Motherland" would win if those in the room reached their goal—a new-generation long-range ballistic-missile system, equipped to deliver chemical, biological, and eventually nuclear warheads.

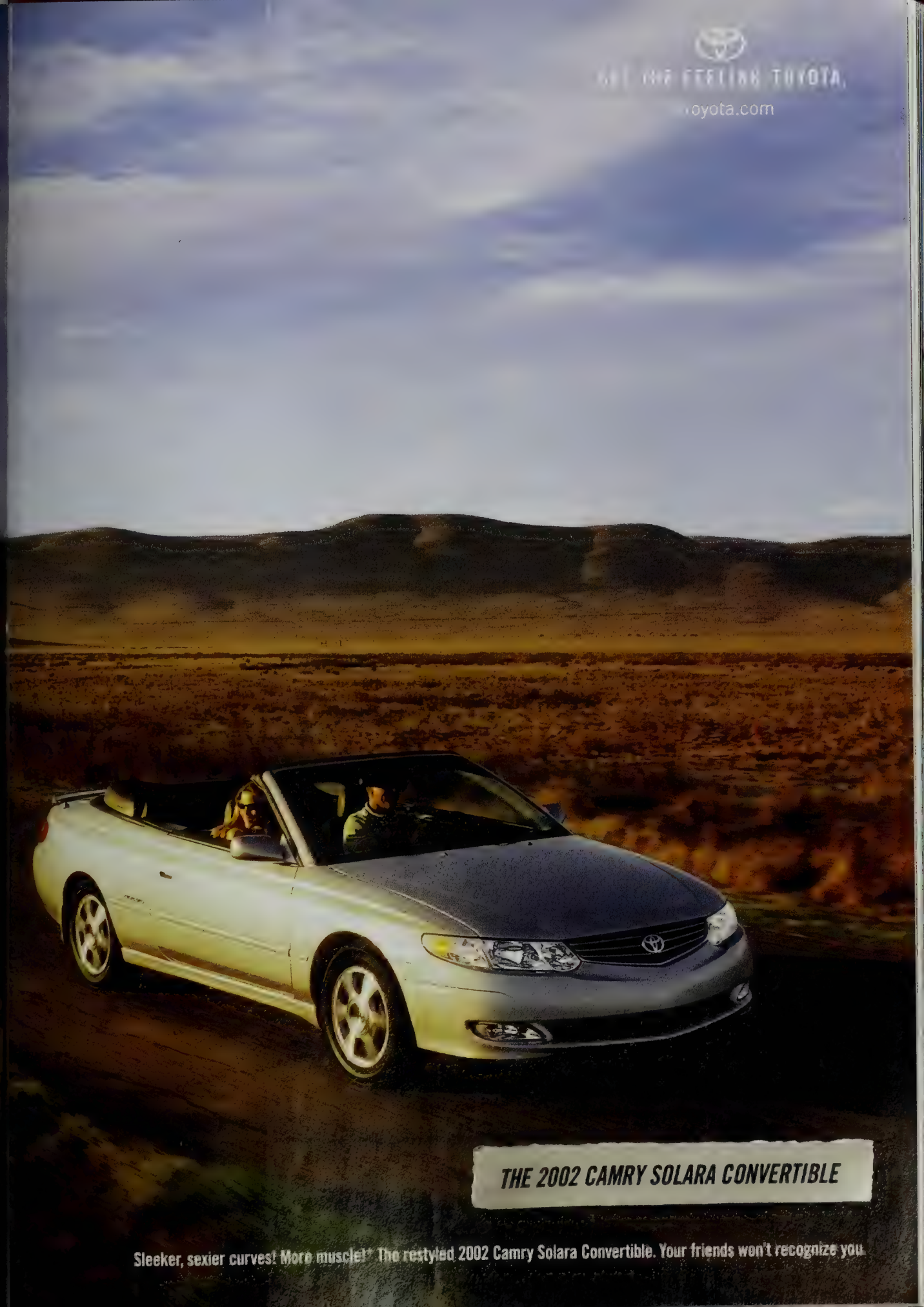
Twenty-six months after al-Saadi's address, in March 2002, a man who says he was present—a man who has since escaped Iraq—is in a hotel in a Middle Eastern capital describing it for *Vanity Fair.*

This defector has disclosed new details of Iraq's programs for building missiles and weapons of mass destruction. Iraq is close, he says, to achieving a long-range missile capable of hitting the capitals of Turkey, Egypt, Cyprus, Iran, and Saudi Arabia. He has supplied new information about how the country has built a network of front companies, controlled by its intelligence service, to evade Western sanctions, and identified seven sites where chemical and biological weapons are designed, manufactured, and tested, and an eighth where nuclear weapons are again being developed. With evident pride, he describes the success of his scheme to build a fleet of virtually undetectable mobile biological-weapons trucks, indistinguishable in appearance from the vehicles used to carry chilled or frozen food.

On a map he traces the course of four specially reinforced roadways, in all about


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500 miles in length, on which Iraq can turn its existing missiles into moving targets, firing them from mobile launchers in the event of war. The defector also describes Iraq's support for Hamas, the Palestinian terrorist group responsible for suicide bombings in Israel, and his journey to Africa to buy highly toxic radioactive material with which to build a "dirty," radiological bomb.

In the weeks before our interviews, this man, who left Iraq a year and a half ago, was debriefed in at least four lengthy sessions by U.S. officials from the Defense Intelligence Agency. He is hoping to find sanctuary for himself and his family. Meanwhile, *Vanity Fair* has copied and translated some of the documentation he supplied to his U.S. interrogators. It includes the paperwork produced to establish his cover as a journalist and a 22-page report on military radar systems from the organization to which he once [illegible] Iraq's security and intelligence [illegible] Mukhabarat.

Although *Vanity Fair* cannot [illegible] dently verify all the defector's cla[illegible] perts on Iraq say they are consistent wi[illegible] other established information and appear to be credible. Charles Duelfer, the former deputy chairman of the UNSCOM mission in Iraq, who continues to monitor the region at the Center for Strategic & International Studies in Washington, has reviewed all the defector's testimony at the request of *Vanity Fair*. He says, "I haven't found anything to make me disbelieve him. What he describes is consistent with what we know about how Iraq operates, both in terms of building weapons of mass destruction, and in terms of its efforts to procure the necessary equipment and materials. His evidence tells us that Iraq's weapons-of-mass-destruction program has only accelerated since UNSCOM was expelled from the country in 1998."



NEW VIEW
The unnamed Iraqi defector who was interviewed for this article, in an undisclosed location, March 2002.

THE DEFECTOR'S TESTIMONY PLACES IRAQ ON THE FRONT LINE OF BUSH'S WAR ON INTERNATIONAL TERRORISM.

A tall, slim man in his late 30s, the defector says he was trusted with sensitive positions early in his Mukhabarat career. Although an interpreter is present to ensure accuracy throughout our interviews, he speaks passable English, and often answers my questions without waiting for their Arabic translation. After he graduated from Baghdad's School of National Security in 1986, he says, his first job was with the division responsible for government ministers' security—in the sense not of providing them with personal protection, but of keeping them under surveillance for the least sign of dissent. In 1992, he says, he was transferred to what Iraq called the Directorate for Secret Organizations and Relations—the department which, among other functions, provided support and training for terrorists from [illegible]

[illegible] were two foreign groups for [illegible] personally responsible, he [illegible] was the Iranian opposition [illegible] n e-Khalq, which during the 1980s maintained at least 20,000 fighters inside Iraq, where it helped suppress the 1991 Shi'a uprising. The second was the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, which carried out a long string of murders and hijackings up until the early 1990s. Its founder, George Habash, was a visitor to Baghdad, the defector tells me, and at least 50 of his colleagues lived there. However, by the early 90s, the Popular Front's place in the terrorist pantheon was being usurped by a still more deadly formation—Hamas, perfecters of suicide bombing.

Evidence of links between Iraq and Hamas has surfaced before. It is known that Saddam sends $10,000 to the family of each "martyr" who kills himself in a suicide attack. In an official communiqué, Hamas refers to "brotherly Iraq," and during the lull in Palestinian-Israeli violence that followed the 1993 Oslo peace accords, Hamas threatened to kill civilians in Israel if the U.S. made any move against Iraq. The defector's testimony reveals the true depth of the Iraq-Hamas connection. It places Iraq squarely on the front line of President Bush's war on international terrorism: even without the added factor of weapons of mass destruction, this might be held to justify a U.S. attack.

Hamas had a subdepartment all its own in the foreigners' directorate, he says, and throughout the time he worked there, the Mukhabarat provided Hamas with a full-time office in the Karrada Dakhil district of Baghdad. A stream of Hamas fighters learned skills in Iraq, with successive classes of between 5 and 30 students trained at the Salman Pak terrorist camp, south of Baghdad, and at a similar facility in the Diyala district of northeastern Iraq. In those locations, in addition to the normal curriculum of sabotage, assassination, and train and airplane hijackings (see "Inside Saddam's Terror Regime" in the February 2002 issue of *Vanity Fair*), a fellow Mukhabarat officer gave Hamas members instruction in a further specialty: suicide bombing. "Many weapons were being supplied to Hamas," the defector says, "guns, ammunition both heavy and light, detonators, and explosives. It was Iraq which trained Hamas in how to make bombs."

The defector says he was ordered to embark on a very different kind of mission in October 1994. Before the Gulf War, Iraq had come close to building an atomic bomb: under a fast-track scheme Saddam had sponsored, it would have rushed out a crude device using fuel from its nuclear reactors. In his book *Saddam's Bombmaker*, published in 2000, Khidhir Hamza, Iraq's former nuclear-program chief, states that while this bomb would have been too heavy for a missile warhead,



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t could have been used "for a demonstration test, or, as we discovered to our horror, Saddam's plan to drop one unannounced on Israel." But Iraq's Gulf War defeat and the consequent imposition of the UNSCOM inspectors caused a series of reverses. The U.S. destroyed Iraq's last uranium reactor in 1991.

The defector's 1994 mission was apparently undertaken to help remedy this deficit. He shows me his passport: the stamps confirm he left Iraq for Amman, the capital of neighboring Jordan, on October 17, 1994. In all, he says, there were three in his party: himself, a Mukhabarat colleague, and a scientist.

In Amman, the embassy liaison officer, a Mukhabarat operative, gave the three men new passports. They traveled to Khartoum, the capital of Sudan, and changed passports again: now they were supposedly businessmen from the United Arab Emirates. Next stop, by the Italian airline Alitalia, was Rome. From there they flew to Algiers, and thence, finally, to Dar es Salaam, Tanzania.

Joined there by more Iraqis, they drove into the bush to an isolated house, where they were met by five Eastern Europeans: Russians, the defector believes, or possibly Ukrainians. "They had a trunk made of heavy metal, about a meter long, so heavy they could barely lift it. They had a sports bag and took out gloves, face masks which were like gas masks, and a small electronic gadget. They opened the trunk, and the scientist bent over it. Inside were what looked like pieces of black rock, glittery." Some were the size and shape of fingers; others looked like lumps of coal. The scientist examined them with a handheld device. The defector says that unlike a Geiger counter, this made a bleeping sound when placed near the material. Satisfied, the scientist ordered that the trunk be resealed. He treated his hands, his face, and the trunk with decontaminants, the defector recalls. One of his colleagues opened his briefcase. Inside were neat stacks of $100 bills. He handed the case to the Eastern Europeans.

"The Ukrainians left first," the defector says. "Then four Iraqis I'd never seen before entered and left with the trunk. We went to the airport and back to Amman via Tunis, Brussels, Rome, and Khartoum. We changed passports again at the embassy. Later I was told the merchandise had reached Baghdad safely."

The defector admits he is no technician, and some nuclear experts are skeptical of certain details in his account. But according to the same experts, the "fingers" of black material sounds like a description of spent reactor fuel rods cut into sections, which could be used to build a "dirty," radiological bomb—a conventional explosive surrounded by a layer of radioactive material, designed to spew across a wide area. Charles Duelfer, the former UNSCOM deputy chairman, adds, "The defector's description is consistent with what we know about Iraq's attempt to continue its nuclear program. Iraq has demonstrated it is interested in building dirty weapons of this kind." Iraq unsuccessfully tested at least one such bomb in 1987–88, in the closing stages of the Iran-Iraq War.

Far easier to build than a full-fledged nuclear device, a dirty bomb would kill its victims slowly: those who survived the initial blast would be at risk of developing cancers after inhaling or swallowing the radioactive wrapping, which the explosion would reduce to fine particles of dust. A dirty bomb could also be delivered to its target in many ways. A small device might be detonated inside a suitcase or lodged beneath a car; larger bombs could be fired from a missile or dropped from an airplane.

A NEW MISSILE SYSTEM MAY HAVE THE RANGE TO HIT SAUDI ARABIA, TURKEY, EGYPT, AND IRAN.



THE BEST DEFENSE
An Iraqi Scud awaits destruction in an undated photo. U.N. weapons inspectors withdrew from the country in 1998.

As the Monterey Institute of International Studies noted last year, a dirty bomb planted by a terrorist in a city such as New York would cause a "nuclear panic" out of all proportion to the number of its victims, although it would kill far fewer than the 100,000 who might be expected to die immediately in the event of a small atom-bomb blast over Lower Manhattan.

The man seated before me says that, in September 1996, he was promoted and moved to a new posting, attached to a special commercial department of the Military Industrial Commission. Iraq's weapons-development-and-procurement programs were in a state of upheaval. Their former overseer, Hussein Kamel, Saddam's son-in-law and formerly one of his confidants, had fled to the West, where he gave intelligence agencies many damaging details of Iraq's secret programs. Then, apparently feeling homesick, Kamel had unwisely chosen to believe Saddam's promises that all would be forgiven if he would only return. He was murdered together with his father, two brothers, his sister, and her two young children after a long gun battle at a brother's home in Baghdad. Kamel's wife, Saddam's daughter, survived. His mother was killed two years later. Henceforth, weapons acquisition came under the direct control of Saddam and his son Uday.

That summer, this new defector says, the Mukhabarat began to form and operate a network of commercial companies. It had three purposes. The first was to raise currency to buy military hardware abroad through what amounted to a huge money-laundering scam that would take advantage of the U.N.'s "food for oil" program. Under the program, Iraq is allowed to import a limited range of nonlethal items paid for in kind with oil. The Mukhabarat's firms, which had branches in Iraq, Jordan, and the United Arab Emirates, sold these items—trucks, cars, food, building materials, and electronics, as well as more obscure goods such as spare parts for flour mills. No matter if the people of Iraq were further impoverished as a result: just one of the thousands of individual deals concluded in this way might raise as much as $20 million for arms procurement, the defector says. He gave me a list

of 10 firms, together with the names of some of their directors and office addresses. He believes they are all still in business. The network is controlled by Saddam's son Uday, who takes a personal commission on every deal. "To import or export anything in Iraq, you need a license from [Uday's office at the Iraqi] Olympic Committee," the defector says.

The companies' second purpose, he says, was smuggling. "Why do you think televisions and refrigerators imported from Jordan go to Iraq via Dubai?" he asks. The reason, he says, is that in a Mukhabarat front-company warehouse in the United Arab Emirates Iraqi agents open their casings and stuff them with items banned under U.N. sanctions, such as fiber-optic cables and electronic components destined for military use. Finally, the front firms were used to buy military equipment and raw materials.

The defector says his job within this network was control and liaison: to watch what the companies were doing and, after collecting shopping lists from the Iraqi military and the Military Industrial Commission, to tell them what to do. "I might be in a meeting with the commission. They'd say they needed missile covers, carbon fiber, supercomputers, missile ignition systems, electronic parts, thermal lenses for radar receivers, fuel for missiles." In flagrant breach of U.N. sanctions, this man and his colleagues would try to ensure that these needs were met.

His cover—what Iraqi spies call their "legend"—was elaborate. The Mukhabarat had established a weekly business newspaper, *al-Iqtisadi,* purely as a way of providing camouflage for its agents' activities. The paper—which is on sale in several Arab countries—is produced by an editorial group in Baghdad. Like most of its supposed journalistic staff, the defector never wrote a word. The paper gave him freedom to travel, a pretext for applying for foreign visas, and a plausible reason for making visits to Iraqi businesses abroad. His letter of credentials, signed by the paper's supposed editor, Muhammad Jafar Dawood, states: "*Al-Iqtisadi* weekly newspaper authorizes [name withheld] to contact Jordanian ministries, companies and establishments to conduct interviews and write reports and collect subscriptions and commercial advertisements. He is also authorized to receive cash and cheques in his name which he endorses and cashes according to official receipts issued by *al-Iqtisadi* newspaper. We appreciate your assistance to facilitate his mission."

Charles Duelfer, the former UNSCOM deputy chief, says the defector's information about front companies is new, credible, and important. Equally significant, in his view, is the defector's testimony about biological weapons. Despite his relatively junior rank—the equivalent of a major—he apparently had access to the most secret parts of Saddam's schemes for mass annihilation. In the summer of 1996 he found himself at a meeting with Dr. Rehab Taha, also known as "Dr. Germ," a female scientist in charge of Iraq's biological weapons. At this time, UNSCOM had not yet been expelled, and he came up with a plan to enable these weapons and development programs to evade detection, then and in the future. "They had the same problem as any stationary facility," the defector says. "I suggested we go for mobile units."

He says he and Dr. Taha wrote a report for Saddam, who rapidly approved it. He organized the purchase of eight heavy Renault trucks from France—a perfectly legal deal carried out through Iraq's Ministry of Commerce. At the secret al-Iskandariyya facility in the Hilla Province, engineers converted them into factories of mass destruction. "They look like meat cars, yogurt cars," he says. "And inside is a laboratory, with incubators for bacteria, microscopes, air-conditioning." It was a good idea, I say grimly. The man beams and says in English, "Thanks a lot!" Yet he got no reward for his ingenuity, he complains. "Had I been a Tikriti [a member of Saddam's tribe, from the area north of Baghdad], I would have been given a new Toyota."

Much worse than mere ingratitude was to come. One day in 1997, he says, he was with a friend, buying a present for his wife, when the store owner, a devout Shi'a Muslim, asked him to use his official connections to secure permission for printing a religious newspaper and theological texts. A religious man himself, he saw no political danger in helping out, and he obtained permission from the Ministry of Information. But in the paranoid climate of Iraq, the Mudiryat al-Amn al-A'ma, archrival to the Mukhabarat, believed that the Shi'a printing scheme was really a conspiracy to topple Saddam. The defector was one of 29 supposed plotters arrested in September 1998. He says he was tortured and interrogated for the next six months.

He shows me some of the scars. On his left eyelid is a bump where he says the Mudiryat al-Amn al-A'ma's Russian-trained chief torturer, known as "the Shuffler," attached a crocodile-clip electrode. Another was clipped to his genitals. His feet and ankles bear scalpel scars: he says that after puncturing his veins his tormentors used bands to compress his thighs to squeeze the blood from his legs. He says he also endured sexual abuse. For a time, he was held in a cell once occupied by the British journalist Farzad Bazoft, who was execut-




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The Hot Spots

The new defector tells the locations of: terrorist training camps; sites where Saddam is developing nuclear, chemical, and biological weapons; and specially reinforced roadways from which Iraq can launch missiles.



WEAPONS SITES

1. **Al-Harith:** missile-guidance systems.
2. **Fahama:** nuclear reactor under construction; nuclear-weapons development.
3. **Waziriyya:** biological laboratory.
4. **Al-Falluja:** long-range-missile testing.
5. **Abu Ghraib:** missile-body development.
6. **Hatteen:** missile-fuel testing and development.
7. **Al-Musayyib:** chemical-warhead laboratory.
8. **Al-Iskandariyya:** trucks containing biological weapons.
9. **Ur:** heat-resistant-foil and missile-coating development.
10. **Taji:** warhead-propellant-and-cover factory.
11. **Samarra:** chemical-weapons factory.

TERRORIST TRAINING CAMPS

- A **Salman Pak,** south of Baghdad.
- B **Unnamed camp** in the Diyala district.

STRENGTHENED ROADWAYS

From trucks on specially reinforced roadways, marked R1 through R4, Iraq can launch its new-generation Scud missiles at nearby enemies, including Israel.

- **R1.** From Baghdad to al-Hilla.
- **R2.** From Baghdad to al-Hilla to al-Nasiriyya.
- **R3.** From Baghdad to al-Falluja and al-Ramadi.
- **R4.** From al-Kut through al-'Amara to Basra.

ed on trumped-up spying charges in 1990. On the wall, Bazoft had scrawled his name and a warning: DON'T SPEAK. THERE'S A MICROPHONE HIDDEN SOMEWHERE.

On several occasions, the defector says, he was tied by his arms in a standing position to the bars of his cell. "You could stay like that for 10, 15 days, for everything, eating, drinking, and . . . you know." There were psychological techniques: he was shown a video of children aged from 5 to 10 being tortured, with the threat that the same fate might await his own family if he failed to confess.

But he says he didn't confess, and by the middle of March 1999 his interrogators were satisfied he was telling the truth. He spent another three months in much more comfortable conditions, in order to allow him to recover from his injuries, and in July he was released. The Mukhabarat gave him a month's leave. And then, entrusted with the most sensitive tasks of his entire career, he went back to work. Khidhir Hamza, the nuclear scientist, says such treatment is common in Saddam's Iraq: some of his colleagues in the nuclear program also got their jobs back after being tortured. "As long as they find nothing, it's normal," he says. "Maybe they give you some kind of gift to make it up to you."

The regime assumes that brutalizing its servants in this way will keep them loyal through a mixture of greed and fear. "They believe that if you're jailed and you come out clean they can use this as a warning," the defector says. In his case, the worm turned. Freed from jail, he resolved to gather as much information as he could and, when the opportunity arose, to flee.

Before his incarceration, most of his work was concerned with the Mukhabarat front companies' efforts to raise hard currency. Now his focus shifted, and he says he found himself indoctrinated into Iraq's deepest secrets: its attempts to renew its arsenal of weapons of mass destruction, and build a new long-range-missile system with which to deliver them. Before the Gulf War and the arrival of UNSCOM, he says, the facilities which had worked to achieve these ends were concentrated in industrial areas near Baghdad. Now they are widely dispersed. Missile development and testing takes place at the Saad 23 compound at al-Falluja, the defector says, while at Hatteen, near al-Musayyib on the road south from Baghdad, Saddam's experts work to develop missile fuel. He lists the other facilities of which he has personal knowledge: electronic guidance systems at al-Harith, in the Kadhimiyya district of Baghdad; missile bodies at Abu Ghraib, south of al-Harith; a chemical-weapons factory at Samarra; a biological laboratory at Waziriyya, a suburb of Baghdad; heat-resistant foils and coatings at Ur, the birthplace of the prophet Abraham, in southern Iraq; chemical warheads at al-Musayyib; warhead propellants and covers at the Taiq factory near Taji. Charles Duelfer says the defector's list is "highly credible" and tallies with other information he has in his database, which goes back to the time of UNSCOM's mission.

Like many who have escaped Iraq in the past decade, the new defector has been brought to the notice of Western intelligence agencies by the Iraqi National Congress, the opposition group funded by the U.S. State Department, which has its headquarters in London. At the end of 2001, it also arranged the defection of Adnan Ihsan Saeed al-Haideri, a building contractor whose firm worked on several Iraqi weapons-of-mass-destruction sites, who has now been given refuge in the West. Nabeel Musawi, an Iraqi National Congress agent, says much of the information provided by the two defectors is mutually corroborating. "Neither man knows what the other has told us," he said, "but they're saying the same thing about weapons types and where they're being made."

According to the defector I interviewed, Iraq's renewed attempts to acquire nuclear weapons are concentrated on a project code-named al-Bashir at Fahama, a populous residential area of Baghdad. There,

he claims, scientists—some of them foreigners, from countries including Ukraine—have examined the possibility of re-creating the small, 20-megawatt "Isis" reactor the U.S. destroyed in 1991. The former Iraqi nuclear scientist Khidhir Hamza says that such a reactor, based on the model which enabled India to build its atomic weapons, would produce enough plutonium to build a bomb in approximately two years. However, he believes it unlikely that Iraq would rebuild Isis, saying a more probable route is through using techniques for enriching uranium in which Iraq is already skilled. If it were to acquire the necessary machinery, he says, Iraq already has the knowledge and equipment to use the resultant weapons-grade uranium 235 to produce an atomic bomb.

The defector says that, had he not decided to flee Iraq, his next mission would have been an attempt to procure items for the al-Bashir nuclear project. However, most of his final year as a Mukhabarat officer was spent working on the next generation of Iraqi ballistic missiles. His particular task was a top-secret program, codenamed Tammooz.

The terms of U.N. cease-fire resolution 687, which ended the Gulf War, allow Iraq to possess missiles with a maximum range of 93 miles—not far enough to hit any significant target outside its borders, with the exception of al-Kuwait, the capital of Kuwait. It is already known that up to 40 longer-range "Hussein" missiles, an adapted form of the Scud B system used against Israel during the Gulf War, survived the inspections of the 1990s. The defector says they are hidden around the country on mobile launchers in hangars and on farms with trees to conceal them from aerial surveillance. In the event of war, they would be rolled out along the four specially reinforced roads. These he traces on the map: the highway south from Baghdad to al-Hilla, and the roads from al-Hilla to al-Nasiriyya, from Baghdad east to al-Falluja and al-Ramadi, and, in the south, from al-Kut through al-'Amara to Basra. The missiles can be fired "from anywhere on these lines," he says. "The roads are reinforced with rocks under the asphalt, and renewed three times in a 21-month cycle."

However, deadly as a Hussein missile equipped with a biological or nerve-gas warhead might be, its range is limited to about 400 miles. And this can be achieved only at a stretch: the unmodified Scud will fly no farther than half this distance. With such a weapon, Iraq can hit Israel, as it proved in 1991, but other targets remain beyond its reach. The new Tammooz system, the defector says, has been designed with an initial range of 600 to 700 miles, far enough to hit Riyadh, Saudi Arabia; Ankara in Turkey; Cairo and Alexandria in Egypt; Nicosia in Cyprus; and Teheran, capital of Iraq's historic enemy, Iran. Later models may extend this by up to another 500 miles—far enough to reach targets across a swath of southern Europe.

By the summer of 2000, the defector says, the Tammooz project was about halfway complete. The first and second stages of the rocket had been built and tested, using steel and carbon fiber imported illegally through the Mukhabarat's front-company web. If Iraq had managed to acquire the supplies it needed, he says, it might have been ready to test a finished missile by the middle of 2001. Traveling via Amman, using his journalistic cover, the defector arrived in Dubai on a mission designed to achieve that end on August 18, 2000. His assignment there was to make all the necessary arrangements for a visit he was scheduled to pay later that month with four Iraqi scientists to Beijing, China, in order to try to buy the outstanding Tammooz components.

THE IRAQI NATIONAL CONGRESS IS WORKING TO RESCUE MEMBERS OF THE DEFECTOR'S FAMILY STILL INSIDE IRAQ.

In Dubai, he met his Mukhabarat contact, who took him to the Hotel Inter-Continental Dubai. An hour after checking in, he departed. And then he disappeared.

The defector gazes out the window, then holds his head in his hands. Sometimes his fear is palpable. Did I think he had done the right thing by defecting? he asks. "I'm walking a way I don't know where," he says. "Maybe my road is dangerous." He sighs. "Maybe somebody will save me." At the time of this writing, the opposition Iraqi National Congress is working to rescue members of his family who remain inside Iraq. "I trust my friends in the I.N.C.," he says, "but I'm so alone here."

It was the Iraqi National Congress that organized my interview with this defector—just as it had introduced me in Beirut to the former terrorist trainer Abu Zeinab al-Qurairy, whose story was published in this magazine's February 2002 issue. As I have come to know its operatives across the Middle East, it seems to me they resemble nothing so much as the Underground Railroad, the clandestine network which rescued slaves from the American South before the Civil War. In Washington, State Department officials have criticized the Iraqi National Congress, suggesting it amounts to little more than a bunch of pampered exiles with no real presence or support in Iraq and the surrounding region. My own dealings with it make me question that view. My impression is of a highly organized and motivated group that is able to cross borders to retrieve documents and human beings without detection—and with a network of safe houses, agents, and sympathizers inside Iraq who are prepared to run considerable risks.

As the defector and I spoke, over two long days in March 2002, the debate in the West on what, if anything, to do about Iraq and Saddam Hussein was feverish. Once President Bush had described Iraq as part of an "axis of evil" in his State of the Union address, some kind of intervention seemed inevitable. At the same time, there were powerful voices urging restraint: in the liberal media; in the capitals of Europe; in the State Department and C.I.A.

The defector's information only intensifies the dilemma posed by the persistence of Saddam Hussein. This account of the ease with which Iraq appears to have evaded U.N. sanctions to date does not make one confident that the so-called smart sanctions now being proposed as a means of curbing Saddam's military ambition are any more likely to be effective. At the same time, Saddam's alleged willingness to use a nuclear weapon against Israel before the invasion of Kuwait suggests that the global strategic threat that his possession of weapons of mass destruction represents is not theoretical, but real.

But how far have the Tammooz missile and other programs progressed? How effective are his chemical and biological weapons? How ready are his regime's servants to activate a strategy that might see the Middle East afflicted with biblical destruction in the event of a U.S. attack? On an accurate Western assessment of such questions much may depend.

In a guarded hangar at Saddam International Airport, according to the defector, Hussein keeps a private jet and helicopter in constant readiness: their purpose is to facilitate his flight from Baghdad when the day of reckoning comes. It remains to be seen, assuming he can find someplace willing to let him land, whether he will choose to use that option or to burn in the fire which may now be very near. □



BAG LADY AND GENTLEMAN
Kate and Andy Spa at Bemelmans Bar the Carlyle Hotel, February 25, 200

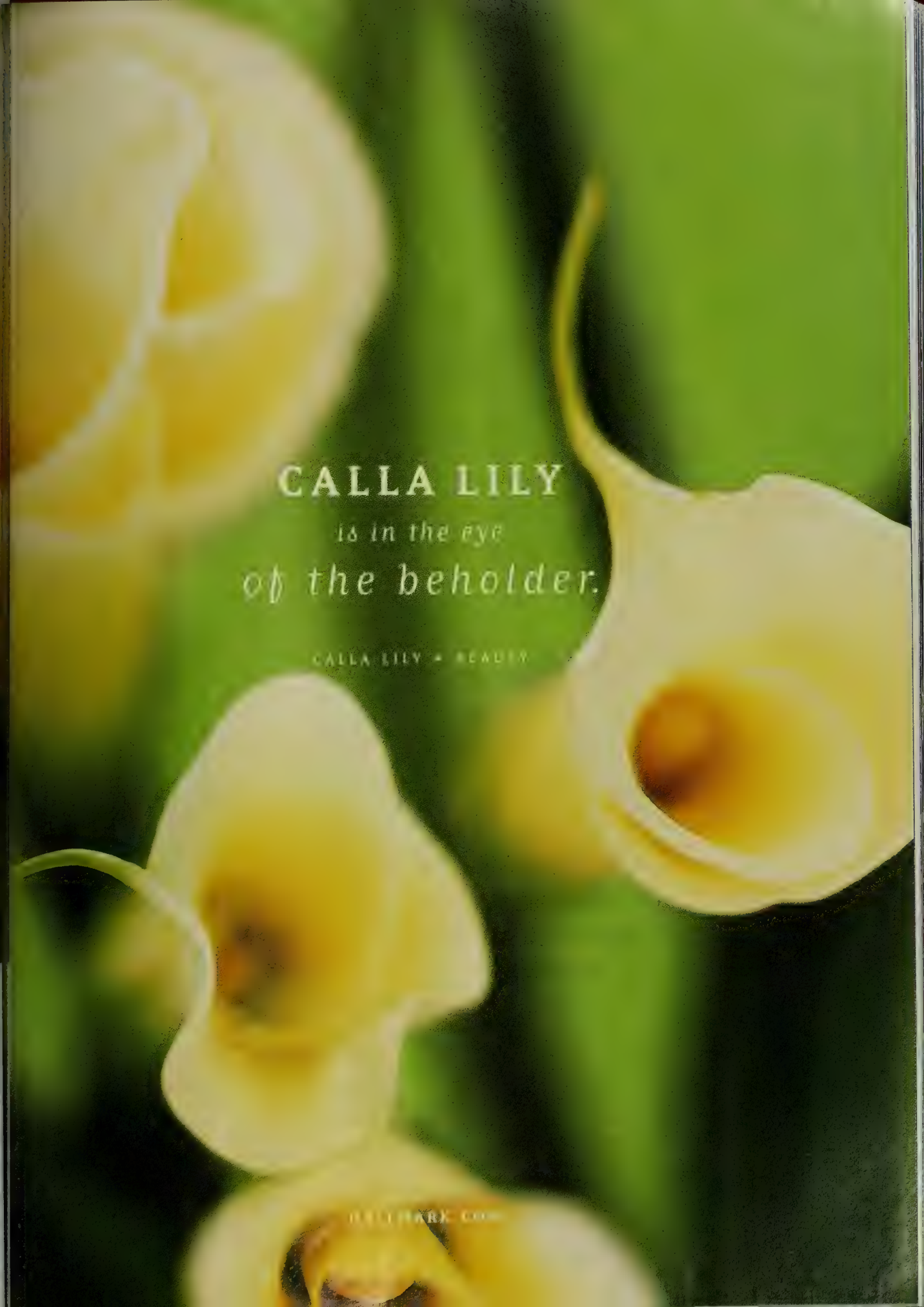
DEUCE OF SPADES

Kate and Andy Spade have built a $70 million business, updating echoes of their midwestern childhoods in the fresh classic design of stationery, shoes, eyewear, men's accessories—and now fragrance. It all started with a bag . . . and a dream

BY LAURA JACOBS

Kate and Andy Spade are a wedding-cake couple—a classic perfect fit. Watch them together for two minutes, his sea-blue eyes, her dark-lashed hazels, and you see that they delight in each other, which is why they've been compared to Nick and Nora Charles of *The Thin Man*. There's something Barbie and Ken about their showroom on West 25th Street, a sequence of rectilinear rooms and op-art accents that's as playful as Barbie's dream house. Indeed, in the monster mash of fashion empires, that land of gargantuan egos and frantic escapism, Kate and Andy Spade can seem almost square—like the clean-cut handbag that was the first creation to wear their company name, Kate Spade. They're not. Kate and Andy Spade have built a $70 million business by knowing what they don't want to be—too luxe, too hip, too rec[illegible] too fashionable, too fast. In

PORTRAITS BY ERIC BOMAN


CALLA LILY
is in the eye
of the beholder.
CALLA LILY • BEAUTY

other words, they're having fun being exactly who they are.

Both were born in the Midwest, Kate in Kansas City, Missouri, and Andy in Birmingham, Michigan. The two met in college—Arizona State University—when Kate Brosnahan, the fifth of her family's six children, took a part-time job at a Phoenix haberdashery, John's & Co. Andy was already working there part-time (his younger brother, comedian David Spade, of *Saturday Night Live* and *Just Shoot Me* fame, worked there, too: "I got 'let go,'" David says, "'cause I wasn't 'producing'").

There were two sides to the store, and Andy and Kate would see each other across the hall. "Sometimes we'd go to the other side," Andy remembers, "and talk when it was slow."

"I thought he was adorable," Kate says. She has one of those husky voices men melt for. "But he had a girlfriend."

"We really met," Andy continues, "when I had an old car that I loved—I was crazy about it, but it never ran. I'd always ask Kate for a ride home, because it would never start. That's how we got to know each other, and I realized I just loved her company. It just kind of happened organically—we were dating! I don't think we ever said officially what we were doing."





ELEMENTS OF STYLE
From above: an original Kate Spade bag; Kate and her brother-in-law David Spade; Kate and Andy flanked by partners Elyce Arons and Pamela Bell Simotas at their first store, in SoHo, July 1996.



Andy liked that Kate had "her own little way about her." She liked that he was "a little shy and stuck to himself. He did his own thing—ran, was a triathlete."

"I'd take Kate for a bike ride, like 15 miles . . . "

"I mean, I was not athletic," she says. "I'm still not. So I pretended it was something that interested me a lot. He would work on Thursday night, and I would ride my bike, and I'm like, 'Hi, what are you doing? I've been out here for, I don't know, hours.'"

Andy is laughing softly, watching her. "You did do that."

Kate designed a prototype for the bag she herself wanted to carry but could never find: good-natured, ladylike.

The two planned a trip to Europe after graduation, but because Andy had started his own advertising agency during his senior year, he had to stay put. Kate went off alone, and when her ticket returned her to New York City, she got a job there, at *Mademoiselle* magazine, as a temp. Well, why not? Meanwhile, Andy decided Arizona wasn't a great place to start an ad agency. "Your business is limited somewhat," he says. "The golf trade." He sold the agency, went east to see Kate, and landed a copywriting job at Bozell, Jacobs, Kenyon & Eckhardt.

The next few years were the proverbial Living Together/Making Your Way in the Big City years. While Kate was climbing the fashion ladder at *Mademoiselle*, Andy was winning awards, making his reputation with witty, impish, almost impertinent ad campaigns: Charivari's "Wake us when it's over" (a salvo against Gap-era conformity), Fruitopia's psychedelic kaleidoscopes, and that wonderful series of Yellow Pages puns (Motivational Speakers, Riveting Machines).

"Andy always had a highly creative reputation, a highly refined sense of humor," says Richard Kirshenbaum, the co-chairman of Kirshenbaum Bond & Partners, who hired Andy as a copywriter in the late 1980s. "There was always something unexpected. Something that had a twist."

This is not surprising, given a childhood in which imagination trumped convention. "As my mom tells it," Andy says, sharing a bit of Spade-family lore, "I had a Handy Andy tool set and I was carving her coffee table in half. My father came over and said, 'Judy, damn it.' And she said, 'Isn't that creative?'" In high school, at the one bookstore in town, Andy discovered *Interview* magazine and another Handy Andy: Warhol! "He was liberating for me," he says. "The same way Bukowski was, as a writer. Warhol took off where Duchamp stopped. He just made everything art. For me that was fantastic. You can look at everything in a new context, and make it into something new."

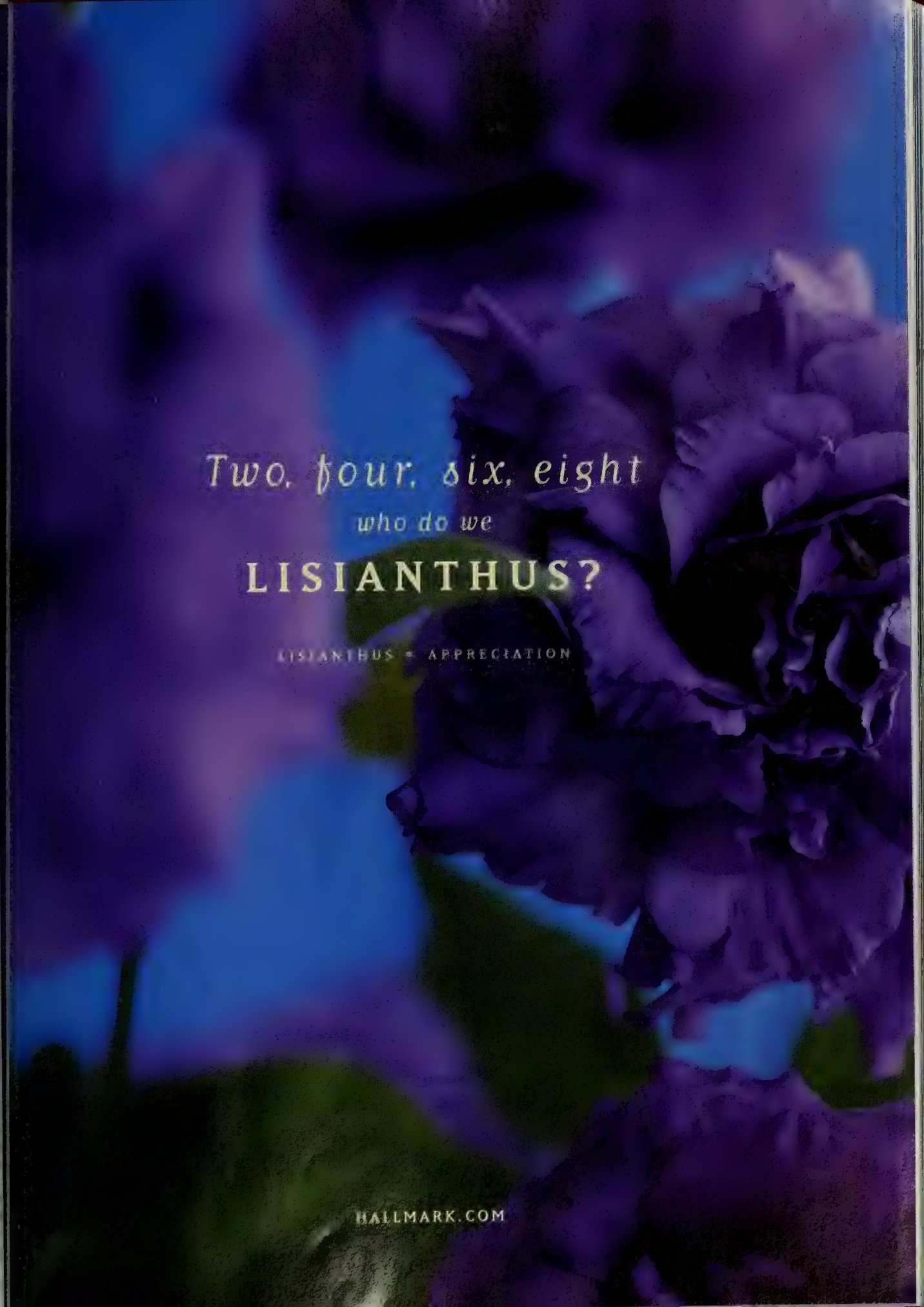
By the time the two were nearing 30, around 1991, Kate had risen to senior fashion editor in charge of accessories at *Mademoiselle,* and she began to wonder, "So then what is there? It just seemed that this wasn't what I was going to do."

The couple had always talked about starting a business. "It was really about having some control," Andy recalls. "We knew it would have to be creative. We weren't businesspeople. The idea—it wasn't to be big. It was just to try something, and if anything we'd learn a lot, and if it didn't work out we'd go back and figure out something else."

"We had thought advertising," Kate says, "and I would be on the account side. And then we realized Andy was doing far better financially at the advertising agency than I was at the magazine, so it didn't make sense for him to quit his job. We had to have something I could get going before he quit. And it was accessories and handbags, specifically handbags."

Again, they never said officially what they were doing—they just took Andy's 401(k) (and not a cent from anyone else) and started. In fact, for Kate, the only risk in the whole venture was "telling too many people. I could just hear it in my head: 'Well, you got a little big for your britches, did ya?'"

Kate didn't have a day of design training, and she had not been artistic as a child—"Students were pulled aside to spend more time in art class," she says, "and I wasn't one of them." But she did have a distinctive personal style (she's been likened


Two, four, six, eight
who do we
LISIANTHUS?
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Kate and Andy delight in each other, which is why they've been compared to Nick and Nora Charles of *The Thin Man*.



FLOWER COUPLE
In their New York City showroom, Andy and Kate are ready for a night on the town; Henry, their Maltese, gnaws on a Kate Spade bag.

to both Audrey Hepburn and Katharine Hepburn, and is right in between), and she'd studied the accessories market for years. Using paper, she designed a prototype for the kind of bag she herself wanted to carry but could never find: good-natured, ladylike, with echoes of Mom's mid-century, short-handled bag (the kind that could stand up on its own), but stripped of decorative busyness on the outside, pared down to a sculpted stroke of color or patterned fabric. It was so pared down that Kate took the label from the inside and stitched it to the outside—so the eye would have a place to go.

The bag debuted at Barneys and Charivari in 1993, but what people wouldn't quite see until the mid-1990s, when the hand-to-hand combat between designer handbags heated up, was just how American this handbag was. Prada's bags in black military fabric carried a postmodern whiff of the abyss. Gucci was snobby jet-set expense. Dior's bag had a logo that dangled like a demented charm bracelet. But in her early squares and rectangles, made first in black satin-finished nylon and then in spanking saturated brights (her current favorite bag is a style called "Chance," in apple green), Kate was doing something cleaner and bigger. Working with the precision of an artist or architect (the handbags have been shown at the Cooper-Hewitt museum and recognized with design awards), she combined elements of American style—modesty, clarity, suitability, strength—into something straight out of Strunk and White, a book Andy admires. (*The Elements of Style*, page 81: Avoid foreign languages.) It was a neat aesthetic package that filled a wide gap in the market. The label said, "kate spade."

Kate and Andy weren't married yet, but the bag was their baby, and the name had a ring. It was printed in New Baskerville, a typeface that feels contemporary yet timeless. It was kept lowercase, Andy says, "because we're lowercase."

And therein lies the other part of the package: Andy's advertising, as precise and surprising as Kate's designs, and universally regarded as brilliant. It explores Warholian concerns—how the informal crystallizes into the formal—and also honors Strunk and White: Do not overstate. Do not explain too much. Do not inject opinion. A Kate Spade ad shows straight-arrow Americans—young adults or parents with children—doing everyday things in a colorful world. It contains shots of whimsy, tweaks of uncertainty, and a sensation of narrative that can seem innocent or ominous—it's up to you. The ads have virtually no text, and yet you still try to read them. Sometimes the ads don't even show a product, as if to say life is more important than objects.

"They always add some kind of detail that fixates you, aside from what they're pushing," says writer and fashion consultant Brenda Cullerton. "So there's a context that's intriguing."

"It's a thinking man's point of view," says Richard Kirshenbaum. "Andy and Kate grew up in suburbia, and I think that there's this sense in all of us who grew up in the suburbs, watching our parents and now realizing you are your parents—what about that is the same and what about that is different? There is a sense of intellectual curiosity mixed with style mixed with the classics that defines the brand. It's a wonderful positioning."

Kate and Andy both had childhoods in which their parents





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CALLA LILY = BEAUTY



RED ROSE = LOVE

BE FLUENT
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PINK LILY = MOTHER

divorced yet stayed close to raise the children. Maybe this is why a world of airbrushed perfection is not part of their aesthetic. Kate Spade L.L.C. doesn't make myths in the Ralph Lauren mode, or seek Nirvana like Donna Karan. It doesn't see happiness as antithetical to reality.

"They're looking at American culture," says Peter Halley, publisher of the art magazine *Index*. "It's not so much idealized—there seems to be more emotional resonance. American culture isn't strictly celebrated—it's sort of thought about. More of a poetics."

"It's that one moment in time you try to capture," Andy explains. "Something happened before and something's happening after. I never see it as negative. I just don't come to it with that. It's not dark—just thoughtful."

In fact, "thoughtful" is the word that constantly comes up in discussions of Kate and Andy. And not only because all new employees are given copies of Emily Post's *Etiquette*. It's also the way they've grown the company—slowly, conservatively, never borrowing a penny, wary of long leases, and in directions unique to them: stationery; then shoes, eyewear; then travel (which they launched two months after September 11, flying in the face of fear). Jack Spade, Andy's men's label—named for Jack Kerouac and Jack Welch, the Beat and the former G.E. C.E.O., not to mention Kate's Uncle Jack—is yet another experiment. A guys' accessories shop organized as if it were a high-school science-club project, it's a work of conceptual art that's equal to anything on display in the neighboring galleries on Greene Street in SoHo. And more fun.

"They don't do just whatever comes into their heads," says Halley. "It's very, very focused and has been thought out. And besides the cohesiveness of the idea, everything is brought to a certain level of resolution."

This steady inventiveness—achieved with Pamela Bell Simotas and Elyce Arons, two trusted partners who've been with Kate and Andy from the company's first years—has not gone unnoticed in the industry. In 1999, the company received and accepted an offer that was not only a huge feather in its cap but also an unusual and innovative leap in retail. Neiman Marcus bought 56 percent of the business, a move that would give Kate Spade L.L.C. more room to grow while still allowing it to maintain autonomy. "The more goods that came in, the faster they were selling," says Burton M. Tansky, president and C.E.O. of the Neiman Marcus Group. "We saw [the investment] as an exciting opportunity. They're operating as a subsidiary, a division of our company, and they're selling to many of our competitors, and we expect them to. It's a win-win."

This month, Kate Spade L.L.C. moves into another realm, fragrance and beauty, in partnership with the estimable Estée Lauder company. Two years in the making, the fragrance is pure Kate, traditional honeysuckle and tuberose mixed with a youthful twist of neroli and violet leaves.

"They are the most unlikely people that you expect to find in the fashion world," says Leonard Lauder, chairman of Estée Lauder. "Kate is the girl next door. I've been acquainted with so many fashionistas over the years, and she is the antifashionista, and because of that I just love her. Andy's style is brimming with enthusiasm, smart, and—what I'm going to say to you sounds almost crazy—opinionated *and* flexible. That's his brilliance. They are a pleasure to work with. Absolute sweethearts."



THE GIN MAN
Taking a break between store openings and fragrance launches, Kate and Andy Spade sip martinis at Bemelmans Bar.

And that's just it. They *are* sweethearts. She with her dark hair that flips up like a smile, and he with his quick humor and eyes that catch everything, read everything, especially his "Katy." Their favorite places in New York are smallish and have history, classics like Bemelmans Bar or local spots like Donohue's, a P. J. Clarke's–type restaurant with booths you can slide into after a 10-hour day. (They also like Elaine's, because she "serves late.") Even at home, in their nine-room Park Avenue apartment of two years—or their renovated farmhouse in Southampton—Andy is protective of Kate, switching the TV channel if it's something discordant that might be upsetting. (Kate is dismayed to learn that the tiny screech owls recently introduced into Central Park eat other birds—"I'll look at them quite differently," she says. "They won't seem as sweet.") Like true midwesterners, they're both disappointed that this winter didn't bring more snow. And despite the ever-present Henry—their doted-on Maltese terrier—they definitely want children.

"Three would be good," Andy says.

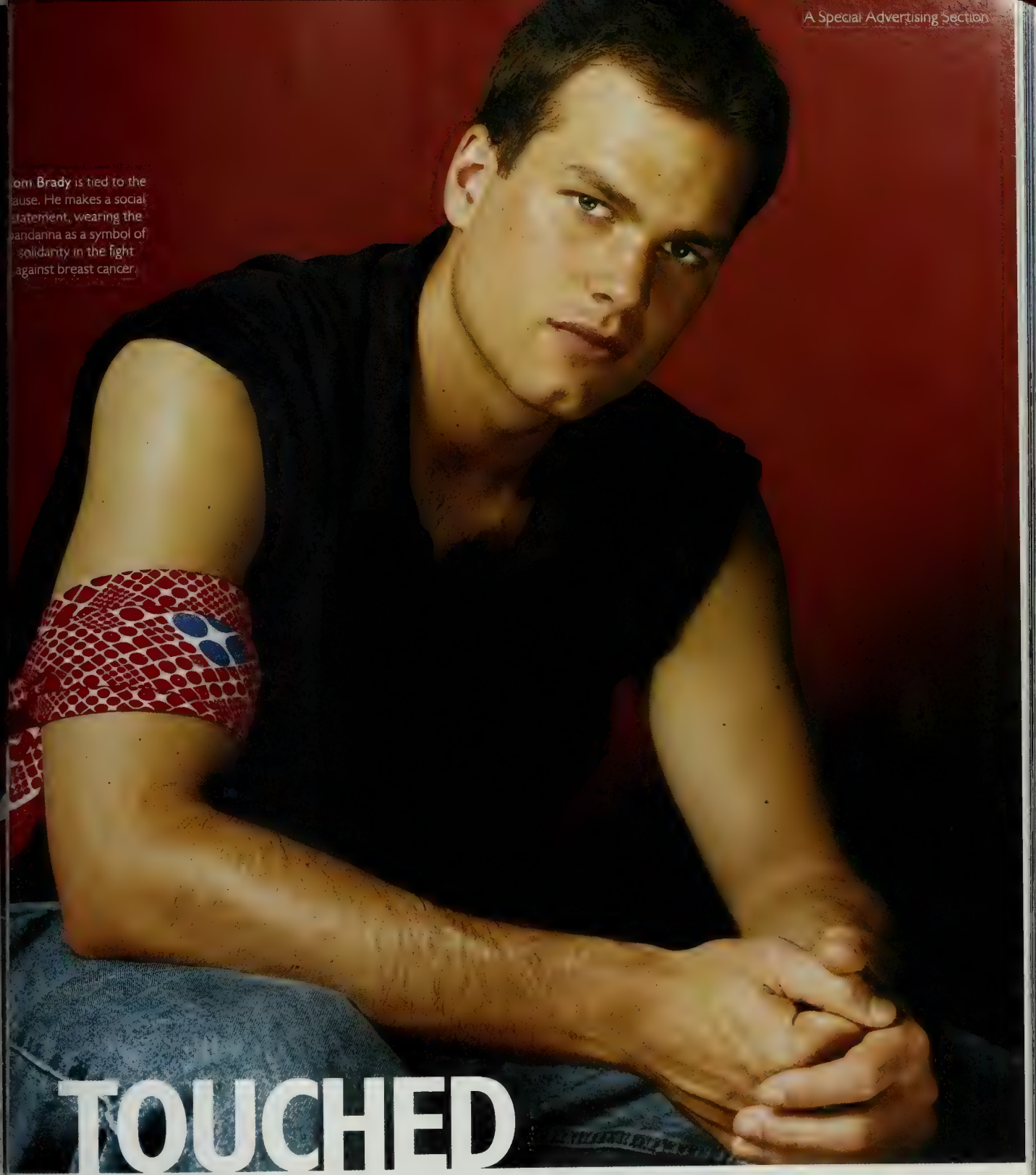
"I would love three," Kate agrees. "Two is awfully nice, but there's more reality in the dynamics of three."

And what is the most romantic place in New York City?

For Kate, the answer's easy: "Our apartment in front of the fire."

Andy thinks a bit longer. "I still am in love with the skyline from Brooklyn. Because Kate and I came here together, so we saw that together."

And then it's time for them to go back to work—to his office on the fifth floor and hers on the sixth—together. □



TOUCHED

Patriots quarterback Tom Brady recognizes that some battles are even more important than those fought on the field. "Coming from a family with a mother and three older sisters, breast cancer is something I don't take lightly." And although it's primarily a women's disease, Tom is quick to point out, it touches us all. "One out of every eight women get it. That's our mothers, our sisters, our aunts, our girlfriends. You don't have to get breast cancer to be affected by it."

Whatever your inspiration, get tied to the cause at www.fordvehicles.com/fordforce.

This important health message is brought to you through the generosity of Ford.

Get Tied To The Cause

Set a Trend for Life

When you get dressed this spring, make the fashion statement that speaks social volumes. The 2002 Ford bandanna—created by the last word on accessories, designer **Kate Spade**—identifies you as a crusader in the fight against breast cancer...and fashion-savvy to boot! Pick up yours (it's free!) at the Ford tent at Susan G. Komen Breast Cancer Foundation Race for the Cure® events across the country. You don't have to run to be a hero—wear it as you run, walk or simply cheer from the sidelines.

For more information and Race dates, visit www.fordvehicles.com/fordforce.



Ford: Putting the Brakes on Breast Cancer

Ford Division and its dealers are leaders in the fight against breast cancer. Over the past eight years, Ford has dedicated more than $50 million toward increasing awareness, especially the need for early detection, education and research. Please join Ford and the Komen Foundation in their mission to help find a cure.

Get Carried Away Sweepstakes

This season, Ford invites you to spring into style. Enter the *Get Carried Away Sweepstakes* for a chance to be one of 50 people to win a classic leather handbag by designer Kate Spade. Paired with the Ford bandanna, it's the coolest way to make the season's most important fashion statement.

To enter and for complete rules, visit www.fordvehicles.com/fordforce.

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***E! News Daily*:**
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Liz Smith:
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***Chicago Tribune*:**
"Luscious."

Matt Lauer, *Today*:
"Amazing."



***The New York Times*:**
"The best of the old *Vanity Fair* and the new."

***Time*:**
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***USA Today*:**
"A stunning collection."

***New York Post*:**
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Steven Spielberg:
"Here is a remarkable gallery of personal moments and uninhibited vanities captured forever by the people who dwell on the other side of our mirrors."



Three hundred twenty pages of power and scandal, beauty and glamour—in full color—from VIKING STUDIO.
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CELEBRITY-HUNTERS Jessica Callan (far left) and Eva Simpson at a party thrown by Jude Law. *Inset:* the girls get what they came for: a photo with the host

SIRENS FOR SCANDAL

Eva Simpson and Jessica Callan, the brash young team behind *The Mirror*'s "3 A.M." gossip column, have become London's must-read tabloid stars. Their nightly mission? Close encounters with the likes of Tom Cruise, Russell Crowe, and Jude Law—and woe to those celebrities who don't play ball

BY NANCY JO SALES

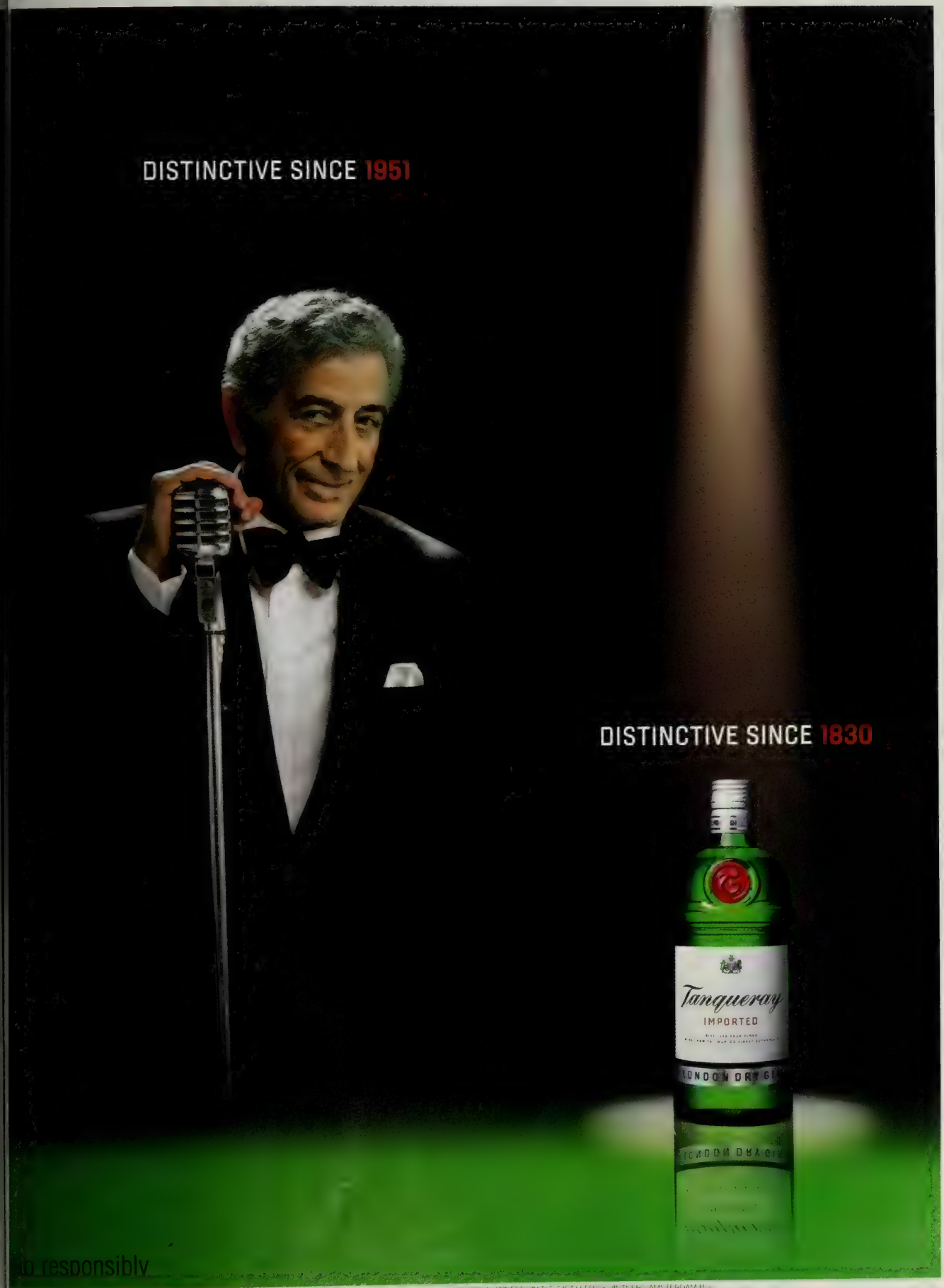
The 3 A.M. girls called Jude Law "Jude Bore" in print, and that, they say, is when the courtship started. The calls from the P.R., the apologies, an exclusive invitation to see the new lingerie from Law's wife, actress-designer Sadie Frost, at the St. Martin's Lane hotel.

The 3 A.M. girls are the hottest gossip columnists in London, and Law had refused to pose with them for a picture. "We were going to bring you a picture of us with Jude Law, but he wouldn't oblige," the 3 A.M. girls wrote in their column in *The Mirror,* leaving a white space in place of his photo.

Tonight, a rainy London evening, the 3 A.M. girls have come for a makeup session—a party hosted by Law and Frost at an aromatic Aveda spa in Covent Garden. The guests drink Quiet Storms, a cocktail of vodka, guava juice, and litchi nuts, while watching a compelling video of desperate little animals trying to break out of cages. It's a 50-second commercial Law and Frost have made in support of the anti-fur movement, starring Paul McCartney, Stella McCartney, Helena Christensen, Moby . . .

"Uch. I should have worn my pony boots," says Jessica Callan.

Jessica and her colleague, Eva Simpson—the 3 A.M. girls—are wearing identical witchy shoes and bobbing gold hoop earrings. Jessica, 26, is a willowy brunette in an off-the-



d responsibly

shoulder leopard-print blouse, showing *a lot* of shoulder. Eva, 27, is hard-bodied, black, wearing a shiny tank top and shiny tight pants. The 3 A.M. girls have a look about them that says they will have things to say about you, later, in the ladies' room.

Despite what Noel Gallagher of Oasis called them in front of 80,000 people at Wembley Stadium—"mingers" (British slang for rather unattractive people)—the 3 A.M. girls are at least as attractive as the Spice Girls, whom they write about often, with particular glee. It was their column, "3 A.M.," that broke the news that Sporty Spice had gone on antidepressants. "I cried and cried when they called me Beefy Spice," she told the 3 A.M. girls, in a bathroom.

"Mummy, when's the party going to start?" asks a restless little boy with glasses. (He is Finlay, 11, Frost's son with Gary Kemp, formerly of Spandau Ballet.)

"Em . . . " Frost, dark-haired, sharp, nervously touches her cashmere scarf. "We're just here to have a *really mellow* event," she tells the 3 A.M. girls. "We're just here to talk about fur."

"Right," the 3 A.M. girls say. "Brilliant."

"Now, you tell us, love," Jessica says as Frost darts away. "Let's sit and have a video. Save the whales. This is not what we do."

"3 A.M."'s item on Jude Law had said: "When we asked if we could pose for a picture with the somewhat small actor, Jude spat, 'Absolutely no way. I'm not going to be pictured with them.'"

The 3 A.M. girls are now waiting for their picture.

Law—who has grown out his whiskers for a stage play (*Doctor Faustus*)—is standing in the middle of the room, dutifully talking fur. He says, "It's an issue that needs to be raised." A small boy (his son with Frost, Rafferty, five), in a funky, pin-striped suit, is eyeing the animal video while pounding on his father's legs.

Now Law seems to be trying to escape; he's about to go. But his P.R. dashes after him, urging him to pose with the girls.

A camera flashes. The 3 A.M. girls beam. Law seems to find it hard to.

I ask him what he thinks of their column.

He blinks.

"I don't read *The Mirror*," he says.

In the London tabloid wars, *The Mirror* ranks third in circulation—behind *The Sun* and the *Daily Mail*, ahead of the *Daily Express* and the *Daily Star*—but given the British appetite for football news, photographs of barely clad women, and what one editor calls "I-got-my-dick-stuck-in-a-washing-machine stories," that still means 2.3 million readers, 6 million on weekends.

In just a year and a half, "3 A.M." has become *The Mirror*'s star column, and the 3 A.M. girls, stars. They're pictured daily, posing with the celebrities who find it prudent not to deny them.

Their antics have made their column the sort of thing people turn to first thing in the morning, although they might not like to admit it. The 3 A.M. girls were voted "the most popular role models in print" in a recent survey of Britain's media-studies students. *Maxim* magazine deemed them the 270th most desirable women in the world—ahead of Monica Seles, behind Popeye's Olive Oyl.

"3 A.M." is really about the 3 A.M. girls. It's the chronicle of a fantasy, of being a girl-about-town and getting into mischief in the presence of celebrities—preferably involving sex. There was the time, for example, when Eva was ejected from Leonardo DiCaprio's hotel room for, she says, refusing to "snog his ugly mate." And then there was the time Jessica says she was invited to have a threesome with Dwight Yorke, a famous footballer, and his girlfriend, Jordan, a British model known for having enormous breast implants. *The Mirror* ran it on the front page:

"Constantly asking me if her nipples were showing and berating me when one popped out of her tight, low-cut suede top, Jordan giggled while Dwight made outrageous inquiries about my love life.

"'Do you like black men?' he asked me at 4 A.M. as the millionaires were wrapping up their evening at this, the most exclusive club in Monte Carlo."

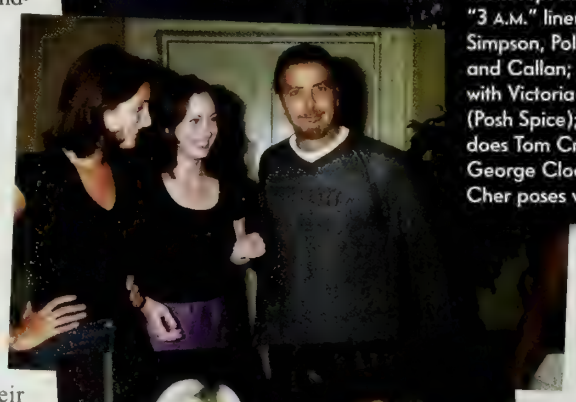
Their readers seem to love the 3 A.M. girls all the more for acting less like journalists than like bewitched, or simply outraged, fans. When a star is "nice"—poses for a picture, gives them a "chat"—especially if he is an attractive male, the 3 A.M. girls retract their nails. They wrote giddily of nursing hangovers with George Clooney, whom they had brought a bottle of Stolichnaya vodka: "The three of us joined Mark





"THEY'VE GOT A LICENSE TO KILL," SAYS THEIR EDITOR, PIERS MORGAN. "THEY'RE MY LITTLE JAMES BONDS."





THE 3 A.M. LIFE
From top: the original "3 A.M." lineup of Simpson, Polly Graham, and Callan; Callan with Victoria Beckham (Posh Spice); "3 A.M." does Tom Cruise; ditto George Clooney; Cher poses with Callan.




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[Wahlberg] in turning green." They gushed over Tom Cruise, who gave them an uncharacteristically flirtatious answer when asked what Nicole Kidman had given him for his 38th birthday: "That naughty smirk returned and he laughed: 'Something filthy.'"

Cruise was the 3 A.M. girls' first assignment. To gain access to him, they relied on stealth. "We opted," they wrote, "for a traditional pincer movement, gliding effortlessly past the phalanx of bodyguards, P.R.'s and starry-eyed flunkies. . . .

"He looked scared, and had every reason to be."

"Oh my God, it's the 3 A.M. girls!" squeals a dancer at Spearmint Rhino, an upscale strip joint on Tottenham Court Road.

The 3 A.M. girls take the seats of honored guests at the front. A pole dancer in an American-flag corset swings a leg over their heads.

Their stripper friend, Georgina Law—often seen posing in *News of the World*—comes over and sits down. "I resign from lap-dancing today," she tells the girls. "I 'ad enoof! I'm becoming a wine taster. Hey, I could be the new 3 A.M."

"THEY'RE NICE GIRLS," SAYS SUN COLUMNIST DOMINIC MOHAN, "BUT THEY'RE NOT PROPER JOURNALISTS."

"3 A.M." is currently missing its third girl reporter. Once there was Polly Graham, who left after a year to write her own column at the *Sunday Mirror.* Then there was Bryony Gordon, 21, who resigned in February after two months on the job.

"It's tough being a 3 A.M. girl," Gordon wrote in her farewell column. "Jessica and Eva swan up to these famous people as if it were nothing. I suppose I simply can't get used to that being a normal part of my life."

"Bryony was too scared to talk to celebrities," Jessica says. "The celebrities are to fear *us.*"

With the hunt for a new 3 A.M. girl on, *The Mirror* has been inundated with E-mails. "Ninety-nine percent of them are people who say, like, 'Oh, I like to get pissed and have champagne and hang out,'" complains Eva.

The 3 A.M. girls are tossing back glasses of Cristal.

"I know enough celebrities to dish the dirt," says Georgina. "Actually, I was out with one last night that doesn't think too much of yoo-oo."

Jessica and Eva think she means Max Beesley, a sort of actor, and they scoff. "The most nightmarish thing for me," says Eva, "was when I went to this party for *Top of the Pops*"—a British variety show—"and I ran into Mel B., Scary Spice, and her boyfriend, Max Beesley.

"And we'd been not so nice about Max," she goes on. "We have a section called 'Wicked Whispers'"—blind items "where we can't really tell the story 'cause we'd get sued. We'd done one the week before about Max"—he believed—"and so he comes up to me and says, 'You wrote this story about me, I know you did.'

"So in the middle of this awards ceremony, we're having this blazing row, and Mel B. is trying to drag me off and calm everything down. She was like, 'I'm really sorry about him—I don't know what his problem is. . . . He's really out of order.' This is a former Spice Girl apologizing. And I'm like, That's more like it.

"But Max is like, 'No, you don't talk to her.' He was just going mental. He was in *Glitter* with Mariah Carey, and so I said, 'Oh, your last film with Mariah got, like, *really* good reviews.' . . .

"And then out of nowhere this blonde friend of theirs just sort of attacks me. She grabbed my earring, practically ripped it out of my ear. The next thing I knew I was being dragged off by this bouncer. So I threw my drink at her—yeah, the girl.

"They tried to kick me out. . . . And I said, 'Look, I've just been attacked—I'm going nowhere.' And then the girl came up to me and said, 'The next time I see you, I'm gonna fuck you up!' And I said, 'Well, let's go now then—forget about next time.'"

The following day, "3 A.M." reported, "Our girl was forced to defend herself."

Jessica laughs. The next time they saw the Spice Girls, she says, "at their last album-release party, they look at us and go, 'Who let these fucking sluts in 'ere?!'"

The 3 A.M. girls have a huge following in universities. There's something about their column that suggests a talk in the dorm room after a wild night out in London. Theirs may be the first gossip column in the voice of modern, been-there-done-it-all young women. (They've already spawned some excruciating imitations, such as the *Daily Star*'s "Bitches.")

Eva majored in media studies at Westminster. After graduating, she became the chief reporter for the *New Nation,* a black newspaper. "I was completely like, I want to go and write about wars and famines and serious things," she says, "try and make a difference. I've grown up a bit since then."

She worked as a showbiz reporter for the *Daily Star* until she was recruited by *The Mirror* for a new column it was trying—"3 A.M."

Jessica comes from a reporting family; she calls herself "a tabloid girl at heart." Her father, Paul Callan, is a former *Mirror* gossip columnist who now writes for the *Express.* Her mother, Steffi Field, is the news editor of NBC's London newsdesk, and her brother, James Callan, 24, works for CNN in New York.

She started reporting as a student at the Stowe boarding school, selling stories about her classmates to the tabloids. She says, "English tabloids love a story about English schoolkids up to no good." She attended the University of Buckingham—"half an hour from Oxford," she says—and, after graduating, landed at *The Daily Telegraph,* where she became, at age 22, the first-ever female deputy editor of its gossip column.

A plastic high heel thuds on the bar above our heads. A stripper is being athletic.

"We don't have to worry about pissing anyone off," says Eva. "If celebrities say we'll never do an interview with *The Mirror* again, we say, 'Fine, don't do it.'"

"If they're rude to us," says Jessica, "fuck 'em."

Their counterparts at rival tabloids take a rather dim view of the 3 A.M. girls' revolutionary claims. One writer, who asked not to be named, dismisses their column as "Arnie-squeezed-my-bottom journalism."

"They're liggers," says Peter McKay, gossip columnist for the *Mail.* "They troll around these parties hoping to be thrown out [so] they can write something rude."

"They're a national joke," says Dominic Mohan, columnist for *The Sun.* "They're quite nice girls, but they're not proper journalists. I've interviewed Madonna and Sting and Elton John and Paul McCartney and numerous other big-name celebrities who will talk to *The Sun* even though it's a tabloid. . . . Why aren't you doing a story about me?

"Those girls have gotten into a lot of trouble," he adds. "They've had legal cases against them."

Jessica admits that *The Mirror* had to pay "a rather large sum of money" to Daryl Hannah after "3 A.M." reported that the actress had taken a leave from the London


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production of *The Seven Year Itch* in order to attend her "dog's birthday" in California. "That bitch Daryl Hannah," says Jessica. "I will make it my mission to fuck her up!"

And then there was the Irish singer Chris de Burgh—"he of the annoying ballads," as they wrote in "3 A.M."—who brought a legal complaint after the column reported he had had a long, flirtatious dinner with the Duchess of York. "[Fergie's] so naughty, so she didn't sue," says Jessica. But "yeah, he got money."

"It's a new chauvinism," says McKay, "whereby laddish editors like Piers Morgan"—the editor of *The Mirror*—"set up young women to see what they do in lavatories, these B- and C-list stars.... It's a *Charlie's Angels* fantasy, a man sitting behind his desk as his 'angels' go and avenge him against celebrities and publicists. In an odd way, the 3 A.M. girls are victims."

"I think Piers is a bit of a pimp, really," says Mohan.

Piers Morgan laughs at the pimp remark. "It's very refreshing to see that *The Sun* newspaper is shedding its traditional sexist stance in this way," he says.

At 36, Piers Morgan is the youngest editor in *The Mirror*'s history. (He was appointed at 29.) He started out as a gossip reporter himself, in the 80s; back then, he was known as "A Friend of the Stars."

He's considered a flamboyant figure even on Fleet Street. This February, defending *The Mirror* against Naomi Campbell's claims that it had invaded her privacy by photographing her exiting a Narcotics Anonymous meeting, Morgan said, "If you are going to voluntarily enter Hannibal Lecter's cage"—meaning celebrity—"you are eventually going to get nibbled on the back of the neck." (Campbell's court case against the paper is still pending.)

Sometime after September 11, as part of an overall campaign to make *The Mirror* a more serious publication, Morgan announced he was declaring war on celebrities. He says, "I just got fed up with P.R.'s and agents calling the shots. I just thought, The time has come—we've got to stand up to these people." He made a blustering public declaration that *The Mirror* would no longer grant copy or picture approval as [illegible] in the past; and he already had his celebrity hounds. the 3 A.M. girls

"I've created the monsters, yes," he says one day at his office on Canary Wharf, overlooking the Thames. "They've [illegible] a license to kill. They're my little James Bonds. [They] create mayhem and have fun and bring something really fresh to the whole showbiz reporting scene." He adds that *Sex and the City* ("great telly") and the British phenomenon of "laddettes"—trash-talking, hard-drinking young women—made the idea for a female gossip-reporting team seem inevitable.

And Jessica Callan and Eva Simpson "are inherently quite outgoing, quite charming, feisty young women," Morgan says, "and it's quite a potent force to the male celebrity element out there who find them quite intoxicating, who don't realize they're letting their guard down. I tell them to ooze their charm and use it."

Morgan has said that his ultimate "3 A.M." story would involve one of the girls having sex with a celebrity and then quitting the paper. "'Why I Had to Leave, by Eva Simpson,'" he mused to *The Observer Magazine*. "'The charms of Robert De Niro simply overwhelmed me ...'"

"I treat them," the editor says, "as stars."

A signed photograph of Monica Lewinsky peeks out from the wall behind his desk.

On another soggy night in London, the 3 A.M. girls are marching, umbrellas bouncing, toward their target: the opening of an Emporio Armani store on New Bond Street.

They have not been invited.

But, perhaps because they're looking so sharp tonight—outfitted in their usual *Sex and the City*–inspired gear—the security guards let them sail right in.

Inside, the bright space is crowded with models, fashion writers, nightlife habitués, and even a member of the royal family—the Lady Helen Windsor, in studded white leather jeans—all waiting for the appearance of a star. A big star. He's late.

The 3 A.M. girls confer with their photographer. "Stay close," one whispers. They grab champagne off trays.

Giorgio Armani himself waits opposite the door. The man who's coming, he says, is "*mi amigo*."

Word buzzes around that Russell Crowe's plane from Australia has been "delayed." "Fat minger," Jessica says with a frown. "It'll be fucking hell getting him to talk to us."

A wave of excitement passes through the crowd. A limousine is pulling up.

Crowe, squinting, enters the store. He is floppy-haired, with a scruffy beard, ashing a cigarette.

"Good to see you back in





"THE CELEBRITIES ARE TO FEAR US," SAYS ONE OF THE 3 A.M. GIRLS, JESSICA CALLAN.









WITH THEIR VICTIMS From top: Will Smith, Brad Pitt, Michael Douglas, Russell Crowe, Bruce Willis, and Sting pose with the 3 A.M. girls.

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ondon, Russell!" a photographer shouts.

"Yeah," Crowe snarls, sarcastic. "Good see you too."

Crowe hugs Armani. Armani looks reved. The star doesn't seem to know quite hat's expected of him, so he does a umpy walk through the store, a bear ashing through the woods. A curious ain of people hustle behind him.

"Now, he doesn't want any of *that,*" ys one of Crowe's security guards, spotng the 3 A.M. girls.

"Go, go, go!" says Jessica. Crowe's just t of reach—he's getting away.

Near the front door, Jessica and Eva ap to either side of him, like Special Air ervice agents. Their photographer snaps picture of the trio.

"Good luck at the BAFTAS, Russell!" ssica twitters.

Crowe looks bemused. "Yeah," he says, hanks."

ater, at the after-party at Hakkasan, London's hot new sushi restaurant, Jessica says delightedly, "Now we'll just wait ntil he's good and drunk, then he'll start cting up."

The 3 A.M. girls look very pleased—they ot into this party by saying they worked for well-known American magazine.

They've planted themselves in the dark, ust behind the wraparound couch where rowe is sitting with Armani and an enourage of well-dressed Italian men and giaffish girls.

They can peek at the star through a arge, carved Oriental screen. "He can't help imself," says Jessica. "He'll start snogging omeone, have a fight."

I break out in a cold sweat!—the D.J. is laying James Brown.

Mick Hucknall, the redheaded singer rom Simply Red, arrives.

Crowe stands up and gives him a hug.

"Oh, Mick Hucknall, bless him," says essica. "He's so scared of us."

Armani and the Italians move off the couch.

"Once you have a celebrity in front of you without a P.R. or agent, they don't know how to act," Jessica said earlier. "When they're at parties and they're not surrounded by those people and they confront people like us . . . something clicks, and they're usually drunk or on drugs or whatever and they lose it, and it's *brilliant.*"

But Crowe seems relaxed. He drinks cocktails and smokes cigarettes and laughs. A bosomy girl kneels down before him, murmuring something. Crowe nods to his bodyguards, who escort her away.

"Oh, there's his girlfriend!" says Jessica.

The Australian soap star Danielle Spencer arrives.

Spencer—small and blonde and dressed like a teen—snuggles down next to Crowe on the couch.

"Oh, no, she'll have her eye on him. Australian women are *really* feisty," Jessica says.

Jessica's starting to look a bit worried. She has to file something in the morning.

She perks up. "Oh, look, Sting!"

Sting and his wife, Trudie Styler, have arrived.

Crowe bolts up and gives Sting a bear hug.

"Can you imagine, that Tantric sex thing Sting and Trudie do?" Jessica muses, having more champagne. "I'd think that would get a bit boring." She mimes writing a shopping list: "'Milk, orange juice . . . '"

Now Eva is sitting, with half-closed eyes, on another couch. Her feet hurt, she says.

But the party has become increasingly animated. Girls are dancing sexily; British men are dancing awkwardly.

Everyone appears to be keeping an eye on Crowe.

But it doesn't look as if "3 A.M." will fulfill its mission tonight—"stars behaving badly."

Jessica sits down next to Eva, her eyes glazing over, too.

And then something odd does happen—Sting and Crowe, followed by Crowe's bodyguards, get up together and take a walk around the restaurant, leaving Styler and Spencer chatting on the couch. The two men wander around until they find the kitchen. They disappear through the doors, leaving a bodyguard posted outside.

And then two young women, party guests, both quite pretty, also glide into the kitchen.

They stay in there a good 20 minutes.

And when they all come out together, they are laughing and talking.

I ask Russell Crowe what was going on in there. He tells me they were having a conversation.

The 3 A.M. girls are nowhere around.

"Uch, he was really boring," says Jessica, happily, careening through London, on her way home in a cab. At the end of the night, she finally got her chat with Crowe.

"I was 'Great to see you, what are you doing in London—we know you like to party,' and he laughed with a pervy laugh. I said, 'How's the band?' and he said, 'It's like a delicacy—you don't play that often.' 'Oh, you don't want to spoil us with your music, do you, Russell?'" Jessica laughs. "He said, 'We sold out the Borderline in 15 minutes—there were 60 girls in the corner singing all the words.' 'Well, what do you expect, you're Russell Crowe . . . '"

Eva yawns.

It's after three A.M. □



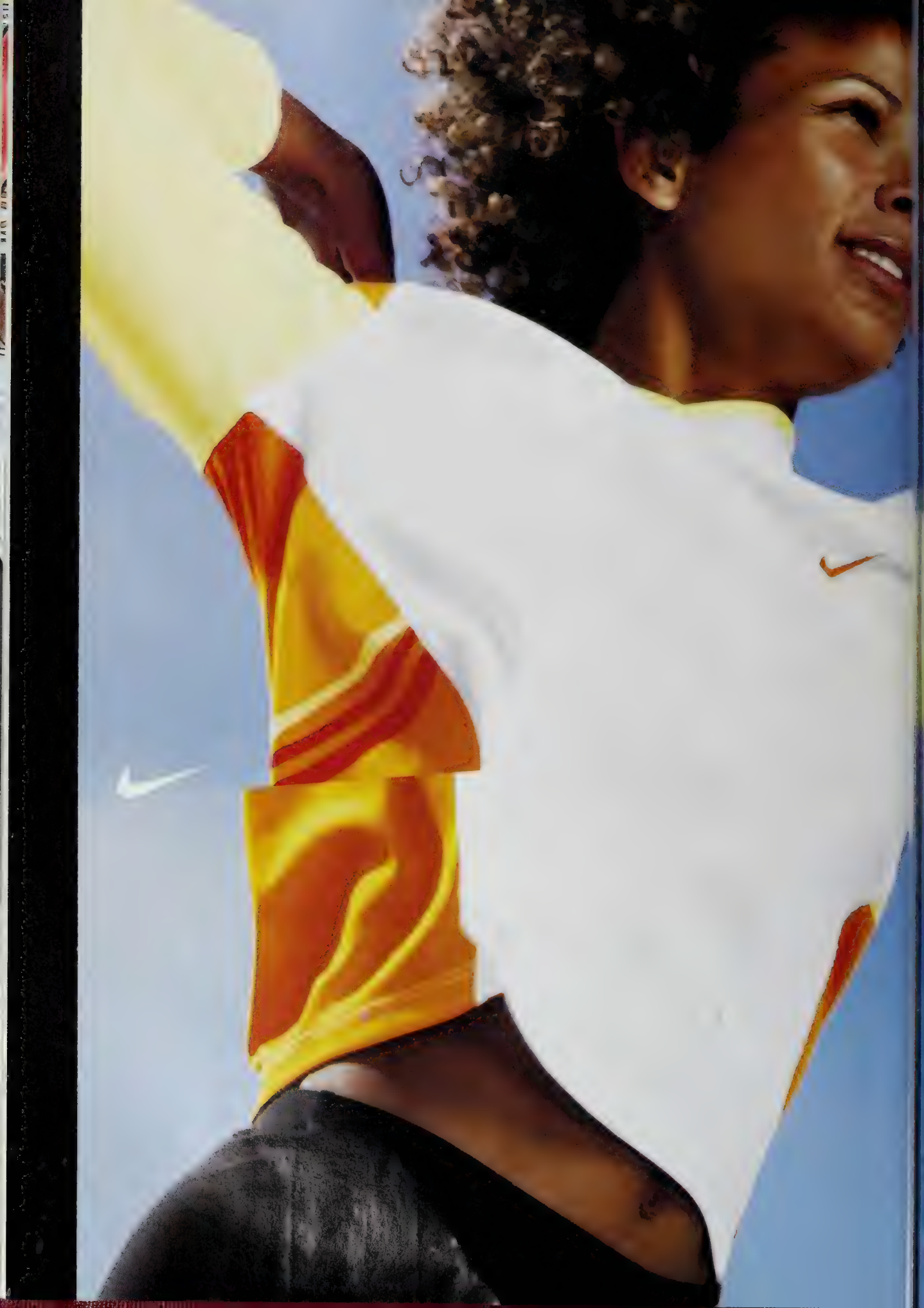


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VANITIES



BART FREUNDLICH

AGE AND OCCUPATION: 32, writer and director
PROVENANCE: New York **DYSFUNCTION JUNCTION:** Freundlich's feature film directorial debut, *The Myth of Fingerprints*, was a darkly comic look at a family's Thanksgiving weekend from hell, starring Julianne Moore and Noah Wyle.
LEADING LADY: Freundlich and Moore got together in real life and are currently anticipating the arrival of baby number two, along with Freundlich's second film, *World Traveler*, which opens this month and stars Moore and Billy Crudup. "The film is about a guy who is having this midlife crisis and basically tries to destroy himself and everyone around him because he's so unhappy. The biggest challenge is how are you going to get an audience to agree to go along on a journey with a guy who does something so despicable from the beginning."
ALL IN THE FAMILY: "I just finished doing an adaptation of a book that Julianne's brother [author Peter Moore Smith] wrote called *Raveling*. It's a thriller that he and I adapted together. I'm going to direct and Julie's gonna be in it. She's also executive producing." **ART NOT QUITE IMITATING LIFE:** "*World Traveler* and *The Myth of Fingerprints* are autobiographical in their essential conflicts, but the characters' actions aren't. Every character I write is some expression of who I am and what I'm going through."
—KRISTA SMITH

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PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN HUBA



Nan Darien

What's the matter with kids today? Nan weighs in



George Bernard Shaw was right: youth is wasted on the young. Look at my nine-year-old nephew, Jerome: he wears fragrance and uses hair gel. Worse, he is not ungenerous in his application thereof. The other day, he visited me at my apartment, having gussied up; my dear, he smelled like a bowl of strawberries in a whorehouse. And as for his hair, it absolutely *glistened;* I could practically see myself in it. I took one good look at him and all I could think was: *Two-drink minimum.*

A recent article in England's *Sunday Telegraph* corroborates my findings: "A survey of . . . modern children reveals a widespread use of beauty products by primary school pupils of both sexes and an obsession with fame and fortune." Of the 2,000 7- to 10-year-olds who were surveyed, more than half of the 9- and 10-year-olds used deodorant and hair gel; 40 percent of all the children said their ambition is to become famous.

Recently, Jerome asked me to be his Special Person on Special Person Day at his school. (Jerome goes to a prestigious school on New York's Upper East Side.) Here is what I saw: Prada Prada Prada. Name-dropping. Tiny aerosol or hand-pumped bottles of designer water, sprayed on the face in an effort—as one eight-year-old told me—to look "dewy."

"Jerome," I said as we hunkered down for lunch in the cafeteria, "your friends are so . . . chic. They hardly seem like children."

"Oh, we may *look* all sophisto," Jerome informed me matter-of-factly, "but we're still just kids. I mean, most of us can't even move on from the young, fun fabrics—we're seeing a lot of distressed denim this season, a lot of patchwork and jersey." I said, "I see." He continued, "Or look at how we all deal with the media. Most of us won't even sit down with a TV reporter unless we're guaranteed at least three minutes of face time. *Talk* about bratty! *Talk* about intransigent!"

I was heartened at one point to see that one second-grader had come to school dressed as a cowboy (quite adorable). But closer inspection revealed that the child's bandanna had been absolutely *drenched* in CK One; clearly this little cowpoke had just stepped out of the chorus line of *Aromahomosexual!*

Meanwhile, the parents crave early signs of professional aptitude. A boy who recited "Milk, milk, lemonade . . . " was heralded by his father as "the next Adam Sandler"; one little doyenne of despair—a third-grader whose report about a decrepit jungle gym her journalist mother had titled "Things Fall Apart/The Center Cannot Hold"—was lauded as "Didionic." Alas, poor Jerome spent the day brandishing a cardboard toilet-paper tube from a gerbil's cage; it's safe to say that at least *part* of Jerome's adult life will be spent traipsing around an expensive restaurant asking, "Fresh pepper, fresh pepper?"

My most disturbing moment? As Jerome and I were leaving—I had persuaded him by this point to return the toilet-paper tube, claiming it was the gerbil's "birthing tube"—a third-grader, a storklike creature named Natalie, said, "You're Nan Darien? I absolutely adore your column!" Never did I think that that statement would horrify.



Nan's Tip of the Month: Wish you could decant just the right amount of shampoo or conditioner from the bottle? Keep a shot glass in the shower! If your friend looks [illegible] remind them of their own tragic battles with alcohol.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TIM SHEAFFER



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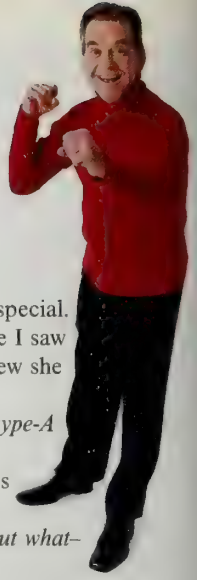
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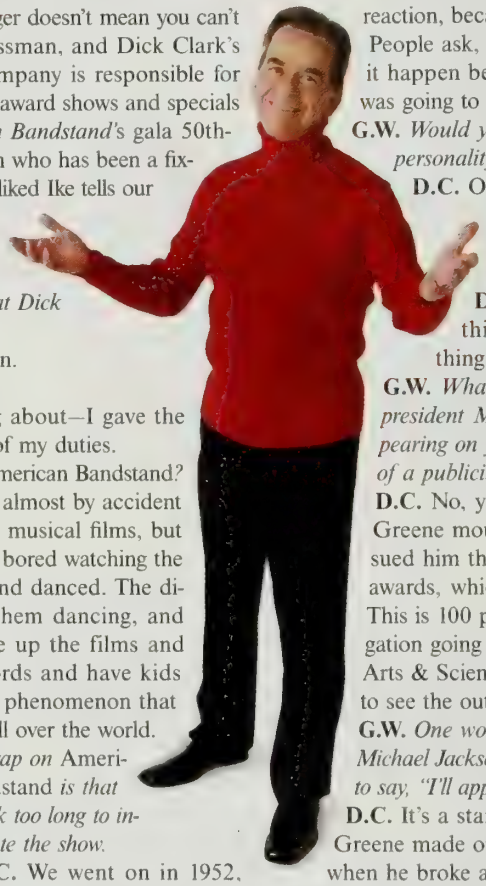
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GEORGE WAYNE Q&A

Dick Clark's dance to the music of time



Being the world's oldest teenager doesn't mean you can't also be one shrewd businessman, and Dick Clark's eponymous production company is responsible for some of the most profitable award shows and specials on television. On the eve of *American Bandstand*'s gala 50th-anniversary prime-time special, the man who has been a fixture in American living rooms since we liked Ike tells our correspondent about the twist, being type A, and the birth of the Beatles.



George Wayne: *It's hard to imagine that Dick Clark was once a weatherman.*

Dick Clark: That was David Letterman.

G.W. *I thought you were one in Utica.*

D.C. Oh, I know what you're talking about—I gave the weather forecast on the radio as part of my duties.

G.W. *Did you conceive the concept for* American Bandstand*?*

D.C. The show was conceived in 1952 almost by accident by two other men. They were playing musical films, but the kids in the studio got bored watching the films so they got up and danced. The director took shots of them dancing, and within days they gave up the films and decided to play records and have kids dance. It became a phenomenon that was copied all over the world.



G.W. *The rap on* American Bandstand *is that you took too long to integrate the show.*

D.C. We went on in 1952, but the audience wasn't integrated until 1958, and I think that's pretty early. In those days, George, there was no integration to speak of at all.

G.W. *So you disagree with the critics?*

D.C. I think that's wrong, and anyone who looks at the history will see that we were a pioneer.

G.W. *What about the fact that you missed the coming of the Beatles?*

D.C. Some old partners of mine did have the rights to their first record in the States, "She Loves You." As a favor, we played it on the radio, and it failed. . . .

G.W. *You certainly didn't miss Prince or Madonna or Donna Summer.*

D.C. They all made their debuts on *American Bandstand.*

G.W. *And that famous moment when you said to Madonna, "What do you want to do in the future?" And she said, "I want to rule the world." It was a lot like the first time you met her—was she, like, chewing gum and spraying you?*

D.C. It was interesting to watch the audience reaction, because she knew she was special. People ask, did I know? In this case I saw it happen before my eyes, and I knew she was going to be big.

G.W. *Would you consider yourself a type-A personality?*

D.C. Of course. It was obvious since I was a child.

G.W. *You're worth about what—$300 million?*

D.C. I have no idea. I never talk about such things. It's a cliché, but health is the only thing that counts.

G.W. *What about this lawsuit? You're suing Grammy president Michael Greene for barring talent from appearing on your* American Music Awards. *This smacks of a publicity stunt.*

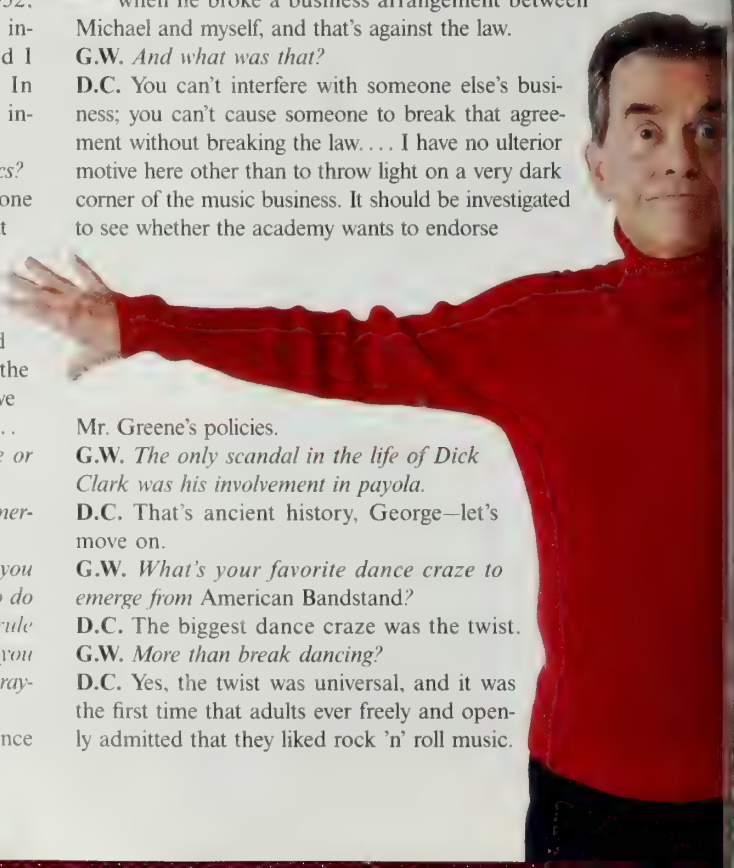
D.C. No, you're mouthing the same words that Mr. Greene mouthed. If I wanted publicity, I would have sued him three or four days before the air date of the awards, which I produce, instead of a month before. This is 100 percent serious. There is an internal investigation going on at the National Academy of Recording Arts & Sciences right now, so it will be very interesting to see the outcome of that.

G.W. *One would think that somebody of the caliber of a Michael Jackson or a Britney Spears would have the power to say, "I'll appear on whichever show I wish."*

D.C. It's a standing policy with the Grammys, but Mr. Greene made one misstep. He stepped over the line when he broke a business arrangement between Michael and myself, and that's against the law.

G.W. *And what was that?*

D.C. You can't interfere with someone else's business; you can't cause someone to break that agreement without breaking the law. . . . I have no ulterior motive here other than to throw light on a very dark corner of the music business. It should be investigated to see whether the academy wants to endorse Mr. Greene's policies.



G.W. *The only scandal in the life of Dick Clark was his involvement in payola.*

D.C. That's ancient history, George—let's move on.

G.W. *What's your favorite dance craze to emerge from* American Bandstand*?*

D.C. The biggest dance craze was the twist.

G.W. *More than break dancing?*

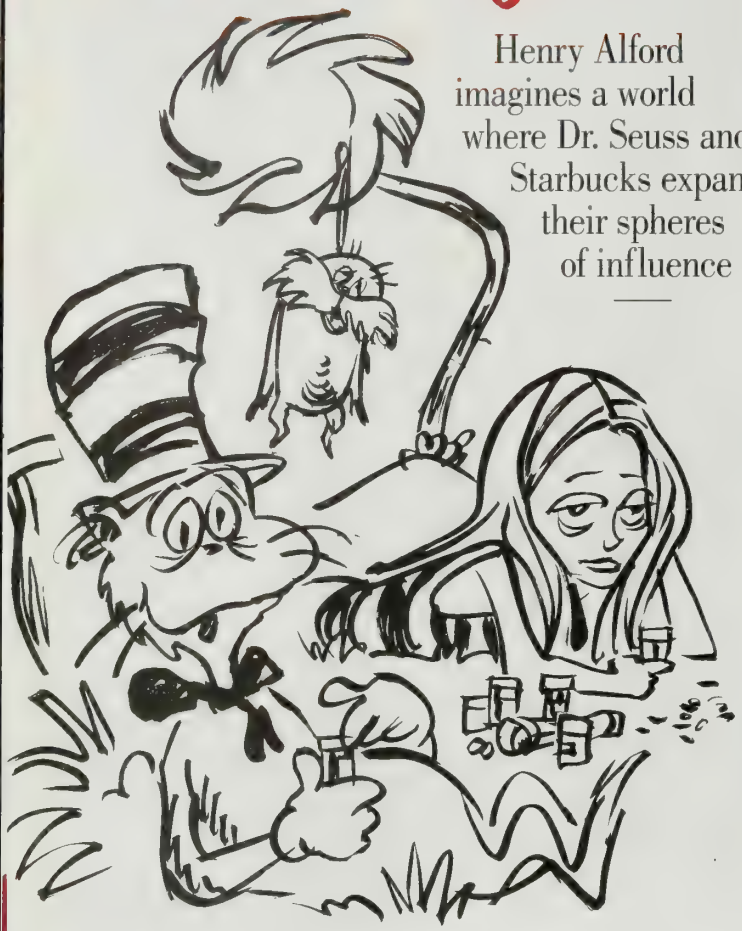
D.C. Yes, the twist was universal, and it was the first time that adults ever freely and openly admitted that they liked rock 'n' roll music.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONATHAN SKOW. FOR DETAILS SEE CREDITS PAGE


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Step 1: Exfoliate
Step 1: Tone
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What if...

Henry Alford imagines a world where Dr. Seuss and Starbucks expand their spheres of influence



ILLUSTRATIONS BY TIM SHEAFFER

What if the Cat in the Hat wrote a memoir of addiction?

Page 1	Cat says challenge of always talking in rhymed vers is what caused him to spiral.
Page 2	Cat says *Cat in the Hat*'s narrator and his sister Sall were "classic enablers."
Page 3	**Cat writes about "lost weekend" spent with Elizabet Wurtzel and the Lorax.**
Page 87	Cat describes how he would pulverize his food to create a speedball of Tender Vittles.
Page 134	Cat writes that, yes, he stood on a ball and juggled household objects—"but I was crying on the inside
Page 266	Cat thanks the staff at Malibu's Promises clinic for their patience, and Destiny's Child for "Survivor."
Page 267	Cat thanks manufacturers of Paxil and Meow Mix.

What if Ismail Merchant had teamed up with Bob Fosse instead of James Ivory?

Heat and Dust	Fosse encourages Julie Christie to "work the du
The Bostonians	Fosse wardrobes Jessica Tandy in bowler ha fishnet stockings.
A Room with a View	Fosse says Helena Bonham Carter role is "perfect for Liza."
Howards End	Dancers crash into stately home's herbaceou border, start to hemorrhage sequins.
Remains of the Day	Fosse replaces summit meeting of world leaders at Darlington Hall with noisy reunion of showgirls.
Jefferson in Paris	Jefferson exhorts embassy visitors, "Jazz han everyone!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE

NIGHT TABLE READING



STOCKARD CHANNING
actor, Life or Something Like It

The Maine Massacre, by Janwillem Van De Wetering (Soho Press). "I'm addicted to his detective novels, and I'm currently rereading this one. I love his books because he deals with violent crimes with a combination of Dutch com sense and Zen sensibility."





MICHAEL GERSON
head White House speechwriter

God's Grandeur and Other Poems, by Gerard Manley Hopkins (Dover). "In the last few weeks, I've been returning to Hopkins. Even in the 'world's wildfire,' he asserts that 'this Jack, joke, poor potsherd, patch, matchwood, immortal diamond, / Is immortal diamond.' A comfort."

ILLEANA DOUGLAS
actor, Surviving Grace

Directing the Film: Film Directors on Their Art, by Eric Sherman (Acrobat). "What can I say? When I'm not dating them, I'm reading about them. Seventy-five directors, Hawks to Spielberg, offer firsthand knowledge, opinions, and instruction on the process film directing. A bible for anyone who wants to become a director."





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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 162

What if your dog started channeling Bea Arthur?

9:13 A.M. Dog storms into kitchen wearing housecoat and joking about hot flashes.

10:40 A.M. Dog says neighbor's wrinkly shar-pei puppy is "a desperate cry for Botox."

12:55 P.M. Dog rues own body's decreasing ability to self-lubricate.

3:24 P.M. Dog says extra-high socks of mail carrier's uniform are both "a kneesock *and* a turtleneck."

5:05 P.M. Dog bites mail carrier, saying, "I can't help it, I'm a spindler."

8:13 P.M. Dog becomes agitated at mention of fellow comedy legend Lucille Ball.

What if the hunt for bin Laden were a Meg Ryan comedy?

00:39 **Meg shows up at mouth of Osama bin Laden's cave bearing floppy hat, problems.**

03:20 Meg and Osama have dewy-eyed chuckle over terminology for Starbucks coffee sizes.

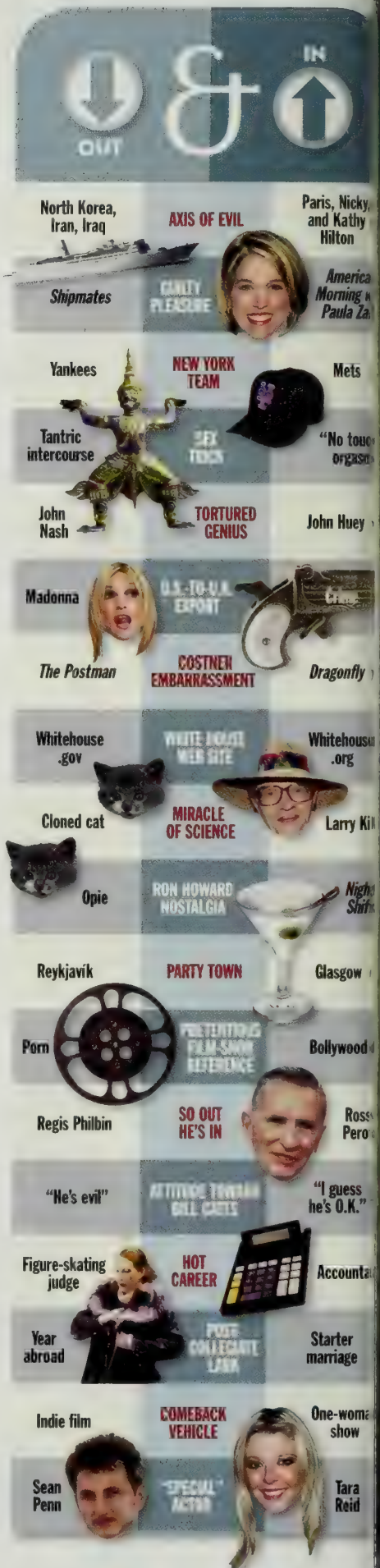
27:14 Rita Wilson and Mullah Omar arrive, discussing lattes.

55:40 Cast reprises hilarious discussion of terminology for Starbucks coffee sizes.

90:37 Osama says Tom Hanks movie *Big* should have been called *Grande*.

90:38 Meg urges Osama to switch to decaf.





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SUNSWEPT

Kirsten Dunst, photographed in Hancock Park, California, on November 9, 2001.



Leading Blonde

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MA

EDITED BY SARAJANE HOARE

VANITY FAIR
MAY 2002



A teen idol since her 1994 breakthrough in Interview with the Vampire, Kirsten Dunst is making the transition to grown-up stardom with two very different roles: as sultry Marion Davies, opposite Edward Herrmann's William Randolph Hearst, in Peter Bogdanovich's The Cat's Meow, and as Mary Jane Watson, wide-eyed beloved of Tobey Maguire's Peter Parker, in Spider-Man.
MICHAEL SHNAYERSON gets the 19-year-old actress to explain garbage-can bowling, her love of housework, and how she learned to upside-down kiss

Kirsten Dunst knows her life is about to change, and so do her security people.

"They told me I could make my house a 'lockdown,'" she explains, all platinum-blond ringlets and wide blue eyes, as we stand surrounded by serpentine sofas and old industrial clocks at a Los Angeles furniture store called Blackman Cruz on La Cienaga Boulevard. "You put metal shades on the windows and doors, press a button, and—*slam*—they come down, and then no one can get in or out." Dunst seems a bit awed at the thought. "I don't know if I'll do that, but after *Spider-Man* comes out, it could be a little scary."

At the very least, passing as an ordinary 19-year-old Valley Girl will get harder when *Spider-Man* opens this month, with Tobey Maguire as Peter Parker (alias Spider-Man) and Dunst as Mary Jane Watson, the webslinger's beloved girl next door. The dark horse of superheroes—younger and more vulnerable than Superman or Batman, and more likable too—is getting a big, splashy studio production from Columbia Pictures, which is sure to pump up the profiles of both young actors, but especially Dunst's. Maguire is already the Dustin Hoffman of his generation, his sloe-eyed charm beautifully established in 1999's *The Cider House Rules* and 2000's *Wonder Boys,* not to mention *The Ice Storm* (1997). Dunst is an idol to the 12-to-17-year-old set for a string of fluffy teen movies, among them 2000's surprise hit about rival cheerleader teams, *Bring It On,* but remains largely unknown to wider audiences.

For those who prefer films to flicks, Dunst has just opened in a nifty little period piece called *The Cat's Meow,* in which she plays actress Marion Davies to Edward Herrmann's William Randolph Hearst, aboard Hearst's yacht in 1924. Her portrayal of Davies at age 27 is startlingly complex and beguiling: all flirting and fun in flapper's beads and bangles, yet privately committed, in a poignant way, to the jealous newspaper magnate. In fact, *The Cat's Meow* is just the latest of several small films that show Dunst taking well-chosen steps to make that most treacherous of passages, the one from teen actress to adult star, and doing it, so far, with all the grace and aplomb of one of her idols, Jodie Foster.

In real life, like many 19-year-olds, Dunst is part giggly girl, part ingenue. She's stayed at home longer than a lot of teen actors, and when she's there joshing around with her younger brother, her hair brushed straight and her figure knife-edge-thin, she seems about 14. Out and about, garbed in Marc Jacobs, with her hair done and makeup on, she seems a decade older. As for the house of her own—a rental, she quickly explains, and a cottage at that, but a first home of her own nonetheless—she hasn't moved in yet, but she's bought a white Philippe Starck sofa, and at the store on La Cienaga she pauses before an immense hanging cross. "Nope, I don't think so," she says cheerily. "I had enough of that at Notre Dame High School

The girl in Dunst can seem somewhat unformed, even abou the movies. In her teen comedies she acts with the screwba charm of a Judy Holliday, yet she's never seen a Judy Hollida film. A bit guiltily, she's starting to watch classics, including, sh says, that wartime one starring Burt Lancaster and Deborah Ke with the scene "where they're rolling around in the surf ... *Fro Here to the End of the Earth*?" She waves a gorgeously elega hand. "Or something like that." Yet Dunst exhibits a quiet sturdy sense of herself. Like Foster, she's acted since the age three, first in television commercials, then in no fewer than 2 feature films, bit parts leading to larger ones, propelled by he breakthrough at age 11 as a young innocent turned ghoul in *I terview with the Vampire.* She knows the business and has an in pressive depth of emotion to draw on—the upwelling of pur unadulterated, natural talent. "Man, she can roll with anything says Peter Bogdanovich, who directed her in *The Cat's Meo* "She's a pro."

Bogdanovich, who knows a thing or two about talented your blonde actresses, admits that Dunst was the studio's choice f Davies, not his own. He spoke to her on the phone from Ne York, and saw a video of *Bring It On,* but flew to Europe f the start of filming without having actually met her. "It's calle going with the flow," he says wryly. He wondered if Dunst w too young for the part; he wondered if she could handle its se ual sophistication. At least, he thought, she has a period fac

When Dunst arrived on set—perk but shy, with a boyfriend in to to keep her company amid th adults—Bogdanovich regarded h with hope and trepidation. Sh could make or break a film the rector had envisioned ever since l heard its story from Orson Welles in the early 1970s. Welles to him about a long-simmering Hollywood legend that Hearst h shot and killed silent-film maker Thomas H. Ince during a pa trip aboard the press lord's yacht, after mistaking Ince for fello guest Charlie Chaplin, who Hearst believed was having an affa with his beloved young mistress, Davies. In fact, Ince did d after a trip on the yacht off the California coast; the cause, a cording to a medical report issued without autopsy, was acu indigestion. Aside from Chaplin's chauffeur, who reported seei Ince removed from the yacht on a stretcher with his head ba daged, no one on board ever publicly discussed the incident—i cluding a young, ambitious columnist named Louella Parson who signed an unheard-of lifetime contract with Hearst newsp pers soon after the trip.

In rehearsals, Bogdanovich began to relax. Eddie Izzard, pla ing Chaplin, improvised freely; Dunst, to the director's deligh gave back as good as she got. Much of the script was rewritt in those first days. When filming began, Dunst was disconce ed by Bogdanovich's penchant for long, one-shot scenes. The would be no "coverage"—other angles the editor could splice later to cover mistakes. "But the actors who are any good cor to love it, and want to do it with every scene," Bogdanovich sa "Kirsten was like that."

"I'm not sure she fully understood the fascination of a young woman for someone significantly older," muses 58-year-o Edward Herrmann, who plays the helplessly obsessed Hearst perfection, "but she understood that Davies adored the guy, and she threw herself into it with great enthusiasm, assimilating all t



This is about as much of Dunst as you are likely to ever see: the 19-year-old has vowed never to act nude. "Nobody is ever going to see my body," she says.

'I have to open my own store or restaurant, because when I'm not working I go crazy.'


'She has a complexity when
you get the camera in close....
There's a lot going on
behind the eyes."



YOUNG MASTER

Dunst's first acting job was in a commercial for Kix cereal. She was three years old, and her mother, Inez, says "she was a ham." Kirsten would eventually appear in more than 100 commercials.

emotional dynamics of a more mature character. I think she's an extraordinary girl. And I think she shows in this movie why she'll shortly become one of the best-known actresses we have on-screen."

By the end of filming, Dunst had so inhabited her role that she could sit beside Herrmann, after the death of Ince, and in a long one-shot scene, without saying a word, convey a whole range of emotion—pity and tenderness for her older lover, mixed with guilt at her dalliance with Chaplin. "Orson [Welles] once said the camera photographs thought, not emotion," Bogdanovich recalls, "and if you're thinking, the camera knows it. And, boy, was she thinking. It was like a gift."

"At the beginning I don't think he really trusted me," Dunst says. "He was always saying, 'Lower your voice!'" And with his predilection for playing Pygmalion to young blonde actresses, Bogdanovich kept foisting books of film history on her—mostly his own. "But by the end," Dunst says with shy pride, "he was asking me what my character should do."

The film was shot in Berlin—a lot of German money was in it—and it was there that Dunst got word that a desperate trio, the director, a producer, and the star of *Spider-Man,* would be flying over to audition her for a role she'd not even dreamed of getting.

Months earlier, after Dunst first heard that director Sam Raimi would be doing *Spider-Man,* she met with him in L.A. and thought they hit it off. While waiting in his office, she flipped through a comic book and decided she would be perfect for the role of Gwen Stacy, a character in the comic who was not even in the movie script. Months passed, and Dunst did not hear from Raimi. The role of Mary Jane Watson, though, went unfilled.

"We had seen a lot of great actresses," Raimi explains. "They were believable and thrilling. But we were looking for the chemistry you see in all romantic pictures when they're working—the chemistry that makes an audience want to see these two people together." None of those actresses clicked with Tobey Maguire the way Raimi thought they should. One month before the scheduled start of shooting, Raimi felt a cold vise of apprehension take hold in his chest.

That was when producer Laura Ziskin brought up Dunst again. "I mentioned her early on," Ziskin recalls, "but [Sam] was so preoccupied with other things, he wasn't focused. So it wasn't *'Eureka!'* But periodically I'd say, 'What about Kirsten?'"

By the time Raimi agreed to read her, Dunst could audition only in Berlin and only after a full day of shooting *The Cat's Meow.* From New York, Raimi and Ziskin called Maguire in Los Angeles to say that the three would have to fly over right away. Maguire had strep throat. "Sam," he said, "you probably aren't even going to want to travel with me. I'm not saying I'm not going to go, I just want to talk it out."

"Tobey," the director said, "I'm leaving my kids and wife for the weekend, I'm making that sacrifice."

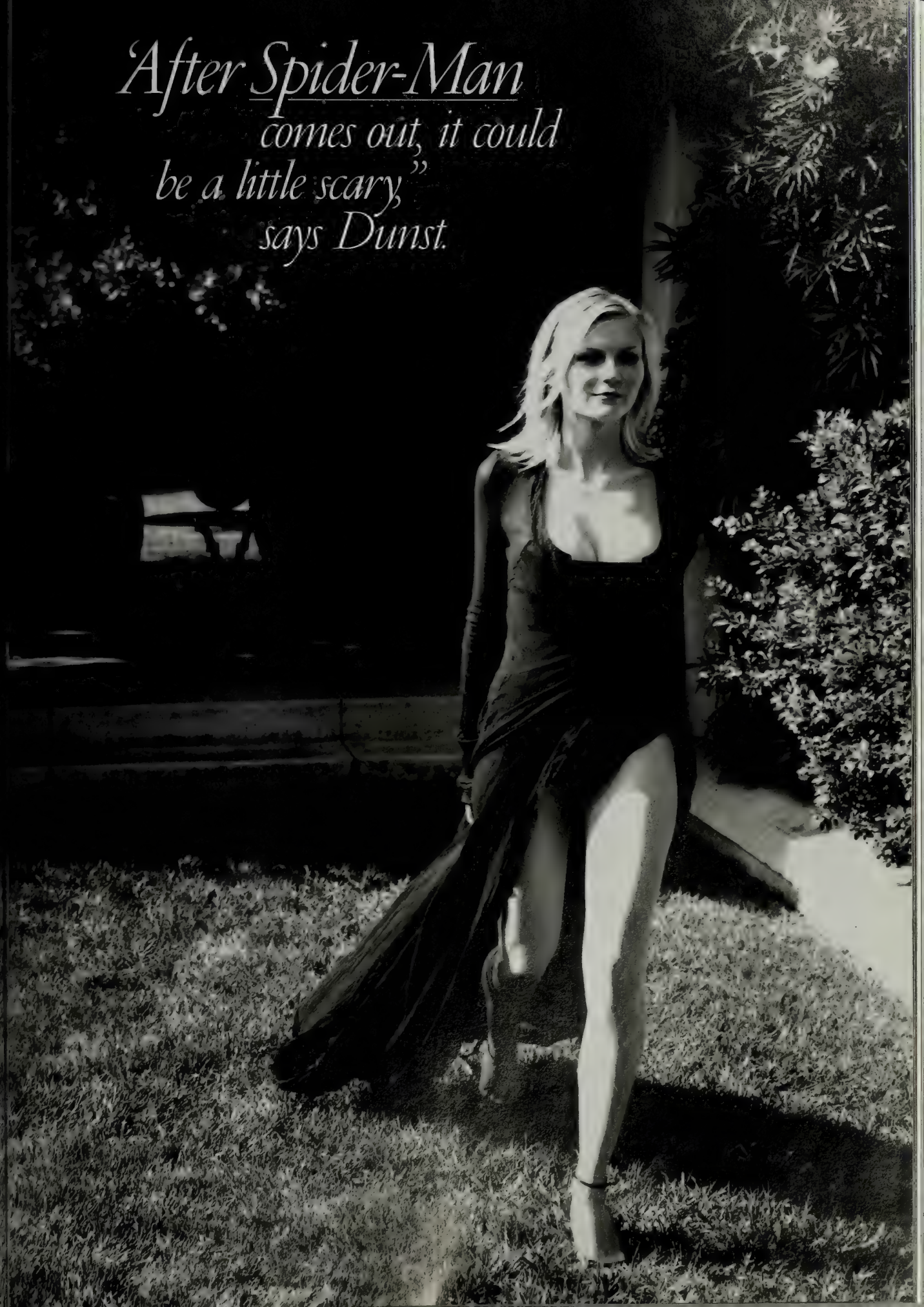
"O.K., O.K.," groaned Maguire, "don't say another word."

When the trio checked in at their hotel in Berlin, there was a note for Maguire from Dunst, who had heard he was sick and wrote how much it meant to her that he'd traveled so far to see her. Maguire thought that was a pretty classy move, especially for a teenager. He'd seen *Bring It On,* and every day he was reminded of Dunst when he drove from his home past a huge image of her in a Gap ad on Sunset Boulevard. He'd CONTINUED ON PAGE 230



STEPPING OUT

Dunst wasn't Peter Bogdanovich's personal choice for *The Cat's Meow,* but she won over the director. "Man, she can roll with anything," he says. "She's a pro."


'After Spider-Man
comes out, it could
be a little scary,"
says Dunst.



Camelot's Son

John F. Kennedy Jr.'s fatal plane crash in July 1999 left a nation mourning one of its best-loved icons—and a host of questions to be chewed over by the tabloids. Had his marriage been disintegrating? How serious were the problems with his magazine? And what lay behind that graceful public mask? In an excerpt from his memoir, *American Son*, RICHARD BLOW shares the intense, occasionally surreal experience of working as a top editor with Kennedy at *George*, witnessing the passionate highs and lows of his relationship with Carolyn Bessette, and glimpsing the poignant burden of a uniquely powerful legacy



PRINCELY PAIR

John F. Kennedy Jr. and his wife, Carolyn Bessette, at *Vanity Fair*'s party after the White House Correspondents' Dinner in Washington, D.C., May 1999.

About once a week in the months before the September 1995 launch of *George* magazine, John Kennedy Jr. would convene an editorial meeting in his sparsely furnished office, which overlooked Central Park and the steel-blue oval of the Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis Reservoir. Sitting around his circular table or perched on the radiator that ran along the window, we'd update him on stories in progress and propose new ones. Sipping a cup of coffee, or reaching out and appropriating one of ours, John mostly listened. At times I got the impression that he was feeling us out, taking the measure of people he had surrounded himself with but did not yet trust. Other times he just seemed uncomfortable at the prospect of revealing what he thought or felt. Editorial meetings can be intimate; whether through a heated discussion or a hesitantly proposed idea, they can expose your instincts, your passions, your deepest beliefs. John didn't seem ready for that.

Inevitably, though, he remained the center of gravity. If we were debating an idea, everyone would monitor John's expression. Was he frowning or nodding in agreement? When he did weigh in, he couldn't help but emphasize the distance between him and us. He had no pretenses about being an experienced journalist. It wasn't clear whether he even wanted to call himself a journalist. He'd looked down on the profession his whole life and couldn't switch sides so quickly. But he knew more about the realities of power and politics than we ever could. In one meeting someone made a disparaging remark about Richard Nixon's character.

"Actually," John said, "I always liked Nixon."

We gave him a collective you-must-be-kidding look.

"He and my father got along well after the election," John explained. "Not many people can relate to life at that level of politics. Those who do feel a bond, regardless of what party they belong to. After my father's death, Nixon was very kind to my mother. He invited us to the White House once, and my mother and sister were convinced that I would spill my milk, because I always did. So we sat down to dinner and after maybe 10 minutes I knocked my glass of milk all over the table."

"Was Nixon pissed?" someone asked.

John smiled. "Nah, not at all. He helped wipe it up."

We laughed, but then the moment stretched out and became awkward. None of us had any Nixon stories to tell.

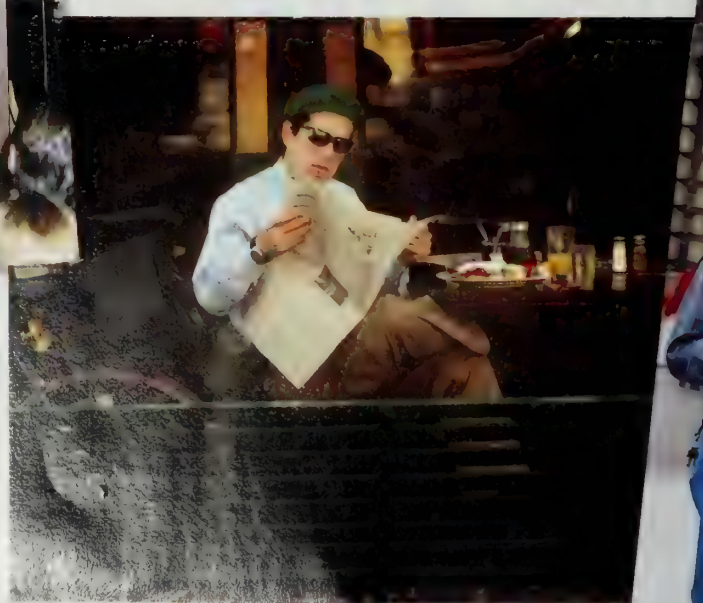
When such moments occurred, John would sense our unease and try to alleviate it, usually with humor. From time to time he'd slip into his affectionate imitation of cousin-in-law Arnold Schwarzenegger. We'd laugh, because our boss was a great mimic and his Schwarzenegger was dead-on. And the fact that he was joking about a relative in our presence made us feel he'd taken us into his confidence.

Though John might laugh about his famous family, the rest of us lived in fear of committing a Kennedy-related faux pas. One day a twentysomething editorial assistant cracked a joke with a Lee Harvey Oswald punch line. As soon as he realized what he'd done, the color drained from his face. But if John heard the quip, he said nothing. We all breathed a sigh of relief. Who hasn't cracked a Kennedy joke?

John believed that work should be fun. Some weekends he

Excerpted from *American Son: A Portrait of John F. Kennedy Jr.*, by Richard Blow, to be published this month by Henry Holt and Company, L.L.C.; © 2002 by the author.



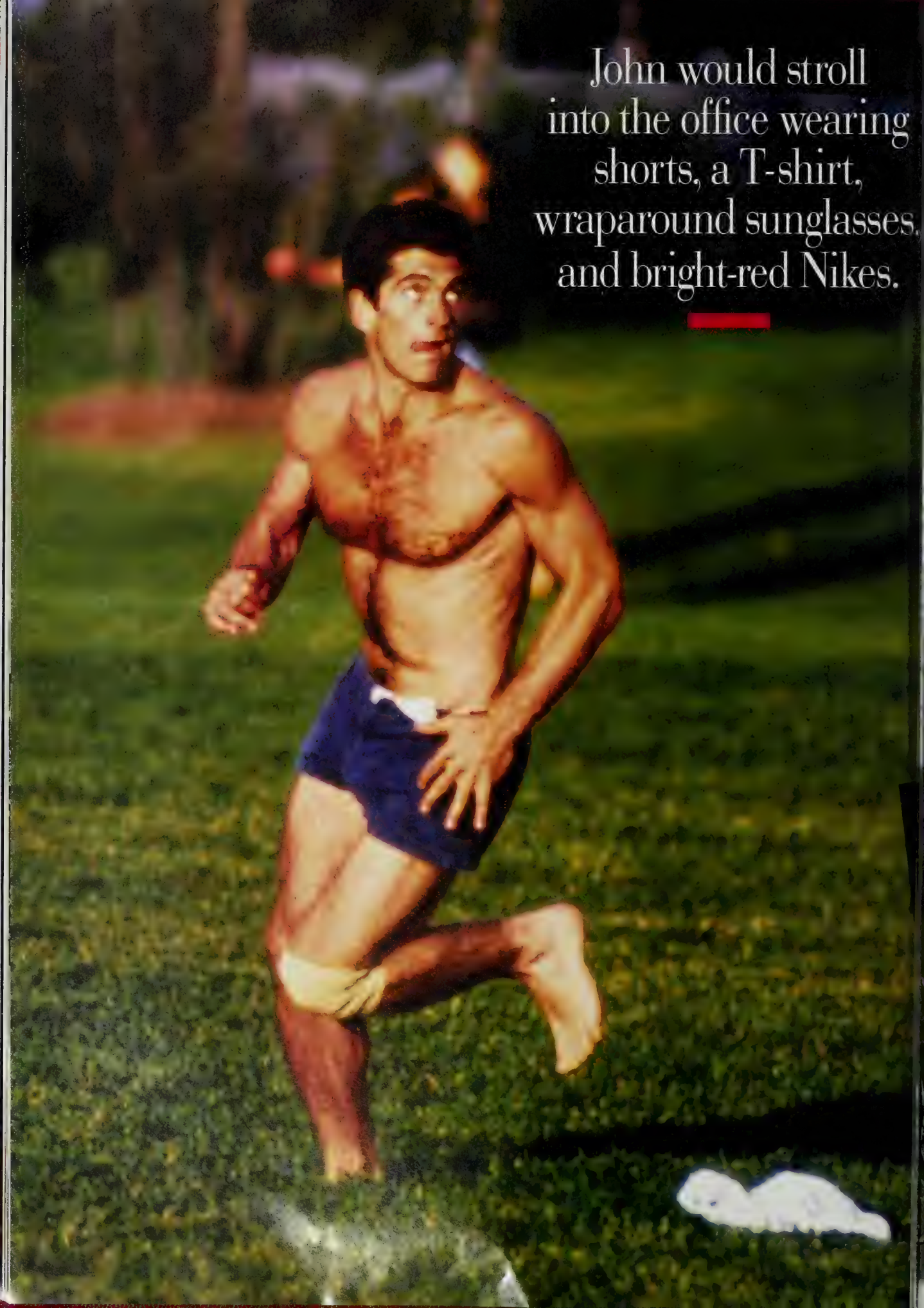




THE EDITOR

Left to right: John unveiling the first issue of *George*, with Cindy Crawford on the cover, at a press conference in New York, September 1995; grabbing breakfast in Tribeca, 1998; leaving the loft with Carolyn, 1997; selecting photo images at a light box in the *George* offices, 1998.


"At first they didn't take
George seriously.
It would fade away and
I'd go back to being
America's
Prince Charming."


John would stroll
into the office wearing
shorts, a T-shirt,
wraparound sunglasses,
and bright-red Nikes.

ould hide his new puppy, Friday (named after the day John ot him), in a duffel bag and sneak him past the building guards. Vith Friday slung under one arm, John would stroll into the of- ce wearing shorts, a T-shirt, wraparound sunglasses, and, when e was in a particularly good mood, a pair of bright-red high-top Nikes. A cheerful, slightly hyperactive black-and-white Canaan, riday would race around our corridors, and John would make ooing noises or wrestle him to the floor. Or John would play eepaway with a tennis ball, tossing it with one of us while Fri- ay dashed madly to and fro.

There was, however, plenty to do. After our edit meetings, e'd return to our cubicles to work the phones, trying to lure riters to the magazine. Eric Etheridge, the editor, and Michael erman, John's partner and *George*'s business head, would push ohn to solicit big names, literary celebrities who wouldn't ordi- arily write for a new magazine but might be swayed by a hone call from John Kennedy. He'd usually make the call, but ot happily. He seemed to feel he was exploiting himself, asking personal favor, rather than making a business proposition— nd he wasn't entirely wrong. If the writer said no, John felt he'd heapened himself for naught.

Several times he asked historian Doris Kearns Goodwin to ontribute, but she kept turning him down. It reached the point here he would wince if someone even mentioned her name. n another effort to score a writer, he had dinner with Harvard rofessor Henry Louis Gates Jr. When I asked how it had one, John snorted in disgust. "He's not going to write for us. He just wanted to have dinner with me." (Gates says he did not rite for *George* only because he had an exclusive contract with *The New Yorker*.) After the screenwriter Nora Ephron declined is request to write, John said jokingly, "I must be losing my uice."

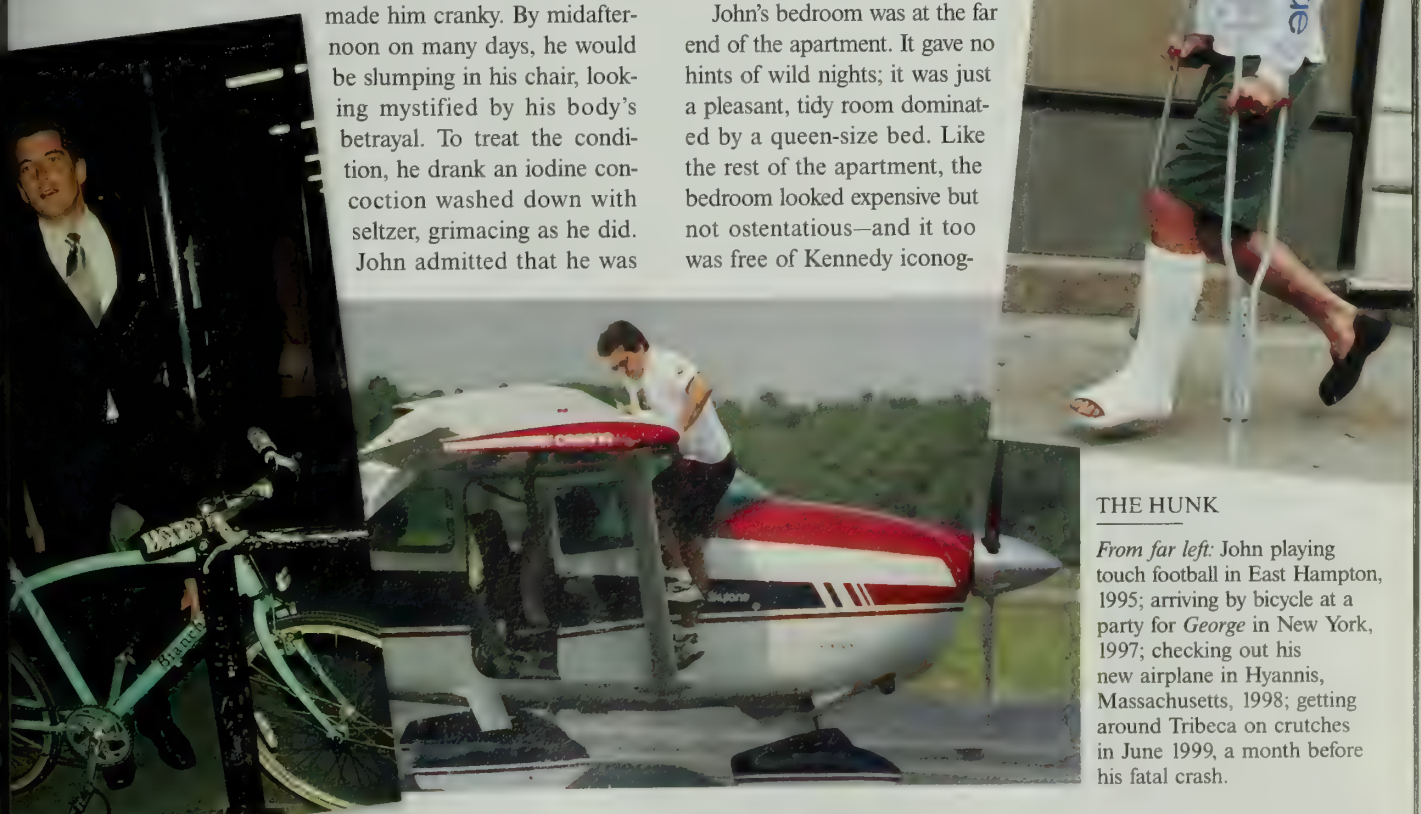
With the deadline for the first issue looming like the edge of cliff, the pressure started to get to John. He began to suffer he effects of a thyroid disorder that sapped his energy and made him cranky. By midafternoon on many days, he would be slumping in his chair, looking mystified by his body's betrayal. To treat the condition, he drank an iodine concoction washed down with seltzer, grimacing as he did. John admitted that he was waking up at five in the morning, so taut with anxiety he could not fall back asleep. In a very real way, *George*'s debut would be John's debut, and he knew it.

One night John threw a dinner party for the staff, a sign that he was beginning to feel more comfortable with us. From work we took the No. 1 subway line south to Franklin Street and trooped around the corner to 20 North Moore, riding the industrial elevator to the top floor, where it opened onto John's loft, a long, rectangular space. Occupying the entire floor, the apartment was big enough to throw a football in. It felt palatial, though not in a gaudy way—as if its owner liked to live well but inconspicuously.

His open kitchen was modern and spotless, separated from a wood dining-room table by a long counter. The refrigerator was overflowing with fresh fruits and vegetables. His handyman, a middle-aged native of Portugal, bustled around setting out bowls of food. John was a gracious host, making sure to spend a few minutes chatting with each of us.

He had majored in American history at Brown, and his bookshelves were crammed with history, biography, and the New Journalism of the 60s and 70s—Hunter S. Thompson, Norman Mailer, Tom Wolfe—but I saw nothing by or about any Kennedys. In the front of the apartment lay a pile of athletic equipment: bike, Rollerblades, Frisbee. Of his art, one photograph stood out, a stark black-and-white image, probably from the 40s or 50s, of African-American convicts in the Deep South. The picture had a gritty, *Cool Hand Luke* feel to it.

John's bedroom was at the far end of the apartment. It gave no hints of wild nights; it was just a pleasant, tidy room dominated by a queen-size bed. Like the rest of the apartment, the bedroom looked expensive but not ostentatious—and it too was free of Kennedy iconog-



THE HUNK

From far left: John playing touch football in East Hampton, 1995; arriving by bicycle at a party for *George* in New York, 1997; checking out his new airplane in Hyannis, Massachusetts, 1998; getting around Tribeca on crutches in June 1999, a month before his fatal crash.

raphy. I saw no busts of his father, no portraits of his mother—nothing to suggest that the occupant was anyone other than an affluent young man with excellent taste.

During the summer of 1995, the tabloids and entertainment magazines teemed with items about John. They fell into three categories. The first group consisted of tidbits on our rush to publish, such as the report in *People* on July 10 that we had asked the comedienne Roseanne Barr to write for us. We had, but Barr's sour essay was barely comprehensible, and she refused to do a rewrite, so we pulled the story from the isssue. The second genre detailed stories of the prince among the hacks. In early August, the *New York Post*'s "Page Six" declared that "staffers at *George* have erected a wall to separate themselves from the other magazines at the Hachette offices on Broadway. One disenfranchised wag scrawled on the barrier, ICH BIN EIN BERLINER." The item was complete fiction, yet hard to shrug off. With one exception, we had never experienced tabloid journalism from the subject's perspective.

John had a different attitude toward gossip columns, a sort of bemused fascination, as if they were covering a stranger who happened to share his name. This composite character was an irresponsible, oversexed, intellectually challenged doppelgänger who made great copy. When the tabloids arrived in our office mail—we subscribed to all of them, even the *Star* and *National Enquirer*—John would riffle through the mail and pluck them out. If they contained a story about him, he'd sit at his round table—he almost never sat behind his desk—put his feet up, and plunge in. He'd learn that he had shared a night of "wild passion" with Sharon Stone on Martha's Vineyard. Or that his mother had secretly feared he was gay. Or that he was calling Elle Macpherson to confess how much he appreciated her "nice buns."

John would kick back and laugh. Part of him admired the tabloids' creativity, and part of him was flattered by the attention. John endured more scrutiny than anyone except Madonna and Princess Diana, yet he almost always responded with grace and good humor, and if the tabloids were reasonable in their pursuit of him, he generally let them go about their business.

The gossip items that did bother John were the ones that dragged Carolyn Bessette, his beautiful blonde girlfriend, into the picture. He knew he was fair game; he'd been born famous. But she wasn't a celebrity, and she certainly wasn't flaunting her relationship with John. Couldn't they leave her alone? Was it really necessary for the papers to provide the world its first glimpse of Carolyn when she was on a boat with John, wearing a tiny bikini, and shot from behind?

John was ecstatic in Carolyn's company. When she visited the office, he would gaze upon her as if he couldn't completely believe what his eyes were taking in. He could not stop touching her, running his fingers through her hair, stroking her arms. Carolyn accepted his attentions but rarely reciprocated. At least in public, John was the more openly affectionate of the two.

Often that summer Carolyn would drop by, lounging on the couch in creative director Matt Berman's office. She didn't know much about journalism, but she was fluent in the vernacular of style and design. Carolyn could spend hours with Matt talking about the trendiest models and photographers—she seemed to know them all. If you wandered into Matt's office while she was there, you wanted never to leave; she was a more vivid creature than any of the models in *George*'s many advertisements.

One summer evening Nyssa, my girlfriend, and I accompanied John and Carolyn to an Off Broadway musical produced by Eric Etheridge's girlfriend. Afterward, Carolyn asked us to join John and her for dinner at Bowery Bar, a downtown nightspot that was hot at the time. Carolyn, Nyssa, and I shared a cab while John, who had ridden his bike to the theater, pedaled off, arriving at the restaurant just minutes after we did.

Bowery Bar had been the choice of one of our dinner companions, John Perry Barlow, the Grateful Dead lyricist on whose ranch John had worked as a teenager. It would not have been John's pick. The restaurant was crowded and cacophonous, filled with light-headed fashionistas who flitted like butterflies from table to table. It was, in a word John used to describe superficial events he dreaded, "a clusterfuck."

You'd think that going out to dinner with John Kennedy and Carolyn Bessette would be glamorous and exciting. But simply making conversation was stressful. We felt that everything we said had to be witty and scintillating. When the bill finally came I realized I was relieved.

As Nyssa and I stepped out the restaurant door with John and Carolyn, we saw—no, felt—a sudden blur of movement, a herd of men sprinting toward us shouting and pointing their cameras, the flashes causing us to blink and backpedal.

Carolyn practically dived into a waiting car, but John had his bike to worry about. As the photographers shouted, "John! Over here, John! Look over here!," he dropped to one knee to undo the bike's combination lock. Nyssa and I stood frozen, not knowing what to do but not wanting to abandon John.

After a furious right-left-right spin of the lock, John hopped onto his bike and zoomed off. It was as if someone had yelled "Cut!" The paparazzi put down their equipment and drifted away like a pack of scavengers who have finished their nighttime feeding. Maybe 30 seconds had passed.

Nyssa and I walked west down the block. As we neared the corner, we saw a dark figure just ahead. It was John, standing over his bike, slightly out of breath.

"You all right?" he asked. "You looked a little freaked back there."

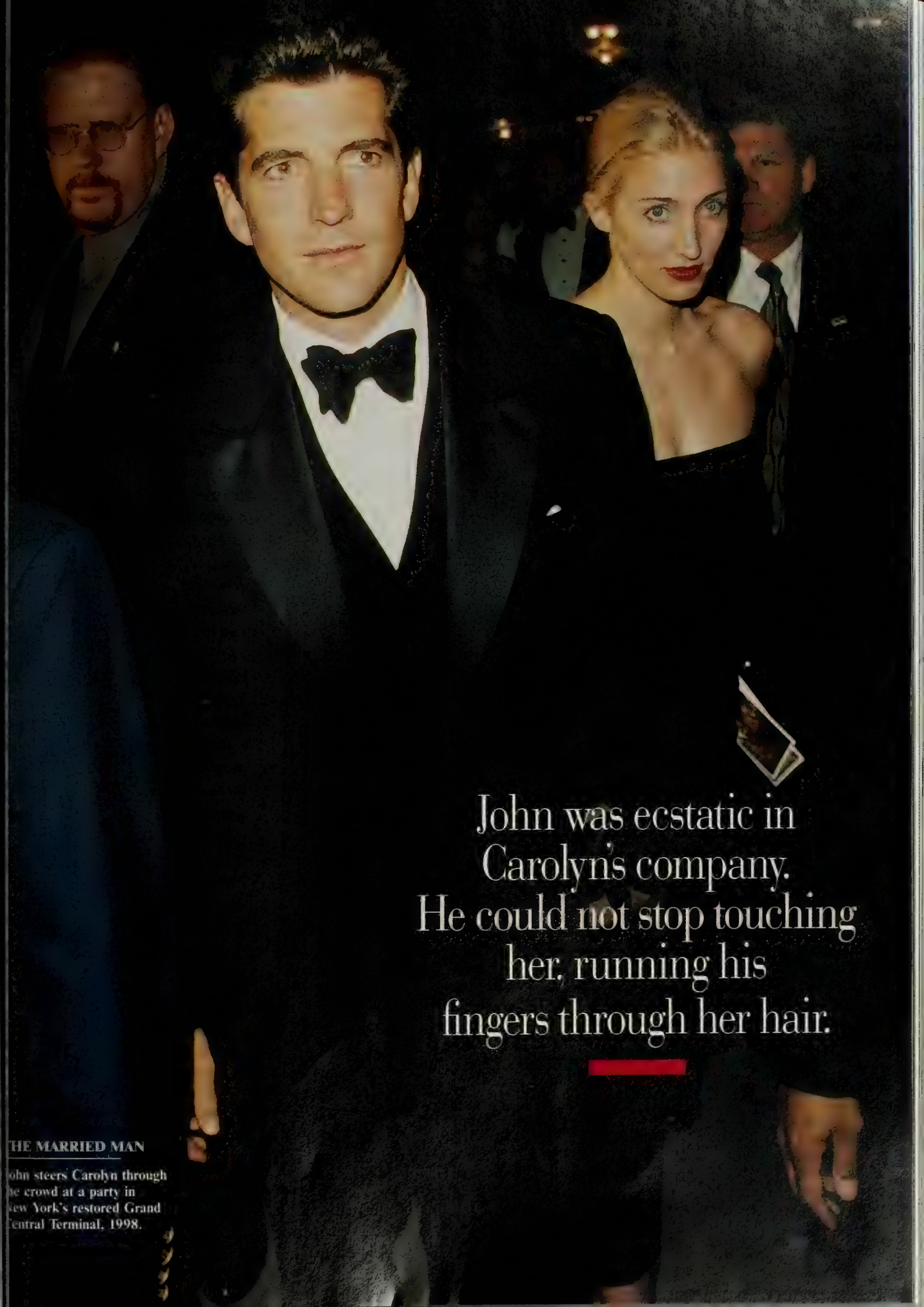
We nodded. "They don't chase you?" I asked.

"Nah, they can't run that fast." John smiled. "Well, good night." He hopped back on his bike and rode away, growing smaller under the streetlights until he was just a shadow, then gone.

Very soon, the complexities of John's existence began to pose problems for *George*, as we learned that our editor in chief's identity was both our biggest asset and our most treacherous minefield.

The challenge for John was even more difficult. Could he promote *George* even when it meant compromising his sense of dignity, his feel for what was appropriate and what wasn't? A case in point: That fall Michael Berman decided that John should interview Chelsea Clinton. One presidential kid talkin' to another—a surefire crowd pleaser. But John flatly refused. Hillary Clinton had once asked his mother for advice on raising a child in the White House, John explained. His mother's response: Never let Chelsea talk to the press. And now Michael wanted John to defy his mother's wishes? Not a chance.

Then there was the Oliver Stone CONTINUED ON PAGE 21



John was ecstatic in Carolyn's company. He could not stop touching her, running his fingers through her hair.

THE MARRIED MAN

John steers Carolyn through the crowd at a party in New York's restored Grand Central Terminal, 1998.

MACHINE

After months of feverish speculation about "IT," the top-secret brainchild of renowned inventor Dean Kamen, last December's dramatic unveiling of his Segway people-moving machine left an open question: Was this just more high-tech hype, or a revolutionary breakthrough? But the Segway was only half the story. At Kamen's laboratory compound in New Hampshire, JOHN HEILEMANN explores the vision of an uncompromising genius who has brought Silicon Valley venture capitalists to their knees, has flouted every rule in the business books, and aims at nothing less than solving three of the world's greatest problems



OF DREAMS



THE NEW MACHINE

Dean Kamen, near left, poised on the industrial model of his Segway Human Transporter; venture capitalist John Doerr, a Segway investor, is on the consumer model. Photographed in Kamen's Bedford, New Hampshire, home on March 7, 2002.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TODD EBERLE

On a frigid Sunday morning in February, Dean Kamen drove down from his home in New Hampshire to the Harvard Business School, lured by a prospect he found irresistible: an hour to himself before a captive audience. He had come to speak at an event called Cyberposium, where more than a thousand soon-to-be M.B.A.'s gather each year to hear high-tech luminaries discuss lofty matters—and then chase after them to plead for employment. Kamen is short and wiry, with a pompadour of black hair and a Long Island accent. He was introduced as an inventor and entrepreneur, and he began his speech with an observation about his twin vocations. "I know entrepreneurship is usually associated with success, and invention is usually associated with excitement," he said. "But over my life the only thing consistently associated with entrepreneurship is failure. And the only thing consistently associated with invention is frustration."

Kamen kept his face straight while making these remarks, but the audience found it difficult to take them too seriously. By almost any standard, Kamen is the world's foremost inventor of medical devices. A self-taught physicist and mechanical engineer, he is a college dropout with a handful of honorary Ph.D.'s. Starting at age 20, he invented a series of breakthrough products: the first drug-infusion pump, the first portable dialysis machine, the first portable insulin pump, a variety of heart stents (one of which resides inside of Dick Cheney), and even a robotic, stair-climbing wheelchair. Kamen's inventions have won him considerable acclaim, not least the National Medal of Technology. They have also made him rich, a multimillionaire. But beyond all this, what undermined his talk of failure and frustration was the sight that morning of his latest creation—an electric, two-wheeled, self-balancing people mover—on which he happened to be standing as he delivered his speech, swaying gently to and fro across the low-pil

The Segway
consumed more
Kamen's life, and b
it, in December 2001, i
most wildly speculated-abou
high-tech business has ever co

Developed behind a cloak of secrecy at a cost of more than $100 million, it looked like a cross between an avant-garde scooter and an old-fashioned lawn mower—though it was packed with aviation-grade gyroscopes and enough computing power to put a man on Pluto. The claims Kamen made for the Segway were extreme: it would "be to the car what the car was to the horse and buggy." And so was the orgy of publicity that greeted its launch. In the space of a few days, Kamen appeared twice on *Good Morning America* and in the pages of *Time* and *The New York Times;* he played onstage traffic cop on *The Tonight Show* as Jay Leno, Russell Crowe, and Sting tooled around on a trio of Segways; and his machine even graced the cover of *The New Yorker,* in a cartoon depicting it as Osama bin Laden's all-terrain vehicle.

Not all the notices were raves, however. THE INVENTION THAT RUNS ON HYPE, headlined *The Washington Post,* quoting academics and futurists spouting a fountain of skepticism. "It's hard to see it as anything more than a gimmick," said an urban-studies expert, Witold Rybczynski. "Sort of like geodesic domes." The Institute for the Future's Paul Saffo piped up, "It reminds me of what the French existentialist professor used to say—'Haw,' he would say, 'it is a cosmic fart.'"

The slings and arrows barely register with Kamen, who portrays the Segway as a kind of crusade: to revolutionize modern transportation, end the reign of the automobile, and rid the world's cities of congestion and pollution. But the Segway is also, not incidentally, a business. In fact, the company that Kamen has formed around his invention is one of the most ambitious start-ups in recent memory. The money behind it hails from Credit Suisse First Boston and Silicon Valley venture-capital powerhouse Kleiner Perkins Caufield & Byers. John Doerr, the high-profile Kleiner Perkins partner who bankrolled Netscape and Amazon.com, confidently predicts that Segway L.L.C. will reach $1 billion in sales faster than any firm ever. The depth of his confidence is reflected in the scale of his investment, which values the fledgling outfit at nearly $600 million—a number that dwarfs even the zaniest start-up valuations
the Internet bubble. At a time when all
s high-tech have lost their luster, and
italists seem to have lost both
oks and their nerve, the

gamble on the Segway is so large and s
unfashionable that it has the feel of a wag
on something larger: on the very idea th
new technology still matters, no matte
what the pundits and the stock tables say.

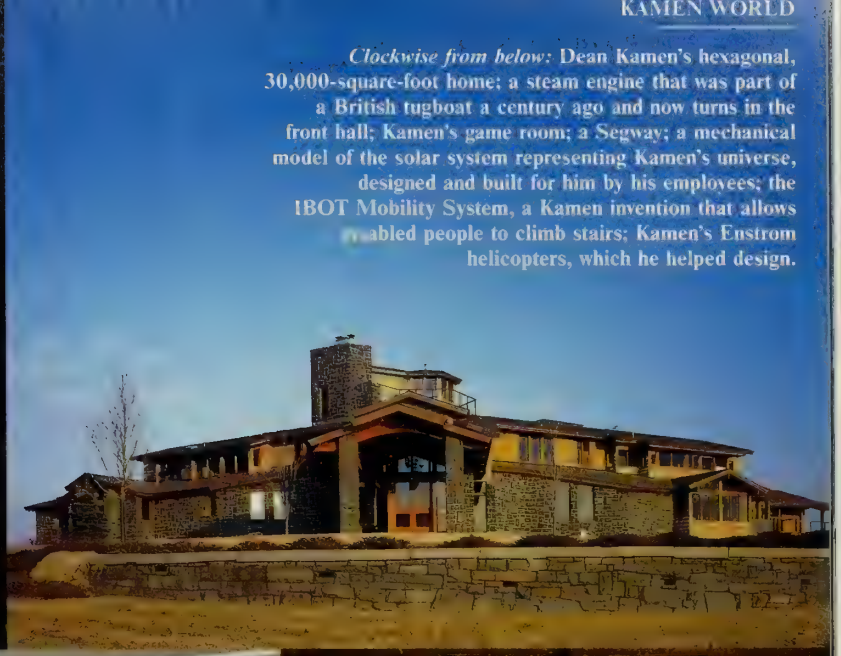
This is a story of invention an
entrepreneurship, of the imper
tives of genius, the demands
commerce, and the crossroac
where they intersect—and som
times collide. It's the story of the birth
a truly new machine, the sheer novelty
which makes its ultimate prospects a
but impossible to predict. Will the Se
way turn out to be the next Model T? C
one of the most corpulent white ele
phants in the annals of technology? Th
answer will depend on many factors, bu



among the most critical is the characte
of its creator. In the age of Enron an
the dot-com meltdown, Kamen present
a refreshing image: a future-bent bus
nessman who not only seems to do we
by doing good, but has attained wealt
and notoriety from actually *makin
things.* But he is also a bundle of blarin
contradictions: a driven, obsessive, y
fanciful figure who is part Thomas Ed
son and part Willy Wonka; who professe
to care little about money but has take
pains to assure himself a huge persona
slice of Segway L.L.C.; and whose singu
lar brand of leadership, charismatic an
controlling in equal measure, inspire
fierce loyalty among his followers—alon

"People accuse me of being unreasonable," says Kamen. "But I think being unreasonable is good. Being unreasonable is how things change."

Clockwise from below: Dean Kamen's hexagonal, 30,000-square-foot home; a steam engine that was part of a British tugboat a century ago and now turns in the front hall; Kamen's game room; a Segway; a mechanical model of the solar system representing Kamen's universe, designed and built for him by his employees; the iBOT Mobility System, a Kamen invention that allows disabled people to climb stairs; Kamen's Enstrom helicopters, which he helped design.













with the occasional impulse to slap him hard upside the head.

"People accuse me of being unreasonable," Kamen tells me one day, in a shrugging sort of way. "Do I think I'm unreasonable? Yes, I do. But I think being unreasonable is good. Being unreasonable is how things change."

I first met Kamen in January 2001, at the World Economic Forum, in Davos, Switzerland. A few weeks earlier, he'd had his first brush with fame, when a story appeared in *Inside.com* about a proposal for a book by a reporter named Steve Kemper that would tell the behind-the-scenes story of Kamen's secret project. Deliberately elliptical, deliciously vague, the proposal never described the device, which Kamen had code-named Ginger, and Kemper simply dubbed IT. But it included assessments from Apple C.E.O. Steve Jobs, Amazon C.E.O. Jeff Bezos, and John Doerr that were guaranteed to quicken the pulse of any editor who had one: Ginger was as important as the personal computer, maybe more so than the Internet. Within 24 hours, Kamen was under siege, and media outlets around the world had joined in a hot-eyed guessing game: what the hell was IT?

The torrent of hype was so profuse that more than a few cynics, me included, suspected Kamen had orchestrated it himself. But when I ran into him in Davos, he was visibly distraught, muttering darkly about betrayals of trust and invasions of privacy. Though Kamen was sketchy about exactly what had happened, it was clear that his relationship with Kemper was kaput. I suggested that Kamen call me when he was ready to talk to another journalist about Ginger; Kamen looked at me as if I had two heads. But nine months later, after signing a prodigious confidentiality agreement, I was on my way to see him in Manchester, New Hampshire.

First-time visitors to Kamen's compound are typically greeted with an elaborate ritual. He meets you at the airport in one of the two Enstrom helicopters he owns, pilots, and helped design (until recently he also owned Enstrom), straps you in, and puts a headset over your ears. As the helicopter takes flight, you hear the theme from *Star Wars,* followed by Judy Garland crooning "Over the Rainbow." By then, Kamen's empire of invention is coming into view: a series of 19th-century, red-brick textile-mill buildings hard along the banks of the Merrimack River. Kamen started buying and renovating the buildings in the early 1980s. Today he is one of the largest owners of commercial real estate in Manchester.

The cornerstone of Kamen's empire is DEKA Research & Development Corporation. Founded by Kamen in 1982, it employs around 200 engineers and houses one of the world's most sophisticated machine shops. Arrayed around DEKA are several smaller fiefdoms: an industrial-automation firm called Teletrol; a closely held outfit called New Power Concepts; a philanthropic venture called FIRST, which is dedicated to turning on high-school students to the joys of technology; and Segway L.L.C. At the center of it all is Kamen, who oversees these endeavors in the manner of an old-school industrial patriarch. (DEKA has a distinct family feel, due to the presence of Kamen's mother, who helps out with its bookkeeping, and his father, a former comic-book artist whose work adorns the walls.) "Most people around this place are here because of Dean," says Bob Tuttle, Kamen's principal business adviser. "There's certainly a cult of personality around him."

On the balmy autumn day when I arrive in Manchester, Kamen's personality is vividly on display. "Greetings!" he intones as he strides into the DEKA boardroom, where the dominant visual element is a nearly life-size oil painting of DEKA's founder and chairman. He is there to meet with a CONTINUED ON PAGE

THE FRANCO FILE

There are two reasons why no major Hollywood star has ever played James Dean. The first is that no one in his right mind would risk playing an actor far cooler than himself. The second is that, even if an actor was up for the challenge, his agent wouldn't let him do it. Possibly that's why Dean's story ended up as a TNT movie starring an obscure 23-year-old named James Franco, whose greatest claim to fame was a role in the short-lived TV comedy *Freaks and Geeks,* in which he played neither. (Franco was The Cool Guy.) He's not obscure anymore—not since February, when his performance earned him a Golden Globe, hastening his ascent in the Hot Young Actor ecosystem. His shy, aw-shucks acceptance speech only expedited things. This year he'll appear opposite Robert De Niro in Michael Caton-Jones's crime drama *City by the Sea* and with Tobey Maguire in Sam Raimi's *Spider-Man,* in which Franco plays Maguire's best friend, Harry Osborn. Chiseled of face and smoldering of temperament, Franco has wisely deflected the inevitable comparisons to Dean, whose perennial dorm-room canonization is almost too much to bear. "I tried to emulate his demeanor on-screen, and the rawness of his performances," says Franco, who was born and raised in Northern California. "But as far as his personal life—the risks he took—I don't find any need to do that." Good thing, that, since Dean died at 24. —NED ZEMAN

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRUCE WEBER

STYLED BY DEBORAH SCHACHT. SUIT AND SHIRT BY LOUIS VUITTON. TIE BY CHARVET. HAIR BY DEBRA ORDWAY. GROOMING BY

HANGING LOOSE

James Franco, photographed in Miami on February 16, 2002.



THE EXPLORER'S HEART

Be it the vastness of the desert, the earth's highest summit, or the unfathomed depths of the ocean, what lures a Thor Heyerdahl, a Wilfred Thesiger, or a Ranulph Fiennes is the test of the unknown. JONAS KARLSSON photographs 10 of the greatest living explorers—including Edmund Hillary, who recalls his Everest ascent, among other adventures—while SCOTT GUMMER learns about their conquests of worlds beyond any charts





SIR RANULPH FIENNES, 58

STAR TREKKER

Parachuting onto Europe's highest glacier—then canoeing down. Piloting a hovercraft to the mouth of the White Nile. Trekking across Arabia to discover the lost city of Ubar, called the "Atlantis of the Sands." Completing the first successful pole-to-pole circumnavigation of the globe, by boat, Land Rover, ski, and snowshoe. These are the sorts of exploits that once earned the dashing Brit an audition for the role of James Bond. (Roger Moore got the job.) Doubtful that 007 would have had the temerity to place his frostbitten left hand in a vise and hack off the petrified fingertips with a fretsaw—as Fiennes did two years ago in his Somerset, England, workshop (after an aborted solo jaunt to the North Pole). "The world would be a far duller place without him," Prince Charles has said of Sir Ran, who in 1993 was awarded an O.B.E. "I have never taken heroin," says the descendant of Charlemagne and cousin of actors Ralph and Joseph Fiennes, "but I cannot imagine anything as ecstatic as the feeling of returning from an expedition to a hot bath."

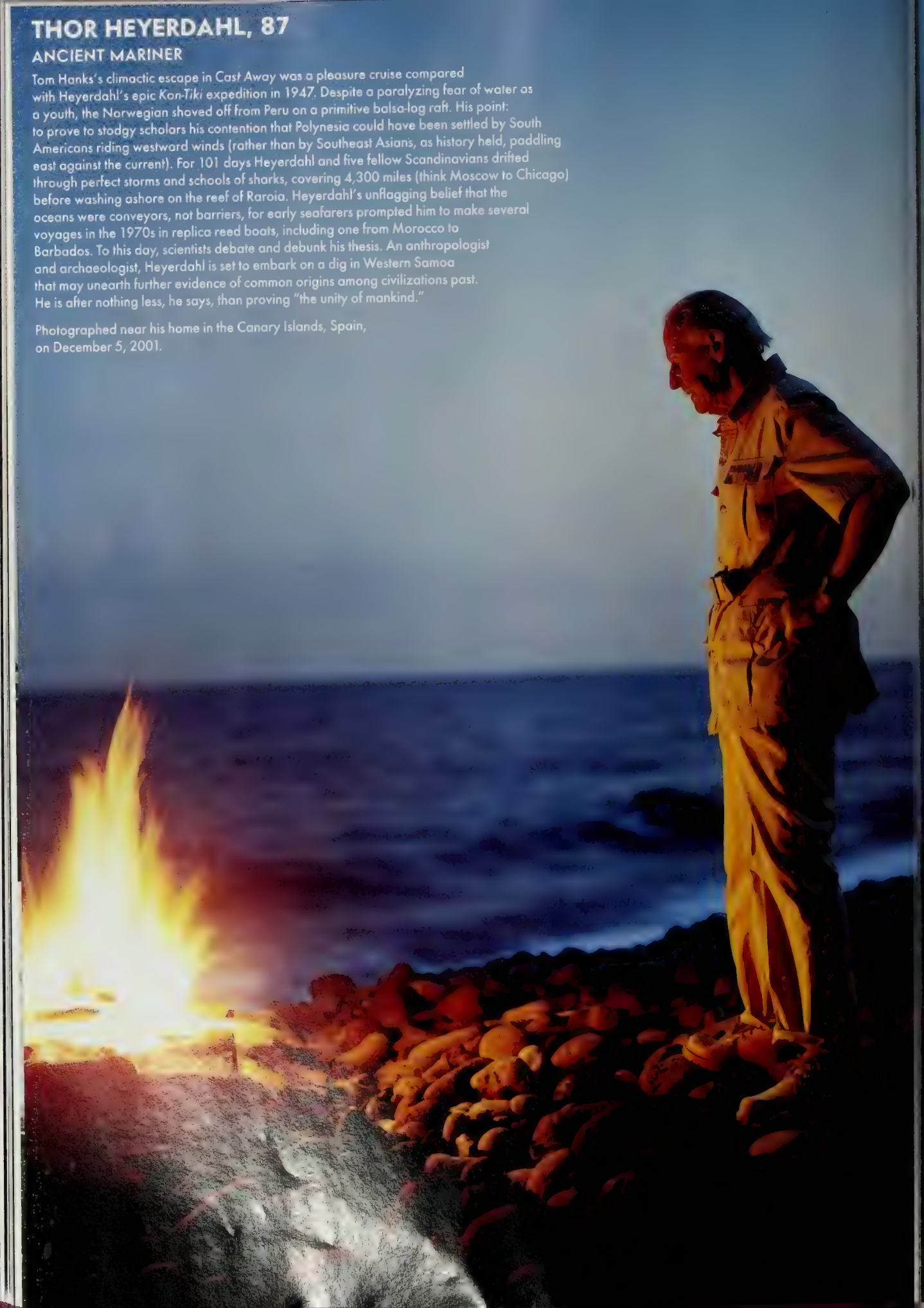
Photographed at Hallelujah Point in Stanley Park, Vancouver, British Columbia, on October 19, 2001.

THOR HEYERDAHL, 87

ANCIENT MARINER

Tom Hanks's climactic escape in *Cast Away* was a pleasure cruise compared with Heyerdahl's epic *Kon-Tiki* expedition in 1947. Despite a paralyzing fear of water as a youth, the Norwegian shoved off from Peru on a primitive balsa-log raft. His point: to prove to stodgy scholars his contention that Polynesia could have been settled by South Americans riding westward winds (rather than by Southeast Asians, as history held, paddling east against the current). For 101 days Heyerdahl and five fellow Scandinavians drifted through perfect storms and schools of sharks, covering 4,300 miles (think Moscow to Chicago) before washing ashore on the reef of Raroia. Heyerdahl's unflagging belief that the oceans were conveyors, not barriers, for early seafarers prompted him to make several voyages in the 1970s in replica reed boats, including one from Morocco to Barbados. To this day, scientists debate and debunk his thesis. An anthropologist and archaeologist, Heyerdahl is set to embark on a dig in Western Samoa that may unearth further evidence of common origins among civilizations past. He is after nothing less, he says, than proving "the unity of mankind."

Photographed near his home in the Canary Islands, Spain, on December 5, 2001.





The world is flat.

Forget what you learned in kindergarten; stand on the beach and stare out at the horizon and there is no disputing that our planet looks as flat as a plank. It's no wonder, really, that epochs passed before some brave soul, confounded by why the sun kept falling into the maw each day only to rise again the next, finally threw caution to the wind and risked falling off the edge of the earth.

Imagine Christopher Columbus at the helm of the *Santa María,* admiring a full moon, potential oblivion be damned. Surely the last thought he would ever entertain would be that one day soon (as epochs go) a man would land there and return safely home.

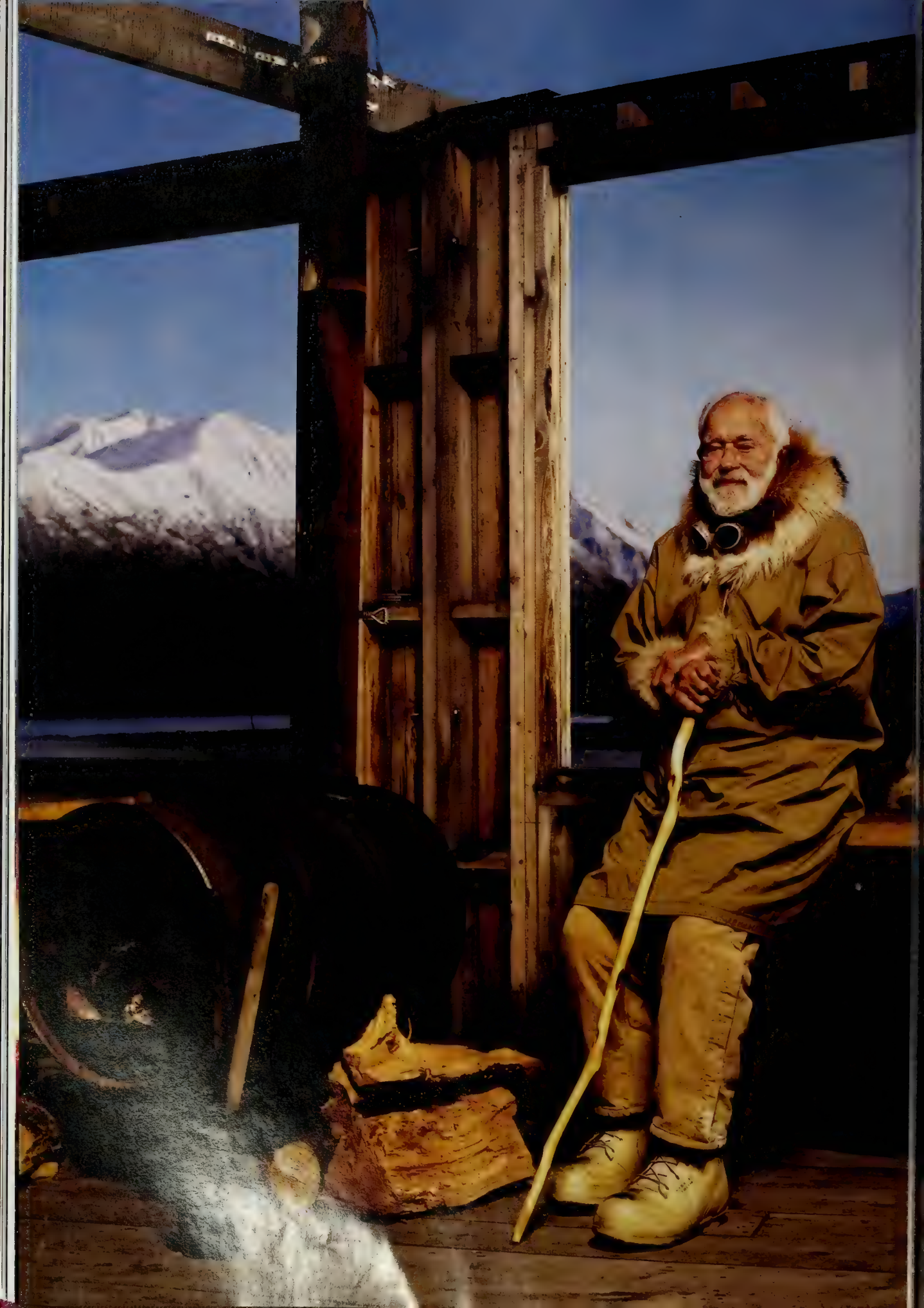
Recently, I asked that man how often, in his dreams, he finds himself back on the lunar surface. "I never have," Neil Armstrong answered without a blink. With all due respect, it is hard to believe that Armstrong, who experienced exploration's—and humanity's—most profound achievement, has never dreamed himself back to the Sea of Tranquillity. Harder still to grasp: what compels a person to charge headlong into certain peril—and not just once but serially? For the likes of Armstrong and the 10 inveterate explorers featured here, it has not been a question of "Why?" It has been a quest for "Why not?"

Even so, the modern age of exploration is coming to a clamorous close. Base camp at Mount Everest, during peak season, resembles Yosemite on Labor Day weekend. And thanks to satellites that chart the earth's distant crannies and feed pinpoint locations to handheld global-positioning devices (the size and cost of a Palm Pilot), there are few places left on the surface that humanity has not visited or at least glimpsed.

Where to next, then? While, admittedly, wondrous discoveries remain underfoot, the most intriguing frontiers are the oceans and outer space. We are searching for water on Mars, and we suspect there are oceans under ice canopies on three of Jupiter's moons. We know that life on Earth began in the sea, and that water covers more than 70 percent of the globe. However, only a fraction of the world's oceans has ever been probed.

What might we find 20,000 leagues under the sea or out on infinity's fringe? More pressing: will humankind be around to find out? Like most explorers—even us self-professed armchair types—I am an optimist. I believe we will endure. But to do so we must tread lightly as we tread onward.

Maybe all we really need to know we *did* learn in kindergarten. Right about the time we were shown that the world is, indeed, round, we were also taught that when we use things we ought to leave them the way we found them.



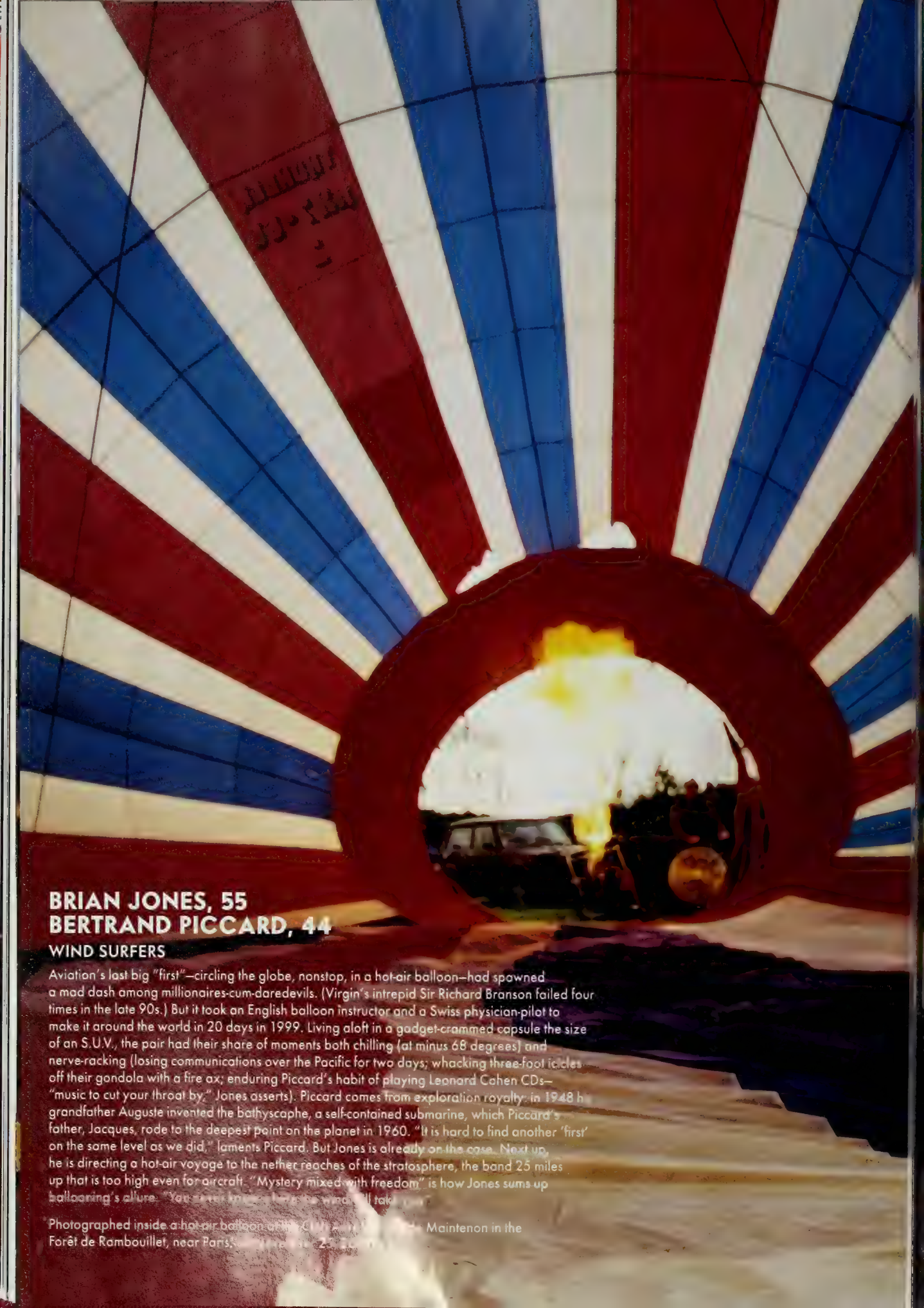


NORMAN VAUGHAN, 96

INDOMITABLE SNOW MAN

His Harvard studies ended the night he read this headline: BYRD TO THE SOUTH POLE. The next morning, Vaughan, an expert dog musher (who at age 12 had lashed his Flexible Flyer to his German shepherd, Rex), knocked on Admiral Richard E. Byrd's Beacon Hill door to offer his services, gratis. Byrd's 1929 mission was to make the first flight over the South Pole; Vaughan's was to train and care for the 97 dogs that supported the effort. As a gift for that pivotal role on the 14-month expedition, Byrd named a 10,302-foot Antarctic peak Mount Vaughan. Closer to home, Vaughan drove a sled in the 1932 Winter Olympics and during W.W. II led 209 rescue dogs at the Battle of the Bulge. At 68, after falling on hard times, Vaughan moved to Alaska and shoveled snow in exchange for meals. The Iditarod dogsled race saved him. Not only did he marry one of his dog handlers (Carolyn Muegge, 37 years his junior), but the competition rekindled his spirit. He took the reins 13 times, the last at age 86. None of his accomplishments, though, eclipses that of his ascent of Mount Vaughan in 1994—three days shy of his 89th birthday. "I haven't done anything that anyone else couldn't have done," he says. "I just did it."

Photographed with Spirit, a Siberian husky, in Cooper Landing, Alaska, on October 16, 2001



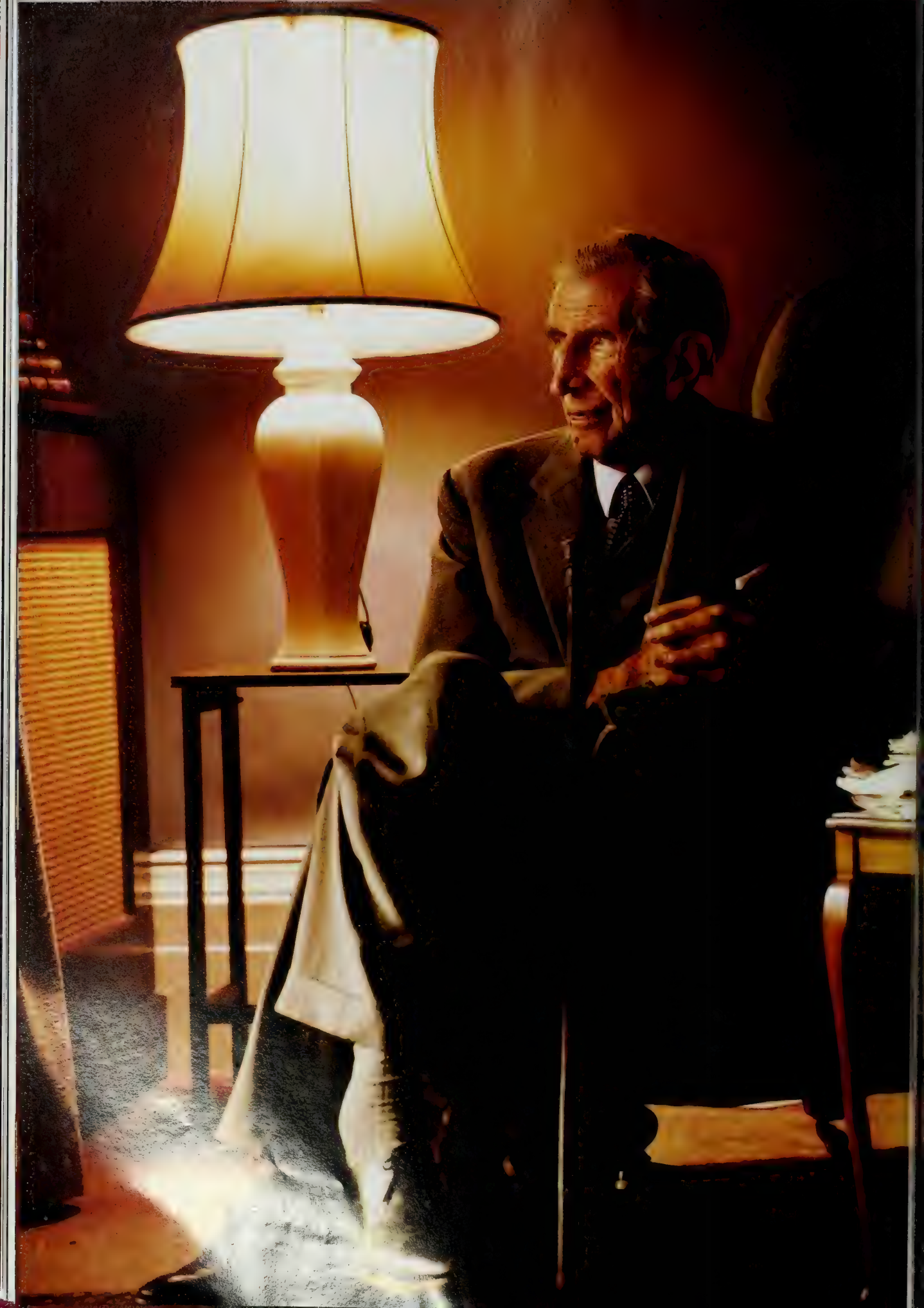
BRIAN JONES, 55
BERTRAND PICCARD, 44

WIND SURFERS

Aviation's last big "first"—circling the globe, nonstop, in a hot-air balloon—had spawned a mad dash among millionaires-cum-daredevils. (Virgin's intrepid Sir Richard Branson failed four times in the late 90s.) But it took an English balloon instructor and a Swiss physician-pilot to make it around the world in 20 days in 1999. Living aloft in a gadget-crammed capsule the size of an S.U.V., the pair had their share of moments both chilling (at minus 68 degrees) and nerve-racking (losing communications over the Pacific for two days; whacking three-foot icicles off their gondola with a fire ax; enduring Piccard's habit of playing Leonard Cohen CDs—"music to cut your throat by," Jones asserts). Piccard comes from exploration royalty: in 1948 his grandfather Auguste invented the bathyscaphe, a self-contained submarine, which Piccard's father, Jacques, rode to the deepest point on the planet in 1960. "It is hard to find another 'first' on the same level as we did," laments Piccard. But Jones is already on the case. Next up, he is directing a hot-air voyage to the nether reaches of the stratosphere, the band 25 miles up that is too high even for aircraft. "Mystery mixed with freedom" is how Jones sums up ballooning's allure. "You [illegible]

Photographed inside a hot-air balloon [illegible] Maintenon in the Forêt de Rambouillet, near Paris, [illegible]







SIR WILFRED THESIGER, 92

ARABIAN KNIGHT

Most men would think better of wandering into country where the head-hunting natives collect interlopers' testicles . . . or braving inhumane elements to cross one of the world's most forbidding deserts, on foot and camel. Twice. And yet Thesiger, one of the earliest explorers to trek among Africa's Danakil (in 1934) and among the first Westerners to venture so deep into the vast wilderness between the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea known as the Empty Quarter (in the 1940s), was inextricably drawn "to remote places where cars cannot penetrate and where something of the old ways survive." Thus he wrote in *Arabian Sands*, his favorite among his nine books, which Thesiger frequently rereads to fill his hours and his gaps in memory. The 1959 chronicle recounts his five years spent living with nomadic Bedouin, when contentment was found in a taste of water untainted by camel urine. Today it is Thesiger's ticket back to a time, place, and spirit rendered extinct by what he considers the scourge of modern civilization. "The combustion engine," he says, "is the biggest disaster of our time."

Photographed at his home in Surrey, England, on November 20, 2001.



ROBERT BALLARD, 5

DEEP-SEA SLEUT

"I wanted to be Captain Nemo," says Ballard, an oceanographer best known f
finding sunken vessels (such as the German battleship *Bismarck*) and perfecting tools for explorin
the bottom of the sea. Drawing early inspiration from Jules Verne's valiant skipper and fro
a spin, at 16, on the submarine ride at Disneyland, Ballard was lured to the ocean's depths, maki
his first dive in a real sub as a 27-year-old naval officer. "I sat up all night staring out at the fish," he say
Seventeen years later, gazing through a porthole two and a half miles beneath the surface of the Nor
Atlantic, Ballard discovered buried treasure: the R.M.S. *Titanic*, unseen and undisturbed since it sank
1912. But infinitely more satisfying and significant, Ballard contends, was his 1977 sighting
giant clam colonies and eight-foot worms, red and radiant, flourishing in slender white tubes 8,5
feet deep along the Galápagos Rift. Encountering the first known ecosystem to live off the energy
the earth instead of the energy of the sun, Ballard points out, "completely revolutionized o
way of thinking about the origin of life on our planet." Paraphrasing a favorite Joseph Campb
quote, he says, "Life is the act of becoming. One never arrive

Photographed in a camera-equipped submersible at the Mystic Aquarium a
Institute for Exploration in Mystic, Connecticut, on August 4, 200

SYLVIA EARLE, 66

ORACLE OF THE OCEANS

[redacted]

record untethered dive, in 1979—to a depth of 1,250 feet, off the coast of Hawaii—still stands. She has descended in a submersible to 3,300 feet, where luminescent fish "flash and sparkle like the Fourth of July," she says, ever mindful of humanity's fragile relationship with the oceans. "If the sea is sick, we'll feel it," she warns. "If it dies, we die." Earle has no plans to tarry too long at her spread in the Oakland, California, hills—not with innovations such as this prototype Exosuit, which offers deep-sea divers heretofore unfathomable range of motion. Earle admits that having spent more than 6,000 hours underwater contributed to three divorces. She even acknowledges that she is, in some sense, married to the sea. "The ocean," Earle insists, "has never let me down."

Photographed in Burrard Inlet in Vancouver, British Columbia, on October 20, 2001.





REINHOLD MESSNER, 57

ALPINE PIONEER

"They said climbing Everest without oxygen is not possible," recalls the man who dared to try. "I said, 'Who made these rules?'" In 1978, Messner and an Austrian partner had the audacity and nerve to scale the 29,028-foot mountain without the aid of "English air," as Sherpas call the supplemental oxygen tanks favored by Westerners. Two years later Messner returned, alone, becoming the first to conquer Everest solo. None before him had enjoyed the view atop the earth's 14 grandest peaks (each measuring 26,250 feet or more). A too close encounter with a shadowy beast in 1986 set Messner on a 12-year pursuit of the mythical Yeti, which he ultimately concluded was not the Abominable Snowman but Tibet's nocturnal snow bear. No less treacherous is Messner's day job as a member of the European Parliament; an Italian citizen with Austrian roots, he resides in a restored castle in the Tyrolean Alps, where he is a gentleman winemaker and yak farmer. "We are not made for Everest or Antarctica or the desert," he says. "But step by step we can overcome."

Photographed in his home, Castle Juval, in South Tyrol, Italy, on November 22, 2001.





SIR EDMUND HILLARY, 82

FATHER EVEREST

The humble beekeeper–turned world's greatest living explorer–recalls sitting in his Auckland, New Zealand, study one quiet day in 1990 when the telephone rang. It was his son, Peter, calling. From the pinnacle of Mount Everest. No such amenities were available 49 years ago this month, when Hillary and his Sherpa climbing partner, Tenzing Norgay (who died in 1986), became the first men to set foot on, and return from, the top of the world. Of that moment, Hillary remembers being acutely aware that they had to turn around and head back down. "Well, George," he famously remarked during his descent, upon greeting his friend George Lowe, "we knocked the bastard off."

Photographed [illegible] on Kare Kare Beach near his home in Auckland, New Zealand, on March 6, 2002.



Summit. Ahead of us was the long, narrow ridge leading to the final peak of the mountain. My swinging ice ax cut a narrow line of steps, and we moved up a rounded snow dome and emerged on the summit of the world. It was a great moment.

Year after year, I have been involved in exciting adventures. Among the most memorable was a 1956 expedition driving farm tractors up the crevassed Skelton Glacier in the Antarctic to reach the Polar Plateau at 8,000 feet. I can recall our team dropping tractor wheels into deep crevasses and towing them out again, and struggling desperately through deep, soft snow. Weeks and indeed months passed until ahead of us loomed the great rounded American South Pole station, which had been established by airlifting items to the site. With our small farm tractors we had been the first team to travel overland with vehicles to the South Pole.

There have been so many other adventures as well. Building 27 schools for the Himalayan people and two hospitals. Establishing three mountain airfields and helping rebuild traditional Sherpa monasteries. Driving three jet boats up the great Ganges from the Bay of Bengal to the river's source among the great Himalayan Mountains. And flying over the ice-clad Arctic Ocean to the North Pole with Neil Armstrong as a companion—what a delightful person he proved to be.

I suppose the major challenges of terrestrial exploration have been overcome, but there are still many exciting adventures to be attempted: sailing across the wild southern oceans, tackling the many unclimbed peaks in the Himalayas and the Antarctic, and penetrating deeply into the many great underground caverns.

Yes, there are still plenty of places left to explore!

–SIR EDMUND HILLARY

In 1950s New York, advertising was a glamorous business, full of freewheeling, high-flying talent, most of it male. But a young mother, plucked from McCann-Erickson by the controversial Bill Bernbach, would dazzle them all, rising to run her own agency. In an excerpt from her autobiography, MARY WELLS LAWRENCE relives the audacious campaign she designed for Braniff Airways, her romance with its dashing chairman, Harding Lawrence, and the enchantment they wove, for themselves and favored clients, at La Fiorentina, their villa on Cap-Ferrat



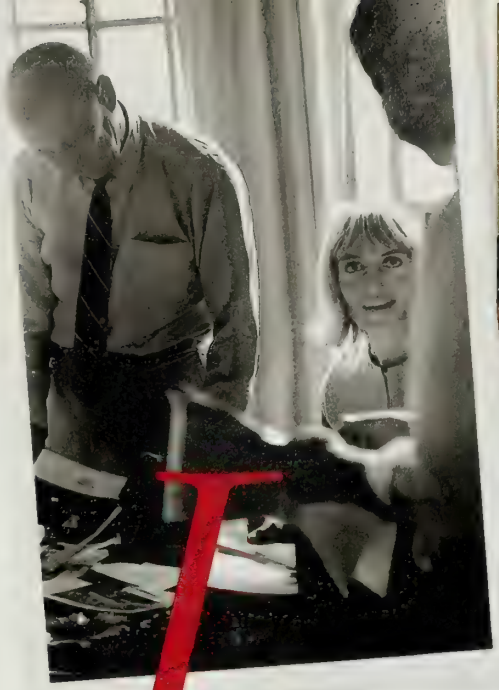
The Lady Was



BREAKING THE MOLD

Opposite, Mary Wells at her desk in New York, 1975. *This page,* "Braniff Hostesses," as they were known, modeling Emilio Pucci's 1966 uniforms; before this, stewardesses looked like pilots who could fly the plane in case the real pilot had a heart attack.

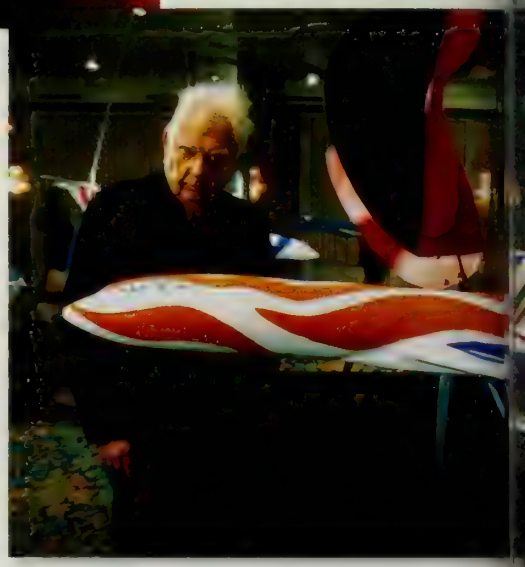
an Adman





A MODERN PRESIDENT

From far left: Wells in her office at Jack Tinker & Partners, 1965, just before she founded Wells Rich Greene, Inc.; with co-founder Dick Rich and a client during a photo shoot for *Fortune* magazine; Alexander Calder with a model of one of his "Flying Colors" Braniff planes, 1975; Harding Lawrence and Wells in Washington, D.C., in 1967, when they announced their engagement.



I was working at McCann-Erickson for the money, for little black dance dresses that showed off my Norwegian legs, for my baby daughters' smocked dresses from Saks, and for an apartment larger than I could afford, but then I met Bill Bernbach, and he made a serious woman out of me. In the 50s in New York if you talked about "Bill" you meant Bill Bernbach. He was the talk of the town because he was creating a revolution in the advertising business, which was a glamorous business at the time. He challenged all the big agencies that had become important since World War II, saying they had killed advertising. Ads, he said, had become dishonest, boring, insulting, even insane. Worse, they didn't sell anything to anybody. The big agencies defended themselves; they said they made advertising scientifically, with sophisticated research. But Bill claimed they were either liars or stupid. Their pitiful research reduced advertising to, basically, one poor tired ad that was repeated over and over again. When he really got going he would say things like "The big agencies are turning their creative people into mimeograph machines!," and all the frustrated creative people in town would stamp their feet and cheer, "Yea, Bill!"

The advertising business, like America itself after the war, had built up the fiction of safety with its hierarchies and armylike respect for the boss. In the big agencies the boss was a group of executives called the creative-review board. The agencies' research told them that America hungered for happiness and peace, so they produced advertising that was happy and peaceful. Children were always clean and smiling. Dogs were clean and smiling. Beautiful women stretched out on the roofs of cars in their gowns and jewels and furs to make the cars look prettier. Bottles of whiskey wore crowns and stood on red velvet columns pretending they were the Duke of Windsor. Bill was right—advertising was the land of the insane.

He had galloped out of the Grey agency to set advertising free with a little gold mine of people: Ned Doyle, Mac Dane, Bob Gage, and Phyllis Robinson. They opened an agency, Doyle Dane Bernbach, and set about changing the way advertising looked, what it said, how it sounded—they even felt free to change the product or the company that made the product if that was what it took to have a success. When Doyle Dane Bernbach's first ads began to appear, they were as effective as Bill had promised they would be, and after that, in the advertising business, there was no turning back, and Bill was the star.

Phyllis Robinson was his copy chief, and when I went to interview for a job with her I was not optimistic. I knew how the work I had done at the large, traditional McCann-Erickson agency would look to Doyle Dane Bernbach. I spent days creating pretend ads to suggest that I was more talented than what my portfolio of real samples had to show. I arrived much too early. By the time Phyllis finally came out to the waiting room to collect me I had become frail; I could have fallen to my knees. She, on the other hand, was like the lead angel in an opera: tall, handsome, strong, brimming with energy and humor and purpose—an honest-to-goodness adult. She swept me into her office and turned her intelligence on me. Then, seeing how overimpressed I was, she eased down into the role of a friend and did all she could to help me with the interview. "Oh, this is interesting," she said. "Yes, mmmm good, tell me all about this," and I melted into adoration.

A week later she hired me. Bill wasn't sure, but he had said yes. When I met him he took my hand, looked soulfully into my eyes, and baptized me saying, "McCann-Erickson is a terrible agency, so you are a big gamble from my point of view, but Phyllis sees something in you." I have never forgotten those exact words, because it took me a few years to get over them; he was full of himself all the time, and I wasn't—yet. Then he lit up as though he had thought of a great practical joke to play on me and said, "You have to meet Ned Doyle. He handles the Max Factor account, and you will be working with him—let's see what he thinks of you!" And he led me next door to the man who was the head of account services.

Ned Doyle, as Irish as he could be, watched me cross his office without expression, but then I saw him think, Huz

Excerpted from *A Big Life in Advertising* by Mary Wells Lawrence, to be published in May by Knopf; © 2002 by the author.


After we married he worked in
Dallas and I worked in New York.....
It didn't matter where we were.


N7076

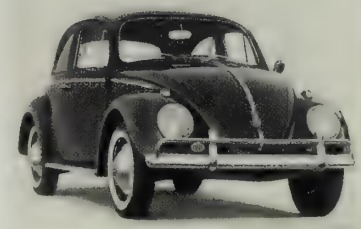
h!, and I knew he would be a fan. He as a slender man with gray hair, cool es, and a carved face. He was wildly flir- tious, but in that safe, old-fashioned way, nd he liked everything about me except y nickname, Bunny. "You can't work at oyle Dane Bernbach with a name like unny. Mary is a good name. From now n you're Mary." For a couple of hours e bantered; he wanted to see if I was ugh enough to be any fun, and I learned lot about the agency. Ned loved Bill. Bill ould not admit he loved—and needed— ed. Bill was the genius, but Ned was the adiator in any fight for Bill's ideas.

Taken in pieces Bill Bernbach wasn't uch. Shorter than he sounded, he had a ary half-smile, cow's-milk eyes, pale skin, ft shoulders; he seemed to be boneless, ut he communicated such a powerful in- er presence he mowed everybody around im down and out of sight. Many people ere afraid of him. I was—I didn't want get too close. There was something vol- anic going on—it was a little like being in he company of Mao or Che or the young idel. Many of us had hiding places at he agency where we could avoid him, nd it is true that even some of the surest hen who were closest to Bill drank more han they should have.

Bill wrote few ads himself, but he had the great ideas and a sensibility that was rare in business in the 50s. When he looked at a product he saw it in its most successful metamorphosis. He saw the advantage in a disadvantage and could turn things around. When the Volkswagen appeared in the United States soon after the war, it was small, it was ugly, and it was seen as a Nazi car. Bill looked at it and saw an opportunity to break all the rules in the automobile book. From the first, Volkswagen advertising was as entertaining as it was respectful of the reader. It communicated in the simplest way; there was just the Volkswagen and a plain, sans serif headline that was self-deprecating, irreverent, funny, even a pun. The ads were smart and memorable. One of the early ones said, THINK SMALL, at a time when Detroit cars were getting bigger. My favorite confessed to a mistake. LEMON, the headline said. The story goes that Bill sold the ad to a German executive who did not want to admit he did not understand English well. He didn't get the double meaning of the word "lemon."

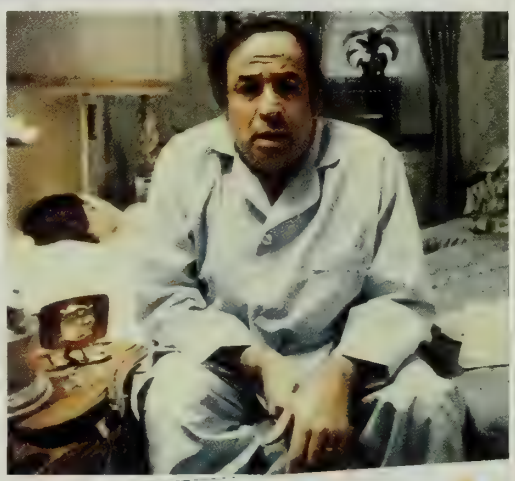
I was not Bill's kind of writer. I wasn't good at clever puns and I couldn't be cute and cool at the same time. My strong suit, theatricalizing life with dreams, irritated him. I was lucky to work on accounts for women because when his ideas for Max Factor cosmetics didn't fly, he gave up. He decided that women had different psyches from men, and he stayed out of my ads.

I was in Europe shooting a commercial for Betty Crocker when my secretary told me that Marion Harper was trying to find me. "It's important," he said. I had never met Marion, but I knew he was building the world's first advertising-agency conglomerate, Interpublic.



THEATRICAL ADS

Opposite, 1965: stewardesses loved the Pucci outfits to go with "The End of the Plain Plane." *Left,* Doyle Dane Bernbach's VW "Lemon" ad. *Below,* "I can't believe I ate the whole thing," Wells Rich Greene's revolutionary campaign for Alka-Seltzer—heartburn suddenly got chic!

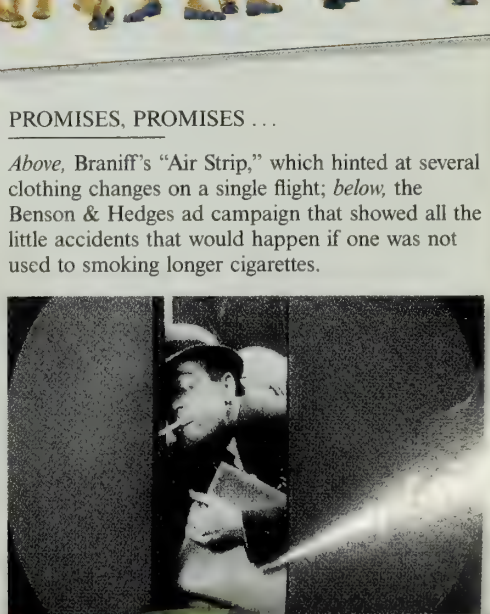


In the advertising business, clients did not usually give their accounts to agencies already working for their competitors. Conflicts—two car accounts or two cosmetic accounts—were traditionally not allowed. Marion was trying to circumvent that tradition, as it limited an agency's opportunities for growth. He was trying to build a corporate connection between autonomous agencies. This seems an obvious idea now that it has been refined into what we call global networks of agencies. But if you examine those networks today, you still won't find many of the mightiest competitors living under one corporate roof. The idea was so shocking in the 50s and early 60s that Madison Avenue viewed Marion as either unethical or frivolous. One of his agencies was McCann-Erickson, so he knew something about me. "I've had my eye on you. I've been following you," he said. "I am going to make you an offer you won't be able to refuse."



PROMISES, PROMISES . . .

Above, Braniff's "Air Strip," which hinted at several clothing changes on a single flight; *below,* the Benson & Hedges ad campaign that showed all the little accidents that would happen if one was not used to smoking longer cigarettes.



I was renting a small house near the sea, in Quogue on Long Island, that spring. I took my daughters there weekends. My marriage was a headache, and it was a relief to leave the city, because I knew that my husband, Bert, would say he couldn't leave, he had to work. Marion sent his Interpublic plane (proof of his immoral ways) to fly me to lunch with him in Manhattan on a Saturday. We met at one of his clubs, where he was graceful and warm welcoming me. I had a narrow view of what he would be like and was surprised to see he

had such an attractive, educated manner. He told me he had created a think tank around Jack Tinker, whom I had worked for at McCann-Erickson. Marion's idea was to have one highly talented group that would provide a never-ending stream of fresh ideas and superlative creative work for all his other, larger agencies. Thanks to Doyle Dane Bernbach's success, most of the big agencies were slowly taking steps to produce more creative advertising. Marion thought it would be easier to have one small group of alchemists turn dross into gold when it was called for than it would be to reshape the big traditional agencies.

It was an agile, efficient concept. Jack Tinker and his partners could draw on all of Interpublic's resources—the expensive research and media departments, for example—and did not need to reproduce them. But after a couple of years Marion was starting to worry about the concept. It was looking expensive to him, and the Interpublic agencies were not happy paying for creative work from Jack that they preferred to do themselves.

Marion said that he thought it was time to turn Jack Tinker & Partners, the think tank, into an advertising agency with clients and income of its own. He wanted me to join Jack and take my experience at Doyle Dane Bernbach with me to build a new-wave agency that would set the standard for the industry. "The agency will be your dream, whatever you think an agency should be, a television agency for the new world. I will back you every step of the way. Jack agrees—you are as much his choice as mine." He must have seen something he was looking for in me, because at that point he began discussing what my salary could be and what contract he had in mind. I don't know whether Marion had researched me well or was something of a mind reader, but he was right—it was an offer I had to consider. I did dream of creating an agency that would be based on the theatrical television advertising I imagined for the future.

There was absolutely no one I could talk to about the possibility. My husband and I weren't talking about anything important. I didn't want to frighten my mother and father, and my daughters were babies. My friends would have hooted me out of Manhattan. "Leave Doyle Dane Bernbach for Jack Tinker & Partners, the think tank? You have

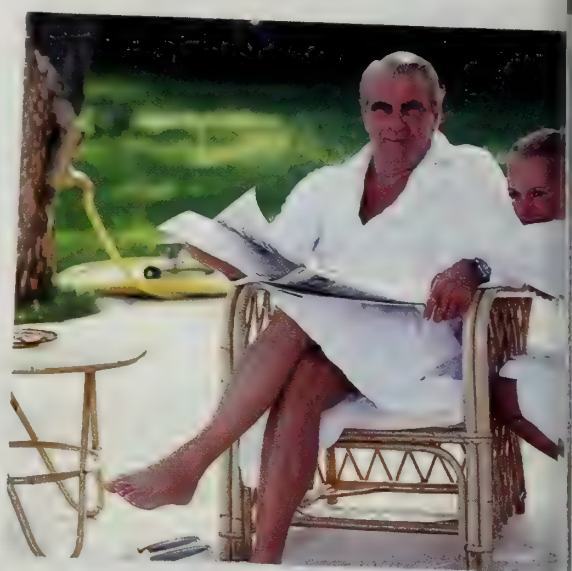
In fact, I never told Bill and Ned or two for a sabbatical, out on my own. I was too dependent on them—I had to experience the dangerous world without them. It was time for me to grow up. I promised to return to Doyle Dane Bernbach a far better and more mature advertising executive. They were thunderstruck. "Ohhhhhh, Mary," Bill whispered. They thought so little of Marion Harper and Interpublic that they never doubted for an instant that I would return. I was not a threatening loss to them. In 1963, Doyle Dane was booming, and talent was hanging out the windows. Still, I was family and they were seriously worried about me. Later, I heard that Bill sometimes thought of me as a daughter who had left home for her own apartment and he wondered what I was really doing there.

Whatever they may have thought or said, the tough rope of the idea that we were family took a very long time to break.

Jack Tinker & Partners was living in a grand duplex suite in the Dorset Hotel. My first impression was that nothing at all was going on there. The place was idling, waiting for somebody to come along and do something. I had been given a key, and when I opened the door my first morning I may have been the earliest to arrive. The reception room felt like a château that had been shuttered for the season, its furniture shrouded in white linen covers, as if nobody at all was expected. There wasn't a sound, which was eerie in itself in New York, where even padded rooms don't filter out murmurs from the streets and subways. The sofas were spotless and plumped, the liquor bottles unopened. This is a tomb, I thought. I felt like a poacher; it was hard not to tiptoe. I had a second of being completely baffled by how I had come to be working in this dead place. I hadn't heard him, but Jack had come in behind me. When I turned and saw him he had a face full of sympathy and understanding, and without saying a word about our thoughts we became fast friends and in tune about what we were going to do with Jack Tinker & Partners.

I had calls from old friends at McCann who warned me that Jack and his partners, Herta Herzog and Myron McDonald, had really been put out to pasture at the Dorset Hotel. They were expensive people who had been bypassed for one reason or another at McCann, but Marion respected them too much to retire them early. They had not chosen one another, I was told. They weren't mad about each other and there were squabbles—it was a pretentious mess. When Herta and I met at Tinker she looked like an Austrian movie star. She struck me as very smart and politically attuned. She had been told that I was from the new young world of advertising and was a revolutionary, so she was wary. But she was game—she wanted something exciting to happen there. I loved talking to her. She had a magnificent Viennese accent—she sounded like Freud or maybe Moses, as if she had all the answers. Myron McDonald was an enigma. I never did understand what his role was. He was introduced to me as the business partner, but he was always on the fringe, on the outside, with what looked like a frustrated flush.

Tinker had a good art director when I got there, Stewart Greene, but his style was





AN EARTHLY PARADISE

Left, the entrance to La Fiorentina; Ionic columns support the grand portic whose design was inspired by Palladio's Villa Rotonda. *Above,* Harding and Mary relax by the pool, 1978. *Opposite* Falconet sphinxes border the steps dow to the Mediterranean.


La Fiorentina is not
a house, it is not real estate—
it is a fantasy of what Heaven
might be if there
were eight for two

a little soft, so I hired Dick Rich to work with him. Dick had been at Doyle Dane Bernbach for a while, but Bill had not understood him—he was a little too much like Woody Allen for Bill's taste. In fact, Bill called me and told me that hiring Dick was my first mistake, and it was a doozy. But I thought Dick's edgy, contemporary humor would sharpen up Stew Greene, who was too much like the guy you saw in the movie *Pleasantville,* always calm and encouraging no matter what was falling down around him. By the end of the year we'd hired an exceptional group of writers and art directors who had taken a chance on working at Tinker because I overpaid them so much they assumed I knew something about the place that they didn't know. Right away, as though he had just been waiting for me to hire a few creatures from Mars to prove we were a new-wave agency, Marion brought Walter Compton of Miles Laboratories in to meet us. Miles made Alka-Seltzer, and Walter Compton was looking for a modern agency capable of a little magic.

My newly hired creative crew thought like creatures from outer space, but they looked perfectly normal, so they were a bit of a disappointment at first to Marion as well as to Walter Compton. Starting in the 60s, for about 10 years, a lot of businessmen hoped to find something eye-boggling when they visited the new, younger agencies. They were inexplicably moved by the idea of having Mick Jagger or Led Zeppelin doing their advertising. I found myself promising Walter that our creative talents were harbingers of a world as hip and successful as the Beatles. Walter said to me (earnestly), "Does Herb Green always wear a jacket and tie? Tell him he doesn't have to wear them for me. I want him to be his true self." Walter Compton was a great client, but he never got over his disappointment in the wardrobes at Tinker, and sometimes, just to keep him feeling he was in a nest of flower power, I vaguely alluded to peyote problems in the back rooms.

In 1965, Bob Six and Harding Lawrence came to see us about Continental Airlines. Bob was the chairman; he looked like a tall, black-haired, grinning pirate. Harding was the president, and he looked as if central casting had sent him over to play the president of an airline.

It was not exactly love at first sight when Harding and I met, although it was one of those meetings when you look into another person's eyes and, unexpectedly, feel something you would rather not feel right at that moment, so you look away, steel your mind to forget it, and then look back coolly—but you don't forget. I had read about him, admiring stories—the press liked him. Continental was considered a smart, profitable, forward-thinking airline in the 60s. Its Chicago–Los Angeles run made the competition look shabby, and it had a reputation for understanding what made the business flier tick. Harding was given much of the credit, and there were rumors in all the papers that other airlines were trying to kidnap him.

They came to see us for something special to help them launch the supersonics they had ordered. Many airlines were placing orders for supersonics. The Concorde was a thrilling idea; getting to your destination faster seemed like something that would happen naturally in the airline industry. Bob and Harding wanted to promote supersonic technology ahead of the arrival of the planes to stir up excitement for them. Together, the two men had enough charisma to shatter glass and enough energy to accomplish anything they set out to do. They knew their industry as if they had been the authors.

Bob was married to Audrey Meadows, who played the role of Alice on Jackie Gleason's *Honeymooners* series. Earlier he had been married to Ethel Merman. He looked at life as a superlative meal; you felt he could digest anything—he would never need Alka-Seltzer. I knew nothing about Harding's personal life. When we made a trip to Continental's offices in Los Angeles to learn about supersonics, he seemed distracted. He murmured, "Something has come up that may interest you. I'll call you about it." When he called he told me that Troy Post and his insurance group had bought controlling interest in Braniff Airways, a small airline based in Dallas. Troy wanted Harding to turn Braniff into an important carrier with a new fleet of jets and an ambitious program. Harding said that he had been receiving offers to run other airlines, but the opportunity at Braniff was challenging, and he loved a challenge. He planned to resign from Continental and join Braniff in the spring.

"I want to hire you people at Tinker to help me introduce Braniff to the world. Listen, Mary, I need a very big idea for this airline, something so big it will make Braniff important news overnight. I'm going to buy a large fleet of jets and they'll cost plenty. Braniff has a great route structure, but the airline is virtually unknown. We have to become hot news—I don't want to fly a lot of empty seats around. What do you think? Can you help me do that?"

Jack and Stew and I started to visit airports in New York, Washington, Chicago, Denver, Dallas, and other cities in Braniff's system. We hiked through miles of terminals. I was getting claustrophobic in them, depressed. Then, one morning, standing by a check-in gate in Chicago, I turned around. I saw a jail, the army, a prison camp, a ghastly desert, and a lot of gray people. I'm having a nightmare, I thought, but it was just the terminal. Airlines had developed out of the military, and modern marketing hadn't discovered them yet. Planes were metallic or white with a stripe painted down the middle to make them look as if they could get up and fly. The terminals were tacky. They had linoleum floors, gray metal benches—even the doors to the first-class clubs looked like the doors on mop closets. Stewardesses, as they were called, were dressed to look like nurses or like pilots who could fly the planes in case the real pilot had a heart attack.

There was no color. I saw the opportunity in color the way Flo Ziegfeld must have seen an empty stage. I saw Braniff in a wash of color. I tore up a hundred magazines, collecting pictures of automobiles in color, colorful interiors, colorful clothes. Jack and Stew began exploring ways to make the planes colorful. Jo Hughes, the fashion expert at Bergdorf Goodman, set up a meeting for me with Emilio Pucci, who stood for color in women's clothing more than anyone else in the world. He and I met; he understood me before I opened my mouth. Emilio was phenomenally prescient and I got a clue to his energy at the meeting. He seemed to me to be on the ceiling most of the time. But then, we were doing everything possible to turn Braniff upside down. I searched for Alexander Girard, the designer of La Fonda del Sol, a restaurant in the Time & Life Building that was a high-octane color montage of Mexican and modern. He lived in New Mexico, and Stew and I flew out to see him in his vivid house which included an art gallery that was a riot of folk art. We saw a thousand ideas for Braniff's terminals, check-in counters, and clubs in his house, and we signed him on as the project designer. I thought it was a good omen when he said he had been brought up in Florence and knew Emilio. It all came together as if preordained.

Jack sketched possible ways to give the planes color. We spread them out over the floor of the reception room and walked around them for a few days, just feeling them. There was something very right but also very wrong about each design. Stew simplified one design until the plane was basically one color green. I asked him to make the same design in different colors, because I didn't like green. We walked around those different colors for a few days and Stew sketched airport fields filled with all-green or all-blue planes. I asked him to do one with different-colored planes so we could choose the best color. When that sketch hit the floor of the reception room it was a thunderbolt; there wasn't a doubt—the sketch of the solid-colored planes in seven different colors was the hit show. Planes that were all the same color looked ho-hum. Seven colors looked like a big idea and wow and friendly and it would be big news. People would go out of their way to see them.

Before we made a full-scale presentation our color program to the new executives Braniff, I wanted to give Harding a pre-ew of the idea. He had never stopped ling me that he wanted an idea so big it ould fill up his new jets, because, as he said few hundred times, "an empty seat from allas to New York is revenue lost forever." fter he studied the sketches of his planes in ven different colors, he was quiet for a inute. Then he laughed. He said, and I will ver, ever forget it, "That will do it!" That id to be the moment I fell in love with him. I stood at the door to his office with the etches packed up, ready to leave for the rport. I knew I looked perfectly calm—he ld me later I was discouragingly profes-onal—but I was keeping a lid on emotions at seemed extremely danger-us to me. I felt powerful un-ercurrents zinging back and rth between us that could ess up my life, his life, a lot lives. I didn't want trouble—wanted to build the best ad-rtising agency in the world. I dn't have time for life-altering ve. When I looked at him to y good-bye, he was looking way, talking to someone on e phone. I ran.

Alexander Girard and, later, hil George designed terminal aiting areas, check-in acces-ries, and Braniff club rooms. hey filled them with color and lexican art. City by city Braniff ecame the beautiful one, and r a while, before all the airlines t the picture and redesigned emselves, Braniff made most f the others look sad.

Emilio got the idea that Bran-f's routes always took people from cold laces to warm places. He designed outfits r the stewardesses—who had become host-sses—that allowed them to take off a little it of their chic uniforms one piece at a time s Braniff planes flew to warm destinations. We called this antic process "The Air Strip" nd made a commercial of it that shocked a w people, but when we ran it on the Super owl it was a sensational hit. It was wonder-l to watch Braniff hostesses feel so beauti-l and begin to walk like models, one foot n front of the other, tra la la, on the planes.

We thought we should test one or two of e colors we were planning to use on the lanes, so we painted a grounded DC-6, an ld cargo plane that looked as if it was sit-ng down and couldn't possibly get up; it as dented all over and turning into tin. raniff painted it yellow on one side and range on the other side out on the field at e Braniff base. One scorching-hot Dallas norning Jack and I joined Harding and Braniff executives Ed Acker, Tom King, Glenn Geddis, and Jere Cox to take a look. We drove out to the plane in a large black car; we were all in dark suits. We walked around that half-yellow, half-orange plane as if we were in Mecca. Back at the base, hundreds of workers grouped at the windows to watch us. The word was that we planned to paint every plane in the fleet half yellow and half orange. The faces of the men at those windows showed what they thought of that idea. I had a stab of panic. Well, I thought, we can always paint them beige. Harding was cool, Ed gave the plane a sympathetic little pat, Jere and Tom didn't even blink, Glenn smiled beatifically, and Jack puffed on his pipe. (He said later he would have given anything to go up in smoke—he didn't know what to think.) We all got back into the big black car; no one said a word. We drove back to the base, had a coffee, and planned the painting of the fleet.



QUEEN OF THE HEAP
Wells, photographed by Bert Stern in his studio, 1969.

America cheered. Braniff held a news conference on the base when the first five 707s had been painted blue, green, yellow, red, and a shimmering turquoise. Press arrived from all over the world to see the planes stage a flyby: they flew very low and slow and close to the grandstands in smart formation. The French, English, Italian, Greek, and Chinese reporters stood up and yelled their heads off. I can't imagine what marketing idea it would take to get 300 reporters and photographers from around the world to yell their heads off today.

"The advertising has to live up to the planes," I told Charlie Moss, who was chosen to be the writer for Braniff. "Go ahead, be as sensational as you've always wanted to be." I should have kept my mouth shut. Charlie was so impressed with the painted planes, the Pucci hostesses, the Girard interiors—it was too much for him. He got writer's block.

Every day I would visit him and his art director, Phil Parker, to see what advertising was coming forth. Nothing. I tried exciting them. I tried threatening them. I tried love, hypnotism, charades. Charlie turned blue. Phil, who lived in a fedora and was so talented he could make any ad look better than it was, became bleary and vacant, and he began drinking martinis at lunch.

"What's the matter with you?," I asked them. "There's nothing to say!," Charlie cried. "You've lost your mind!," I told him, and he agreed. I walked over to their big wastebasket. "What's this?," I asked, pulling out the most wonderful ad for Braniff I could imagine. Phil had drawn a big orange plane across two pages. On one of the wings he had put the entire Braniff crew in their Pucci uniforms, Alexander Girard's multicolored seats, and a 10-piece Mexican band. Charlie had written the headline THE END OF THE PLAIN PLANE. WE DON'T GET YOU THERE ANY FASTER. IT JUST SEEMS THAT WAY.

It *was* the end of the plain plane. Airline advertising and marketing and design would never be the same. There were groans from other airlines—they complained that the paint made the planes heavy. Every airline that told that silly story is now flying fleets of painted planes. Paint gives a plane a smoother surface that makes up in speed for the slight difference in weight, and, more important, it is a lot easier to steam-clean a painted plane with detergent than it is to clean metal surfaces with machine polishers. As time is money in the airline industry, paint wins the prize.

In 1966 if you hadn't heard about Braniff you had to be in solitary confinement. In less than a year we received more publicity than we would from paid advertising over the next decade. Later, Harding persuaded Alexander (Sandy) Calder to paint a couple of Braniff planes as airmobiles. Calder spent a long time in Dallas painting those planes, and when he was resting, dillydallying about the Braniff field, he painted some of the Braniff mechanics' toolboxes. At first they were really mad. They thought their boxes were ruined. But when they learned

that their boxes had become works of art worth grand sums, they locked them up and became adoring fans of Sandy's.

Jack Tinker & Partners grew at such a rate we took another floor at the Dorset. I shared an elevator one morning with 50 shiny new wastebaskets and felt a flush of success—I just beamed at them. I was feeling free, even euphoric. Bert and I had agreed to divorce, and I was planning one of those quickies in Mexico. Marion had called, cheerful, even excited, to say he was coming by about something important. I assumed he had decided it was time to make good on his promise to make me the president of Jack Tinker & Partners. Instead, when we met he offered to pay me as if I were the president, to give me the authority of the president, but he said he could not give me the title of president, because he was certain that would limit the exciting growth of Jack Tinker & Partners. "It is not my fault, Mary—the world is not ready for women presidents. You have worked so hard to make Jack Tinker & Partners what it is, so many people are dependent on you, you wouldn't want to limit the agency's future just for a title." He was shocked at the blazing fury that came over me, the war he saw in my eyes. I left him sitting in my office talking to himself.

I called Harding and told him about my meeting with Marion. Harding asked me why I didn't open my own agency, where I could be the president as well as the chairman. He didn't promise anything, but it would have been confusing for Braniff at that time if the airline did not go with me to a new agency—I had every swatch of fabric, every Pucci sketch, every sample cup and saucer, every plan for the big Braniff color program in my hands.

Jack and I talked about the idea for hours late one evening. We sat in the meeting room looking down on the Museum of Modern Art's garden, until dusk turned into a jet-black starry night. There had been times in our years together when I knew Jack wished he could bridle me or lock me up. He was a careful, cautious man; while he was looking for alternatives, I would be galloping on. But we had come to believe in each other. That night he told me to go. He assured me he could continue enriching the agency's success. He said he had made a terrible mistake years before when a similar opportunity came his way and he had let it pass, and it would drive him crazy to watch me make the same mistake. His only worry was that I was so young and so goddamned determined, but "go do it," he said. When we locked the door of Jack Tinker & Partners that night we were exhausted. We could imagine missing each other.

I spoke to Dick and to Stew, and I found Charlie Moss as he was going down in the elevator to catch a plane for Peru to shoot a Braniff commercial. I told him not to be afraid of anything he heard while he was away—he would have a wonderful choice on his return. He got off the elevator as white as a sheet. I called Walter Compton at Alka-Seltzer and we vowed to stay good friends. Chemical Bank gave me operating money. Dick and Stew and I took eight rooms at the Gotham Hotel for offices, my mother answered the phones, and Wells Rich Greene, Inc., opened its doors in April 1966. I was the president.

So I let loose the bear. When I had my chance, everything that I was and everything I'd learned came together in Wells Rich Greene and made theater out of the advertising business. My way of running an agency was as if it were a motion-picture company with a lot of productions happening at one time; I was the director, sometimes the star. The people I hired were the cast of characters, and I was Elia Kazan, Mike Nichols, or Robert Altman—whatever it took to make them as good as they could possibly be. I gave each of them a part to play and then whispered in their ears, cajoled them, hypnotized them, overpaid them, cradled them, tickled them, soothed them, or terrified them into turning out exceptional work. I wanted a heroic agency. I dared everybody to be bold, to be thrilling, and I dared our clients to be bold and thrilling as well. I kept saying that our goal was to have big, breakthrough ideas, not just to do good advertising. I wanted to create miracles.

All that is true, but first there was bedlam. For a few months newspapers from all over the country called us morning, noon, and night to hear about all the new business we were given almost immediately. My mother and the hotel telephone operator never got past 10 o'clock in the morning without screaming at each other. We couldn't work in the rooms at first. We had to get rid of the beds—a dozen swearing men jostled mattresses and headboards out the doors as new clients struggled to get in.

Braniff had given Wells Rich Greene its first account, and the big Braniff color program moved into high gear shortly after we opened our doors. *Fortune* magazine photographed everybody at Wells Rich Greene sitting on the blue wing of a Braniff 707. I sat in a peacock chair. Many of the businessmen who visited us in our first months said they wanted "a Braniff," meaning an idea so big it would become the talk of the time.

In our meetings with Harding it seemed to me that he had become a dozen executives in one. I had never seen anyone addre so many different issues all at one tim People stood in line to get an opinion or a approval; his meetings tended to last thr minutes. He had a clear and roaring-fa mind, and he needed it during those month those years, building that airline. He w fearless too, up to the necessary confront tions in an industry that was competing f routes in Washington.

He was good-looking in a romantic wa sexy. I saw the libidinous glints in the ey of the women who hung around him. used to wonder who all those women wer but thought it would be a leading questic for me to ask. And I also observed the so sweet ways the thousand and one Brani hostesses had when they were near him. tried not to think about him personally, b that was just a little game I played.

One late afternoon in 1967, after we ha finished our advertising meeting wit him, Charlie took the five-o'clock fligh back to New York with all the adapted a vertising and the new plans we'd made. pulled the last bits and pieces together, sa my good-byes to Tom and Glenn, and le for the airport to catch the seven-o'cloc flight. I checked in, and when I looked up saw Harding standing there watching m tossing the keys to his car from one hand the other. We looked at each other and co nected in some crucial way. If this were gothic novel, I would use the word "primo dial"—it's the word for that connection. don't remember leaving the terminal wit him. Everything stripped away from me e cept that awareness of connecting, and aft that night in Dallas that connection nev let up, never loosened, even though after w married he worked in Dallas and I worke in New York. We both spent more tim traveling around the world on airplan than we did with each other, and we live together only on weekends. It didn't matt where we were—it still doesn't. Someplac in both of us, where there are no boundari and no end, there is an infinite connectio

We married in Paris at the *mairie* of th Eighth Arrondissement. We loved Franc and thought we could have a romantic an reasonably private ceremony there. Halst had been making hats at Bergdorf Goo man; nobody had ever heard of him, but had seen his sketches, and I asked him t make me a green velvet wedding dress. was the first dress he ever sold to anyon He made little versions in green velvet f my daughters, too. Hubert de Givenc made a black ruffled and flounced organ creation for me to wear the evening befo the wedding and, what with all the fittin and fuss, became a dearly beloved, forev friend, important to my life. I was som thing to see in that glorious dress. Alexa

re had given me a head full of vampy irls. We led our wedding party to Tour 'Argent with its walls of windows on the eine, where we created a dance floor and anced all night until dawn with Paris shimmering at ur feet.

In 1967, when Harding and I married, it ever entered his mind or mine that I would ave Wells Rich Greene, that we would ave a traditional marriage, living and work- ig in the same town. Betty Friedan had es- blished NOW, the National Organization for Vomen, in 1966, and although she was al- eady focusing on the Equal Rights Amend- ient and the right of women to control heir reproductive lives, the psychological hift that the women's movement brought o society had not yet changed it. Long- istance marriage was major news, and we ere forever being interviewed about the etails of ours. There was just enough wareness about what Frie- an called "the problem that as no name," the growing ense that motherhood and ousework were not enough or some women, that our arriage was examined with espect, if not awe. Harding nd I are both naturally no- adic, and our timing was ood. The jet was cutting the orld in half—in fact the world as fast becoming small as his nterests became increasingly nternational and mine were reaking out all over.

Living in the world, as we id, we searched for small omes in beautiful places here we could meet week- nds, and that is how we discovered La iorentina in Saint-Jean-Cap-Ferrat.

Ah. La Fiorentina. Most people who speak of it let out little sighs and look at me uriously, as if, in owning it, I were some- ne from a mysterious planet. It is so other- orldly beautiful. It is not a house, it is not eal estate—it is a fantasy of what Heaven ight be if things go right for you. There t sits, on the tip of the peninsula of Cap- Ferrat, surrounded by water on three sides. Monte Carlo twinkles a few miles to the left nd sometimes you think you see Corsica traight ahead, way out in the distance, in he cobalt-blue Mediterranean. As you gaze ut to sea you understand why Cézanne, Renoir, Monet, Matisse, and Bonnard paint- d such wonders in this one small part of he world, and how, in a Europe that was o often dark, they rejoiced to find yearlong un filtered so that the living colors of the rea are broken into dots and daubs or eiled so that the sea becomes lavender, the un pink, and the moon a silvered pink or flaming crimson, never ordinary white.

At one time, the style of La Fiorentina was Florentine, but when the owner returned after World War II, it was rebuilt in the Palladian style. Two long rows of tall cypress trees march gracefully down broad grass steps to a pool that stretches out and spills over into the sea. Everyone who has ever stood at the bottom of those grass steps and adjusted to the glory of the view, startlingly wide and open—feeling so free that you have the impression you are on the spot where you will take off from this life—has said the same thing: "How do you ever leave here?"

The international elite had lived a stage-set life there in the postwar years, luxurious, sometimes decadent, but without kitchens or much electricity. The cook at La Fiorentina brought fresh food from town for every meal on her bicycle and cooked it on a coal stove, and there was just enough electricity for one reading light in each room. Nevertheless, the owner, Enid Kenmare, always descended to her candlelit dinners in her pre-war Lucien Lelongs, Robert Piguets, and Lanvins, wearing the cabochon emeralds and rubies her devoted husbands had given her, always with a monkey or her pet hyrax sitting bright-eyed and upright on her shoulder. A beauty, she was also said to be a registered addict like many in her crowd, but whatever Enid Kenmare did to amuse herself in her time, her spirit welcomed us with serene joy.



A NEW KIND OF COCKTAIL
Wells Rich Greene created
"Plop, plop! Fizz, fizz! Oh, what a relief it is"
for Alka-Seltzer, 1977.

We acquired La Fiorentina knowing we couldn't spend much more than a few weeks a year in France until some unimaginable day when we weren't working as we did. Many millions of dollars later, after it was restored and made hugely comfortable, it became my most potent secret weapon with clients. The men running other agencies may have been bonding with their clients while chasing little white balls around. I bonded with my clients and their wives at La Fiorentina. Most of them came for long visits, some on their honeymoons, some when Harding and I weren't there, and for that time the villa was theirs, but mostly they came for visits with Harding and me. On hot days Harding would roar them off on the Riva to see the coast from the sea, the best way. Back at our dock they would tumble out of the boat and shriek as they hit the cool water. Then they would collapse, sunburned, on the lounges at the pool. Evenings, with their French windows opened wide so they could see the lights of Monte Carlo and Italy just beyond, they would hear the tinkle of a piano, as my Cole Porter pianist would try out a tune, and the murmur of the waiters setting out the dinner tables in the pavilion by the sea.

Sometimes Princess Grace of Monaco would come to dinner with my clients. She would arrive as the fairy-tale princess she knew they expected. She would wear rose-petal chiffon, and it would move like wings as she went about meeting people. She would smile and rest her lovely eyes on the men and they would forget everyone else. Their wives never minded: Grace was a dream and everyone was bewitched.

One evening I seated her at dinner next to a client I particularly adored, and I watched him fall in love. Women do these little benevolences for one another. Grace knew that her performance could make my dinner party unforgettable and she would be as charming as a human can be. About midnight she would sweep a group out to the seawall. She would dance a few little steps and then sit in the center of the moon's spotlight and, with a little wave, create a magic circle around her. She teased and flirted. She would consider the possibility of skinny-dipping in the moonlit sea; she would dare my clients, and for a while such a thing seemed possible, even likely.

She never went skinny-dipping, but the spell would be cast. The night my adored client fell in love with Grace we all dallied at the steps to the sea after she left, still laughing at the possibilities. My adored client did a little samba by himself; we hadn't known he could samba—it was like learning a secret. The moon laughed with us; we could feel it like a narcotic as we went back to the villa, to bed, enchanted, smiling. Then I thought of my male competitors on their golf courses, and I laughed again, to myself. □

J.F.K. Jr.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 182 fiasco. Our second issue would hit the stands in November, just before Stone's film *Nixon* opened. An established director making a movie about a political legend, Stone was a natural *George* story. Not to mention that he had directed the conspiracy-theory film on the assassination of John's father. Eric wanted John to interview Stone so badly he was practically hopping up and down. For the first time, John would publicly discuss the conspiracy theories swirling around his father's death. What editor wouldn't kill to publish that?

But there was one problem: John didn't want to do it. He had made a conscious decision not to live his life haunted by his father's assassination, trying to answer unanswerable questions. He'd never even seen *JFK*. On the other hand, John recognized that this story was manna from heaven for *George,* and in those early days he was bending over backward to try to do what we, the ostensible pros, thought he should do. In the end, against his better judgment, he agreed to interview Oliver Stone, but he refused to do it alone.

So he and Michael flew to L.A. for a get-to-know-you dinner at Rockenwagner, a restaurant in Santa Monica. They agreed that if John was uncomfortable at any point in the conversation he would get up and go to the rest room. Things did not go well. As they started their main course, Stone asked John's opinion of the second-gunman theory. What did John think? Lee Harvey Oswald couldn't really have killed John's father alone, could he? Shot him from that far away, then shot him again? There had to have been a conspiracy.

John excused himself, stood up, and walked away. As planned, Michael changed the subject. After John returned, dinner ended as soon as they could politely bring it to a close.

Back in New York, we met in John's office and tried to come up with a replacement interview fast. John apologized to Eric, who could not mask his disappointment, but refused to contact Stone again. As John spoke, conflicting emotions flickered across his face, revealing his distaste for Stone, his guilt over letting us down, and his self-recrimination for doing something he didn't feel comfortable with. He shuddered as he said, "I just couldn't sit across a table from that man for two hours. I just couldn't."

On February 25, 1996, John and Carolyn took Friday for a walk in Washington Square Park. It was a bright, sunny day, but what started as a pleasant Sunday-morning stroll suddenly went very wrong. One moment the two lovers were walking happily along, the next they erupted into a knock-down-drag-out argument. John began shouting at Carolyn, Carolyn shouted at John, and Friday looked on in distress.

Carolyn started shoving John, who pushed her back. His face contorted with rage, John screamed at Carolyn, "You've got my ring, you're not getting my dog!" Moments later he burst into tears and collapsed to the curb as if sucker-punched. Burying his head between his knees and wrapping his arms around his legs, he curled into a ball.

Seeing John in such pain, Carolyn couldn't stay mad. She knelt down and, touching him gently, tried desperately to console him. After a few moments, John slowly got to his feet. The two clasped hands and walked away, Friday trotting behind.

Unbeknownst to the lovers, their quarrel had been captured by a clandestine videographer and would be aired on a tabloid TV show two weeks later, after the program had a few days during which to promote its exclusive. Then *The National Enquirer* ran a cover story on "the brutal bust-up" that left America's "#1 hunk sobbing alone on the sidewalk."

In the office we circled the topic like airport guards around an abandoned suitcase. I knew that John had a temper and that Carolyn was no shrinking violet, but the violence of their rage presented a harsh contrast to the tenderness I'd seen between them. John volunteered nothing about the fight.

Even though the video suggested that Carolyn was more the aggressor than John, the fight was bad for *George.* Comedian David Spade joked of John, "Why don't you stop hitting your girlfriend and go back to pretending to run a magazine?" Carolyn lost, too, in a way I don't think she fully understood. The fight helped create an impression of her as high-maintenance and melodramatic. Americans knew John as chivalrous, a gentleman; he had once flown to California to meet Daryl Hannah after she'd allegedly clashed with her ex-beau the singer Jackson Browne. Now he was the one fighting with a woman. If he had changed, the public wouldn't blame him.

Though countless women would have traded places with her, Carolyn was in a situation where the odds of being disliked were much greater than those of winning America's heart. She was learning what Michael Berman already knew: that everyone wanted to believe the best of John, even if it meant believing the worst of the people around him. Carolyn was flirting with becoming the next Yoko Ono or Courtney Love, the woman who steals a beloved man from his adoring public. No longer the soft, accessible woman she had once been, she began developing a shell to protect herself.

From the time she started being photographed with John, Carolyn felt pressure to look the part of his physical peer. But unlike John, Carolyn had to work for her looks. According to several women in the office, she subjected herself to injections of Botox, a bacterium that numbs the nerves in her forehead, so that she would not frown and develop wrinkles. She dieted herself rail-thin, plucked her eyebrows until they were mere wisps, dyed her hair the color of white corn. She was sitting in my office once when John walked in and began stroking her hair. "Not so hard, O.K., baby?" Carolyn said, squirming a little. "I've got so many chemicals in this hair, you're going to break it." She was half joking, but only half.

I wished that the public could have seen John and Carolyn at their happiest, as they were just weeks later, when they hosted a *George* party in Washington. Held on March 25, 1996, at the luxurious home of socialites Peggy and Conrad Cafritz, it was an intimate gathering of perhaps 60 people including George Stephanopoulos, Secretary of Commerce Ron Brown, and Health and Human Services Secretary Donna Shalala.

About an hour into the evening, I saw John and Carolyn standing by a window near the bar. Someone was making a toast in the living room, and the other guests had gravitated that way. With a mischievous smile John slid the window open and dropped to the patio a few feet below. Carolyn slipped off her heels and followed, grasping the windowsill as John held out his arms and eased her to the ground, then reached for her hand. As they walked slowly through the moonlight, they stopped to kiss, Carolyn lifting her lips to John's. They didn't return until the party was winding down, and when they did, smiles danced around their faces like little waves lapping at the edges of a pool.

John seemed distracted after Labor Day 1996. He was skipping edit meetings, perfunctorily signing off on stories, and leaving the office early. His mood, however, was excellent; he was practically whistling through the corridors. It could mean only one thing: after about a year and a half of dating, John and Carolyn were getting married. Everyone at *George,* I think, guessed John's secret. But no one said a word to him, and even among ourselves we barely alluded to the possibility.

I heard the news on a car radio on Sunday, September 22. "Sorry, ladies, the world's most eligible bachelor has finally called it a day," the broadcaster said. The wedding had taken place in a tiny white clapboard church on Cumberland Island, a speck of land off the coast of Georgia. No

ingle tabloid reporter or photographer
s on hand to disrupt the ceremony. John
d pulled it off.

First thing Monday morning, there were
esents from John on our desks—cigars for
e men, champagne for the women. A
rm note accompanied the gifts:

: All the Gentlewomen and Gentlemen of
George
om: John
: Breaking News

I just wanted to let you know that while you
re all toiling away, I went and got myself
rried. I had to be a bit sneaky for reasons
t by now I imagine are obvious.

I wanted you all to enjoy these small to-
ns of gratitude and fellowship. You folks all
amazing work and it's an honor to have
u as colleagues. This magazine has turned
e corner, and it ain't because Fauntleroy
es *Oprah*.

Thank you and good cheer to all.

P.S. Does this mean you'll all call me "Mr."
om now on?

was struck by that offhand reference to
Fauntleroy. It was so casually dropped in
at I wondered if John was well acquainted
th the source, a sentimental novel pub-
hed in 1886 called *Little Lord Fauntleroy.*
ho read it nowadays? Why would John
ow it?

I later learned from a biography that
hn's mother had once listed "Little Lord
auntleroy's grandfather" as a childhood
ro. Doubtful that it was a coincidence
at mother and son both cited a 19th-
ntury children's book, I dug up a copy.
ritten by Frances Hodgson Burnett, it's
e story of an American boy named Cedric
hose valiant father dies when the child is
st a baby. Though the boy doesn't under-
and death, he knows that his mother gets
d sometimes, and he would "put his
rly head upon her neck" to lift her spir-
s. "He did what he could, and was more
a comfort to her than he could have un-
erstood."

e had big brown eyes and long eyelashes
d a darling little face.... He seemed to feel
at everyone was his friend, and when any-
ne spoke to him, when he was in his carriage
the street, he would give the stranger one
veet serious look with the brown eyes, and
en follow it with a lovely, friendly smile; and
e consequence was, that there was not a
erson in the neighbourhood of the quiet
reet where he lived ... who was not pleased
see him, and speak to him. And every
onth of his life he grew handsomer and
ore interesting.

was a little unnerving, imagining Jacque-
ne Bouvier Kennedy choosing this partic-
lar book to share with her children. Be-
ause John—as a boy, as a man—matched
at description of Little Lord Fauntleroy
every way.

By 1997, *George*'s circulation had leveled off at about 430,000. That made us by far the biggest political magazine in the country, but it still fell short of the half-million mark we needed to become the country's only *profitable* political magazine. After actually making a bit of money in 1995, thanks to our enormous first two issues, we had lost several million dollars in 1996. To win advertisers back, we needed higher circulation, but Hachette Filipacchi, which published *George,* was reluctant to invest in direct mail to increase subscriptions. C.E.O. David Pecker instead pressured us to pump up newsstand sales. Most new magazines take six or seven years before they turn a profit. Pecker didn't want to wait that long.

So one morning in late January 1997, John gathered us in the conference room, basically a shoebox with overhead lights. "It's important for us to be well rested, to have our strength up," John began, "because it's important to remember why we do this. Why we work late nights and weekends to put out this magazine.

"You know I was in Washington for the inauguration of President Clinton," he continued. While he had been there, "dozens of people" told John how much they enjoyed *George.* Not journalists or members of Washington's permanent political class, but real people. *George* was the first political magazine they ever wanted to read, they told him.

By demonstrating the viability of a mass-market political magazine, John said, we had changed how politics was covered. "Someday, we'll be able to look back on this and know that we created something truly new.

"More and more," he continued, "I realize how much of myself I've put into the concept of this magazine." Ever since he was a boy, he'd sensed a schism between the way he looked at politics and the way politics was reported to the public. To him, politics was a noble endeavor, but the press never seemed to agree.

The press did not want him to succeed, John said, because the press did not want him to grow up. The success we'd had was only making resistance to the magazine more vigorous. "You can tell that we're accomplishing something in the way that our competitors are beginning to treat us," John said. The criticism of our first year would be nothing compared with what we could expect this year.

"I've lost friends because they're feeling the sting of the ads that we're taking away from them, and they're pissed off about it," he said. "At first they didn't take *George* seriously. Sure, *George* would have its two or three issues, its 15 minutes, and then it would fade away and I would go back to being America's Prince Charming. But now they know that's not going to happen."

On July 16, I saw the photo. Sudie Redmond, our managing editor, showed it to me just before it was sent to the printer. The picture was to accompany John's September 1997 editor's letter. It showed John sitting in a dark room, gazing at an apple dangling above his head. His arms were wrapped around his knees. Though his groin was shrouded in shadow, John appeared naked.

He had posed in his office one night just a few days before. John and Matt Berman and the photographer Mario Sorrenti had come in after everyone else had left for the day. Sorrenti, who was known for persuading his subjects to disrobe, had snapped the picture. (Matt added the apple later, via computer.) But John only *looked* naked—he had left his boxers on. As Matt later told colleagues, John had Sorrenti shoot the photo with a Polaroid camera. There would be no incriminating negatives from which prints could be made and then turn up on the Internet or in *The National Enquirer.*

The photo would play off the cover, a disturbing image of the waif-model Kate Moss, shot in profile, naked against an Eden-like backdrop as a deer licked hungrily at her hand. She was supposed to look like Eve. Which would make John Adam. It occurred to me that John had lost his mind—and that was before I read the editor's letter that accompanied the picture.

John had written it at the last possible moment, and, as was the case with the photo, he hadn't asked for his editors' opinions. Whatever he was trying to do, he obviously didn't want to be talked out of it.

I've learned a lot about temptation recently. But that doesn't make me desire any less. If anything, to be reminded of the possible perils of succumbing to what's forbidden only makes it more alluring. But while I'm playing Hamlet with my willpower (Should I or shouldn't I?), there's always the distraction of gawking at the travails of those who just couldn't resist. We can all gather, like urchins at a hanging, to watch those poor souls who took a chance on fantasy and came up empty-handed....

I've seen the cycle up close in the past year. Two members of my family chased an idealized alternative to their life. One left behind an embittered wife, and another, in what looked to be a hedge against mortality, fell in love with youth and surrendered his judgment in the process. Both became poster boys for bad behavior. Perhaps they deserved it.... To whom much is given, much is expected, right? The interesting thing was the ferocious condemnation of their excursions beyond the bounds of acceptable behavior. Since when does someone need to apologize on television for getting divorced?

In the explosion of publicity that the letter initiated, John would be accused of criticizing Joe and Michael Kennedy. But he wasn't—he was defending them. He didn't say that they deserved to be "poster boys

for bad behavior," but that they had been turned into poster boys. In fact, John insisted, his cousins' only mistake was to make "excursions beyond the bounds of acceptable behavior," as though statutory rape were some kind of social gaffe. The alternative to such excursions was "a dispiriting, suffocating life." John—the kayaker, the aspiring pilot, the reluctant politician—could relate.

So could I. We're all human. We all feel temptation. Yet shouldn't John have shown at least some compassion for those damaged by his cousins' behavior? Michael Kennedy had seduced a teenage girl entrusted with the care of his children. She would surely live with the psychological aftershocks for the rest of her life. And Joe Kennedy wasn't being chastised for getting a divorce from his wife, Sheila, as John wrote. He was being faulted for having his 12-year marriage to the mother of his two children annulled. John was smart enough to grasp the distinction. Why didn't he? And why didn't he write one single sympathetic word about these women? He had referred to Sheila Kennedy as an "embittered wife," without conceding that she had a legitimate reason to be bitter.

Why was John so unequivocal? Only one answer made sense: because his loyalty—to his family, his gender, the way the world was when his father was president—trumped his logic. To John, these women were not victims; they hadn't played by the rules. The pattern was impossible to ignore: John instinctively sided with men accused of malfeasance. Especially when they were Kennedys.

Maybe he was right in doing so. Or mostly right. If I had learned anything working with John, it was that you couldn't believe what the press wrote about his family. I had seen how people acted strangely around the Kennedys, did things they weren't proud of. Maybe later they couldn't admit it and instead blamed the Kennedys. Surely much of what was said about John's family—perhaps most—wasn't true.

The New York *Daily News* somehow acquired a copy before our issue hit the stands. The *News* ran a relatively small item on August 10. The next day came the first real spark of a media firestorm. The *New York Post* ran a story headlined, JFK JR. SCOLDS HIS SCANDALOUS COUSINS.

That did it. Suddenly John's photo and letter were everywhere—newspapers, TV, radio, the Web—and everywhere the story was the same. JFK JR. BREAKS KENNEDY RANKS, BASHES COUSINS, read a headline in the *San Jose Mercury News*. "A crack," Dan Rather intoned, "has developed in the legendary solidarity of the Kennedy family." *Boston Globe* columnist Mike Barnicle wrote that John had "the body of Joe Piscopo and the brain of Sonny Bono" and sounded like "some thin-lipped, dim-witted, bad-backed polo player whose empty head can barely retain enough limited cocktail chatter to get him through a dinner with that international moron, Princess Di."

Even *The New York Times*, usually above weighing in on pop-culture controversies, piled on. "It may be unfair to analyze Mr. Kennedy's essay as if he actually meant to say something in writing it," said an editorial. "The fact that he has attached a picture of himself in a discreetly lighted state of nudity suggests that the editor of *George* does not regard his prose as much of a draw."

The irony was that John had defended his cousins, and it didn't require a microscopic deconstruction of his letter to show that. So why did the tabloids report that John was guilty of "dissin' cousins"? And why did so many other newspapers, magazines, and television shows follow suit?

In the third week of December, John gathered us in his office for the now annual distribution of Christmas presents. He and Carolyn had chosen elegant gifts for everyone—cuff links from Paul Smith, silk scarves from Henri Bendel, a set of Hermès ashtrays. I received a monogrammed silver letter opener from an exclusive New York jeweler. John had spent thousands of dollars of his own money on these gifts.

He also passed out small cards bearing a quote from retired New York Giants quarterback Phil Simms, who had led the team to two Super Bowl victories but never gotten much respect for it. "You may not win them over," the card read, "but if you hang around long enough, you'll wear them out."

Feeling inspired, I took the train to Connecticut to spend Christmas with my family. John traveled to Vero Beach, Florida, to commence flying lessons.

In the spring of 1999, John was approached by several friends active in New York Democratic politics urging him to run for the Senate seat of Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who was retiring. They could provide him with the money and the political infrastructure. And imagine the volunteers! John would be the Pied Piper of politics. As for the press, well, John was guaranteed more free media than any Senate candidate in history. In fact, anything candidate Kennedy might need would be provided for him. All he had to do was say yes.

Could he have won that Senate race? In my opinion, easily. I would have voted for John because although he had inherited power he did not lust for it. And because John fulfilled the potential he carried wi in him he could one day restore a luster the presidency that the United States h not seen since his father was in office. If was finally able to put his misgivings abc politics behind him—and I think Jol would have been—he could restore o faith in the power of politics to impro people's lives.

But there was something holding hi back: Carolyn. John knew that his wife h not fully adjusted to her new role. She w neither entirely comfortable nor entire happy, and she certainly wasn't sure wh she wanted to do with herself beyond bei John's wife.

Because Carolyn rarely ventured out public except to shop and dine, correspon ing images kept landing on the gossip pag Carolyn tried on Hush Puppies at Tip T Shoes on West 72nd Street; Carolyn co forted a salesgirl who was yelled at by obnoxious customer on Madison Avenu Carolyn extravagantly tipped a waitre whispering that she remembered what was like to wait on tables. There was som thing oddly poignant about such episod It was as if Carolyn were trying to rec nect with people whose lives were simpl than her new existence—as simple as h life once had been.

And there were plenty of moments to mind her that it was far from simple no After a disastrous run-in with the press the White House Correspondents Dinn in 1997, John and Carolyn took refuge the Jockey Club bar at the Ritz-Carlto where we were staying. The place was sm and very dark, a safe haven. While Jol eased off his tuxedo jacket and sipped scotch, Carolyn sat next to associate edit Susannah Hunnewell and began to ra That was insane! she fumed. What a bun of amateurs! No rope lines, no guar Don't these people know anything abo security?

A woman who never lacked for an op ion, Susannah tried to get a word in ed wise. But Carolyn was just warming u That kind of thing would never have ha pened in New York! If Washington is goi to have this kind of dinner, they'd better f ure out how to do it right. They have keep people in line! Otherwise, someon going to get hurt. My God!

Despite such episodes, Carolyn was tually growing more at ease with the pub and the press. At a charity benefit sponsor by *George* and the actor Paul Newma Carolyn told gossip columnist Mitch Fink of the *Daily News* that she no long read about herself, because "I don't wa to know." The gossip "has nothing to with how I live my life. I have proble and issues just like anybody. But I'm a ha

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SFRN/L/1









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SFRN/L/2

person, and maybe a better person for t knowing."

When Carolyn was not talking to reporters, e felt even more comfortable expressing rself. Near the end of the same dinner, e wandered over to my table, and with a g smile on her face whispered sweetly o my ear, "I can't believe I've had to sit xt to that thug Puffy Combs all night."

n May 1999, John crashed his ultralight plane. He'd been flying the contraption, nich was officially called a Buckeye Dream achine, since shortly after *George*'s found- g. It provided an escape from the pres- re, the next best thing to flying a real ane. And you didn't need a license to fly e Buckeye. All it required was a few hours training.

Looking like something an inventor might ok up in his garage, the ultralight was sically a three-wheeled go-cart with a pro- ller on the back. Protected by a steel frame, e pilot would strap himself into a small at bolted onto the chassis. To take off, he celerated along the ground, which inflated arge parachute dragging behind and gave e craft lift. If the engine failed, the para- ute would lower him to safety. That, at ast, was the idea.

On the evening he crashed the Buckeye, e sun was nearing the horizon. As John arted his ascent, he saw a tree looming in ont of him that he had thought he would ear. He quickly veered to one side, but he asn't fast enough. The Buckeye slammed to the tree and plummeted earthward, nding in a crumpled heap like a bird shot om the sky. The collision bent John's left ot backward, tearing ligaments in his ankle.

When he returned to the office, hobbling n crutches with his lower left leg encased a cast, John was in a foul mood. His an- e sent shooting pains up his leg, and the ainkillers he took were making him woozy. o keep his leg elevated, John had to re- ine in a long black lounge chair, only ches off the floor, his head about knee- gh. He was embarrassed by the accident nd quickly tired of people asking what nd happened. He even gave different ver- ons, telling some people that he had hit a one wall while landing and others that he nd hurt himself Rollerblading.

The timing of John's injury could hardly ave been worse, for that summer's work ould determine *George*'s fate, and we need- l every bit of him we could get. The tim- g was lousy for another reason. With mmer in full swing, John was forbidden y his doctor to engage in athletics. This as a man who grew cranky if he missed a ngle workout. "I feel sorry for you, having put up with him," Michael Voss, our mar- eting director, said jokingly to Carolyn hen she visited the office one day.

"I feel sorry for *you*," Carolyn replied with a laugh. "I only see him at night and in the morning. You guys have to put up with him all day long."

On the afternoon of Wednesday, July 14, I was working at my desk when I heard John's raised voice. The wall between our offices was thin, but not that thin. In startling, staccato bursts of rage, John was yelling. His yells would be followed by silences, then John's fury would resume. At first I could not make out the words. Then, after a particularly long pause, I heard John shout, "Well, goddammit, Carolyn, you're the reason I was up at three o'clock last night!" The shouting lasted maybe five minutes, but John's office door stayed shut for some time.

The next day, Jack Kliger, Hachette's new chief executive officer, held a lunch at the Palm steak house on 50th Street. Just one thing about the meal was awkward: John was having lunch elsewhere. He had asked me to send his regrets to Kliger, but his absence was a poorly hidden sign that John had other priorities. He wasn't entirely missing from the lunch, however. On a wall plainly visible from our table were the Palm's newest etchings, flattering portraits of John and Carolyn.

It was a tricky way to begin my relationship with Hachette's new boss. The situation was loaded enough already. Just that morning the *Post* had run yet another story saying that Kliger would probably jettison *George*. Though neither of us was at liberty to say so, Kliger and I both knew that the situation had progressed beyond "probably." The magazine was struggling, with circulation down to about 410,000 and ad pages dropping precipitously.

Back at the office later that afternoon, John called the edit staff into the conference room for a meeting. He had some things to talk about, he announced. First, he wanted to apologize if he had seemed a little withdrawn lately. He said he'd been distracted by a personal issue, "a family problem." It had taken up a lot of his time. But, he said, that problem "will be resolved soon." Second, he wanted to assure us that, no matter what we had read in the papers, *George*'s situation was not so bleak. Whether with Hachette or somewhere else, *George* would continue. "Don't worry," John said. "We will all have our jobs at Christmas."

Later in the afternoon, John met with the business staff. I wasn't there, but I was told by several people who were that John offered the same vehement assurances. "As long as I'm alive," John said, "this magazine will continue to publish."

One other thing happened that day. A doctor cut the cast off John's foot.

That night John went to a Yankees game with Gary Ginsberg, a former *George* editor who had moved on to Rupert Murdoch's News Corporation. Gary had invited Lachlan and James Murdoch, Rupert's sons. *George* might be a fit at News Corporation. Rupert Murdoch already owned one political magazine, the conservative *Weekly Standard*. Hiring a Kennedy would balance his media portfolio. Besides, Murdoch might grasp what Hachette didn't seem to: that having John Kennedy in his stable would be worth millions in publicity and connections, more than whatever the magazine might cost him.

The Yankees lost to the Atlanta Braves that night, 6–2, and after the game John and Gary shared a car home. John instructed the driver to head south on Fifth Avenue. He would be staying at the Stanhope Hotel, at 81st and Fifth. He told Gary that he had lost his keys.

Later, it would be written that John had gone to the hotel to work on business plans for *George*. The sources for that story were unnamed "friends," anxious to disprove rumors of a split between John and Carolyn. Others repeated the story that John had lost his keys and did not want to wake his wife.

But those stories were false. The truth was John had fought with Carolyn. That didn't mean they were headed for divorce, as would be reported in the tabloids, just that the two had had a fight hurtful enough for John to sleep elsewhere. If you'd ever seen John's temper or Carolyn's determination, you knew that wasn't so unthinkable. And if you'd ever seen John and Carolyn make up after a fight, you also knew how temporary those rifts could be.

I got to work a little late the next morning, just past nine. Around one o'clock I poked my head into John's office and asked if he wanted to grab a bite. "Sure," he said. "I'm starved." He reached for his crutches, which he still needed even though his cast was gone, and we inched down the hallway toward the elevator. With every step, John looked as if he was assessing how much pain his ankle caused.

Before we got very far, a little furball came scampering down the corridor; Jennifer Miller, our photo editor, had sneaked her new puppy past the building guards. Friday was too big to fit in a knapsack now, and John rarely brought him in anymore, but other staffers with puppies kept the tradition alive.

With measured, careful movements, John knelt down and called to the animal. It ran to him instantly. John closed his eyes and stuck his tongue out, and the dog promptly licked John's cheeks. Grinning, John levered himself upright. "You have to

J.F.K. Jr.

get the kiss," he said, and we started walking again.

"What do you think—New World Grill?" I asked, referring to a restaurant on the next block.

"It's gonna have to be Trionfo," he said, nodding apologetically toward his crutches. The food in the Italian restaurant at the base of our building was only so-so, but Trionfo had the virtue of proximity. The maître d' beamed when I opened the door and John hobbled in. They loved John at Trionfo, and whenever he came for lunch they ushered him into a private back room where he could eat undisturbed.

John was in a contemplative mood. We spoke about the magazine's future, and he sounded confident and upbeat. That morning Lachlan Murdoch had called Gary asking more about *George*—the size of its circulation, how involved John was.

We spoke about whether we'd need to make staff changes when the magazine changed publishers. John thought the answer was yes. "You know," he admitted, "for a while I hired people because I found them entertaining." That had made the office fun, but it hadn't always helped the magazine. No more, John said. When we moved, not everyone would move with us.

"Hey, John," I said as he was paying the bill with his American Express corporate card, "that personal problem you were talking about in the meeting yesterday—you O.K.?"

"I am," John said, and there wasn't a hint of tension or denial in his voice. "It's resolved."

We slowly headed back to the lobby and rode the elevator to the 41st floor. Walking down the hallway, I asked John about his plans for the weekend.

"I'm flying to Hyannis Port for my cousin Rory's wedding," he said.

I glanced at John's foot—even the short walk from the restaurant had tired him—then gave him a skeptical look.

"Don't worry," he said. "I'm flying with an instructor."

"Just don't crash, O.K.?" I said. "Because if you do, that speech about all of us having jobs at Christmas goes right out window." It was a guy thing to say, a v to express my concern without embarra ing both of us.

"Not to worry," John said. "I'll be fin

We arrived at our doors. "Well, that for lunch," I said, and I went into my offi and John went into his.

At around four, John came by with question. He had been sent a previou unpublished Jack Kerouac poem abo Washington. Should we publish it? Neith of us thought the poem was much goo and we decided against it. John return to his office to write the rejection letter.

I left early, around 5:30. The office w quiet. Most of my colleagues had depar for their weekends away in Long Isla Martha's Vineyard, Connecticut. For so reason I don't remember, I didn't say goo bye to John, which was unusual.

At about 6:40, he left 1633 Broadw He had to meet his sister-in-law Lauren B sette, who worked for the investment ba Morgan Stanley. They would drive to Es County Airport in Fairfield, New Jers where John kept his plane and Caro would be waiting. □

Segway

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 188 prospective replacement for himself as Segway's C.E.O. Kamen is 51 years old but looks a decade younger. He projects an air of studied eccentricity: his uniform on all occasions is blue jeans, a blue denim work shirt, and Timberland boots, complemented in winter by a fatigue jacket with enough tools stuffed in the pockets to stock a hardware store. Passionate, prolix, and often pedantic, he rarely uses one word when 10 will suffice. At a White House ceremony a few years back, Bill Clinton said, "If you do not want to hear about what he does, *do not ask*—or stand within a four-mile radius."

Kamen takes a seat at the long boardroom table and uncorks an hour-long soliloquy on Segway's vast commercial promise. The machine he and his team have designed is a complex system of hardware and software that mimics the way the human body maintains its balance. The machine seems to operate by magic: it has no accelerator, no steering wheel, and no brakes. To go forward, you lean forward; to go backward, you lean back; to stop, you stay still; turning is accomplished with a twist of the wrist. Kamen explains that the industrial markets alone for such a device are gigantic. Postal workers and park rangers. Cops and security guards. Laborers in factories and soldiers on the battlefield. At the least, he says, the Segway will consign the golf-cart industry to the scrap heap of history.

But Kamen sees the Segway as no mere niche product; he sees it as the next leap forward in urban transportation. "If you look at the global demographics, it's clear that someone should do to cars what the personal computer did to the mainframe," he says. That the C.E.O. candidate seated at the table is a senior executive from the auto industry and a bona fide car nut has no effect on Kamen's rap. "A car simply doesn't belong in the city," he goes on, while the Segway—clean, agile, safe, efficient—is specifically designed for downtown. In Kamen's fondest fantasy, cars will be banned from urban centers to make room for Segway-riding "empowered pedestrians." He says, "We're more practical than moving sidewalks. We're much more fun to use."

After a while, Kamen leads us through a maze of hallways to a building he calls Gingerland. On the second floor, there is a Ginger museum, filled with early prototypes. There we see the first Ginger, which Kamen cobbled together in his basement, as well as Mary Ann (the second) and Mrs. Howell ("It was ugly and made an awful noise," he says). As we walk among rows of current-model Gingers, the C.E.O. candidate mentions that the machine is lacking one crucial feature: a cup holder. In the automotive business, this would be seen as a disastrous faux pas. "Our machine is nothing *but* a cup holder," Kamen says. "A gyrostabilized cup holder that will put your ass anywhere you want to go."

Kamen has no illusions about the ea of disrupting America's infatuation wi the automobile, but his hopes for conqu ing foreign markets are high. One ni over drinks at his house—I have a beer, has a root-beer float—he points out that h the world's population now lives in citi and that the proportion is projected to i significantly in the next 25 years. "Mi people in the developing world today ca really afford cars and don't really need ca he says. "If they had them, it would be environmental disaster."

The problem, as Kamen knows, is th many of those same people also don't h ready access to electricity—no small ob cle for an electric vehicle. To help make Segway a viable proposition for the de oping world, Kamen's wizards are worki on another audacious product: a porta nonpolluting engine that can run for ye without maintenance on almost any form fuel. "It's kind of like a refrigerator co pressor," Kamen says, except "it runs propane, kerosene, natural gas, charcoal, husks, cow dung—anything that burns." device is known as a Stirling engine, afte Scottish minister named Robert Stirling, w first proposed the concept back in 1816.

The Stirling engine is the primary p ect at Kamen's New Power Concepts co pany. In the nearly two centuries since Reverend Stirling's initial stroke of insp tion, every effort to construct a marketa incarnation of his engine—and there h

en many—has ended in failure, but Kamen lieves his engineers have finally cracked e code. They have produced two proto- pes, one the size of a shoebox, the other e size of a breadbasket, and Kamen hopes introduce them as commercial products the next two years.

There are many observers who think that Kamen's people have actually cracked the de their Stirling engine could wind up be- g far more revolutionary than their electric perscooter. Kamen doesn't disagree, but sees the projects as two parts of a single, ified master plan. The plan, it turns out, is yet another element—one whose details remains a bit guarded about. In tandem ith the Stirling project, Ka- en's team is developing a nall water-purification sys- m that would use the en- ne's waste heat to zap con- minated H_2O and render drinkable. According to amen, equipping the Seg- ay with a Stirling engine ould in effect turn it into a portable, personal-sized elec- ic power plant—you ride round on it all day, then ke it home and plug your ouse into it." Adding the ater purifier would turn the achine additionally into "rolling waterworks—you onnect it to your well and gives you potable water."

"What are the three big- est problems in the emerg- ng world?" Kamen asks. They don't have clean wa- r, they don't have transpor- ation, and they don't have ower. If we engineer this ing right, we can give them ll three."

Kamen doesn't appear to be the sort of fellow who would spend much time fretting about the plight of the Third World. He lives on a hill outside Manchester, in a hexagonal, 30,000-square-foot house he designed himself. The house is a strutting monument to high-tech idiosyncrasy, with an aesthetic that mixes the Smithsonian with Pee-wee's Playhouse. It has a 16-ton antique steam engine in the foyer, a machine shop and foundry in the basement, hidden passages in the walls, a wind turbine that supplies power to the house (Kamen sells the surplus electricity to the state of New Hampshire), and a fully pitt baseball diamond out in the backyard. In addition to his helicopters, he owns and flies a jet, and in the 1980s he bought himself an island off the coast of Connecticut. He calls it North Dumpling and considers it a sovereign state. It has a flag, an official motto ("The only 100 percent science-literate society"), and its own currency; one bill has the value of pi. "You can't make change for it," Kamen says. "It's a transcendental function."

"Dean is a combination of a little boy and a mad scientist," Jeff Bezos tells me. But Kamen is less blissed-out on whimsy than his toys and hobbies can make him seem. "If I'm awake, I'm working," he likes to say. He doesn't sleep much. His total immersion in the business of invention has rendered him unworldly to a radical degree. A few years ago, he returned from a dinner at the White House and asked friends if they'd



"IT" PARADE
Kamen's framed Segway-related pages from *Women's Wear Daily,* with drawings by various fashion designers; the *New Yorker* cover by Barry Blitt showing Osama bin Laden and his cohorts making a getaway; and newspaper comics.

heard of two nice people who'd sat at his table—Shirley MacLaine and Warren Beatty. A lifelong bachelor, he has worked his way through a sequence of girlfriends, who seem to have tired of his mechanical obsessions. Rattling around his giant house at night, he seems lonely, vaguely haunted. "Over time, he has lost some of the joy of youth," Bob Tuttle tells me. "He gets more morose than he did when he was younger."

Kamen grew up middle-class in Rockville Centre, on Long Island. He didn't play sports, didn't have many friends, and worried he wasn't very bright. Intensely curious about how the physical world works, he was fascinated in particular by gyroscopes and tops, and often dreamed about flying on a magic carpet. He drove his teachers crazy by rejecting rote learning and assailing them with questions about the underlying rules governing physics and math. He failed classes and was nearly held back. "I didn't like school," he says, "and school didn't like me." His father was forced, to make ends meet, to abandon his career as a cartoonist—in the 1940s and 1950s he drew for EC Comics and *Mad* magazine, among others—and take up commercial art. The younger Kamen resolved that he would never be anyone's employee.

Luckily, his entrepreneurial instincts were early in evidence, and so was his knack for engineering. As a teenager, he built control systems for audiovisual shows at Manhattan's Hayden Planetarium and the Museum of the City of New York; he proposed automation of the New Year's Eve ball drop in Times Square. Before he graduated from high school, he was earning $60,000 a year, and he had turned his parents' basement into a full-scale machine shop. When the basement got too small for the machinery he wanted—a 3,000-pound lathe, say—he sent his parents on a cruise, hired an architect and a bulldozer, and excavated the backyard. In the expanded basement, he invented the drug-infusion pump, after listening to his brother, a doctor, complain about the difficulties of delivering reliable doses to patients. He formed a company around his invention, dropped out of Worcester Polytechnic Institute, moved the firm to New Hampshire ("I saw the license plates that read, LIVE FREE OR DIE, and that sounded pretty good to me"), and sold it a few years later for an undisclosed sum. The sale made Kamen a millionaire several times over. It was 1982; he was 30 years old.

Kamen founded DEKA shortly thereafter, and for the past 20 years he and his engineers have been inventors for hire. Generally, their projects are funded by major health-care concerns, which provide the money for research and development in return for the worldwide rights to manufacture and market the resulting products. Many DEKA projects have been successful, others have failed (notably an attempt to create an automated bed-

side pharmacy), but most of them have an element in common: conflict between the iconoclastic Kamen and the buttoned-up firms paying for DEKA's services. "Some of Dean's biggest successes have come despite his backers," Tuttle tells me, citing the project to build the first portable dialysis machine for Baxter International. "Left to their own devices, Baxter would have killed that project. But once Dean had proved them wrong, they all jumped on board, and it was billed as a great collaboration throughout."

One day in Kamen's office, I ask about his scratchy relations with DEKA's corporate patrons. The source of the problem is twofold, he says. On the client side, there are the "mid-level bureaucrats" Kamen frequently finds himself dealing with. The bureaucrats are timid, they are too often meddlesome, and when projects bog down—when, as he puts it, "we get to the nitty-gritty and discover we need a few miracles in the middle"—they are prone to lose faith in Kamen's schemes. On DEKA's side, meanwhile, the problem is, well, Kamen. "My own father, who I assume likes me, has referred to me as a human irritant," he says with a hint of self-satisfaction. He directs my attention to a cartoon on the wall. Its inscription reads, "When you ask a wild pig to go into the woods and shit golden eggs, you'd better stand back while he's doing it."

Kamen is someone who not only observes imperfections in the world we've constructed around ourselves but feels compelled, even obligated, to remedy them. Perhaps the most dramatic example of this tendency occurred around 1990, in downtown Manchester, when Kamen noticed a young man in a wheelchair struggling mightily to negotiate a curb. "I became fixated on how unreasonable that condition was," he recalls. "I thought, There must be something we can do about that."

Nine years later, Kamen unveiled the IBOT—a motorized, six-wheeled wheelchair that not only hops curbs but climbs stairs and zips easily through mud, snow, and sand. It also has a feature called "standing mode," in which the machine rises up on its wheels and lifts its occupant to eye level while maintaining perfect, stable, unshakable balance. When Kamen started testing the IBOT (which is now in the final stage of F.D.A. approval), he realized that standing mode was the real revolution. "Each person we took up the stairs said, 'Great,'" he told the wheelchair-bound journalist John Hockenberry. "But when we stood them up and made them eye level with another person, and they could feel what it was like t[o] ance, every single one of them started [cry]ing." "I felt exactly that," Hockenberry wrote in *Wired*. "My brain's own sense of balance seemed to instantly merge with the machine. . . . It was truly extraordinary."

The IBOT convinced Kamen that balancing machines were a Big Idea, and one with applications far beyond the disabled: "We realized we could build a device using very similar technology that could impact how *everybody* gets around." Having nicknamed the IBOT Fred Upstairs, after Fred Astaire, Kamen says it was only natural to name its smaller, lighter, more graceful partner Ginger.

Though Kamen has the air of a solitary genius, his reputation has turned DEKA into a kind of mecca for mechanical engineers. Mostly young, mostly male, they are graduates of the best schools, refugees from the best companies, who shuffle around in jeans and T-shirts. What Kamen provides them is a reasonable salary and a bonus—no promise of quick riches, as in Silicon Valley—and a chance to work on projects undertaken nowhere else. Few applicants survive the first interview, in which Kamen and his senior staff subject them to a withering process of "technical hazing." The questions, says Doug Field, Ginger's chief engineer, "are specifically designed so you get the answer wrong at first—so we can see how you react when you get yourself in trouble. The theory is, if you're going to run an organization that operates on the limits of knowledge, you better have people with the capacity to be humble."

Field is a 36-year-old veteran of Ford and Johnson & Johnson with a baby face and wispy brown hair. For him and the rest of the Ginger team, humility was unavoidable. "Working on this was like being in the Wright brothers' garage," he says. "If you ran into a problem, all of a sudden you realized that no one in the world had ever solved that problem before." Patience, it turned out, was also essential. Throughout the 1990s, Kamen insisted that work on Ginger be held in abeyance until the IBOT was nearly finished, for he believed that "the disabled population's immediate needs were infinitely greater." But all along, Field recalls, he was champing at the bit. "I knew that someday I could make this product, a product I could own." In the end, Ginger would be almost as much his as Kamen's.

By 1998, Ginger's development was fully under way, and Kamen was leaning toward starting a new company to build the machine. His inclination was based in part on his experience with the IBOT, which had been funded by Johnson & Johnson; though less annoying than others in the past, the company's bureaucrats had still gotten under Kamen's skin. But a greater factor was his dawning awareness of Ginger's potential. "It isn't just a product, it's a whole new industry," he recalls thinking. "Giving it [up] would be like getting off before the ride h[as] even started."

If Kamen's technical ambitions are ab[so]ted by his gang of engineers, his financ[ial] solvency is a matter left strictly to Bob T[ut]tle. When they first met, in the mid-197[0s] Tuttle was the deputy chief financial offic[er] for a division of Raytheon. "Dean had alm[ost] no business experience, and I was a numb[er] guy who started life as an engineer," Tut[tle] remembers. "So I passed that test." Ov[er] time, Tuttle morphed into Kamen's co[m]mercial alter ego and opposite numbe[r]: taciturn, pragmatic, purposefully silent. K[a]men describes Tuttle as a "silicon-based li[fe] form." He means it as a compliment.

Tuttle saw risks in launching a start-u[p]. DEKA had no experience at that sort [of] thing. But after a while he came aroun[d]. "Dean had a sense that Ginger was in a d[if]ferent league from other things he'd inve[st]ed," Tuttle says. "I bought in because the[re] was no obvious partner that would give [us] an instant market. In fact, the compani[es] that would give us an instant market—t[he] car companies, the companies that ma[ke] motorcycles, scooters, A.T.V.'s—were like[ly] to see this thing as a threat and bury it."

With Tuttle's assent, the decision was [fi]nal: the wild pig would keep hold of his la[y]est golden egg. Now it was time to go me[et] some venture capitalists.

In Kamen, the venture capitalists confron[t]ed a hard case: an entrepreneur with[a] nearly finished product and a blatant disr[e]gard for the conventions of finance. Not su[r]prisingly, things did not go smoothly. F[or] two years a parade of East Coast ventu[re] capitalists and investors trekked up to Ma[n]chester. Almost to a man, they were keen [to] cut a deal. And yet, in the end, no one w[as] willing to submit to Kamen's demands.

Kamen's demands were exceptionally d[e]manding: he was seeking a $50 million [to] $100 million infusion but would give up r[o] more than 15 percent of his nascent firm. [By] the venture capitalists' way of thinking, th[at] implied a valuation of more than $500 m[il]lion, which would require an initial publ[ic] offering of historic proportions to produce [a] significant return on their investment. Bu[t] Kamen regarded their way of thinking as a[b]surd. "They would do this trivial piece of a[l]gebra and say, 'Dean, you're telling us this [is] worth $500 million?'" he says. "No, I nev[er] said that. I won't say that. And I don't eve[n] believe it's true. I'm saying, Here's this tec[h]nology, and this is how much money w[e] need to finish it. If we fail, it's worth noth[in]g. If we succeed, it's worth a lot more tha[n] that. And if you don't believe me, I don[']t want your money."

"Inside the head of every entrepreneu[r] there is a horse race being run between fe[ar]

d greed," says Bill Sahlman, a Harvard siness School professor and Kamen confint who is a small-scale investor in Segway L.C. In Kamen's case, explains one venre capitalist, "his fear was that his compawould be overrun by capital—maintaining ntrol was his big issue." As for greed, his ntention that money was irrelevant to him is met by the moneymen with knowing ickers. "He was dead set on keeping an tremely large chunk of the company for mself personally, around 75 percent," anher financier says. "It's the founders who l you they don't care about money who e usually the greediest ones of all."

Kamen, naturally, sees it differently. "I've ver had a job in my life," he says. "I can't plain why, but if you said to me, 'Dean, y shoes are untied, I have a stiff back, ould you please help me?,' I'd be happy to nd down and tie your shoes. But if you id, 'I'm the richest god in the world, assle, go tie my shoe,' you don't have enough oney to get me to [do it]. I realize that orking for somebody isn't equivalent to eaning their boots, but . . . I don't want the rception in my own head that, Jesus, this the investors' company and I'm working r them."

ate in 1999, with Kamen's need for cash growing increasingly urgent, Ray Price ., president of the Economic Club of New rk, introduced him to Jack Hennessy, airman of the private equity group at redit Suisse First Boston. Hennessy, in rn, sent him to see Michael Schmertzler, Credit Suisse managing director who ersaw investment pools worth $3 billion. hmertzler listened to Kamen's pitch—"It as, 'I'm not going to do this, I'm not gog to do that, I'm not going to do the oth- thing,'" he recalls—but instead of being ut off he was thoroughly intrigued. "A t of people come to Wall Street and string gether a bunch of technical baloney to azzle us, on the assumption we won't derstand what they're talking about," he ys. But Schmertzler could see that Kaen was for real, and he was impressed at Ginger was a sibling of the IBOT. "In y mind," he says, "that took away an awl lot of the risk."

At 50, Schmertzler is sprightly and softoken, with a calm demeanor and wry nse of humor that mask a sharp intellect nd an even sharper competitive streak. e also has a fetish for financial arcana, hich made him ideally suited to negotiate ith Tuttle. In the deal they worked out, chmertzler says, Credit Suisse agreed to amen's price but also secured certain rms of "downside protection." "It was unsually complicated," Schmertzler explains, but we found a way to bridge the gap beween Dean's expectations and what I felt was necessary to protect our investment."

Before the ink was dry, however, the situation became even more complicated. On a trip to California, Kamen ran into the venture capitalist John Doerr and invited him to Manchester. Doerr asked why, but all Kamen would offer was a one-sentence tease: "There's something we're working on you really oughta see." Doerr flew out in his private jet and quickly determined that he wanted in, and big. "This falls into the category with broadband, the Web browser, the first P.C.," Doerr says. Like everyone else, he was taken aback by "Dean's breathtaking ambitions for the valuation of the company." But timing was on Kamen's side. It was the spring of 2000, at the peak of the Internet boom, before the implosion of the NASDAQ, and Kleiner Perkins, Doerr's company, had just enjoyed the most lucrative year in its 30-year history. After some fruitless haggling, Doerr capitulated to Kamen's demands, agreeing to invest on the same terms as Credit Suisse. For $38 million apiece, the firms each got 7 percent of the company. It was the largest check Kleiner Perkins had ever written.

"Dean will tell you he's not a finance guy, but he struck an extraordinary deal, where he was able to get an awful lot of money without ceding very much control," Harvard's Bill Sahlman says. "Kleiner and Credit Suisse are in foreign territory here."

Doerr didn't mind being in foreign territory; what bothered him was that the landscape was pocked with potholes. Doerr is 50 years old and a billionaire. He has a rail-thin frame, a toothy grin, fine blond hair, and a baritone that makes him sound like a radio D.J. In his 22-year career in venture capital, he has backed a wide constellation of high-tech stars: Compaq, Lotus, Sun Microsystems, Amazon, Google. (He was also behind the biggest bomb of the Internet era, Excite@Home.) Though Doerr is proficient as a pure financier, his triumphs have owed more to his status and skill as a magnet for talent; he made his reputation in 1995 by persuading Jim Barksdale, the highly regarded president of AT&T Wireless Services, to become C.E.O. of a tiny software start-up—Netscape. "John is the originator in Silicon Valley of the talent theory of moneymaking, as opposed to the monopoly theory or the brand theory or the brains theory or the money theory," says his Kleiner Perkins partner Will Hearst. "He's the originator of the 'It's the people, stupid' theory."

Doerr and Kamen were a match made both in heaven and in hell. In some ways, they are strikingly similar—amped-up, talky, proudly quixotic. "We're both nuts," Doerr says. (At Doerr's 50th-birthday party, Kamen presented him with a Plexiglas nut the size of a football that Kamen had handtooled in his basement machine shop.) But Doerr's defining feature is his manic impatience; decisive and abrupt, he never lingers long in any one place. Kamen is the opposite—a man who describes himself as a "slow, plodding, careful guy" and behaves as if procrastination were the mother of invention. "They are from different planets," Sahlman says. "Men and women. Venus and Mars. They literally don't speak the same language."

When Doerr arrived on the scene in Manchester, he found that Kamen's "greatest weaknesses lie in the things he hasn't done—especially that he's never built a global-scale enterprise," he tells me. A year earlier, Kamen had started building the enterprise around Ginger by hiring a middle-aged executive by the name of Tim Adams, who had an impressive track record in the transportation industry; his previous job was president of Chrysler Europe. In Kamen's infant company, Adams again assumed the title of president, but it was widely believed that he would eventually succeed Kamen as C.E.O. Together Adams and Kamen hired a three-person marketing team, which was led by Mike Ferry, a former marketeer in the paper-products division of Procter & Gamble. Adams and Ferry were Serious American Executives; it was easy enough to see why Kamen had brought them on.

Doerr, however, was deeply unimpressed. "From when I got involved, we were technology-rich and marketing/sales/general-management-poor," he says. That was putting it diplomatically. According to someone familiar with his thinking, Doerr believed Kamen "had taken on a president who was a bureaucratic guy who hadn't seen the ball since before kickoff, and who'd assembled some classic consumer-marketing people who were nice and well-meaning but nowhere near up to the job." (Efforts to contact Adams and Ferry for this story were unsuccessful.)

Doerr drew up a list of potential C.E.O.'s, at the top of which were Jim Barksdale and George Fisher, the former C.E.O. of both Kodak and Motorola. "We were building this organization from the bottom up, which is not how I like to do it," Doerr says. "I'd rather have a Barksdale or a Fisher on board right at first, and then everything else falls into place."

Kamen chafed at Doerr's assertiveness, but wondered if he was right. From the moment Adams turned up, the clash of cultures was all too apparent: Adams was accustomed to flying first-class; DEKA was the land of the coach supersaver. Privately, Tuttle and Schmertzler, both of whom often shared Doerr's perspective but were wont to take a less confrontational tack, questioned whether Adams was, in Tuttle's words, "overmatched by the challenge." And

Ginger's engineering team had doubts about him, too. "He had basically run stable, mature organizations," Doug Field says. "We were neither."

Kamen was torn. "Dean has a great sense of loyalty to people he's hired," Doerr says. "But he had the uneasy feeling that something was wrong."

In mid-December 2000, Doerr arranged for Ginger's management team, along with Schmertzler, Tuttle, Sahlman, and Vern Loucks Jr. (the former C.E.O. of Baxter International and now a Segway board member), to come to California for a meeting with Steve Jobs and Jeff Bezos. Jobs and Bezos were friends of Doerr's. He had introduced them to Kamen earlier; both had been interested in investing in Ginger. (In fact, Jobs had offered to buy the whole company.) Kamen declined, but he'd asked them to be members of an informal advisory board. Officially, this was the board's first meeting; unofficially, it was a wicked little piece of Doerr-inspired Kabuki.

The meeting took place in a basement ballroom at the Hyatt Regency opposite the San Francisco airport. At 8:30 A.M., Jobs ambled into the ballroom wearing a black turtleneck and a pair of torn jeans. According to Steve Kemper's book proposal and several participants in the meeting, Jobs proceeded to rip the management team to shreds. As Adams and Ferry laid out their manufacturing and marketing plans, Jobs let fly: Why were they planning to build their own factory? Where were they planning to build this factory? Why should the company even build the machine itself, as opposed to outsourcing the manufacturing? There was talk of launching Ginger in a limited way, maybe on a handful of college campuses. Bad idea, said Jobs; a splashy, mass-market introduction could generate $100 million worth of free publicity. "I understand the appeal of a slow burn, but personally I'm a big-bang guy," he said.

Glancing up at a slide of Ginger, Doerr asked, "What does everyone think about the design?"

"What do you think?" said Jobs, firing the question at Adams like a poison dart.

"I think it's coming along," Adams tentatively replied.

"I think it sucks!" Jobs shot back. "There are design firms out there that could come up with things you've never thought of, things that would make you shit in your pants."

It went on like this for the next 90 minutes. At one point, Aileen Lee, a young Harvard M.B.A. who worked with Doerr at Kleiner Perkins, asked Mike Ferry to describe Ginger's "value proposition": if cell phones allowed for wireless communication, and the fax machine let you send documents over phone lines, what was the unique benefit Ginger provided? Ferry was dumbstruck. Another question concerned regulation: if the laws treated Ginger as a motor vehicle—and it was hard to deny that it was a vehicle with a motor—and it was banned from sidewalks, the venture's potential would be severely undercut. "You have a product so revolutionary that you'll have no problem selling it," Bezos said. "The question is, are people going to be allowed to use it?"

Kamen flew back to New Hampshire in a funk. A few days later, according to Kemper, Jobs called and delivered his verdict in his own inimitable, understated style. "They're buttheads," Jobs said. "That marketing guy should be selling Kleenex at a discount store in Idaho. And that C.E.O.! Where did you find an old-line butthead like him?" Kamen tells me more tactfully, "It was becoming clear that, even if we had some world-class marathoners, I had made a mistake because we really needed sprinters."

Just around Christmas 2000, after talking the situation over a final time with Tuttle, Kamen came to the conclusion that Adams and Ferry had to go. And then, two weeks later, all hell broke loose.

One of the more remarkable things about Ginger was that Kamen had managed to keep it secret for so long. He had achieved this through the application of rigorous paranoia. He'd been highly selective about whom he allowed to take a peek at Ginger; even some engineers building the machine had accepted their jobs without seeing it first. And everyone who had seen Ginger had been required to sign a confidentiality agreement that was sweeping and airtight, with penalties just shy of capital punishment. Kamen was a bear when it came to these agreements. He made no exceptions: when Jobs balked at signing, Kamen's response was "No problem—I'm leaving." As for Gingerland, it was about as accessible as the Strategic Air Command. Without these measures, Kamen believed, word would get back to the titans of the $300 billion transportation industry. In an E-mail to Kemper, he explained, "If these huge organizations get wind of the project, they could use their massive resources to erect obstacles against us.... I prefer to hide from the giants for as long as we can."

Considering all this, it seems incredible that Kamen would have invited an aspiring author to penetrate his sanctum. But that was exactly what he'd done with Kemper. A contributor to *The Hartford Courant,* Kemper had written an admiring profile of Kamen in the *Smithsonian Magazine* in 1994. He signed Kamen's agreement and started [illegible]ing around Gingerland in the summer of 1999. Doerr and Schmertzler had th[illegible] doubts, but Kamen was adamant. He trus[illegible] Kemper. He relished the notion of hav[illegible] the story of his invention set down betw[illegible] hard covers. And, like so many journali[illegible] subjects before him, he had no idea h[illegible] much mischief a reporter could cause.

Or, for that matter, a reporter's agent. [illegible] early January, after selling the U.S. rig[illegible] to Kemper's book to the Harvard Busin[illegible] School Press for $250,000, Rafe Sagal[illegible] head of the Sagalyn Agency, in Wa[illegible] ington, D.C., started shopping the bo[illegible] proposal in foreign markets. Whether [illegible] E-mail of Sagalyn's went astray or a r[illegible] publisher leaked Kemper's précis intenti[illegible] ally remains a mystery. But whatever [illegible] source, an electronic version of the d[illegible] ument was soon circulating like samiz[illegible] in the publishing world, and inevita[illegible] found its way to *Inside.com,* which p[illegible] lished its story on January 7—and sparl[illegible] a worldwide conniption in the press a[illegible] on the Web. In a futile attempt to do [illegible] the fire, Kamen released a statement. "[illegible] have a promising project, but nothing[illegible] the earth-shattering nature that people [illegible] conjuring up," it said. "The leaked bo[illegible] proposal quoted several prominent te[illegible] nology leaders out of context, without th[illegible] doubts, risks, and maybes included. Th[illegible] together with spirited speculation ab[illegible] the unknown, has led to expectations t[illegible] are beyond whimsical." Well beyond. [illegible] cording to armchair Kamenologists at t[illegible] time, Ginger could have been anything fr[illegible] a hydrogen-powered hovercraft to a ba[illegible] pack helicopter.

To this day, opinions differ widely am[illegible] the Ginger crowd about whether the l[illegible] caused any appreciable harm. Schmert[illegible] tells me, "When the story broke, my k[illegible] were cornered on the playground and li[illegible] ally had to be rescued by a teacher"; t[illegible] apart, he believes the damage was minir[illegible] Doerr, for his part, thinks "the leak actu[illegible] had an enormously salutary effect on [illegible] business." To help deal with the hubb[illegible] Kamen contacted Harold Burson, chairm[illegible] of the public-relations behemoth Burs[illegible] Marsteller, who later introduced him to [illegible] other Burson client, the United States Po[illegible] Service—potentially a blue-chip customer [illegible] Ginger. Other prospective buyers, too, go[illegible] touch with Kamen to find out what the [illegible] was about. "I wouldn't have advised an [illegible] tentional leak," Doerr says, "but it ma[illegible] upset me in that it upset Dean."

The leak did more than upset Kame[illegible] turned his life into something of a cir[illegible] On Web sites devoted to Ginger gossip, [illegible] men's travels were monitored; he was [illegible] lowed around Manchester by Ginger st[illegible] ers; he found snoopers with binocu[illegible] perched in his trees. It was all pretty cre[illegible] Yet what bothered him most was the pe[illegible]

ity that the leak had raised expectations out Ginger far too high. Months later, in ; office at DEKA, Kamen told me, "I'm orried that because our device won't am you to Mars, or turn lead into gold, ople are going to find it a letdown." It s late at night, and a fog as thick as chow- r enveloped the windows. "I can't think anything good about that event. It was e single worst thing that has ever hapned to me in business."

By the late summer of 2001, Kamen and his investors had decided to launch Gin- r in two phases. For the first year, they ould sell exclusively to corporations, uni- rsities, and government agencies, in order establish it as a safe, useful, serious prod- t—not a toy. After that, toward the end of 02, they would take the plunge into the ore turbulent waters of the consumer mar- tplace. The plan sounded nsible, but it was, at that oment, a shot in the dark. or all the talk in the tech- ology business about the w new thing, most of the oducts spit out by Silicon lley represent, at best, in- emental innovations; they e more of the same, only ster and cheaper. Ginger, contrast, was a genuinely w machine, and one that d been kept so tightly un- r wraps that Kamen and s people were essentially ueless about whether cus- mers would actually be terested in purchasing it. here had been no field- sting, and precious little market research. the months after the leak, in fact, Kamen d grown even more vigilant about secrecy. nly a select few prospective customers— e postmaster general, the National Park ervice, the Pentagon, Federal Express— d been permitted to cross DEKA's closely uarded threshold. Now, with the launch nly a few months away, the time had clear- come to show a little leg.

On a cool October morning, a half-dozen cops from the Boston Police Depart- ent come trundling into DEKA. They are ig men with buzz cuts and sunny disposi- ons. The first one to climb on top of a Gin- er is a black man with a mustache and a ody like a cannonball. He wears an extra- rge helmet on his XXL head; it looks a lit- e like a plastic yarmulke.

We are standing around on the ground oor of Gingerland, in a cavernous space itted out like an obstacle course. As the annonball man rolls slowly back and forth, ngineers whiz all around us, putting Gin- gers through their paces on a makeshift torture track—shooting up and down ramps, thumping over speed bumps, splashing through water, scrabbling across gravel. The cops are captivated by these daredevil antics. "Do you need special training to do that?" one of them asks Doug Field. Pointing to an especially Evel Knievelesque rider, Field replies, "See that guy with the ponytail? He was hired yesterday."

When all the cops have had their turns, we retire to the DEKA boardroom for Danish, coffee, and a debriefing with Kamen. One cop says he likes that Ginger runs quiet, "because we're still in the business of sneaking up on people sometimes." Another compares it favorably to riding a bike on the beat: "Bicycles aren't very maneuverable, and by the time you get off after chasing someone, you're so fatigued that you can't think straight." Kamen can hardly contain his glee.



KAMEN ISLAND
The lighthouse on North Dumpling, the inventor's private island in Long Island Sound. Kamen considers North Dumpling a sovereign state; it even has its own currency, with one bill having the value of pi.

"Did you hear that? Did you hear that?" he whispers, leaning over to me. "It's just what I thought."

Another cop asks Kamen how fast Ginger goes. As fast as you want, Kamen replies; with the right kind of battery, maybe 30 miles per hour. "You wouldn't want to go that fast—you really wouldn't," he adds. "But you could." Kamen explains that the company would gladly customize machines especially for police. "If you wanted the machine to go fast enough, say, that after one block you'd be no more than 10 feet behind the fastest sprinter, we could program it to give you that. And, of course, no one can sprint at full speed for more than 20 seconds or so."

"What happens if a tire punctures?" the cannonball man asks. Kamen explains that Ginger's tires are custom-built; there hasn't been a puncture yet. "I'm sure that's true," says the cannonball man. "But never underestimate the resourcefulness of the Boston Police. If there's a way to puncture a tire, we'll find it."

The next day, Kamen and his people entertain another contingent—four urban planners from the city of Atlanta. Earlier in the year, right after the leak, one of the men from Atlanta wrote a letter to Kamen that said, in effect: We don't know what you're up to, but we've got a mess of transportation troubles, and we'd be interested in hearing if you have something to help.

They turn up at lunchtime and spend the next hour riding Gingers around the vast expanse of Kamen's estate. The afternoon sun throws pale light on the trees, which are turning from gold to burnt orange and red. A plane passes overhead, and someone says, "Hey, Dean, it's the guys from Honda." Kamen doesn't laugh. "I hate to be paranoid, but airplanes make me nervous."

Upstairs in the dining room, the group settles in for a lengthy powwow. Kamen begins, "Part of the reason we think we might be able to get out of the gate fast and make a big impact on cities is that we don't require you to bulldoze anything. We don't require you to build anything. We don't require you to change one zoning law. We just give you the machines and say, Put 'em in. And if you don't like 'em, take 'em out. It's that simple."

One of the men from Atlanta remarks that public-health advocates may quail at Ginger. A device that reduces the need for walking isn't likely to strike them as a brilliant idea. Kamen shakes his head wearily. "Just because I give kids calculators doesn't make them stupider," he says. "People won't walk less. If this thing has the kind of impact we're hoping for, cities will become pedestrian-only. There will be more walking."

"You can surely try to spin it that way," someone cracks, and everyone laughs.

Another Atlantan speaks up. "What I worry about is the regulatory. Are you going to be allowed on sidewalks or not? Are you considered a motor vehicle?" Kamen turns the floor over to Brian Toohey, his regulatory-affairs maven. Towering and stocky, with a booming bass voice and a ruddy complexion, Toohey is in his early 30s. When he was younger, he spent several years working for Motorola's doom-struck satellite venture, Iridium, persuading gov-

ernments around the world to allow Motorola to operate in their airspace. Now Toohey's job is to keep Ginger from being banished from sidewalks. He explains that, at the federal level, he has already convinced officials that the Consumer Product Safety Commission and not the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration should regulate Ginger—that the machine should be treated as a consumer product, that is, and not a motor vehicle. But his next task, he says, is more formidable: going state by state and persuading them to do the same.

Kamen interrupts. "The reality is, it's going to be decided de facto by what merchants want, by what cops do, by what becomes standard practice," he says. "If we have cops and mail carriers riding on the sidewalks for a year, how is anyone in government going to say, 'It's O.K. for us but not O.K. for you'?"

By the time they break for dinner, the men from Atlanta are sold on the notion of hosting a Ginger pilot project in their fair city. Atlanta, they tell Kamen, is a happening place. One of them says excitedly, "We've got the Final Four next year."

"The Final Four. That's great," says Kamen—and then, sotto voce, "Which sport is that?"

In the weeks leading up to Ginger's December debut, it occurred to me that Kamen's company occupied a strange place in the pantheon of start-ups. By the time most new Silicon Valley firms begin their attempt to foist a novel technology on the world, they have an array of executives, a bevy of marketeers, a phalanx of publicists, and a squadron of salesmen. But typically their products are still mostly vapor. Kamen's outfit represented a perfect inversion of this phenomenon: its product was not only more fact than fiction but also fully operational, an engineering marvel. The company itself, however, was still largely hypothetical.

Over lunch one day in early November, I asked Michael Schmertzler if he shared this impression. His response was measured, but betrayed a trace of worry. "Put it this way: we don't have a head of sales yet," he said. "Actually, we don't have *any* salesmen yet." Hard to believe, but this was true. The person handling sales was Brian Toohey, who'd never sold anything commercially in his life. (Toohey shrugged: "I'm making it up as I go along.") The marketing team was in only marginally better shape. Although Kamen had finally hired someone to fill Mike Ferry's shoes—a former IBM executive named Gary Bridge—the marketing chief was basically a one-man band. *In toto,* the company had only around 85 employees. ("How many should there be? About 200," snorted Doerr.) And 11 months after the departure of Tim Adams, there was still no replacement on the horizon. When I asked if the absence of a C.E.O. bothered Schmertzler, he replied, "Well, the standard template for how to start a company would be: you have one. What's hard about that question?" Schmertzler laughed. "But we do have a C.E.O., and that's Dean."

It would be an understatement of epic proportions to say that Kamen's style as a chief executive was unencumbered by the urgency endemic to most start-ups. His meetings were long, his conversations endless, and even rudimentary decisions required days, if not weeks, of ponderous debate. One morning I ran into Gary Bridge as he was emerging from an extended session in Kamen's office. He wore a blank, defeated look, as if he'd just sat through a lecture on the intersection of transportation policy and quantum physics, or been beaten with a stick. The new head of marketing said, "I start the day at 6:30 A.M. with a list of things to do. I finish the day at 9:30 P.M. with my list less than halfway done, and I wonder why. *That* was why."

Since his arrival, Bridge had at least managed to bring to closure one long-running debate: what should the new machine's official name be? The most popular option was to stick with Ginger, but that had been ruled out by the Church of Christ, Scientist, which partly controls the estate of its former adherent Ginger Rogers and the "right of publicity" over her name. Segway, though, was a plausible second choice—a double-edged pun that could be used as a verb (to segway from place to place) or as a noun (bikeways, walkways, highways, and segways).

But while the product and the company now had a name, they still lacked another ingredient vital to the launch: customers. A deal with the Postal Service had been in the works for months, but still hadn't been nailed down. The same was true of Federal Express. In fact, with Thanksgiving approaching, the only firm commitment was from the National Park Service. There were many reasons for the dearth of customers, but perhaps the most mind-boggling was that Kamen had yet to decide how much to charge for the Segway. Sometimes he said the price for the industrial model would be $5,000; sometimes $8,000, or even $10,000. More often, however, he simply ducked the question, leaving would-be buyers baffled. "Dean has decided he's not going to talk about price," Schmertzler told me, rolling his eyes. "The value-added of the product is so much greater than wha ever he is going to charge—it aggravat him no end. And it can make him beha unreasonably."

The continued presence of a C.E.(prone to such flights of irrationality was gi ing John Doerr a splitting headache. Ba in the spring, after Adams left, Doe helped rustle up a former Motorola exec tive whom he saw as promising C.E.O. m terial. The man from Motorola had co to Manchester for a two-month trial ru but had failed to cut it with Kamen and h team. "The body rejected the transplant c gan," Doerr said. Since then, Doerr ha been scrambling to find someone who w both up to the job and an "impedan match with Dean." But every candida Doerr presented, Kamen found wantin "I've been on this project for a year and half and I still haven't found a C.E.O.—i embarrassing, my biggest failure," Doe said on the phone one night in Novembe "I'm on the 90-yard line at fourth dow with 20 seconds to play, and I've got no o to blame but me."

Actually, Doerr did have someone el to blame, for the truth was that K men was in no hurry to find a new C.E.(he made it no secret that he was draggi his feet. "A tiny little start-up doesn't ne a general, a colonel, a sergeant, everybo with a job and a description," he told m "When there needs to be [a C.E.O.], we have one. Until then, one more pers mucking around—no." Kamen assured r that the time would come within a year— assurance that caused Doerr to shake h head and groan. "Mr. Doerr believes it more important to get there fast than to g there right," Kamen retorted. "Mr. Do is a venture capitalist. He's used to busin where you put people in, you take peop out, you sell the business, you buy the bu ness. For him, companies come and co panies go. But I don't have companies co and go. I've been in my company, DEK for 30 years. It's family."

The clash between strong-willed found and hardheaded venture capitalists is persistent start-up leitmotif. But the t sions within Segway L.L.C. are more dee rooted, more like a clash of contrasti capitalist sensibilities. As a technologi Dean Kamen may be a visionary, but a businessman he is an unrepentant tra tionalist, a kind of forward-thinking thr back, forever railing at "venture-capi funny money and dot-com bullshit." Ev company Kamen has ever run has bee mom-and-pop shop—small, privately he accountable to no one but Kamen, w runs these firms as benevolent dictat ships. In his eyes, Doerr and Schmertzler the financiers from another planet. Th

e bone-deep modernists, apostles of the ith in professional management, whose lling is to transform small, private start- os into big, public corporations—and make killing in the process. Kamen unreserved- shares that aspiration, but he bridles the changes necessary to make it so. As ng as that remains true, the tug-of-war etween him and his investors is destined continue—with Kamen possessing the per hand.

"The Segway is Dean's invention, his aby, and he has financial wherewithal and e ownership stake to exercise his will," chmertzler concludes. "He will absolutely ject any idea about how to run this com- any just because it's written in some text- ook or because it's been someone's experi- nce that it's the way to do things. This is ot a statistical experiment for Dean. This his company."

The morning of the launch arrives. Monday, December 3. At daybreak, Kamen rises, leaves his hotel in Midtown Manhattan, and sets off across the city to kick-start is revolution. His first stop is the set of *ood Morning America.*

Kamen is nervous. In return for a package deal with ABC's *Prime Time Live*—a eal refused by NBC for *Today* and *Datene*—Gary Bridge has granted *Good Morning America* a televised exclusive, and the how has been promoting the segment relentlessly for a week. The producers have idden the Segway behind a sheer, backlit hite curtain, a setup Kamen considers dressingly "cheesy." When the curtain goes p, his worst fears come true: "I'm tempted o say, That's it?" moans Diane Sawyer. For he next half-hour on live television, Kamen, Sawyer, and her co-host, Charlie Gibson, cruise around Bryant Park on Segways. Despite her initial reaction, Sawyer has a all, performing a variety of unnatural acts throwing one leg over the handlebars while ding with no hands, for instance) that nearly give Kamen a coronary.

Exiting the show, Kamen has no idea ow the spectacle went over. But later he arns that the *Good Morning America* Web te has registered more than a million hits n the Segway story, and that the broadast gave the show a rare ratings victory ver *Today,* prompting the producers to sk Kamen for an encore performance two ays later.

On Wednesday morning, Kamen heads ack to New Hampshire, where he is greeted y a passel of state politicians, including the overnor, pledging to pass legislation declaring the Segway sidewalk-legal. The next ay, Kamen and his engineers gather in Gingerland, saddle up 35 machines, and ake them out en masse for a first-ever pin through downtown Manchester. The moment is sweet—a small but gratifying reward for all the years of secrecy. "It was just like I'd imagined it, in the movie in my head," Kamen tells me. "It was an extravehicular experience."

While the Segway marketeers and public-relations hands consider the launch an unalloyed success, Doerr and his allies are less ecstatic. Doerr had always envisioned the launch as an extravagant big bang—a bunch of big, established customers placing big, impressive orders, standing up next to Kamen onstage somewhere and singing the Segway's praises. In the end, however, there was no stage, just a bare-bones press release listing the launch partners: the U.S. Postal Service, Michelin North America, G.E. Plastics, the National Park Service, the city of Atlanta, Amazon.com. (The Boston Police would come on board a few days later.) In truth, the list was even thinner than it looked. Michelin and G.E. were suppliers to the firm; although they would indeed buy some Segways, they weren't proper customers. And most of the others were purchasing only a few machines. Meanwhile, the long-brewing deal with Federal Express had fallen by the wayside at the last minute, partly due to Kamen's continued cloudiness regarding the Segway's price.

"John was very upset about the launch not being together," Schmertzler tells me later. "But you can't judge it that way. This wasn't a launch; it was a reveal. It was just to tell the world what we're about."

In any event, Doerr can never stay upset with Kamen for too long—maybe because he recognizes that they are cut from the same cloth. Certainly that's how it seems the following week, when Kamen and his team arrive in California for a West Coast press tour. One afternoon I track them down at San Francisco's City Hall. The next hour is filled amusingly by the sight of Mayor Willie Brown—in a chocolate-brown Brioni suit, suede oxfords, and a Segway baseball cap—suavely poised on one of the machines. ("I love it, I love it," the mayor, mugging madly, says to no one in particular.) Afterward, the Segway boys have a little time to kill, and Kamen has an idea about how to kill it: by taking a Segway joyride on Lombard Street. Gary Bridge considers this an ill-conceived idea—but before he has a chance to say why, Kamen and Doerr are off and running, cackling like schoolkids on a mission to hot-wire the family cat.

When they get to the top of Lombard Street, Kamen sees that it has no sidewalks. Since riding on the street would be unforgivably off-message, he decides that nearby Hyde Street is steep enough for him, and zooms off downhill toward Fisherman's Wharf. A few minutes later, Kamen reappears, gliding uphill past some struggling cyclists—and there, close behind him, is a billionaire venture capitalist, trailing on foot with a video camera. Doerr reaches the summit in a state of disarray: out of breath, soaked in sweat, shirttail aflutter. I am not sure I have ever seen a man look happier. Pointing to his camcorder, he grins and says, "I got it."

Dean Kamen is regularly compared to Thomas Edison. The comparison is worth pondering. Edison is regarded as the greatest inventor of his time, and one of the greatest of any time. But Edison was also an entrepreneur, starting dozens of companies to commercialize his inventions—almost every single one of which failed, often miserably. Brilliant as Edison was, his career provides powerful evidence that commercial genius and technical genius are different animals, and that they rarely coexist in a single person. All of which may help explain why Kamen's hero isn't Edison but Albert Einstein.

It's the week before Christmas, late in the evening, and I am sitting in Kamen's wood-paneled study, looking up at the painting of Einstein that hangs above the fireplace. (It is one of many Einstein portraits, all by his father, in Kamen's house and office.) The weather outside is foul, the sky a filthy stew of sleet and snow and freezing rain. With the launch now history, I ask Kamen for his considered assessment. "I think it was great because nothing terrible happened," he says without smiling. "If there hadn't been the nonsense a year ago, it would have been even better—without all the crazy expectations."

Kamen will be lucky if dashed expectations are the Segway's biggest worry. Most of those who felt grievously let down were Ginger chat-site habitués—hardly a mainstream crowd. And while others have dismissed the Segway, they are almost invariably people who haven't ridden it. (Some of the dismissiveness has been admittedly hilarious; a mock ad in *The Onion* listed the Segway's key features: "Upright handlebars ergonomically designed to maximize loss of dignity," "Can reach speeds of up to 100 mph with a special tow rope," "Safety sign at base reads KEEP BACK 100 FEET FROM GAY LITTLE SCOOTER.")

When the Segway consumer model, priced around $3,000, finally hits the market, the obstacles it faces will be many and daunting. There is regulation: will it be permitted on sidewalks in the U.S. and abroad? There's safety: no matter how well designed, injuries are inevitable. There's litigation: will the deep pockets behind this product attract trial lawyers like bees to a hive? There's competition: knockoffs that are less sophisticated but less costly (a three-wheeled version,

Segway

say) are likely to be cooked up overseas. Then there are the vagaries of consumer taste: Is it cool? Is it fashionable? Is it too expensive? Too expensive compared with what? The first personal computers ran $3,000 to $5,000 and were bought by people eager to be part of a revolutionary vanguard. Will a similar kind of cachet attach itself to the Segway?

"We just don't know," Jeff Bezos says. "We don't know if people will want to ride them by the millions. And you can't ask people, because often they don't know they want something until you give it to them. That's the story of the Walkman. It's also the story of the World Wide Web."

The other great imponderable, in the end, is Kamen. In the technology industry, where the phrase "change the world" has been rendered all but meaningless by promiscuous overuse, Kamen is one of the few individuals who can accurately be described as trying to do just that. His idealism is indisputable, and so is his willingness to take on problems that are large, consequential, and sometimes intractable. Yet the zealousness and messianism that underlie all this, and that were indispensable to making the Segway possible, are qualities that exist less comfortably inside a stable, mainstream business. Not only are they not essential, they may even prove to be handicaps.

Kamen is making efforts to be more accommodating. In mid-March it even seemed possible that he might soon acquiesce to the hiring of a new C.E.O.—or, more likely, a new president. Yet anyone who takes up either post may find that coping with Kamen is every bit as challenging as managing Segway L.L.C. "I've told every candidate that I want something that's unrealistic," he says. "I want to be like a grandparent. I want someone to come in and make sure the kids are eating their broccoli and doing their homework, and I want to come play. But I've also told them, You can never forget that I'm not just a grandparent, and I'm not just one member of the board of directors. I own most of this company. That's not an accident and it's not a coincidence." Will letting go of the company be traumatic for Kamen? "I've already let go," he says. "I don't feel too much of the nitty-gritty as we sit here now. And I've got a bunch of other things I'm doing."

At the top of Kamen's to-do list is New Power Concepts, the DEKA spin-off that houses the Stirling engine and clean-water projects. Kamen has been dickering for more than a year with various potential investors—notably, John Doerr and Michael Schmertzler. The whole thing reeks of déjà vu, except this time the moneymen are driving a harder bargain. Or, rather, the are trying to: Kamen has so far rejecte their every offer.

As he sits in his study surrounded b his books, the money minuet seem far from Kamen's mind; for the momen he is caught up in the thrill of his next i vention. Hopping up from his chair, h disappears for a minute and returns wit both hands full. In one hand he holds miniature Stirling engine—a contraptio the size of a Kleenex box, made of stee wood, and glass, with a crankshaft in th center connected to a pair of pistons. I the other hand he holds a steaming coff cup, which he places beneath the engine base. In a few seconds, the pistons start pump, slowly at first, then picking u speed. "All you've got to do is keep or end hot," Kamen explains. "And notice, makes no noise, it has no intake, no e haust, no ignition, no valves, no combu tion, and no muffler. And if I leave it s ting here on top of this cup of coffee, will just keep pumping faster and faster night long."

It is well past midnight now, and the p tons are pumping, and Kamen keeps tal ing, and I can't help but wonder if he ev gets tired. "I do," Kamen says, staring the ceiling. "But then I remember that I running out of time. And there's still a l of things I've got to get done." □

Kirsten Dunst

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 174 figured Raimi must have called her earlier—she was such an obvious choice, he felt—so he hadn't even mentioned her.

Dunst knocked on Raimi's hotel door at the end of a day that had started at five A.M. She found the three inside with a video camera set up to shoot her right in the room. Maguire, still sick, looked miserable. Dunst could only imagine how poor the chemistry would be between them, but she did her best. She was so nervous that when the reading was over she left her CD case behind. But no one in the room looked the least bit displeased when she returned for it in acute embarrassment. "The moment she got in the room with Tobey," Raimi recalls, "you saw it happen. They both just came to life."

Raimi, a quirky director who started with cult horror films such as *The Evil Dead* (1982) and *Army of Darkness* (1993) and segued into the supernatural with 2000's *The Gift*, had grown up loving Spider-Man and felt disinclined to mess with the icon that four decades of Marvel comics artists had portrayed. [illegible] for him the dark personal phantas[illegible] [illegible] t explains of Peter Parker. "They look like robbers. He quickly changes. Meanwh it starts to rain. They catch up with me, I starting to battle them off. And then Spid Man appears—*whisk, whisk*—down his spi thread, and beats them up." So quickly h Parker changed that his mask is not in pla so he whisks off, with Mary Jane crying, "W wait!" Mask secured, he descends back i view, upside down, and the two share a k in the pouring rain that feels, for Mary Ja oddly like a kiss Peter Parker plants on l lips not long after. "That," says Laura Zis mischievously, "is when we said, 'I wonde there's something going on between them.

director Tim Burton's 1989 *Batman*. Raimi's *Spider-Man* would be bright and fresh in its look, set in contemporary Manhattan, with duly bright and fresh young co-stars. But the director "tweaked" the backdrop with digital tricks. "There's no building in our film that doesn't exist in Manhattan," he says. "There just wouldn't be as many unique and fantastic buildings on one block."

Against this backdrop, Maguire and Dunst (reborn as a redhead) enact a classic coming-of-age story, albeit one with a lot of spider-like jumping around and web-weaving aerial gymnastics. Spider-Man is an impetuous lad who has to learn how to use his powers wisely. He also has to find a way to get the girl he's always loved—the girl who finds Peter Parker a bore; the girl he can't date as Spider-Man either, because that would put her in danger. Mary Jane, for her part, has to realize she's drawn to the wrong guys—the rich but shallow ones—and that Parker is the true love for her. Throughout the film, her only inkling that Parker may actually be Spider-Man is the result of a memorable moment that everyone on the set would refer to as the Upside-Down Kiss.

"He notices these two guys following me," [illegible] t explains of Peter Parker. "They look

Despite tabloid rumors, Dunst says l co-star is just a friend, one she so came to admire for his instant access to a emotion. "Tobey can cry just like that," marvels. "Whenever I have a crying scen have to listen to sad music, put my he phones on and kind of zone out." Magu found Dunst's own emotional range am ing. "She's very, very talented," he sa "She's very appealing and beautiful. She a womanly quality, but also a very fun quality, an innocence. [And] there's no v ity in her acting. She just commits a goes for it." Also, Maguire says admiri

"in the end, she had it tougher than me." The fact is that while Spider-Man has his are of aerial moments, thread-suspended a hot, body-molded, spandex suit ("which hated!" giggles Dunst), Mary Jane Watn is forever the damsel in distress. If Dunst asn't hanging off balconies, she was falling feet in a hidden harness. ("They come to ite dramatic stops," observes Raimi of acrs put in such contraptions.) Jeff Habberad, the movie's stunt coordinator, conms that Dunst did things that a lot of acrs wouldn't do. "There's scenes where she's lling off the Queensborough Bridge; in mes Square she falls off a 15-story balcony. some of these shots, as a result, you actuly see her falling quite a ways." Dunst, says abberstad, did it all without comaining. "She was a trouper," says e gruff veteran of many a stunt ll himself. "And believe me, I ouldn't say it if it wasn't true."

Dunst says the scene that nearly oke her wasn't a fall. It was a chilly, ghtlong shoot for the upside-down ss scene in unremitting Hollywood in. "It was January, freezing, and eryone else was in a warm coat," unst recalls. "I was in a skimpy utfit with water up to my ankles." bit sheepishly, the director conrms this. "You can imagine what 's like in a cold rain for an hour," aimi marvels. "But this was a 12our shoot! She'd be shivering uncontrollably between the takes. Then e'd muster the will and dispense ith the shivers—and then deliver a erformance as though she was perctly warm."

Raimi ended up as much a fan s Bogdanovich. "She has a comlexity when you get the camera close," he says of Dunst. "She's ery intelligent, and there's a lot going on ehind the eyes.... I couldn't even tell ou what color they are. It's about what's oming from behind them."

At the Dunst family's Valley home, the door is likely to be opened by Kirsten's other, Inez, a big, garrulous woman who edefines the stage-mom type: passionate ather than hard-edged, proud rather than ushy. On one side of her is Kirsten's twinklyed and impish grandmother—Inez's mom. n the other is happily obedient Kirsten.

All three generations of these women ke to have fun, so they seize a holiday like Halloween and go to town with it. Last fall constant stream of trick-or-treaters braved e open coffin and skulls in the front yard, e blasts of smoke from a bay window, nd the sight of two black-robed, pointyatted witches at the front door—Inez and er mother—to reach their tiny hands into huge baskets of candy. Holding the basket was Kirsten as Gilligan of *Gilligan's Island,* in round-brimmed white hat and red shirt. Occasionally one of the older trick-or-treaters would nudge his buddies and whisper, "Hey, that's Kirsten Dunst!" But through the long evening she remained, like Mary Jane Watson in *Spider-Man,* the all-American girl next door.

Kirsten bought this house for her family so recently that it remains only partly furnished. Up a curving wood stairway, her bedroom is a jumble of boxes soon to be moved. The Philippe Starck sofa sits in the hall outside, also awaiting transportation. Out back is a gorgeous view of hills and water, unusual for L.A. Another young actor might swagger a bit at this show of her role as family breadwinner. Kiki, as she's known to her family and friends, is simply delighted. It's her contribution to a history of hard work among the family that traces back at least to her great-grandmother's farm in Minnesota.



MORE THAN A WOMAN
Despite tabloid rumors, Dunst says Tobey Maguire, her *Spider-Man* co-star, is just a friend. Of her, Maguire says, "She's very appealing and beautiful. She has a womanly quality, but also a very fun girl quality, an innocence."

Kirsten's grandmother is a midwestern Swede who grew up doing barnyard chores before moving east to the Jersey Shore. Along with that lineage, Kirsten has German blood from her father, whom her mother met when the two were in college at Carnegie Mellon University; despite marrying at 20, Inez worked for years in fashion design and as a flight attendant for Lufthansa. Eventually, she had the first of her two children with Klaus Dunst, began raising her daughter in Bricktown, New Jersey, and became, to her own surprise, a stage mother.

"She would be in the carriage when we were grocery shopping," Inez explains of Kirsten at age three, "and she was very animated. People would say, 'You should have her audition for commercials.'" Neither Inez nor Klaus, a medical-services executive, had any connections to the entertainment world, but Inez resolved to try. "We went into a [New York] modeling agency and that was that. You usually need an appointment, but when they saw her on my husband's shoulders, they pretended she had one."

The agency was Ford, which directed Inez to take Kirsten to a first commercial audition—a cattle call with hundreds of kids—for Kix cereal. Kirsten got it. She had the angelic face, the Pre-Raphaelite hair, and an uninhibited charm. "She was a ham," her mother says. Eventually, Kirsten appeared in more than 100 commercials. Inez swears she let her daughter set the pace. "There were times when I'd say, 'You got a birthday party and a callback, which do you want to do?' She'd say, 'I'll be late to the birthday party.'" Kirsten's closest childhood friend, Lindsay Schlisserman, remembers Kirsten getting on the school bus some mornings with her hair up in pink sponge curlers in preparation for an afterschool audition in Manhattan. "She'd get teased a bit for that," Lindsay says, when the girls attended the private Ranney School. "But she was totally O.K. with it." Kirsten herself recalls riding home from the city after dark in the backseat of her mother's car, doing her homework in a tiny cone of light. But she was O.K. with that too.

Kirsten won her first movie role at seven—from director Woody Allen. It was a bit part in *New York Stories* (1989). "All I remember is that we were doing a scene at Tavern on the Green," says Kirsten, "and I remember Woody getting ice cream for his daughter Dylan, who also was in the movie. He got ice cream for Dylan, but not for me and this other kid. And I remember Mia Farrow getting angry at him for that." Tom Hanks was nicer; Kirsten was his daughter the following year in *Bonfire of the Vanities.*

With each new success, the need for Kirsten to move to Hollywood became clearer. Inez took the plunge in 1991; her husband stayed behind.

"When it started to get serious, it was hard for my dad," Kirsten says cautiously

Kirsten Dunst

over lunch at a little French bistro of her choice. Her father was always supportive, she says, but couldn't imagine anything would come of her efforts. "He was just surprised that we were doing so well with it." Surprised and, perhaps, marginalized, though tension over Kirsten's career seemed symptomatic of deeper problems. "They were polar opposites," Kirsten says. "My dad is very straitlaced, and my mom is very vivacious—she has a lot of energy." The divorce, when Kirsten was 13, merely ratified the obvious. "They were never really happy together," Kirsten says, "so their divorce never really affected me. I'd rather have them be happy and apart." Klaus Dunst is remarried and, ironically, now lives a short drive away in Marina del Rey, where Kirsten sees him often.

By the time her parents were divorced, Dunst had beaten out thousands of other young actresses for her role in *Interview with the Vampire* as an innocent corrupted by jaded ghouls Tom Cruise and Brad Pitt. She earned a Golden Globe nomination for it, too. She began working almost without pause: as spoiled daughter Amy in the 1994 remake of *Little Women;* as the orphaned, prevaricating sister, Judy, in *Jumanji;* as an Albanian refugee featured in fake news footage in *Wag the Dog.*

Often teen actors on such a roll become legally emancipated from their parents, making them adults in the eyes of the law, a move which gets studios off the hook of hiring on-set baby-sitters and tutors for them, and presumably makes them more appealing prospects. Kirsten remained a child in the eyes of the law, struggled through tutoring to keep up on schoolwork during months-long leaves of absence, and tried, at the same time, against the odds, to be a normal kid.

Having a kid brother helped: Christian, five years her junior, kept her grounded. So did doing chores. Kirsten still loves housecleaning, or so she says. She's a big Windex fan; Lemon Pledge is another favorite. "I think when I get my own place I'm going to love cleaning there too," she says. Despite her long absences, Kirsten kept close friends and did with them what all teenage girls in the Valley do: go bowling, make prank phone calls, put popcorn in people's mailboxes, throw rolls of toilet paper out the window, and go trash-can bowling. "You hold a trash can out the window and drive really fast," Kirsten explains, "and then you crash the trash can you're holding into another trash can: you let the first one go, and it crashes into the second one."

Few actors of any age handle comedy and drama with equal aplomb, but Dunst did it with her first leading roles. *Drop Dead Gorgeous* (1999) [illegible] dark comedy of teenage beauty pageants, and in *Bring It On* she made cheerleading funny. For grown-ups as well as teens, there was the comic and original *Dick* (1999), with Dunst as one of two wide-eyed girls who have a crush on President Nixon and get drawn into the vortex of Watergate. ("I'd heard of Watergate," Dunst ventures, "but I didn't know a lot about it.") In that same busy year, Dunst also starred in *The Virgin Suicides,* based on Jeffrey Eugenides's lugubrious novel of five sisters who commit suicide, for first-time director Sofia Coppola. And in 2001 she became Nicole Oakley, the disaffected, drug-using rich girl in the underrated high-school drama *Crazy/Beautiful.*

For *The Virgin Suicides,* Dunst agreed, cautiously, to a lovemaking scene in which she's all but fully dressed (on a football field at night). But she's on record as vowing never to act even partially nude. "Nobody is ever going to see my body," she says. She doesn't think it's ever necessary. She's just as discreet about real-life romance: no talk of a boyfriend on the set in *The Cat's Meow,* or anyone else. With those elegant fingers, Dunst pantomines zipping her lips.

About nearly anything else in regard to her person, Dunst is cheerfully candid. She thinks she has a fat face on-screen and smiles too much; she also thinks her head is too big for her body. She wears makeup to meetings "to hide the dark rings" under her eyes. She eats whatever she wants and never goes to the gym, though she's noticed she can't quite get away with anything the way she once did—when she was "young."

Most actors are cagier about their job prospects than their personal lives. Not Kirsten. She's gone five months without doing a movie when we first meet, and she's about to tear her hair out. "I'm so antsy right now! I have to open my own store or my own restaurant, because when I'm not working I go crazy. I'm sort of busy now with getting the house and furnishing it, but still . . . Right now I'm so dying to work that I know the next movie I do I'll put so much energy into it." By the time we talk again, she's up in Montreal filming *Levity,* a small-budget drama starring Billy Bob Thornton, Morgan Freeman, and Holly Hunter. "Yes," she says, "it is so good to get back to work."

One thing she won't do, besides nudity, she says adamantly, is go to college. "My friends in college, they don't know what they want to do; I do! And I love what I do; college would just keep me away from it." There are other reasons to go to college, obviously, but Dunst waves off the thought. "I'd like to take classes," she concedes, "but I'd like to do it on my own time. College is so not for me."

Strong words, but Dunst is old enough to make her own way—in every way. She's not even a teenager anymore. As of April 30, she's 20.

Leading ladies, look out. □

CREDITS

FASHION



Cover: Kirsten Dunst's Tom Ford for Gucci dress and shoes from selected Gucci stores; Sarajane Hoare for Vernon Jolly.

Page 58: Sharon Schieffer styled by Kim Debus for Jam Arts; shirt by Ralph Lauren Black Label from selected Ralph Lauren stores; earrings by Gabrielle Sanchez from Apropo, N.Y.C.

Page 132: Kate Spade's J. Mendel mink from J. Mendel, N.Y.C.; Kate Spade purse from Kate Spade, N.Y.C.; Terry Rodgers & Melody earrings from the Manhattan Art & Antiques Center, N.Y.C.; for David Yurman ring, from the David Yurman flagship store, N.Y.C., call 877-226-1400; Kim Meehan for Walter Schupfer Management.



Page 136: Andy Spade's Brooks Brothers tuxedo, tie, and cuff links from Brooks Brothers, N.Y.C.; Ralph Lauren shirt and shoes from selected Polo Ralph Lauren stores, N.Y.C. Kate Spade's Kate Spade shoes from Kate Spade, N.Y.C.; Terry Rogers & Melody bracelet from the Manhattan Art and Antiques Center; Tiffany & Co. bracelet from Tiffany & Co., N.Y.

Page 138: Kate Spade's Barneys New York sweater and Ann-Louise Roswald skirt from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; Kate Spade purse and shoes from Kate Spade, N.Y.C.; Terry Rodgers & Melody bracelets from the Manhattan Art & Antiques Center, N.Y.C. Andy Spade's Jay Kos suit from Jay Kos, N.Y.C.; A.P.C. shirt from A.P.C., N.Y.C.; Jack Spade tie from Jack Spade, N.Y.C.; Alden shoes from Alden Shoes, San Francisco.



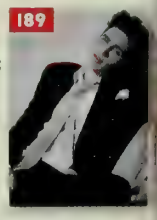
Page 153: Bart Freundlich Tom Ford for Gucci shirt and suit from Gucci stores nationwide; Michael Nash for Oliver Piro.

Page 160: Dick Clark styled by Estee Stanley for Fred Segal Beauty; sweater by Polo Sport from selected Polo Ralph Lauren stores; shoes by Cesare Paciotti from Cesare Paciotti, N.Y.C.

Page 171: Kirsten Dunst's Tom Ford for Gucci bodysuit and bikini from selected Gucci stores; Calvin Klein shoes from selected Neiman Marcus stores.

Pages 172–73: Tom Ford for Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche dress from selected Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche boutiques.

Pages 174–75: Tom Ford for Gucci dress from Gucci, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills; Eres panties from E, N.Y.C.; Balenciaga "Le Dix" by Nicolas Ghesquière shoes from selected Barneys New York stores.



Pages 188–89: For **James Franco's** Louis Vuitton suit and shirt, call 866-VUITTON; Charvet tie from Bergdorf Goodman, Saks Fifth Avenue, and Neiman Marcus stores nationwide.

Pages 194–95: For **Norman Vaughan's** vintage parka by Lydia Gordon, call 212-673-8228.

Pages 196–97: Brian Jones and **Bertrand Piccard** styled by Fanta Fofana. Jones's jacket by Canada Goose from Citadium, Paris; for jeans by Levi's, call 800-USA-LEVI; for boots by Timberland, go to www.timberland.com



sweater by Muji, from Muji, Paris. Piccard's vintage jacket from Surplus Doursoux; for jeans by Levi's, call 800-USA-LEVI; for boots by Timberland, to www.timberland.com; for sweater by Lacoste, 800-4-LACOSTE.

AUTY AND GROOMING

ver: Kirsten Dunst's hair styled with Aveda e-Fume Brilliant Universal Styling Creme, Custom ntrol, (A Little) Self Control, Pure-Fume Brilliant ollient for Hair,



nata Firm Hold Hair ay, and Phomollient ing Foam. Aveda ducts available at da stores nationwide; more information, go ww.aveda.com or call 800-AVEDA-24. James wn for Van Michael Salon. All moisturizer, makeup, d nail-enamel products by Chanel, available at partment stores and boutiques nationwide, or go to w.gloss.com or call 800-550-0005; on her face, Conscience Total Health Oil-Free Moisture Fluid 15, Eye Lift, Visage Parfait Correction Perfection e Kit, Teint Fluide Universel in Cameo, and Natural sh Pressed Powder in Translucent 2; on her eyes, fect Brows, Intensités d'Ombre Basic Eye Colour in nyon, Liquid Eye Lines in Onyx, On-the-Double Eye ayon in Kohl Noir and Kohl Beige, and Sculpting scara Extreme Length in Black; on her cheeks, ats Solaires Bronze Perfection Face Palette, Perfecting nze Powder, and Holiday Aqualumières Multi-Effect ter Palette; on her lips, Holiday Aqualumières lti-Effect Water Palette; on her nails, Le Vernis Nail lour in Vamp and Quick Shine Top Coat in Quick at. Kristi Jones for Cloutier/Orly.

ge 58: Sharon Schieffer's hair and makeup by dré Drykin for Halley Resources.

ge 71: Philippe Starck's grooming by Nathalie bs for the Brigitte Hébant Agency, Paris.

ge 86: Hot Looks: Vera Wang's Parfum, 0.5 fl. oz., 0, and 1 fl. oz., $300; Eau de Parfum Spray, 1.7 fl. oz., 0, and 3.4 fl. oz., $85; available at Bloomingdale's res nationwide. Annick Goutal's Le Chèvrefeuille u de Toilette, 1.7 fl. oz. Natural Spray, $55; available at meys New York, N.Y.C. and L.A. Calvin Klein's Sheer osession Eau de Parfum, 1.7 fl. oz., $38; call 0-715-4023. Oscar de la Renta's Intrusion Eau de rfum Vaporisateur, 1.6 fl. oz., $60, and 3.3 fl. oz., $85; ailable at Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide. rolina Herrera's Chic Eau de Parfum, 1.7 fl. oz., $54, d 2.7 fl. oz., $72; available at selected Macy's stores.

ic Posen's grooming by George Kyriakos for Hair /.C. **Cindy Greene's** hair by Gerald DeCock for I roup/Aveda; makeup by Angela Di Carlo.

ge 112: Helene Macaulay for Artists by Timothy Priano.



Page 132: Kate Spade's makeup products all by Prescriptives, available at fine department stores nationwide, or go to www.gloss.com; on her face, Makeup Plus in Soft Gold and Soft Beige; on her eyes, Pick 2 Eyeshadow in Drumroll and Venus, with Softlining Pencil in ; on her cheeks, Sunsheen Bronzing Gel; on her lips, luxe Lip Pencil in Garnet and Lip Shine in Dreamer. e Omoto for Garren Agency. Kate Spade's and **ndy Spade's** hair styled with Frédéric Fekkai Smooth Hair, available at Frédéric Fekkai, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills; for more information, go to www.fredericfekkai.com. Robert Sherman for Frédéric Fekkai.



Page 153: On **Bart Freundlich's** face, Almay Hypo-Allergenic Blotting Powder; on his lips, Kiehl's Lip Balm No. 1. Almay products available at drugstores nationwide; for more information, go to www.almay.com. Kiehl's products available at Neiman Marcus stores nationwide, or call 800-KIEHLS-1. Losi for www.thewallgroup.com.

Page 160: Dick Clark's grooming by Brett Freedman for Cloutier.

Pages 168–75: See credits for cover.

Pages 188–89: James Franco's hair styled with Kérastase Nutri-Liss; for more information, call 877-748-8357. Debra Ordway for Oribe Salons. On his face, Lancôme Photôgenic Sheer Loose Powder, available at fine department and specialty stores nationwide, or go to www.lancome.com. Regine Thorre for 3 Arts.



Page 201: Sylvia Earle's hair and makeup by Kathryn Murphy.

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Page 236: From C.P.I.

Michael Lutin gives Tauruses the secret to life: spend less!



Sarah Hughes

TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY 20

When Venus and Mars pass through Taurus, your appetite for sampling the pleasures this world has to offer is noticeably heightened. While we all respect and admire your phenomenal ability to slurp down all 31 flavors of Baskin-Robbins ice cream in one big gulp, you should be aware that some tense moments are in store as the personal planets transit your 2nd house and run smack into a Saturn-Pluto opposition. Therefore, you would be well advised to tighten your belt and look demurely down when tasty temptations appear before your eyes. And they will.

GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21



Liam Neeson

Why do you continually insist on driving yourself mad over budgets and money issues when you know that at the end of the day it's just a passing downturn and not worth the energy? If the recent 12th-house transit of Mars has been making you paranoid, rest assured that within a couple of months you will be in control once more and back on the offensive. Then again, considering the monkey business that has been going on behind your back, it may turn out that some of your fears *were* justified. In that case your rage will likely be hard to control. Control it anyway.



Mary Baker Eddy

CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22

If you are lucky enough and manipulative enough to have kept your private fantasies and fetishes from eroding your friendships, you'll have people to turn to whenever the trials of daily living get to you. As it has for the past year, the Jupiter transit serves to prop up your mood and enhance your sociability. At the same time, however, there exists a darker, more somber side of your nature, which few people are privy to, and which is beginning to cry out for liberation from the box you've put yourself in. All in good time.

LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22



Whitney Houston

When Venus culminates at the midheaven of your solar chart, you usually fall in with the rich, the powerful, and the beautiful, and find yourself hanging out with individuals who have the clout and the money to make your grandiose dreams come true. All that would be peachy if it were not for an approaching Saturn-Pluto opposition, when, no matter how attractive and seductive the offers may seem at first, you won't be able to forget that you are destined to prove to the world that your freedom means more to you than a fancy position. It's that damned integrity thing again.



John McCain

VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

When you get through cruising down the Nile and checking out the pyramids, and you've had your fill of enjoying sunsets on tropical islands, don't forget that you've got an approaching conjunction of Mars and Saturn at your solar midheaven. The marketplace in old Tangier might be thrilling and an expedition to Antarctica awfully chilling, but after you've written all your postcards and bought souvenirs for the kids, remember that you are still a working Virgo. Before you even think about sleeping, there are miles to go and oodles of promises to keep.

LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23



Niels Bohr

Nobody is questioning your right to indulge your naughty cravings, longings, and sensual desires. You wouldn't be a card-carrying human being if you didn't get turned on once in a while, especially now that Venus, your ruling planet, is wading in the torrid waters of the 8th house. If you must, revel in pleasure until you tire of it, which you probably will when the 3rd-9th axis of your solar horoscope kicks in later in the month and your conscience gives your glandular, instinctual self a good old-fashioned spanking. That can be fun, too.



Billy Graham

SCORPIO OCT. 24–NO

Successful people know the recipe for prosperity. Just blend a measure of self-discipline with powerful connections. On the hand you've got to stay focused long enough to do your homework and temptation, while keeping in mind that you go nowhere if you are not to people and the opportunities they bring. Current 6th-, 7th-, and 8th-h transits of the personal planets together with the coming opposition of S to Pluto will show you how much you need contact. Always be sure, ever, not to reveal how hungry you really are.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21



Jane Austen

You don't need a doctorate in quantum physics to know that the most financially stable people are those who can work consistently, stick to a job until it is done, and avoid getting sidetracked by distrac or undermined by self-centered fantasies. With the ruler of your 6th h in a dignified position, you are making a noble effort to be present i here and now, even if you're not feeling particularly bright-eyed or b tailed and have to use all your concentration just to keep your balance ing up a flight of stairs.



Nicolas Cage

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JA

One doesn't usually think of Capricorns as late-night party types. In fact, members of your sign are usually tucked into bec before the 11-o'clock news comes on TV. Many of you, however, have going against your conditioning recently and leading your version of *bohémienne*. When your 5th house is glittering with the planets of love and sion, as it is now, what else can you do but stay up till all hours and follo music? Bleary-eyed and exhausted as you may be, though, you're still go have to sober up and get to work.

AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18



Rosa Parks

Over the next several weeks you need to fulfill the following two disparate sets of needs: (1) the 4th-house urge to forge deep bonds of familial or professional loyalty, maintain long-term relationships with with whom you live and work, and beautify the place you share with and (2) the 5th-house desire to depart from traditional family values, your own creative or emotional outlets, and put your own goals for pe development above conservative moves toward security. In plain English ily life can get really boring.



Esther Cañadas

PISCES FEB. 19–MARC

If you wish to feel stable and contented, just look at life throu Venus-Jupiter sextile in your 3rd and 5th houses and take com the knowledge that, because you are loving, you will alw loved. If, on the other hand, you're one of those on-the-edge, chain-sm neurotic Pisceans who get off on danger, just focus on your 12th- Uranus and 4th-house Saturn. That way your teeth can keep chatterin eyes can continue darting this way and that, and you can go on wond Oh my God, *now* what?

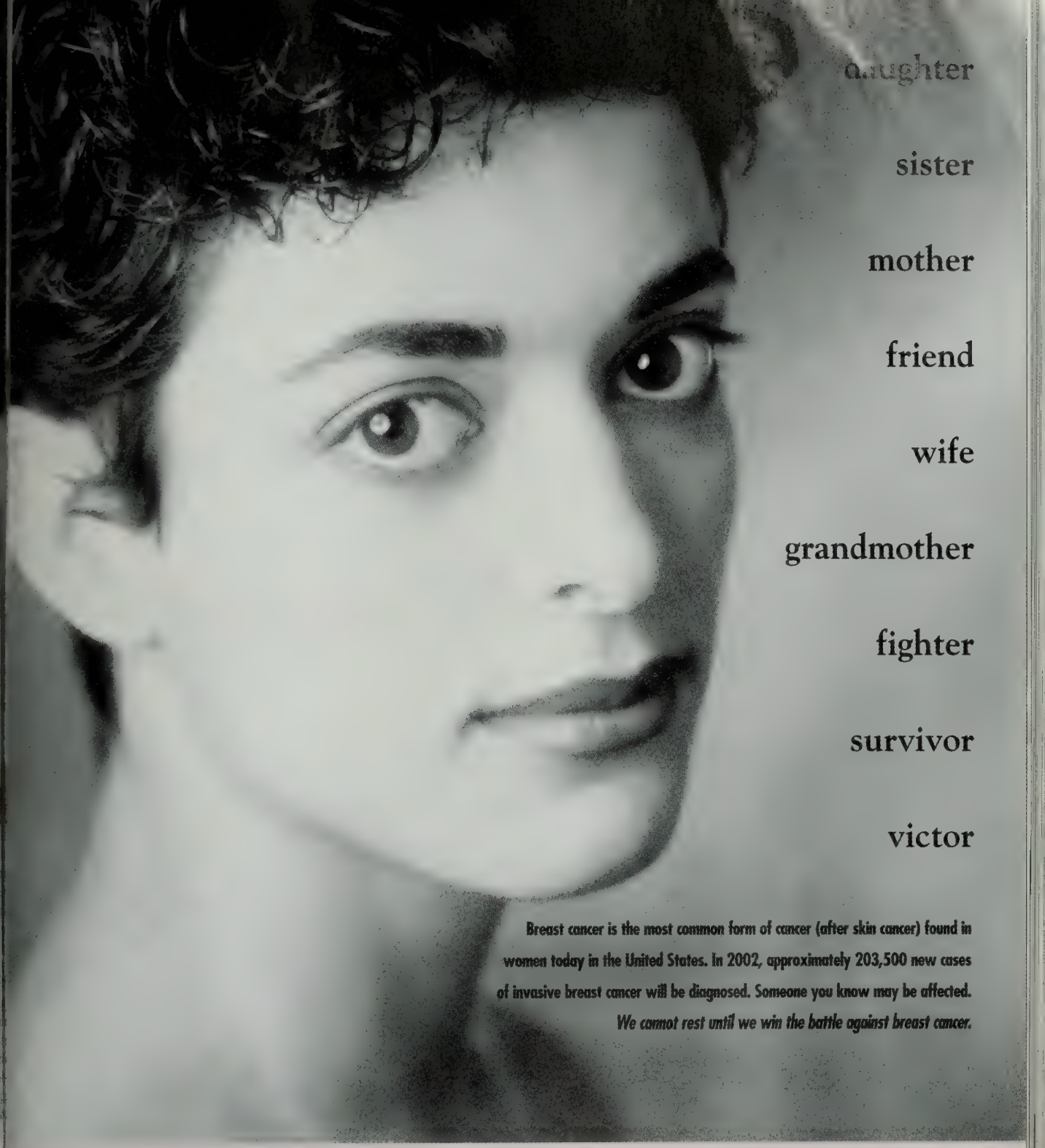
ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19



Harry Houdini

It's a great feeling to pass by a store window, see something you forgot you'd wanted, and be able to walk in, plop down your credit card, and say, "I'll take it!" The 2nd house is the 2nd house, after a when your desires for material gratification are kindled, you've just have what you long for, however shallow and decadent it may be. Fi stability is a luxury reserved for those whose restlessness doesn't p them from staying in one place long enough to earn big money or them to throw it all away.

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Evelyn H. Lauder, Founder & Chairman



DONNA KARAN

From her student days at Parsons to her stint at Anne Klein to her rise to the top of the fashion world, Donna Karan has become the archetypal designer of sophisticated but wearable clothes which are embraced by women of all ages, including celebrity friends such as Barbra Streisand. With French luxury-goods giant LVMH recently purchasing her company, and the opening of a new, Zen-inspired Madison Avenue store, Karan pauses briefly to reflect on private planes, the Dalai Lama, and the creative life

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Time off—no deadlines.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Isadora Duncan.

Which living person do you most admire?
The Dalai Lama.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Laziness.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Private planes.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Beauty and patience.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
My hips and aging face.

Which living person do you most despise?
I do not despise anyone.

What is your greatest regret?
Not spending enough time with my family.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
My husband and children.

When and where were you happiest?
The day I met Steve and the day Gabby was born.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
To continue to grow personally and professionally.

What is your most treasured possession?
My family, my photos, and my creative desire.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
My husband's death.

What is your favorite occupation?
Creating something from nothing.

What is your most marked characteristic?
Passion.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
His body and soul.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
Warmth and aliveness.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
E.T.

Who are your heroes in real life?
Oprah, Hillary Clinton, Liz Tilberis, my husband, the Dalai Lama, and Mother Teresa.

What are your favorite names?
Gabrielle.

What is it that you most dislike?
Boredom.

How would you like to die?
In the arms of someone I love.

What is your motto?
"Create something to make a difference in this world."


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CKY WARD

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y beauty is a power."
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REESE WITHERSPOON

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AND NO SHOPLIFTING ARRESTS!

BY KRISTA SMITH
WITH PHOTOS BY HERB RITTS

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I JANENHAUS on IVY LEAGUE STAR CORNEL WEST
EVGENIA PERETZ on THE WILD WOMEN OF WAR REPORTAGE

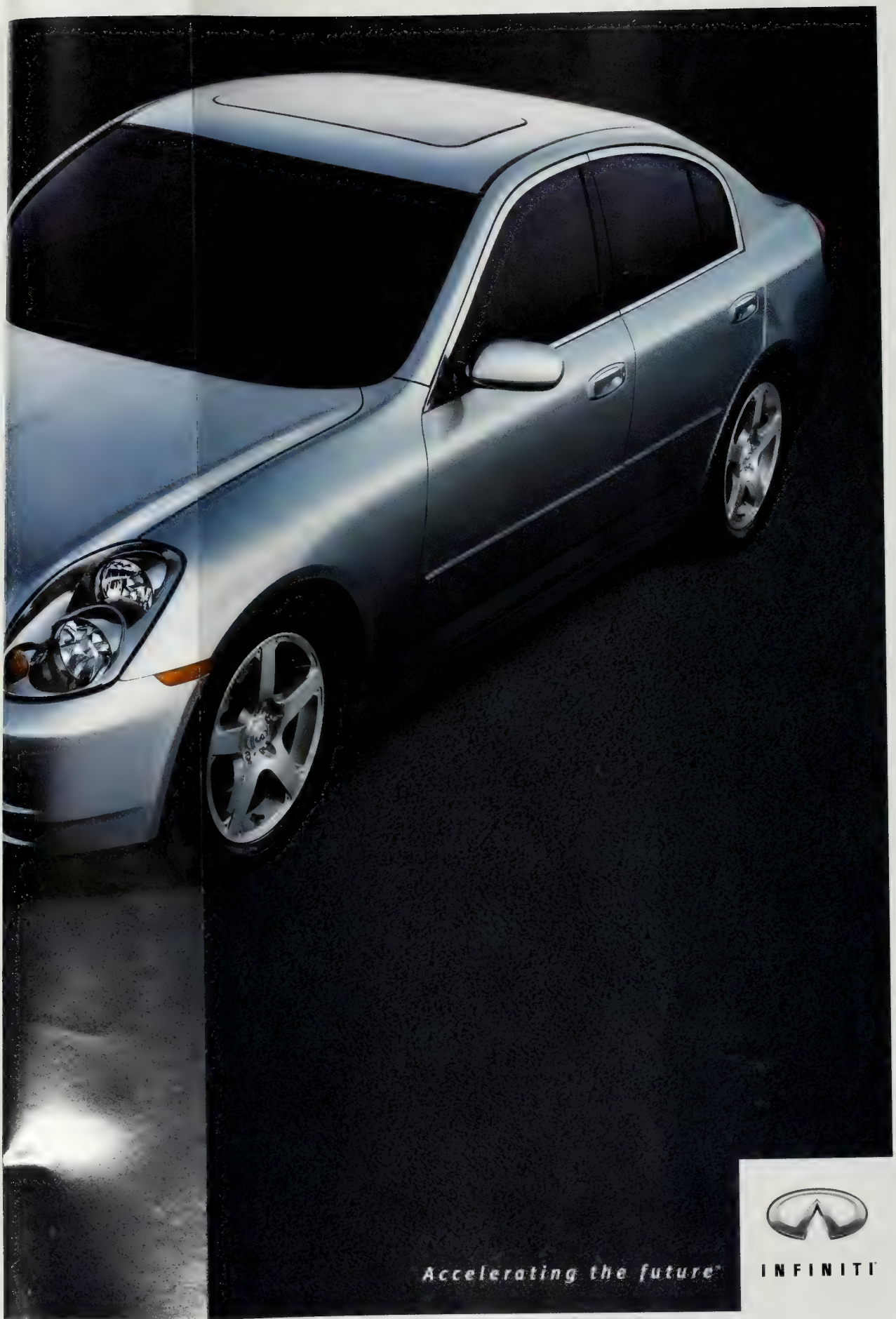


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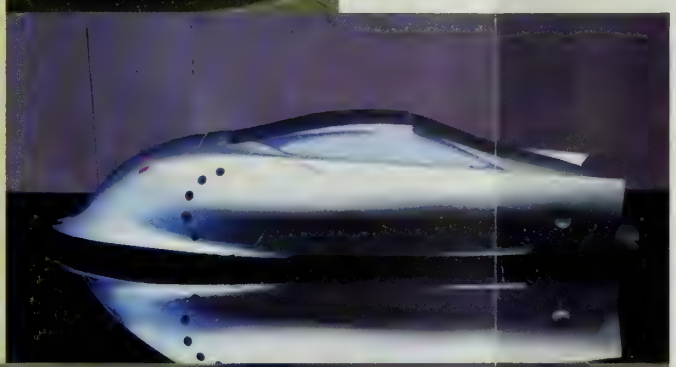
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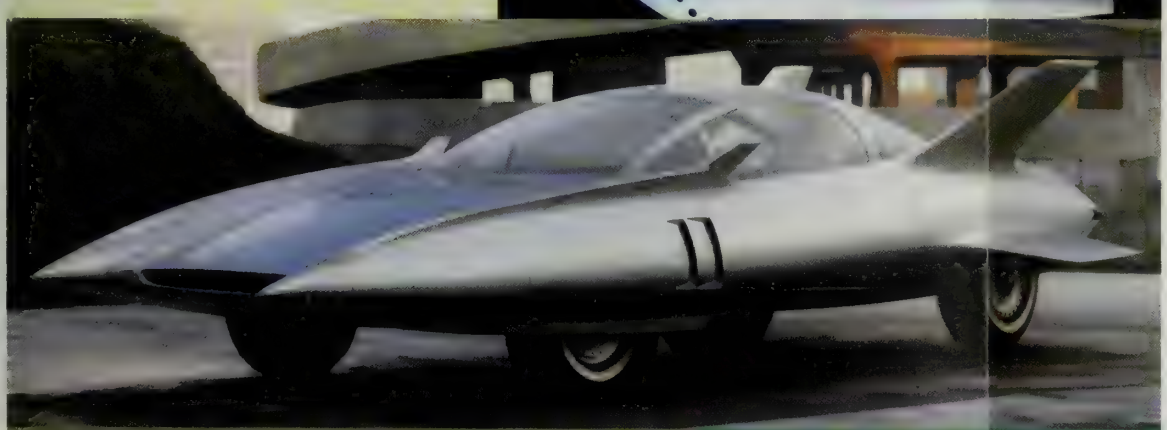
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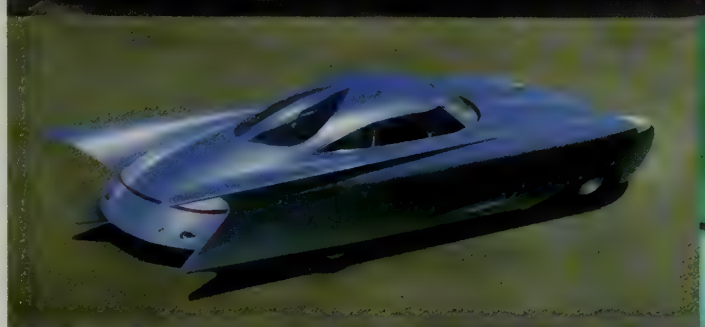




















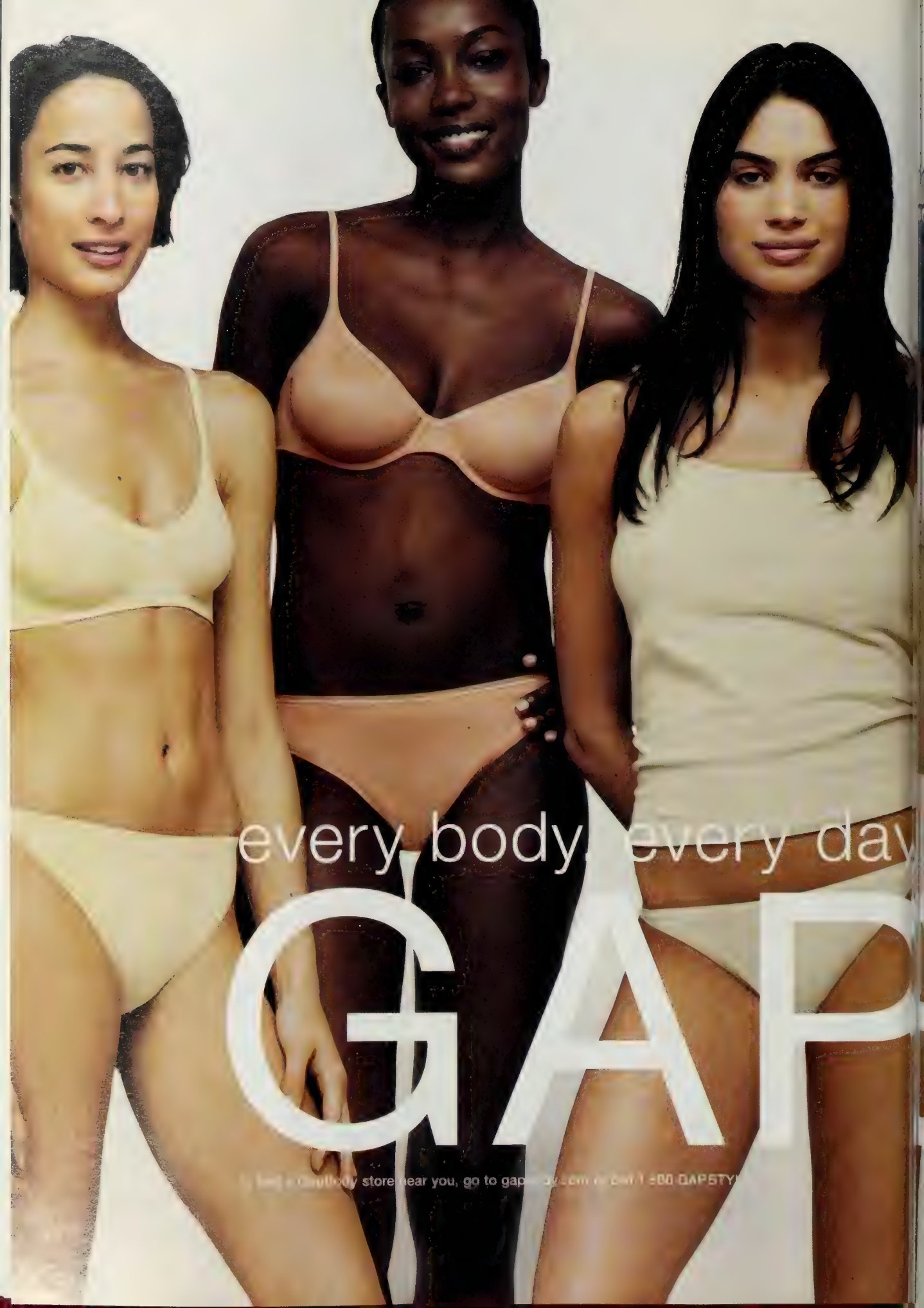


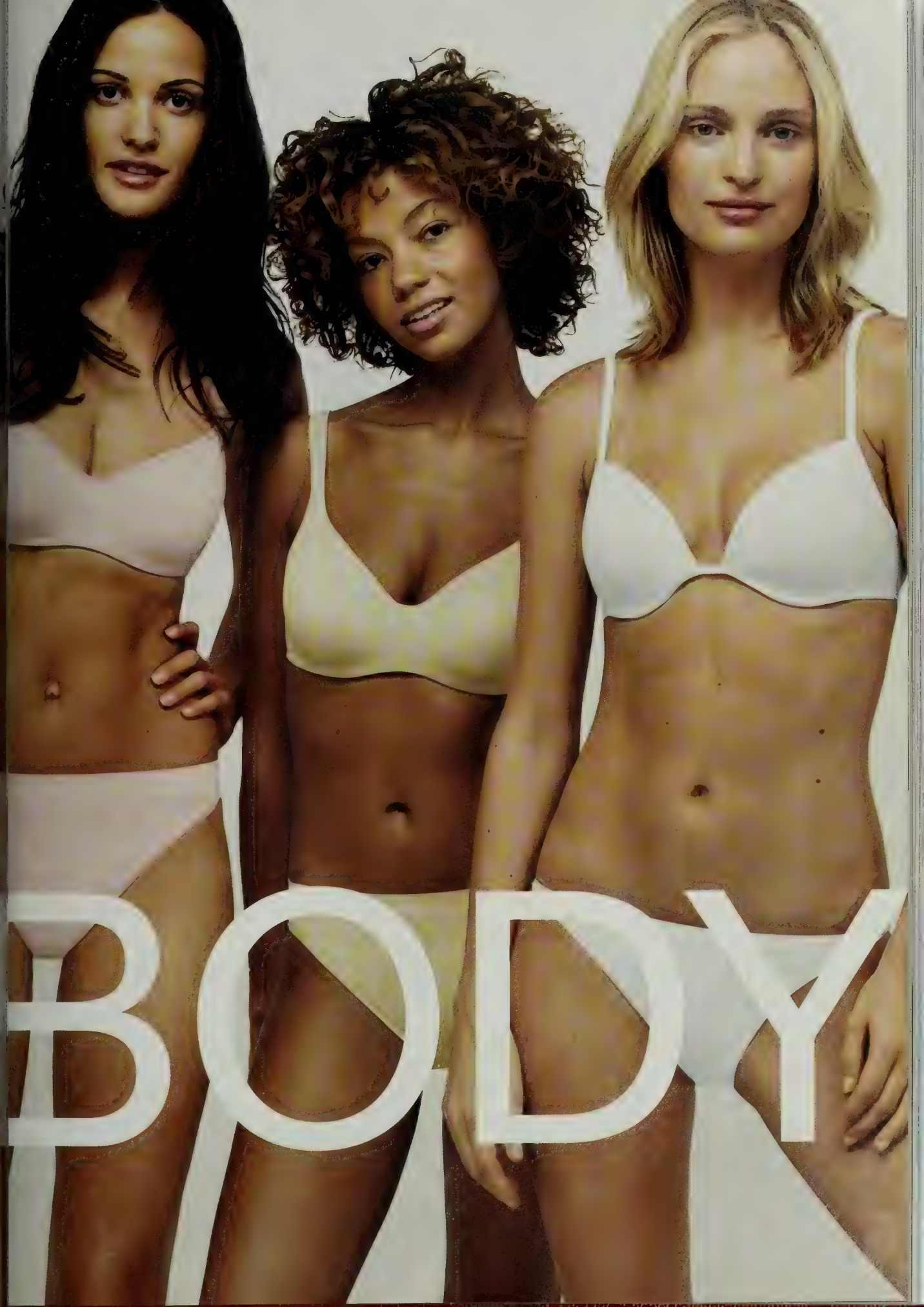


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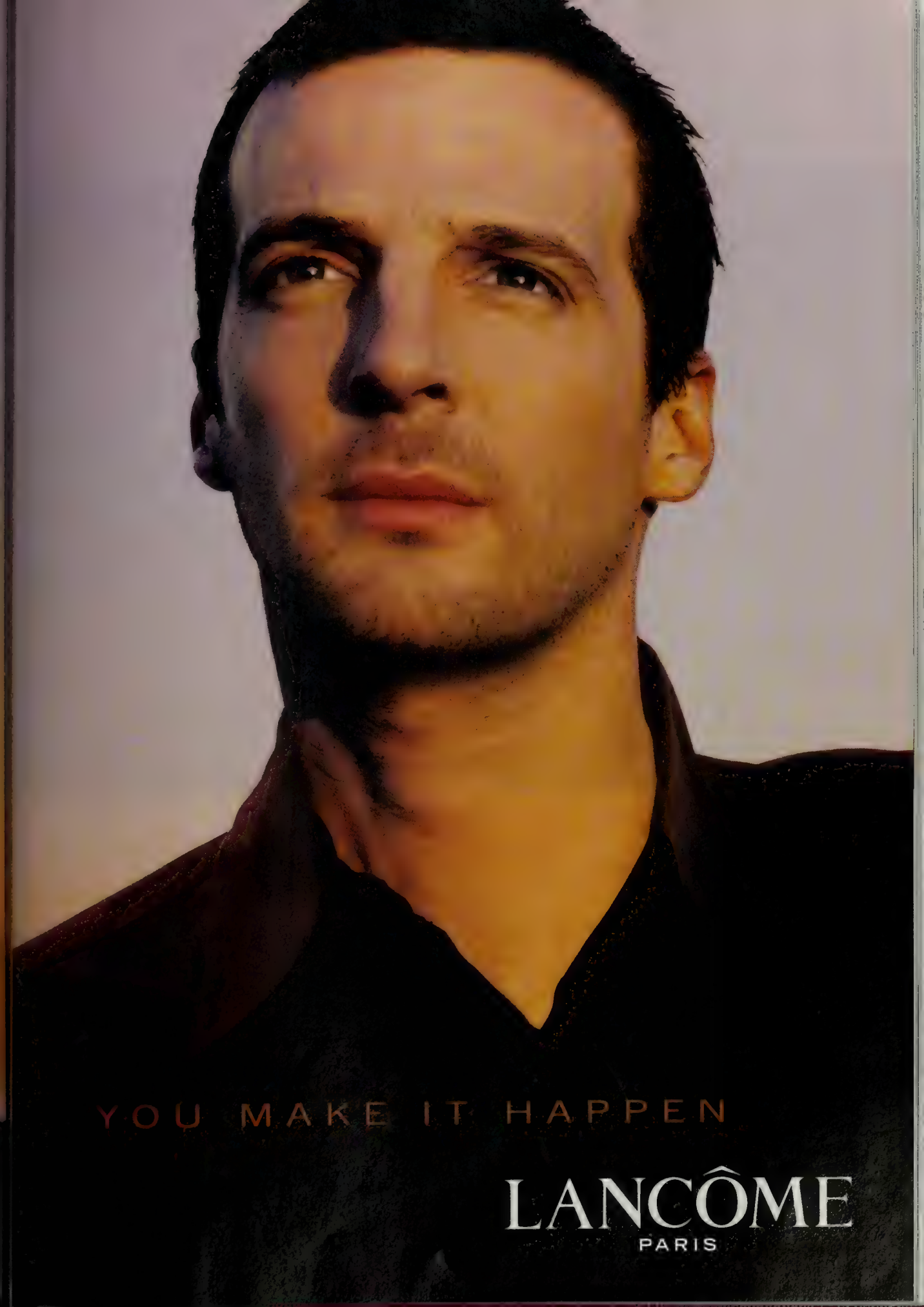



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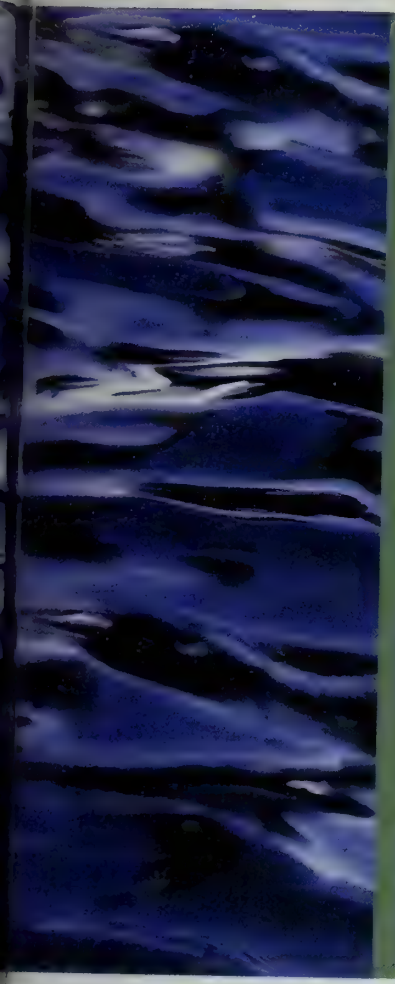
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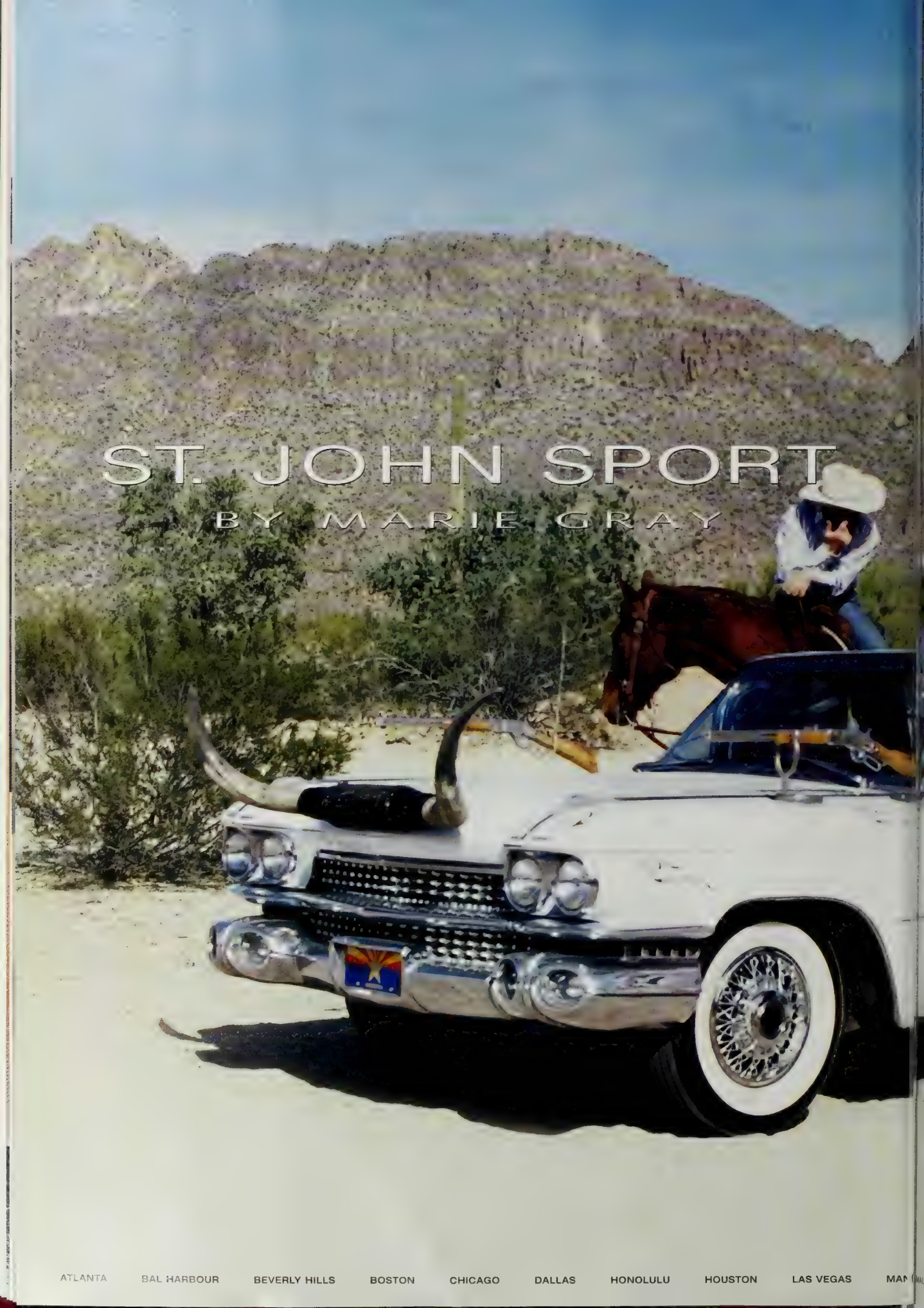
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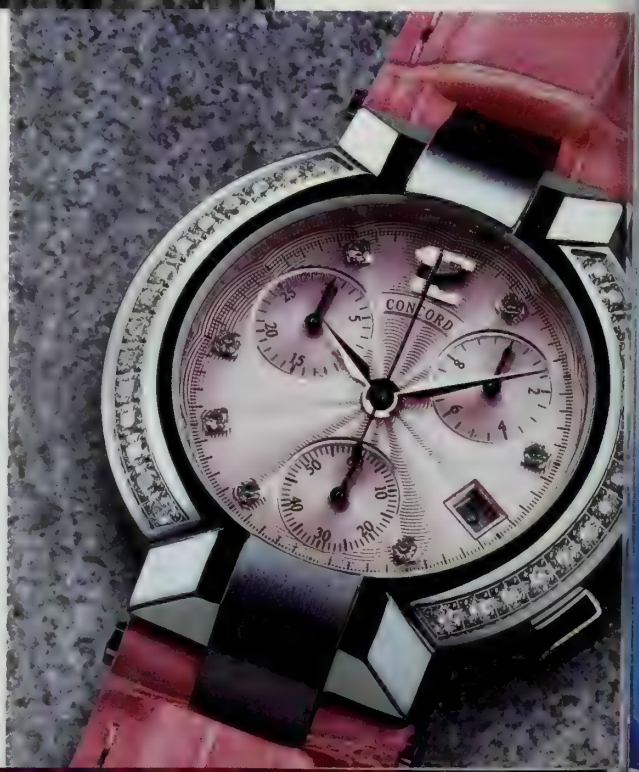
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VANITY FAIR

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Cool Intentions
REESE WITHERSPOON IN LOS ANGELES ... 172

Features

BELLE DU JOUR Reese Witherspoon went to the head of the Hollywood class as a Prada-clad Harvard law student in *Legally Blonde.* Her next test: matching accents with a formidable British cast (Judi Dench, Colin Firth, Rupert Everett) in Oliver Parker's adaptation of Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest.* Krista Smith finds that there's very little this southern beauty can't do, from raising a two-year-old to mastering aerial cartwheels. Photographs by Herb Ritts 172

THE BATTLE FOR HEWLETT-PACKARD This past fall, when Hewlett-Packard chairman and C.E.O. Carly Fiorina announced her plans to merge the faltering computer giant with Compaq, she ignited one of the most passionate debates Silicon Valley has ever seen. In the ensuing boardroom brawl, proxy vote, and legal challenge, Fiorina has gone head-to-head with Walter Hewlett, eldest son of the company's co-founder. As Vicky Ward discovers, Hewlett-Packard will never be the same 180

CHELSEA'S OXFORD WHIRL There's an ocean of difference between Chelsea Clinton's awkward, protected First Daughterhood and the Versace-sleek, club-hopping young woman she's become. Nancy Jo Sales catches up with the new darling of the British tabloids, who combines her Oxford studies with star-studded London evenings, and doesn't care if the whole world knows she's in love. Portrait by Harry Benson 186

HAWAII THREE-O Sante D'Orazio and Evgenia Peretz spotlight producer Brian Grazer's upcoming movie, *Blue Crush,* about the adventures of a trio of surfer girls 190

TWO MEN AND A TIME SLOT When the news broke that ABC hoped to lure CBS's late-night *Über*-host, David Letterman, to the time slot occupied by Ted Koppel's *Nightline,* sides were taken and loyalties questioned. David Margolick reveals the secrets of "Project Gap-Tooth" in an unfolding farce that featured two of television's biggest talents and some of its most powerful executives 192

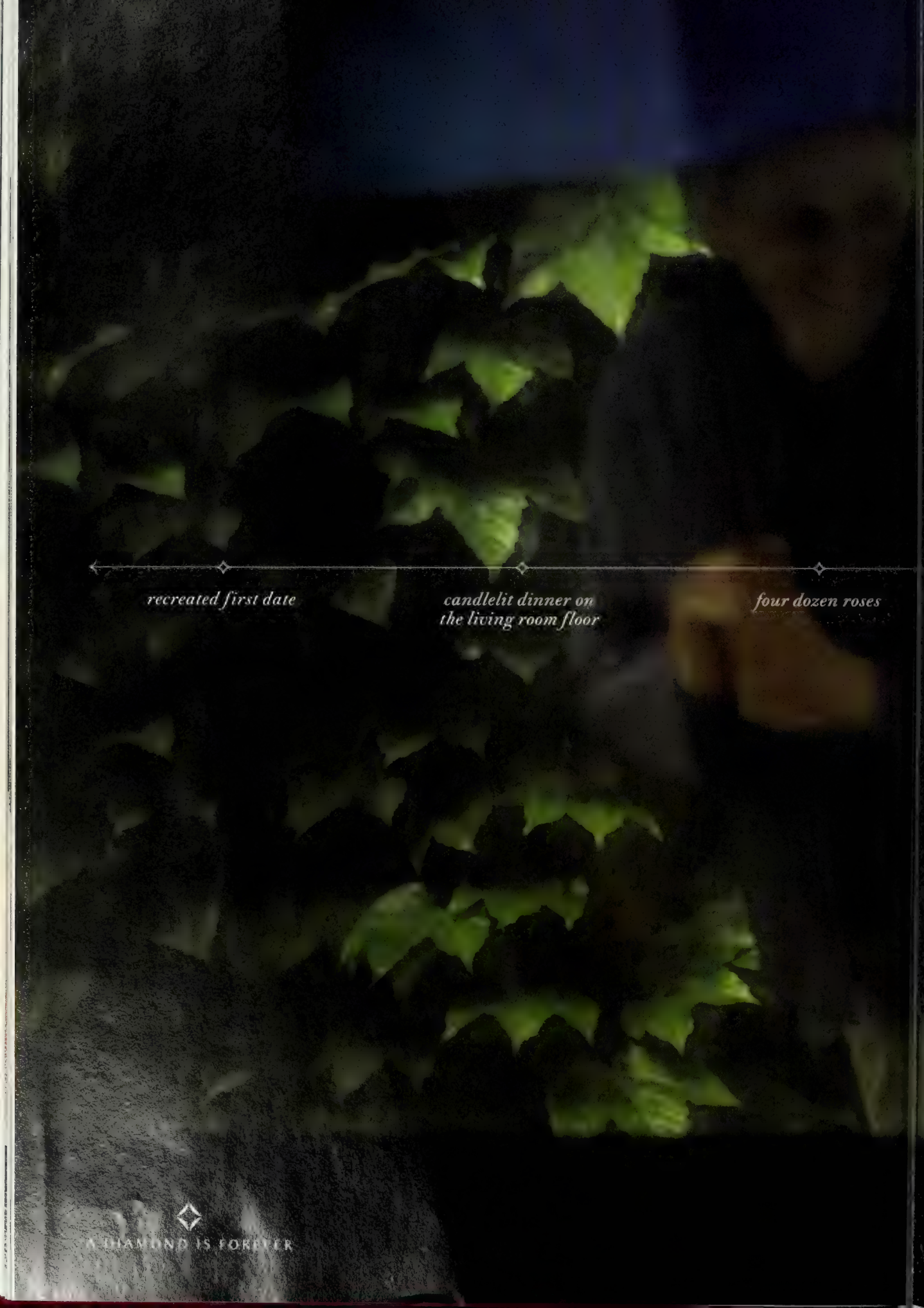
PACIFIC STANDARD The sequel to André Balazs's affordably sexy Standard hotel on Sunset Boulevard opens this month, in the Superior Oil building in L.A.'s empty-after-dark Downtown. On an exclusive tour, Todd Eberle captures the power-meets-pleasure vibe as Matt Tyrnauer encounters marbled splendor, exhibitionist-friendly shower stalls, and poolside decadence. Here comes the neighborhood! 196

THE IVY LEAGUE'S ANGRY STAR The clash between Cornel West, Harvard's celebrated Afro-American-studies professor, and Lawrence Summers, the university's tough-talking new president, proved that, even in enlightened academe, race still matters a great deal. So what exactly happened in the explosive meeting that led West to storm off to Princeton six months later? As Sam Tanenhaus discovers, it depends on who's talking. Portrait by Jonathan Becker 200

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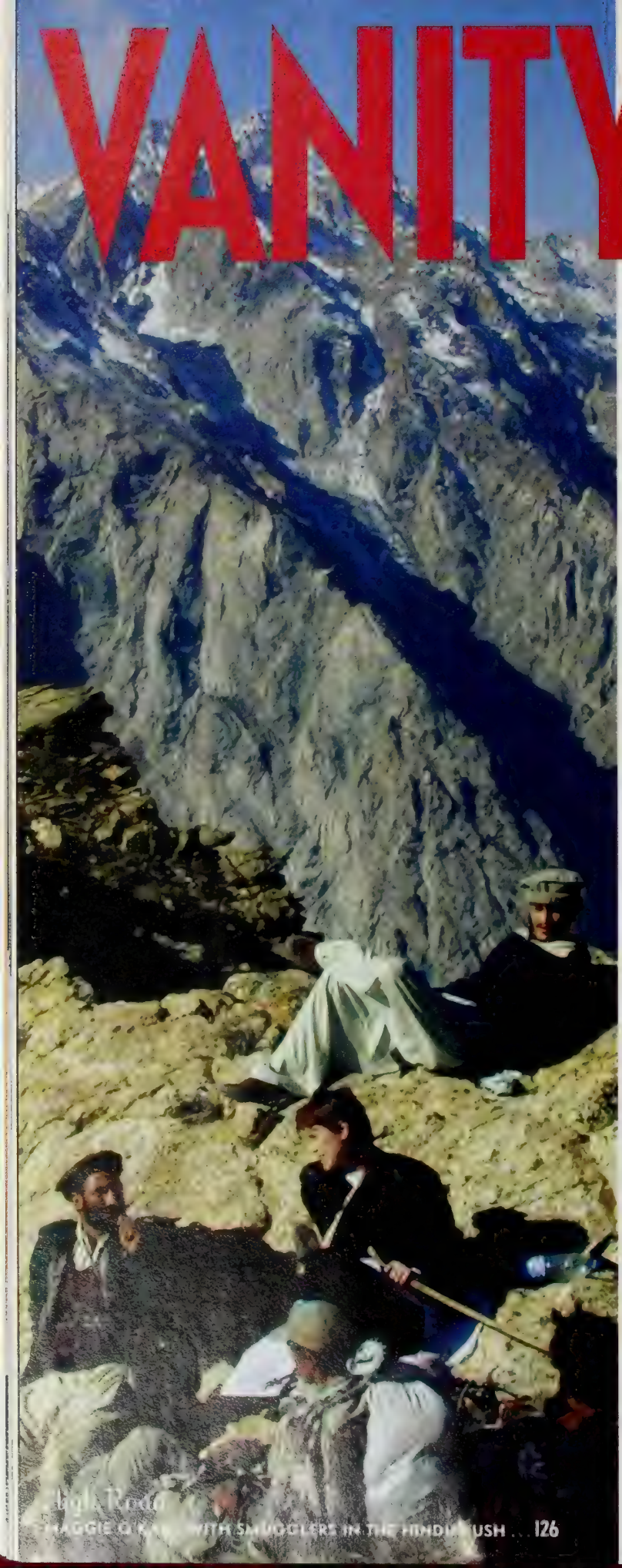


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THE LAST ICON Through five decades of epic social upheaval and increasing public exposure, Queen Elizabeth II has been Britain's reliably wise and graceful head of state. Marking her Golden Jubilee, William Shawcross sheds new light on an extraordinary reign: the intimate weekly meetings with prime ministers from Churchill to Blair, the quiet triumphs of leadership, and the tragedies behind palace doors 204

Fanfair

30 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE *¡Viva la revolución!*—Fidel's Cuba in *Havana: The Revolutionary Moment;* Hot Reels: Emma Forrest on Jill Sprecher's *Thirteen Conversations About One Thing;* Anderson Tepper on the Indian import *Lagaan;* Coming Attractions: Walter Kirn decodes *Windtalkers.* Elissa Schappell's Hot Type. Lisa Robinson's Hot Tracks. Michael Shnayerson on the Hamptons-book season; Kevin Sessums reviews Laura Jacobs's *Women About Town.* Hot Looks: the best and brightest in sun care 63

Columns

NEXT STOP, THE WHITE HOUSE? John Edwards, North Carolina's Democratic senator, has a skeleton-free closet, a passing resemblance to Robert Redford, and a history of fighting for justice. Oh, and his name keeps popping up for 2004. Christopher Hitchens assesses Edwards's presidential potential. Portraits by Norman Jean Roy 76

U.S. CONFIDENTIAL Since the founding of *The National Enquirer* in the 1950s, the tabloids have faithfully reflected America's juicier obsessions, from blood and gore to celebrity diets and White House sex scandals. James Wolcott argues that Dumpster-diving has its value 86

GLAMOROUS WHISPERS What could be more of a circus than Hollywood during Oscar week? The start of Michael Skakel's murder trial. Dominick Dunne covers both—dazzle, dirt, and Kennedys included 102

ROMANCING THE C.E.O. In her year and a half as editor of the *Harvard Business Review,* Suzy Wetlaufer tried to shake up the venerable magazine. She succeeded only too well this spring, when the media learned of her affair with Jack Welch, the lionized former C.E.O. of G.E. Suzanna Andrews documents a dangerous liaison 11

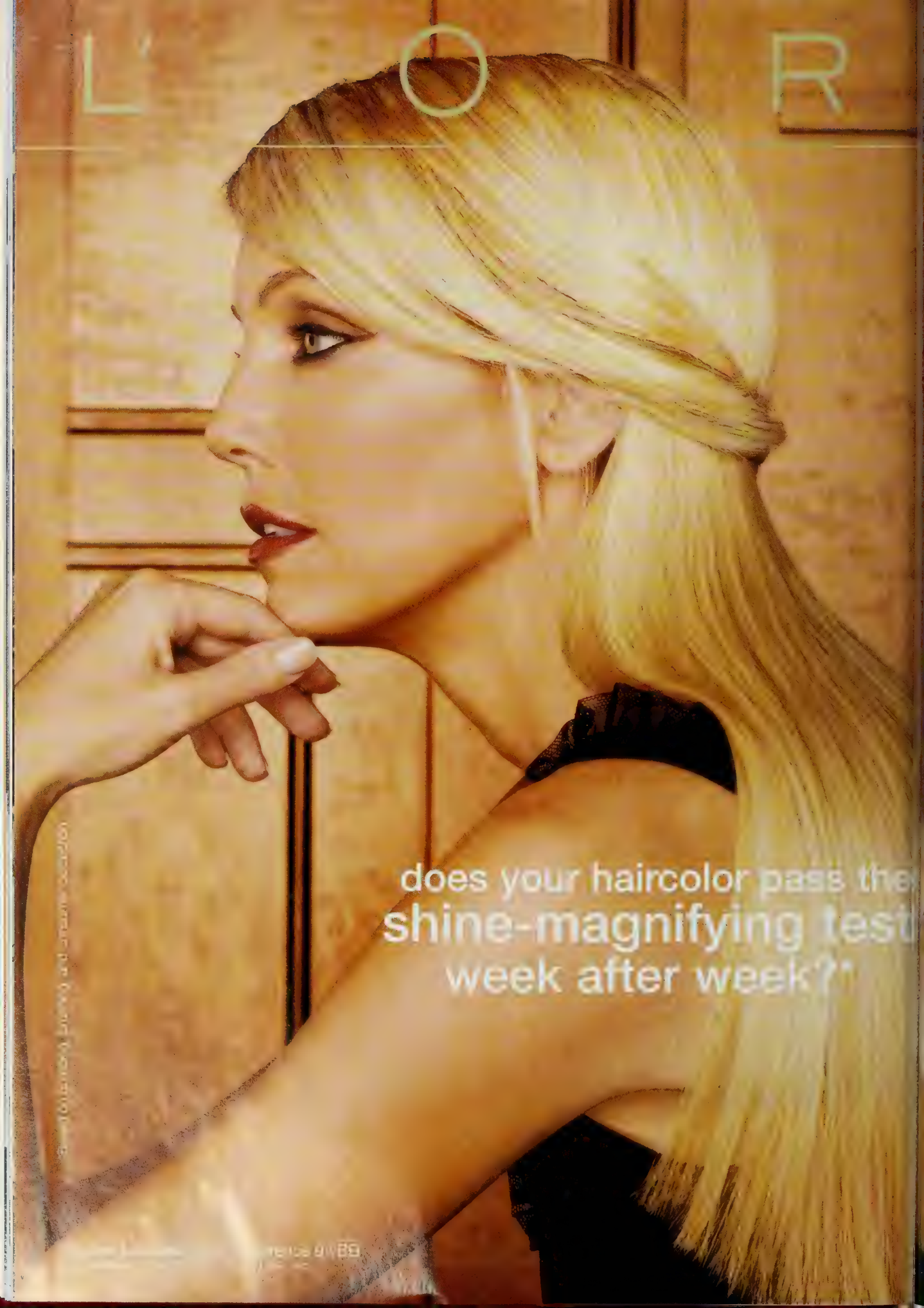
THE GIRLS AT THE FRONT There's a small band of female reporters who are sure to be found in the world's hottest war zone, be it Bosnia, Afghanistan, or the West Bank. Evgenia Peretz talks to Christiane Amanpour, Marie Colvin, Janine di Giovanni, and others about living and loving in the line of fire. Portraits by Gavin Bond 12

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ACTRESS KATE BOSWORTH IN HAWAII 190

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A LITTLE NIGHT MAGIC On Oscar night, A-list Hollywood limo drivers heard two words: "Mortons, please!" Krista Smith was at *Vanity Fair*'s ninth annual Academy Awards party, where it seemed that every radiant star in town was caught by the magazine's team of top photographers 136

INVESTIGATING IMCLONE Sam Waksal, the socially ambitious C.E.O. of ImClone Systems, made biotech history last year when Bristol-Myers Squibb bet $2 billion on his company's potentially revolutionary cancer treatment. Now, after being challenged by the F.D.A., Waksal faces three federal investigations and a rash of lawsuits, Alex Prud'homme writes, while desperate patients plead for what may or may not be a magic bullet 144

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PRIVATE RYAN George Wayne gossips with Hollywood's leading ladies' man, Tony Curtis. Intelligence Report: Hamptons wedding. Andy Borowitz sees into Mike Ovitz's future (it doesn't look good); Night-Table Reading; Out & In: "It girls" are out, asterisks are in, and Harvey Weinstein meets Snowflake 163

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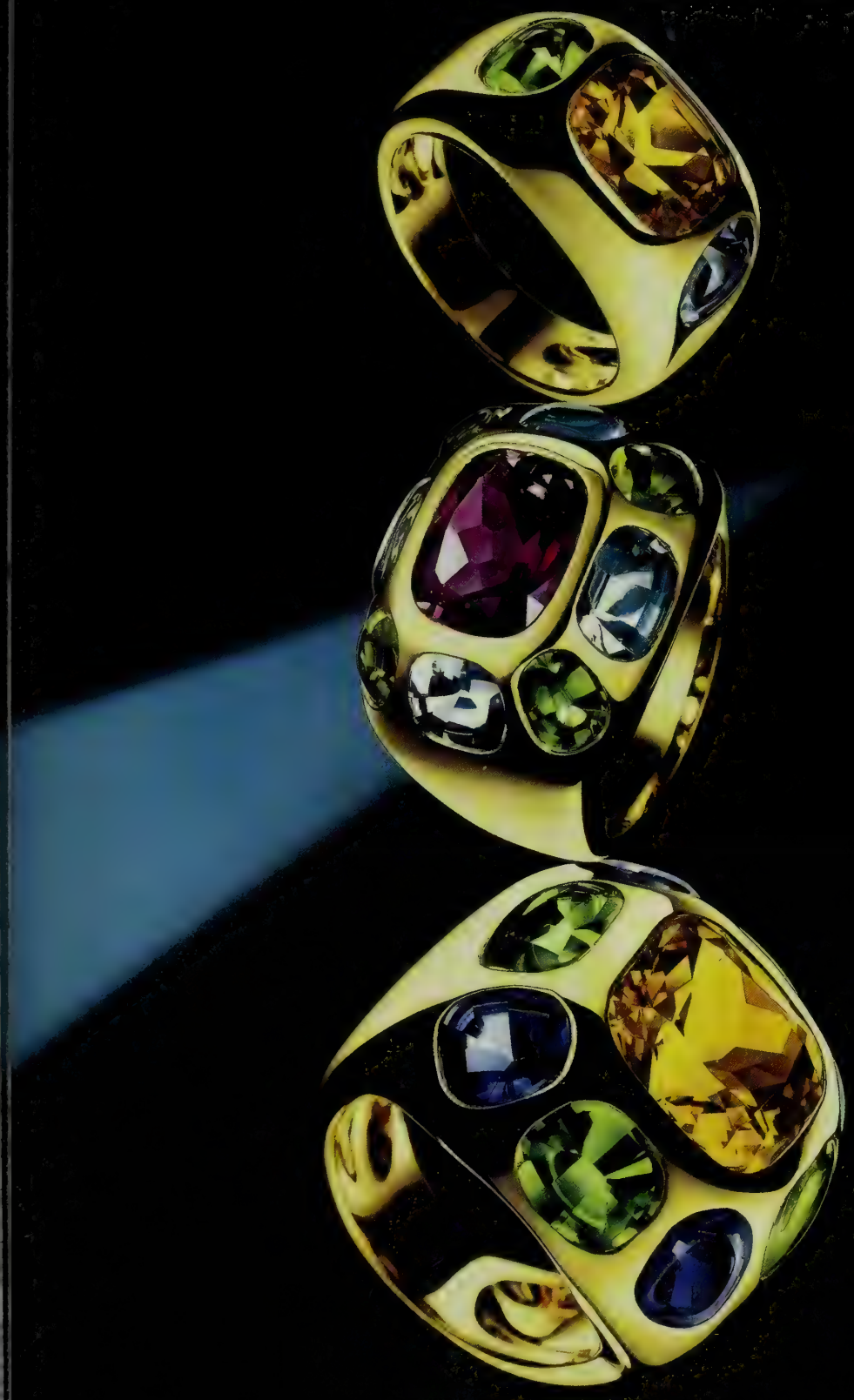
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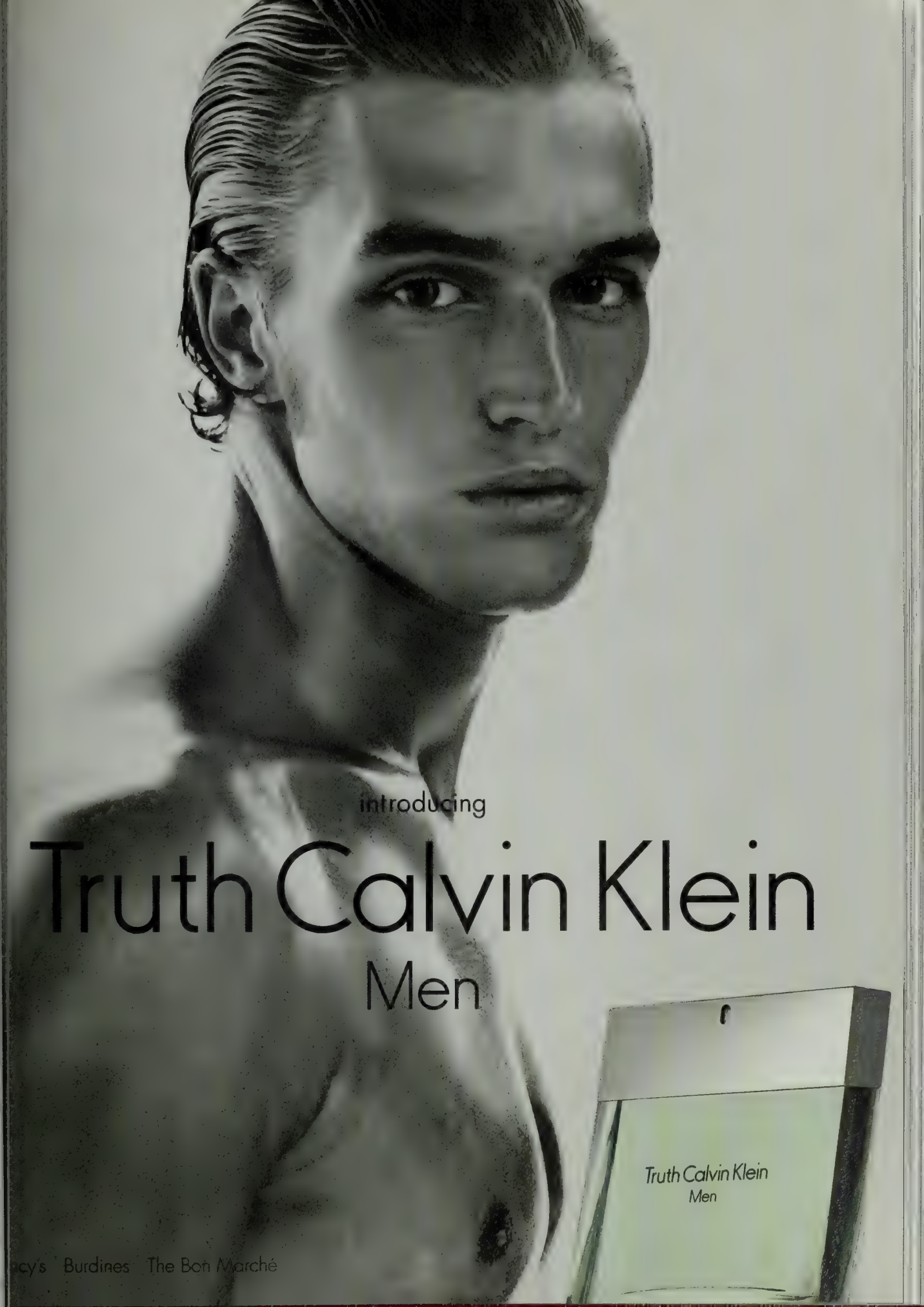
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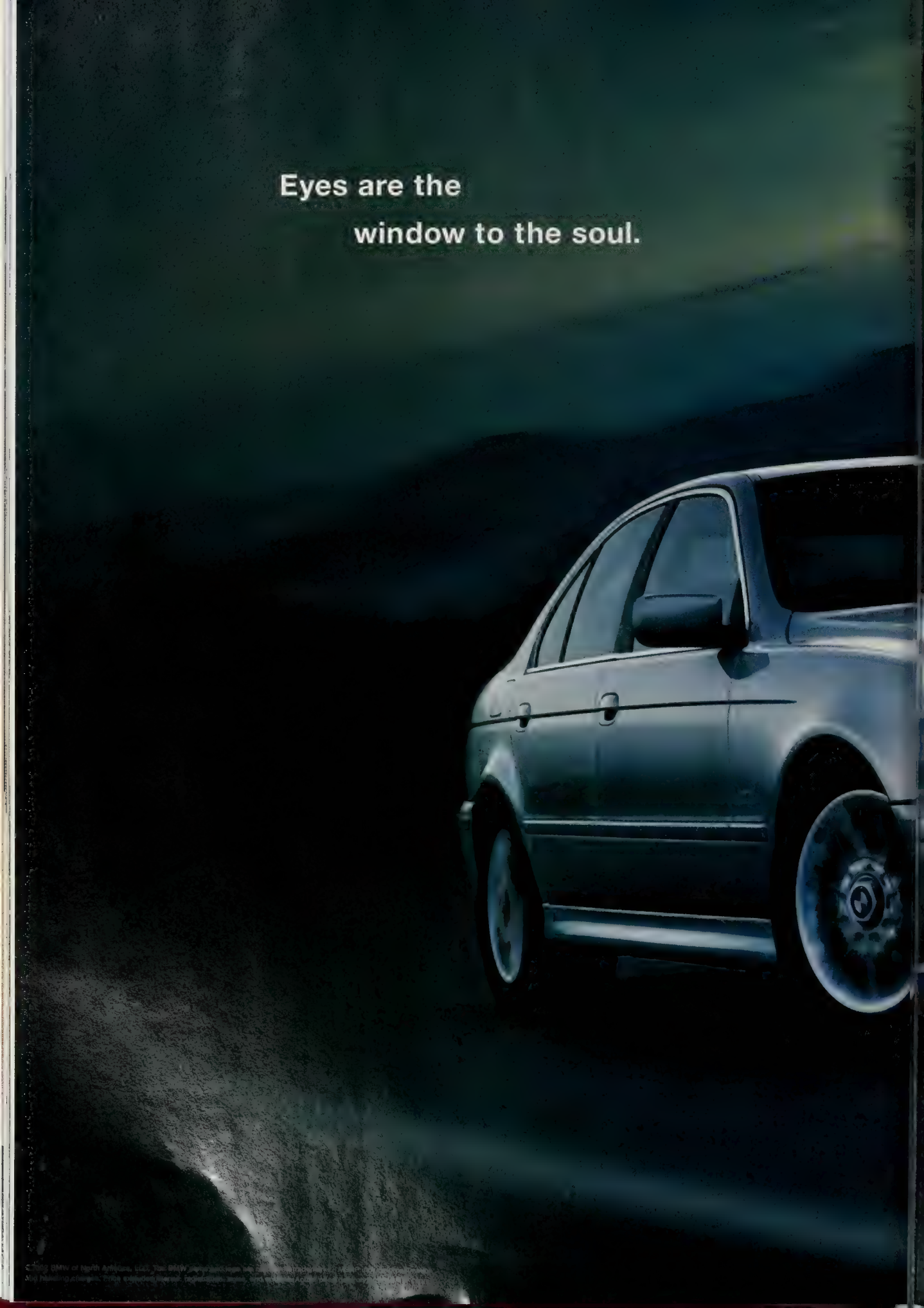
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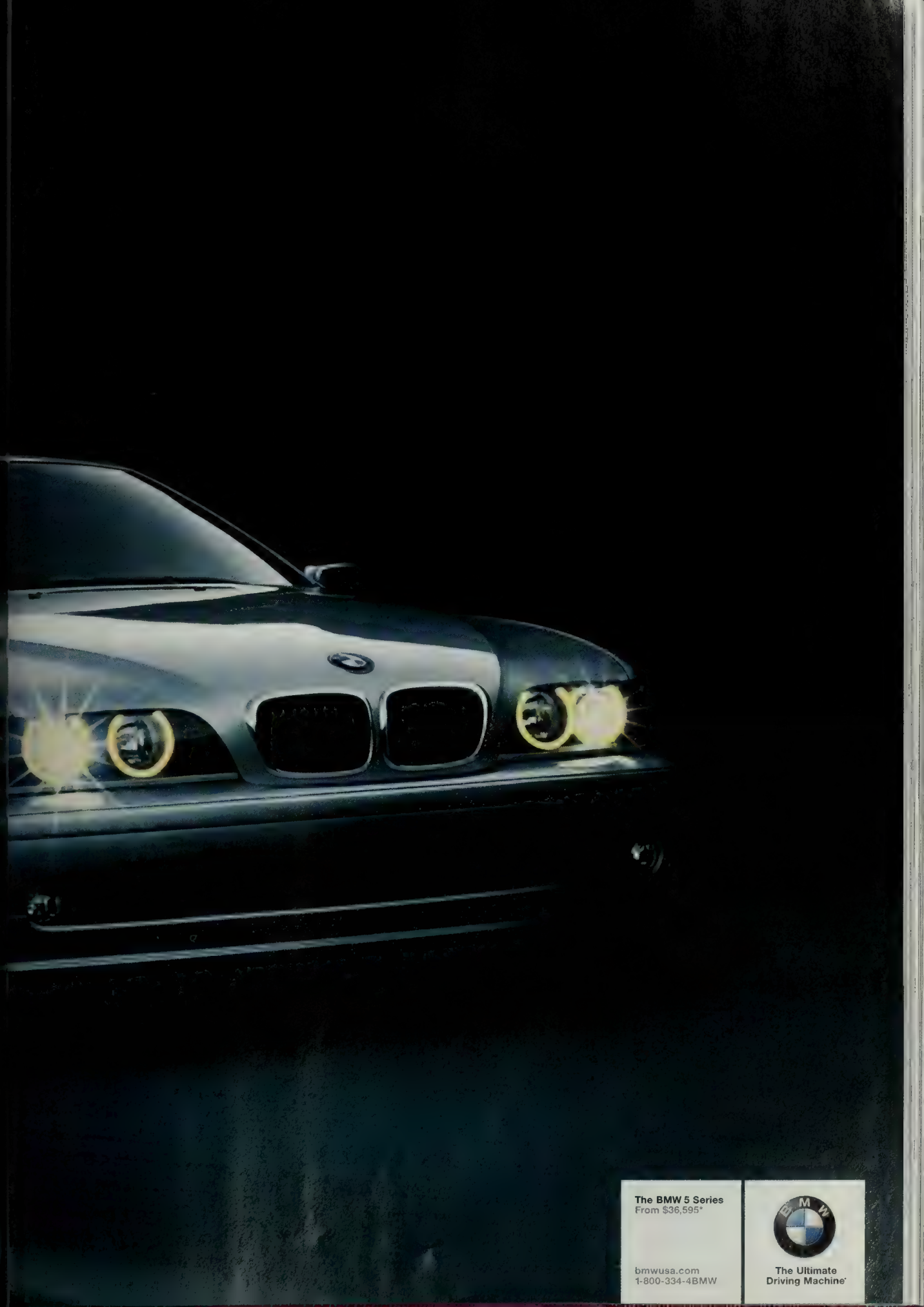
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From left to right: Susan Greenleaf of Banana Republic and Daryl Hannah.

WHITE NIGHT

On Friday, March 22 at a historic estate in Los Angeles, Banana Republic and *Vanity Fair* hosted the White Shirt Party to benefit the Entertainment Industry Foundation (EIF). Overlooking the magnificent L.A. skyline, 650 guests—including celebrities Picabo Street, Tori Spelling, Garcelle Beauvais-Nilon, and Kylie Bax—enjoyed cocktails and hors d'oeuvres as they listened to a live performance by artist John Mayer. The event was co-sponsored by Häagen-Dazs, Turning Leaf Coastal Reserve, Pro-Keds, and Vox Vodka.

FORD MEETS FASHION FOR A NIGHT OF INSPIRED DESIGN

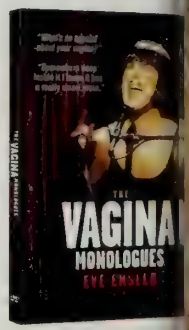
On February 13, Ford Thunderbird, Condé Nast Publications, and Fairchild Publications hosted one of Fashion Week's most talked-about events at the Hammerstein Ballroom in New York City. Members of the press, industry insiders, and other luminaries gathered to view the 2002 Ford Thunderbird and designs inspired by the car, created by John Bartlett, Diane von Furstenberg, Carolina Herrera, Marc Jacobs, Lambertson Truex, Gene Meyer, Oliver Peoples, William Reid, and Jack Spade. The event benefited New York Fashion Cares, a fashion community coalition that raises funds for charitable and philanthropic programs. For more information on New York ♥ Fashion Cares, visit www.newyorkfashioncares.org or call 917-342-0014.



From left: Ford Chief Designer Doug Gaffka and designer Diane von Furstenberg.

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ROCK THE CASBAH

On Monday, March 18 at Les Deux Cafés in Hollywood, Bebe and *Vanity Fair* hosted the Rock the Casbah event. More than 400 guests—including celebrities Amy Smart, Brad Rowe, Bill Maher, Kevin Richardson, Jennifer Love Hewitt, and Wendie Malick—mingled with belly dancers and Moroccan drummers as they enjoyed the musical stylings of Sky Nellor. Actresses Melissa Joan Hart and Jenna von Oÿ were outfitted in Bebe clothing. Sponsored by Bebe, Skyy Vodka, Aveda, and Lincoln, the Rock the Casbah event benefited the Environmental Media Association.



From left: Bebe President John Parros, actress Lacey Chabert, and Sally Kruteck, Director of Public Relations and Marketing.

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It's a Volatile World After All



Change in the Northeast was happening all over the place this spring. One week it was overcoats and mufflers. The next it was a sweltering 94 degrees and sidewalks crammed with girls in summer dresses. One week Cornel West was Harvard's academic star. The next week he made headlines when he decamped for Princeton. General Electric's former C.E.O. Jack Welch was interviewed by the editor of the *Harvard Business Review.* Before you knew it, Welch had up and left his wife for the editor. (The editor, by the way, is a woman—it wasn't *that* dramatic a change.) One week David Letterman appeared to be leaving his late-night perch at CBS for another at ABC. Some ego massaging, a few key contractual elements settled, and a reported $31.5-million-a-year salary later, he decided to sit still. As you might expect, this being an editor's letter and all, we have stories on each of these developments—with the exception of the weather part. (We have other reports in the issue as well, and I'll get to those in a moment.)

V.F. contributing editor David Margolick's "Two Men and a Time Slot," on page 192, conveys the almost comic circus that consumed the stars and executives of two networks—ABC and CBS—as each tried to win the hand of Letterman. In "Romancing the C.E.O.," on page 113, contributor Suzanna Andrews provides a compelling case study (to borrow a Harvard Business School expression) on the perils of mixing business and full-out passion. If Suzy Wetlaufer, the editor in question, becomes the third Mrs. Welch, she's not going to have to worry about her earnings potential—she better like golf, though.

In the hoo-ha surrounding academic star Cornel West, there was a complicating factor: race. One line of thought had it that Harvard's Afro-American-studies professor had been pampered because he was black. Or was it that he was being punished because he was black? Contributing editor Sam Tanenhaus went to Cambridge to find out. His story, "The Ivy League's Angry Star," on page 200, shows how much racial issues still plague an institution with (as newly installed Harvard president Larry Summers puts it) "a longstanding commitment to diversity," and how easily they distort public perception. For instance, as Tanenhaus notes, the "rap" CD on which West was supposedly frittering away time that should have been devoted to his teaching duties was a spoken-word sermon on black heritage and pride. "I'm not naïve," West told him. "I know that my association with Al Sharpton, my association with hip-hop culture, does not sit well among my conservative fellow Harvardians."

On to things that don't change much at all. Queen Elizabeth II, for example. She's outreigned nine prime ministers and 10 U.S. presidents. And as William Shawcross writes in "The Last Icon," on page 204, she has proved herself a rock of stability and wisdom for the last half-century. With "Glamorous Whispers," on page 102, Dominick Dunne demonstrates once again that he is one of the most gifted diarists of our age. This month he writes about the week he spent in L.A. before and after the Oscars. Speaking of which, *Vanity Fair*'s ninth annual Academy Awards party, organized by this magazine's incomparable director of special projects, Sara Marks, was as good as past years'. Change that—I'm being overly modest here. To my mind it was the best Oscar party ever. And on page 136 we have the pictures to prove it. —GRAYDON CARTER

ON THE COVER
Reese Witherspoon wears a shirt by Philosophy di Alberta Ferretti. Hair products and nail enamel from L'Oréal. Makeup products from Clarins. Hair by Serge Normant. Makeup by Paul Starr. Manicure by Lisa Jachno. Props styled by Di Wood. Styled by Sarajane Hoare. *Right,* top and skirt by Sportmax. Photographed exclusively for V.F. by Herb Ritts in Los Angeles on March 19 and 20, 2002.



FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

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Above: The screening at the International Tennis Hall of Fame.

THE NEWPORT INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL
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Now in its fifth year, The Newport International Film Festival is a six-day extravaganza of screenings and parties that attract more than 12,000 filmmakers, celebrities, journalists, and distinguished guests from around the world. Less frenzied, less commercial, and more film friendly than other festivals, it has quickly distinguished itself as an event where art ranks above commerce. For information, visit www.newportfilmfestival.com or call 866-444-NIFF.

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CALLING ALL FILM FANS



Amelie, *Fat Girl*, *No Man's Land*, *Lantana*, and *The Devil's Backbone*—among the most critically-acclaimed films of the year—all had their North American or world premieres at the 2001 Telluride Film Festival. The festival program—which is kept secret until opening day—showcases new features, documentaries, shorts, animation, and more from today's most talented and respected filmmakers, in a breathtaking mountainside setting. A truly unique movie-going experience, the Telluride Film Festival is the first to show the films that everyone will be talking about. For information on the 2002 Telluride Film Festival, August 30-September 2, visit www.telluridefilmfestival.com or call 603-433-9202.

THE ULTIMATE DRIVE

The sixth annual Ultimate Drive is the result of a partnership between BMW of North America and the Susan G. Komen Breast Cancer Foundation. Two fleets of BMWs will drive across America from April through October, making pit-stops in more than 200 cities. BMW dealers in selected cities will host fundraising events where every test-drive mile results in a $1 donation to the Komen Foundation. BMW has raised $5 million in five years and plans to raise another $1 million this year. Log onto www.bmwusa.com or call 877-4A-DRIVE to see when the program will drive through your town.



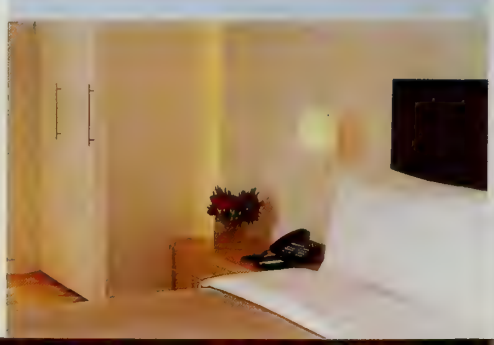


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PHOTO: STEWART SHINING

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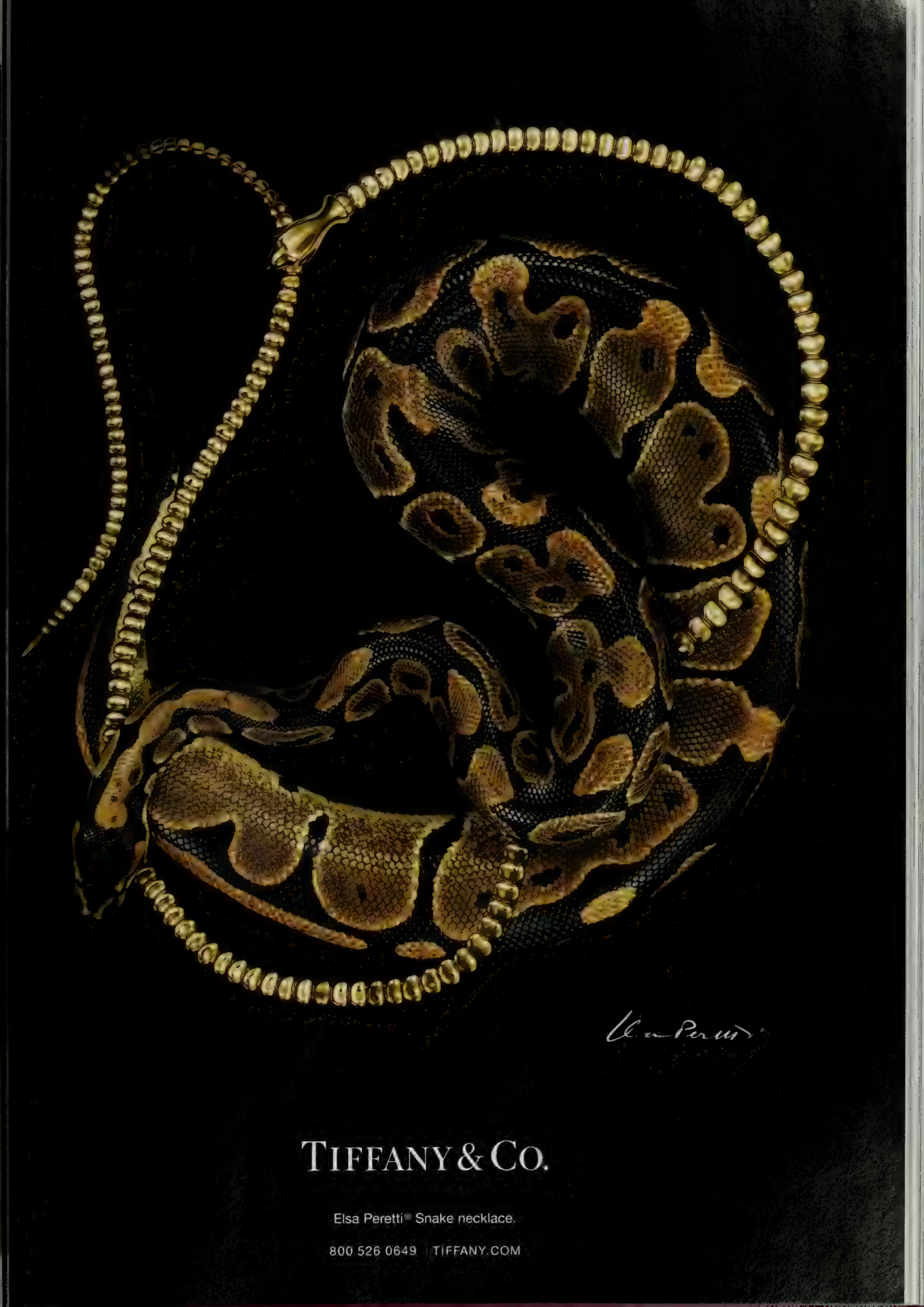
GASPER TRINGALE

For contributing editor **Sam Tanenhaus,** reporting on the falling-out between Harvard president Larry Summers and star professor Cornel West was not only more disturbing than he had expected but also more difficult. "Both West and Summers, I think, saw their disagreement as a private matter that escalated into a political-ideological-racial cause célèbre neither wanted," says Tanenhaus. "I was troubled by how much bad faith there was among the media and academics, who resorted to cheap stereotypes." Pinning down the exact nature of the rift proved challenging. "I realized I was staring at a classic *Rashomon* story," he says. "Only, the opposing versions of the truth came from two of the most gifted, brilliant, and influential men of their generation."

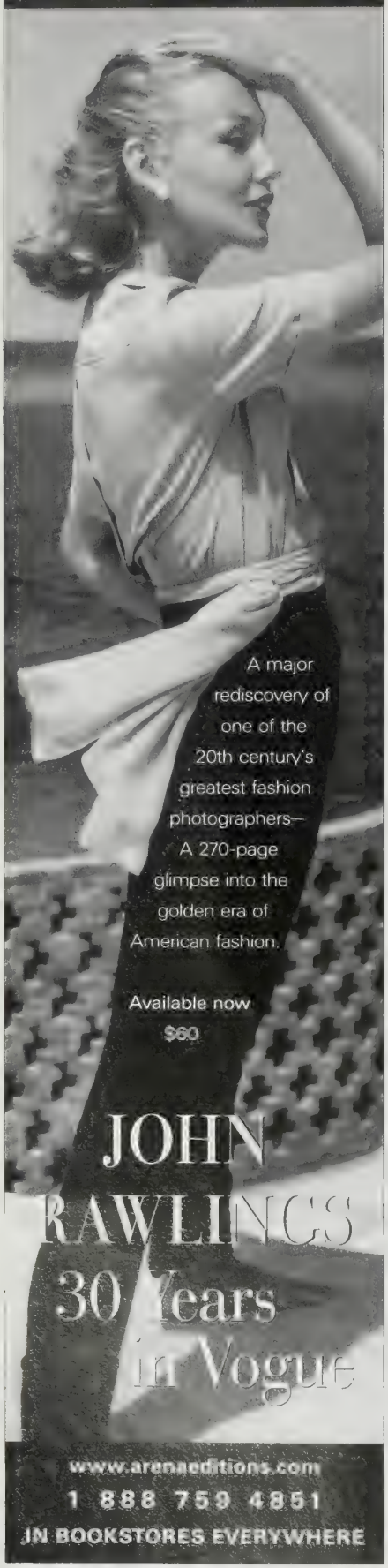


According to contributing editor **Vicky Ward,** the story of the bitter internecine battles at Hewlett-Packard is a kind of *Barbarians at the Gate* for the Internet Age. "It's a very complicated business saga," says Ward, whose story starts on page 180, "but it's essentially about the clash of cultures, and in the middle of it this extraordinary, fascinating character, Carly Fiorina." Also for this issue, Ward edited Alex Prud'homme's article about the biotech company ImClone—another personal drama buried within a business story. Ward, whose piece about Capitol Hill interns appeared in the December 2001 issue of *V.F.,* came to the magazine from *Talk,* where she was executive editor. Before that she had served as features editor at the *New York Post.*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46



For her story on page 113 about former *Harvard Business Review* editor Suzy Wetlaufer's fall from grace (with a little help from G.E.'s former C.E.O. Jack Welch), contributing editor **Suzanna Andrews** found herself in uncharted waters. "Most of the stories I've done have been about men behaving badly," says Andrews. "You almost never see prominent women behaving as recklessly as Suzy Wetlaufer—they've worked too hard to get where they are." Ultimately, Andrews had mixed feelings about her subject. "I was riveted by Wetlaufer's confidence and sheer chutzpah, but I was also pained by the desperation that underlies this story—basically the tale of a woman who had achieved so much but couldn't control her inner Monica Lewinsky."



William Shawcross, whose piece on Queen Elizabeth's 50th jubilee begins on page 204, observed the monarch at length while serving as presenter and associate producer of *Queen and Country,* a four-part BBC documentary. "In public, it's not often evident that she can be quite funny," he says. "In private, she laughs a lot." Shawcross believes the monarchy has come through the turbulence of Princess Diana's divorce and death. "The public's underlying affection was clear in the massive crowds that turned out when the Queen Mother died a few weeks ago." Shawcross wrote an accompanying volume for *Queen and Country* (Simon & Schuster). A previous book, *Deliver Us from Evil,* focused on U.N. peacekeeping.



West Coast editor **Krista Smith** has written countless celebrity spotlights and has been instrumental in putting together the past eight Hollywood issues, but this month she writes her first cover story, on rising star Reese Witherspoon. "Reese is a hybrid of Jodie Foster and Holly Hunter," says Smith. "She is a quirky southern girl with fierce talent." Like Witherspoon, who achieved true leading-lady status with last year's *Legally Blonde,* Smith has taken to the upgrade with ease. "Because this was my freshman run as a writer and her first solo *Vanity Fair* cover, Reese and I both realized that we were in this together, and I couldn't have imagined a more terrific start."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50

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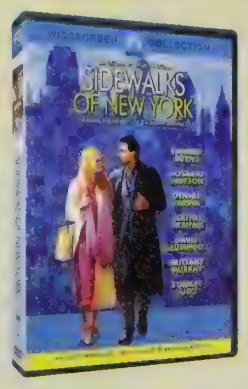












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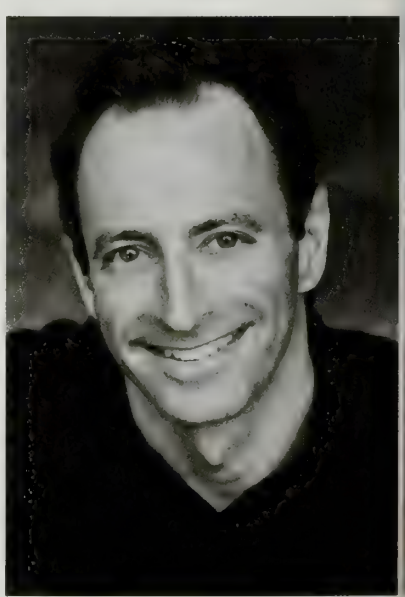
"My work this month reminded me why I so love contributing to *Vanity Fair,*" says photographer **Jonathan Becker,** whose pictures in this issue range from the forefront of academia to the glamour of Hollywood. First, Becker traveled to Boston, where he photographed Harvard University professor Cornel West, one of America's most important African-American scholars. Then it was on to Hollywood, where Becker (here with Wendy Stark and Anjelica Huston) captured the stars at *V.F.*'s Oscar party. Meanwhile, this spring brings the publication of his books *Studios by the Sea* (a collaboration with special correspondent Bob Colacello about Hamptons artists, which began as a *V.F.* article) and *Bright Young Things: London,* with Brooke de Ocampo.



PATRICK M. CAFFREY

Despite many years spent covering the music scene, contributing editor **Lisa Robinson** still has plenty of enthusiasm for the music. Robinson, who considers over 250 CDs (and listens to about 100) before reporting on noteworthy new albums in her Hot Tracks column, says, "Even though it was an ungodly hour of the morning, when I heard music from Eminem's new record I was so excited that for days afterwards I was practically stopping strangers in the street to tell them about it." Contrary to those who feel that there is no good music anymore, Robinson, who is instrumental in putting together *V.F.*'s music-issue cover and portfolio, says, "There's a lot of great new music out there—as long as you don't listen to it with old ears."

Herb Ritts's career has spanned two decades and has extended into music videos and commercials, but it's always a pleasure returning to his first love—celebrity portraiture—especially with someone as carefree as Reese Witherspoon. "She made it all worthwhile," says Ritts, who'd wanted to shoot her since witnessing her charms at this year's Golden Globes. "As an actress, she's only scratched the surface of her talent, and I like being able to work with someone at that beginning." It reminded him of his experience with another rising star whom he photographed near the start of his own career, in the early 80s. "Madonna didn't even know what was happening to her, but she walked into the shoot with a confidence and style all her own, much like Reese did."



CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

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NO PURCHASE NECESSARY

This contest is open to legal residents of the 50 United States and District of Columbia who are 18 years or older as of date of entry.

HOW TO ENTER: Send an essay (175 words or less) nominating a friend, coach, mentor, boss or loved one who has inspired you with the value she's brought to her family, friends, profession and community. E-mail entries must send an e-mail with your essay along with a photograph of your nominee, your name, complete address, daytime telephone number with area code, your nominee's name, complete address, daytime telephone number with area code and the words "Skin Deep" to: pondsskindeepcontest@cnmail.com. Limit one entry per person. Write a method. Mail: Mail your essay along with a photograph of your nominee, your name, complete address, daytime telephone number with area code, your nominee's name, complete address, daytime telephone number with area code and the words "Skin Deep" to: Pond's Skin Deep Contest, c/o Condé Nast Publications, PO Box 10242 Fairfield, NJ 07004 Mailed entries must be postmarked by 06-26-02 and received by 07-02-02. Email entries must be received by 11:59 PM ET on 06-26-02. One entry per person/e-mail address.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY: Limit one entry per household. Sponsors reserve the right to disqualify entrants who violate the rules or interfere with the promotion in any manner. If disqualified, Sponsors reserve the right to terminate entrant's eligibility to participate in the sweepstakes. Incomplete and/or multiple entries submitted by a single entrant are void. By entering, entrants acknowledge compliance with these official rules, including all eligibility requirements. All entries become the property of the Sponsors and will not be returned. Entrants hereby release Unilever, Condé Nast Publications, CondéNet and their respective affiliates, subsidiaries, divisions, retailers, advertising and promotion agencies in connection with any failure to receive entry information for any reason and in connection with mail that is lost, late, misdirected, stolen, incomplete, illegible, or postage-due.

CRITERIA OF ENTRY: Judges will use the following criteria to review each essay: 1. Uniqueness of nominee's story, 2. Significance of nominee's accomplishment, 3. Level of inspiration.

Five finalists, selected from all entries by a judging panel of Pond's and Condé Nast representatives based on criteria, will appear on www.pondsskindeep.com from 07-18-02 through 09-07-02. The winning essay and photo will be voted on by users of the CondéNet sites via online ballots. Ballots will be cast from 07-18-02 to 09-07-02. Ballots will be tallied on or about 09-13-02. In the event of a tie, Sponsors will select the grand prize winner based on the criteria listed. The winner will be notified by certified mail and may be required to complete an affidavit of eligibility and copyright release and winner and guest may be required to execute a Release or Liability/Publicity Release which must be returned within 14 days of issuance of notification. Finalists and nominees may be required to sign an affidavit and permission release. Failure to return documents may result in the winner being disqualified and an alternate winner being selected. All decisions of the judges are final.

PRIZE DETAILS: (1) Grand Prize winner: the subject/nominee of the most compelling essay and a guest will receive round-trip coach airfare from the major commercial airport in the U.S. nearest to the Winner's home to New York City and hotel accommodations (double-occupancy) at the W New York for three days/two nights. In addition, the Winner and a guest will be given a makeover, including hair styling and makeup at Butterfly Studio. The winner will also receive a $1,000 shopping spree, a session with a photographer and a choice of one photograph for a framed portrait. Total Approximate Retail Value of the prize package: $5,000, depending on date of trip and point of origin. Trip must be taken and completed by 06-22-03. Income and other taxes are the sole responsibility of the winner. There is no transfer of prizes by winner or cash equivalent. No substitution for prize except by Sponsor in which case a prize of equal or greater value will be substituted.

(5) Runner-up prizes: Four finalists/nominees will each receive a gift basket filled with Pond's products after 09-13-02. Approximate Retail Value of each gift basket is $100. One additional prize will be given to the person who nominated the Grand Prize winner. If the nominator is chosen to accompany the winner, he/she will receive a $500 shopping spree in New York City. If the nominator is not chosen as the guest to accompany the winner, he/she will receive a spa treatment at a local spa, valued at $500.

All entrants agree to indemnify and hold harmless Unilever, Condé Nast Publications, CondéNet and their respective partners, affiliates, subsidiaries, directors, officers and employees, agents, retailers, advertising and promotion agencies from and against any/all loss/injury/damages now and in the future as a result of acceptance, use/misuse of any prize that may be won and/or participation in the contest. By accepting prize, winner, finalists and nominators agree to Sponsors' use of their names/likenesses and entry for advertising, promotional and other purposes without additional compensation, except where prohibited by law.

ELIGIBILITY: Employees and their immediate families (including household members) of Unilever, Condé Nast Publications, CondéNet and their advertising and promotion agencies and website provider are not eligible. This contest is subject to all federal, state and local laws. Void in Puerto Rico, outside the United States and where prohibited or restricted by law. U.S. law governs this contest. Sponsors are not required to enter into correspondence with entrants, including e-mail.

RULES/WINNERS LIST: For a list of winners' names (after 09-20-02), send a self-addressed stamped envelope to: "Pond's Skin Deep", c/o Condé Nast Publications, 4 Times Square, 11th Floor, Attention: S. Nissenbaum, New York, NY 10036-6561.

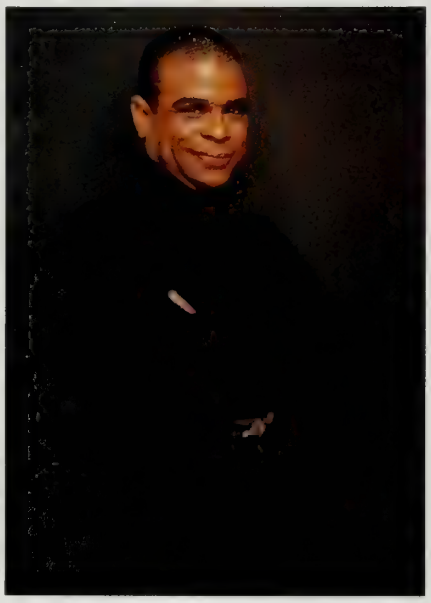
SPONSOR & PROMOTER: The Sponsors of this contest are Unilever (800 Sylvan Avenue, Englewood Cliffs, NJ 07632) and Condé Nast Publications (Corporate Sales, 4 Times Square, New York, New York 10036). The Promoter is Condé Nast Publications.

CONTRIBUTORS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50



Assistant art director **Lisa Kennedy,** a Washington, D.C., native and a graduate of the Art Institute of Chicago, has been on the *V.F.* staff for almost five years. Responsible for designing Fanfair, the arts-and-culture section of the magazine, Kennedy comes from a long line of design- and publishing-oriented people. Her great-grandfather was the publisher of the Medford *Mail Tribune* (an Oregon newspaper for which he won a Pulitzer Prize). Her grandmother was on staff at *Life* magazine for its first years. Her grandfather was an architect, and her uncle works in advertising. "Altogether, design has certainly been strongly encouraged in my family," says Kennedy.



GASPER TRINGALE

Notables as varied as Eartha Kitt, Robert Evans, Ben Stiller, Kathleen Turner, Philip Johnson, and the Rock have gone mano a mano with contributing editor **George Wayne** and have lived to tell the tale. "The best interviews are when the subjects are game for the outrageous badinage those adept at the art of parry and the no-holds-barred give-and-take," says the Jamaican-born Wayne. "And the inimitable T.C. [that's Tony Curtis, this month's Q&A subject] was one such class act. It's one reason why he's truly a legend of Hollywood." Wayne's reputation for leaving no question unasked is what has made him a *V.F.* contributo for almost 10 years. "I hope to serve for 20 more," he says.



Contributing editors **Richard Rushfield** (left) and **Adam Leff** return to the Hamptons with this month's Intelligence Report, on page 168. The Los Angeles–based duo keep on top of East Coast developments through their "constant tracking of the 174 identified National Trends," which allows them to "assess these things without ever leaving the Coffee Bean." Their trend consultancy, Monkey Zero L.L.C., was relaunched in March despite the work of their enemies, who include, they report, "the staff of the Cultured Class frozen-yogurt house, the maître d' at Le Dome, and the diabolical Christina Ricci."


GUESS
WATCHES

INVENTING ENRON

All you ever wanted to know about the new Mrs. Skilling's résumé; an "It girl" for the ages; Film Producing 101, by Art Linson; the Sapersteins' French connection; throw Coaster a bone; and more

I read your article "The Enron Wars" [by Marie Brenner, April] with great disappointment. Not only does it reflect the kind of shoddy journalism that has come to symbolize the media's coverage of the Enron matter, but it contains gross factual errors. You could have spared yourself the embarrassment of making these egregious errors had you taken the time to call us, the attorneys for Mr. Jeffrey Skilling and Ms. Rebecca Carter, or their spokesperson.

You allege that "Jeff Skilling had left his wife and taken up with Rebecca Carter, whom he promoted to company secretary and who earned more than $600,000 last year." To put this accusation in context, it was preceded by "Enron was hermetic and pulsing with sexuality. Ken Lay had married his secretary." Your allegations relating to Mr. Skilling and Ms. Carter could not be further from the truth.

This account is absolutely false on at least three fronts. First, Mr. Skilling did not leave his wife for Ms. Carter. His divorce became final in June 1997. Mr. Skilling and Ms. Carter began dating at the end of March 1998.

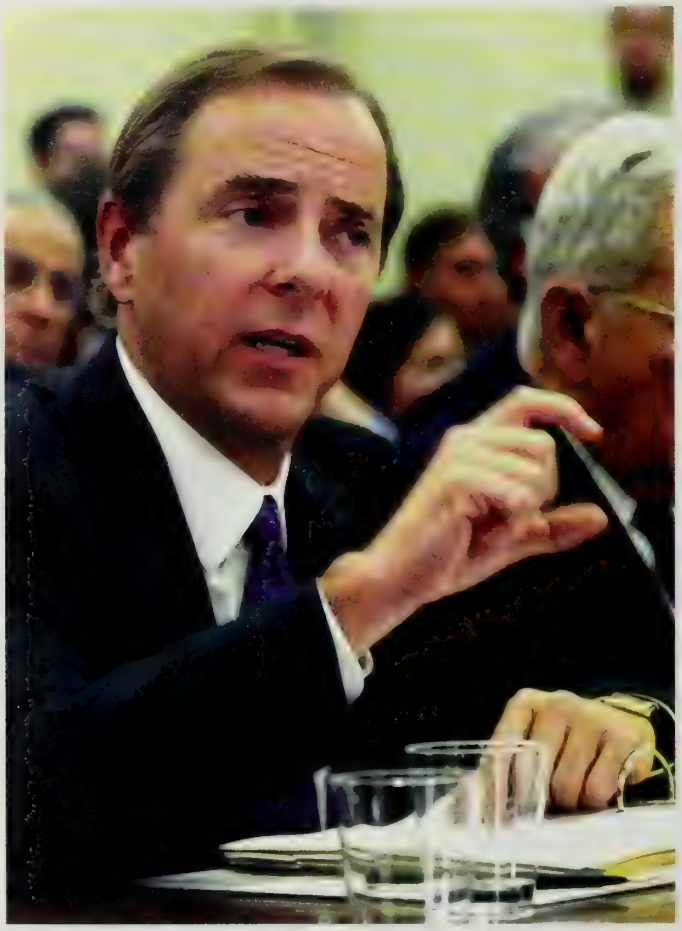
Second, Ms. Carter was not a secretary. She was the corporate secretary of Enron—a senior vice president of the company with a range of executive functions. Had you bothered to consult even the most basic treatise on corporate law, you would have discovered that the corporate secretary is *not* an administrative assistant but rather a senior executive of the corporation. One telephone call to Enron is all it would have taken to confirm this.

Your implication that Ms. Carter was unqualified for a senior executive job at Enron is equally unfounded. She holds a bachelor's degree in psychology and a master's degree in accounting, both from the University of Houston. From 1986 to 1990 she was an auditor with Arthur Andersen. From 1990 to 1992 she worked at Enron in the financial-reporting department. From 1992 to 1996 she was a senior member of Enron's investor-relations team, and from 1996 to 1998 she served as vice president and chief control officer of Enron Corporation. Thus, she had risen to that position before she and Mr. Skilling had any personal involvement.

Third, your allegation that Mr. Skilling promoted Ms. Carter to this position is ludicrous. When she was promoted to corporate secretary, the board of directors had to elect her to this position. In it, she reported to Jim Derrick, Enron's general counsel, and Ken Lay, Enron's chairman. She did not report to Mr. Skilling. Furthermore, because of their personal relationship, Mr. Skilling recused himself from her annual review by leaving the room during any discussions regarding Ms. Carter's compensation or performance evaluation.

These baseless allegations are troubling not only because they are false, but also because they are offensive. Your article is ill-informed and reflects sexist assumptions that were converted into "facts" without any support.

ELIZABETH BAIRD
O'Melveny & Myers L.L.P.
Washington, D.C.



THE MAN WHO COULDN'T RECALL
Former Enron president and C.E.O. Jeffrey Skilling testifies on Capitol Hill before the House energy-and-commerce oversight subcommittee on February 7, 2002.

MARIE BRENNER REPLIES: Both the Vanity Fair *research team and I attempted to contact Mr. Skilling and his associates on numerous occasions. Our calls were never returned. As Mr. Skilling's lawyer's letter makes clear, the problem with office romances and office promotions is that one can never be completely separated from the other, however impressive the new Mrs. Skilling's résumé is. This letter would be laughable were it not for the many innocent victims of the Enron delusion and the larger unanswered questions that remain about Mr. Skilling's—and for that matter Ms. Carter's—role in the financial death spiral of their company.*

THANK YOU FOR exposing the illegalities that were committed by Enron executives. Recently, the media seem to be focusing on my employer, Arthur Andersen. While I don't believe we were bullied, the article shows that Ander-



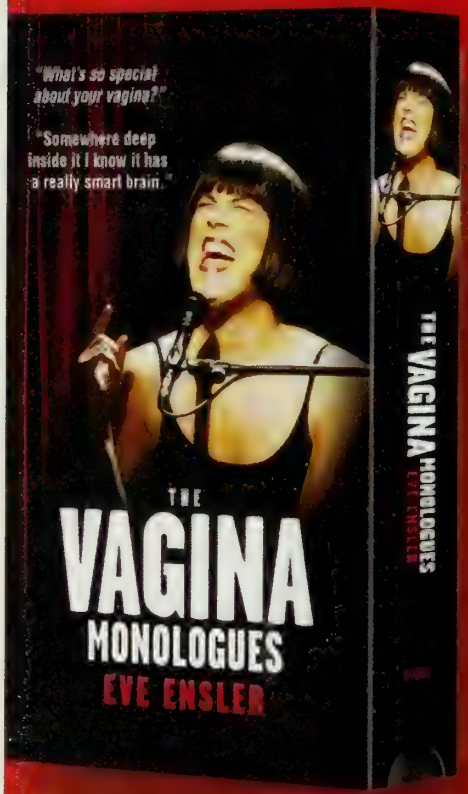
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sen is not worthy of the sole indictment.

I only hope that in the coming months the true cheaters, liars, and criminals are brought to justice in a timely manner. Andersen employees' livelihoods have already been put in jeopardy with one quick judgment.

AMY R. CARR
Chicago, Illinois

WHILE MANY OF THE DETAILS divulged in Marie Brenner's excellent Enron article are by now grist for public consumption, a few things jumped out at me. First, as a U.S. Army officer, I am dismayed and disgusted by the conduct displayed by Kenneth Lay and John Wing. Wing, after leaving the military, seemed to waste no time in subverting the motto of his alma mater, the United States Military Academy (West Point), from "Duty, Honor, Country" to "Money, Ego, Me."

I am not so naïve as to think that it is inherently wrong for a former military officer to make a few bucks, or that all officers are bound by a personal code and moral compass. It must be said, however, that the likes of Mr. Wing are thankfully in the minority among military officers. I am glad he is a civilian, so that his arrogance can be diluted by an enormous workforce and competent subordinates, rather than serving among the much smaller numbers in the armed forces, where, God forbid, he would be setting a dubious example for thousands of dedicated young Americans.

Equally saddening is the example set by Kenneth Lay. One would think that Mr. Lay could have managed not to flush two versions of Enron down the toilet. It takes a certain breed of man to destroy two corporations with such a dazzling combination of arrogance, hubris, and lunkheaded stupidity.

Finally, for a man who has been lauded by the Harvard School of Business for his mental acuity, Mr. Skilling sure doesn't seem to know much about his or anyone else's business models or practices. Yet another reason to support "no name" state schools.

JOHN BRYAN
Olympia, Washington

AS MUCH AS MARIE BRENNER'S article tries to portray Jan Avery as the heroine, it seems to me that she is as guilty as the rest of them. If the numbers had not seemed "right" since 1993, why was she still playing her bosses' game? For eight years she took part in Enron's so-called accounting methods, and it was not until she was fired that she started blowing the whistle.

JENNIFER OKIN
London, England

STILL DARLING

THANK YOU for the gorgeous photo of Julie Christie [by Herb Ritts] in your April edition. I'm glad to see the most beautiful woman ever to work in film being honored as the Hollywood royalty she is. As a 28-year-old who has watched her my entire life, I say she still turns the fire on like no woman half her age can. Hollywood is filled with beautiful young actresses, but how many will still be as captivating after four decades on the screen?

FRANK RODASKY
Victorville, California

TWO GUYS AND A BEAR

I'VE BEEN MAKING MOVIES in Hollywood for 15 years, yet no one outside the industry, including my own family, really understands what I do. Although there are countless books about motion-picture producing—some entertaining, some informative—Art Linson's article, "Ah, Wilderness!" [April], was one of the most vivid and engaging testimonials I have come across. In an amiable style, he tersely captured the full spectrum of emotions one can feel during the process of making a movie—from anticipation to frustration, from celebration to humiliation.

I wish I could forget the countless gut-wrenching walks I have made to an actor's trailer to explain why the mustache, green hair, fake teeth, pierced eyebrow, or British accent was not going to work for his or her role. This article should be presented to every film student before he or she endeavors to walk in Mr. Linson's shoes.

RODNEY LIBER
Santa Monica, California

ART LINSON'S story of how a movie gets made was the most honest and authentic tale to ever come out of Hollywood. Not only was it hilarious, it was also the first true glimmer of how these "dreams" are, in fact, manufactured.

CONNIE STEWART
Nelson, British Columbia

THANK YOU SO MUCH for your thoughtful, humorous take on the development



TOMMY HILFIGER

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hell of "the bear movie." As one of the three people who loved the film, I would just like to say that your efforts were not in vain. I always look forward to seeing anything David Mamet writes or directs. Although the movie was thought to be a failure by box-office standards, I have seen it at least three times. I feel certain that, in time, audiences will appreciate *The Edge* as I do, the horrible title notwithstanding.

SASHA STONE
Woodland Hills, California

SO, LET ME SEE if I've got this straight: a savvy and successful movie producer sets up a relationship with the new head of a struggling studio. Studio head invites movie producer to bring him fresh ideas. Movie producer calls one of the best writers in the business. Writer, like all writers, loves cash and asks movie producer for his fresh ideas. Movie producer racks his savvy and successful brain for all of two minutes and comes up with . . . two guys and a bear. Writer whips something up. Movie producer gets studio head to spend about $30 million on . . . two guys and a bear. Two-guys-and-a-bear movie opens and studio head is pouty because movie does only so-so business.

Hello?

There's a reason movie producer cannot remember the title of movie about two guys and a bear. Movie is not about romance, intrigue, espionage, conquest, fulfillment, or anything even vaguely interesting to any age group. Hell, no! Movie is about . . . two guys and a bear. Ya gotta love this town!

TOM O'LEARY
Hollywood, California

NOW IT'S PERSONAL

IT WAS REFRESHING to learn from James Wolcott's fine article "The Executioners" [April] that as America fights terrorism there are signs that audiences will give the lone avenger his comeback call. As a Vietnam vet, I am relieved that America has the mettle to create the next warrior class. Deep down, it's as George Patton said: "Americans love a good fight."

EVAN DALE SANTOS
Adelanto, California

TO LUMP AND DUMP Martin Scorsese's *Taxi Driver* with such one [illegible] *Dirty Harry, Death Wi[illegible] Tall* is an abomination. [illegible] complex themes of loneliness, medi[illegible] nipulation, political sloganeering, and child abuse. Wolcott reduces it to nothing more than a television news report on the old Times Square.

H. TANZIL
New York, New York



THE BEST OF EVERYTHING
David and Suzanne Saperstein, photographed by Helmut Newton in the reception hall of Fleur de Lys, in Holmby Hills, California, on New Year's Eve, 2001.

CHÂTEAU SAPERSTEIN

YOU HAVE TO GIVE the Sapersteins credit for being unashamedly nouveaux riches ["Versailles on the Pacific," by Matt Tyrnauer, April]. It's a novelty to see the label so enthusiastically embraced. And there's something charming about people who will pose with a harp.

It's too bad, though, that they had to give their new digs so many square feet. The neighborhood was never a repository [illegible] understated architecture, but any more [illegible] of these small palaces and Holmby Hills may sink under the collective weight of imported stone façades. Even by Angeleno standards, it's starting to look silly.

CHRISTIAN GULLIKSEN
Malibu, California

I WONDER IF the Sapersteins, in their 30-odd research trips to France, ever heard the story of Vaux-le-Vicomte, after which Fleur de Lys is patterned. It was built by Nicolas Fouquet, the ambitious finance minister of the young King Louis XIV. When invited to the "housewarming," the Sun King took one look at the ostentatious château and subsequently had Fouquet arrested and then imprisoned for life.

SYLVIA GAUSSEN
London, England

MADCAP ANGEL

THE HOLLYWOOD ISSUE is my favorite and none more so than this year's edition, which included the article "The Wizard of Roz" [by William Frye, April]. Ros-



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THE ARTISTS RIGHTS FOUNDATION

Founded in 1991 by the Directors Guild of America, the Artists Rights Foundation brings together some of the industry's foremost creative leaders to protect and preserve film heritage. Through a variety of approaches including grassroots educational programs, international partnerships, legal efforts, and special events—the Artists Rights Foundation seeks to safeguard the rights of film artists, protect film works from alteration, and ensure that an artist's vision remains intact for future generations to enjoy. For more information, please contact the Artists Rights Foundation office at 323-436-5060 or visit www.artistsrights.org.

THE SILVER LINING SILVER LAKE FOUNDATION

The Silver Lining Silver Lake Foundation is a non-profit fundraising organization that was created to bring together artists and musicians in events that inspire benevolence and goodwill in communities across the country. From its wildly successful annual music festival—which last year featured Elton John, Sting, and The Red Hot Chili Peppers—to its silent auctions of works by such artistic luminaries as Jeff Koons and Bruce Weber, the Foundation provides valuable awareness and funds for organizations in need. For information, visit www.silverliningsilverlake.com.



THE MAME ATTRACTION Rosalind Russell in a publicity photo for the 1958 hit film *Auntie Mame*. Two years earlier, she had become the toast of Broadway playing the same role onstage.

alind Russell was one of my all-time favorite actresses, and only your magazine would have the discernment to pay tribute to this somewhat overlooked but irreplaceable star. I loved the article because William Frye was a true friend of Ms. Russell's, and he confirmed my belief that she was as charismatic, vital, and genuine offscreen as she was on.

MARIANNE GRILLO
Fair Oaks, California

JOE KENNEDY AND THE GOLDEN FLEECE

IN HER ARTICLE "The Mogul in Mr. Kennedy" [April], Cari Beauchamp noted of Kennedy's associates that "more than one secretary thought 'they looked like gangsters' when they walked into the room." That's because they were, as was their rum-running boss, Joseph P. Kennedy.

In painting a picture of a ruthless businessman, Beauchamp stopped short of revealing just how ruthless his business actually was.

Joe Kennedy was a real-life Vito Corleone without the olive oil or the charm. His second son may have made good in a way that Mario Puzo didn't even dare to write into the role of Michael, but the father was in the same league as Al Capone: a thief, plain and simple.

GREG BELZ
Memphis, Tennessee

DECONSTRUCTING ED

NOT SINCE the Apollo astronauts dropped Walter Frisbee on the press as a high-end goof has someone such as Edwin Coaster seen the light of day. No photos, please. We don't even need an illustration. He's perfect as is, a rampant embodiment of all our character defects. If you throw him an occasional profile (he could have done the Hilton sisters, for example), we won't fault you.

BRIAN AUSTIN
Marin County, California

Letters to the editor should be sent electronically with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to letters@vf.com. Letters to the editor will also be accepted via fax at 212-286-4324. All requests for back issues should be sent to FAIR@neodata.com. All other queries should be sent to vfmail@vf.com. The magazine reserves the right to edit submissions, which may be published or otherwise used in any medium. All submissions become the property of *Vanity Fair*.



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June 2002



ildren of the Revolution

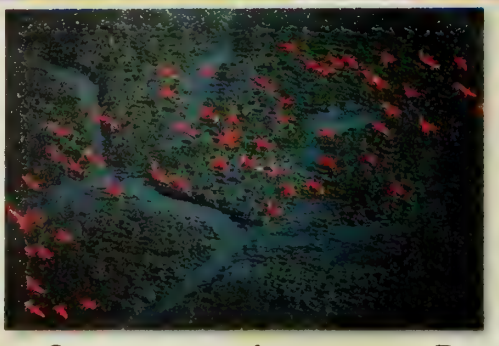
Fidel Castro on his way to lavana, 1959. From *Havana: The Revolutionary Moment*, with notographs by Burt Glinn, out this month from Umbrage.

FANFAIR



June

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY



Yann Arthus-Bertrand's aerial photos of, *right*, a flock of red ibis and, *far right*, a worker resting on bales of cotton.



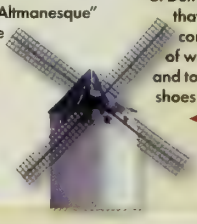
1
Hartford, Connecticut's Wadsworth Atheneum exhibits masterpieces of French design, including a timepiece from Marie Antoinette's bathroom in Tuileries Palace. *Les tchotchkes du paradis.*

2
Tony Awards. Backstage: stagehand expresses relief that this year's reduced Julie Taymor presence will keep dressing rooms from becoming "puppety, fetid."

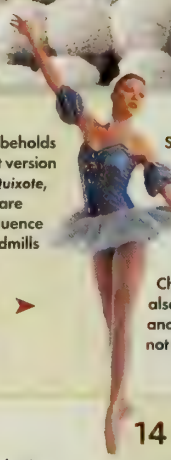
3
C.F.D.A. Fashion Awards. Alice Roi spends afternoon ripping cocktail napkin into small pieces.

4
Lenox, Massachusetts: interior designers' installations for the Mount, Edith Wharton's former home, go on display. *Ethan Frome: The Breakfast Nook.*

5
Lake Placid Film Forum. Local paper reports first-ever use of term "Altmanesque" in Lake Placid area.



6
Houston beholds the ballet version of *Don Quixote*, that rare confluence of windmills and toe shoes.



7
San Francisco's Magic Theatre presents the West Coast premiere of *First Love*, by Charles Mee, who also wrote *Big Love* and *True Love*, but not *Endless Love*.

8
Bizet's *Carmen* at San Francisco's War Memorial Opera House. Doomed love sonic-booming.

9
L'Ouverture Française. Or, as it is more accurately called, the French Open.





11
Boston's Museum of Fine Arts exhibits Dutch art from Boston collections starting this week. Love those Ruisdael landscapes—serene but churning.

12
N.Y.C.: Photos by Rankin, celebrity photographer and co-founder of *Dazed & Confused*, include a shot of Damien Hirst covered in bacon: *another* reason not to eat Damien Hirst.

13
New York City Ballet's resident choreographer, Christopher Wheeldon, unveils a new work at Lincoln Center. Skittering, tulle.

14
L.A.'s Stephen Cohen Gallery: photos of Marilyn Monroe from *Look* magazine. West Hollywood starts vibrating.



15
Austin, Minnesota: the new Spam Museum celebrates the "unprecedented excitement Spam has inspired." (That's the press release talkin'.) Special guest: Tom Brokaw.

16
Rory Kennedy and Liz Garbus's documentary *Sixteen*, on Oxygen, shows what it's like to be 16 for girls of different backgrounds. (We're thinking: Not sweet.)

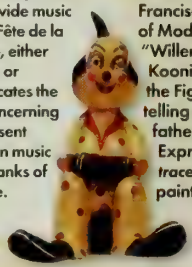
17
"Gustav Klimt Landscapes" at Williamstown, Massachusetts's Clark Art Institute. "So lovely and moving—I'm getting all *ver-klimt*."



18
The Thomas Eakins show wings in from Paris, landing at N.Y.C.'s Metropolitan Museum of Art. Nineteenth-century surgeons and rowers, slightly jet-lagged.

20
N.Y.C.'s Whitney mounts the first full-scale retrospective of Abstract Expressionist Joan Mitchell since her death in 1992. Requiem for a painter.

21
France's 21-year-old, countrywide music fair, the Fête de la Musique, either debunks or authenticates the cliché concerning ever present accordion music on the banks of the Seine.



22
Next week at San Francisco's Museum of Modern Art: "Willem de Kooning: Tracing the Figure." (You're telling me the father of Abstract Expressionism *traced* all his paintings?)

23
Outdoor exhibition, in Chicago's Millennium Park, of Yann Arthus-Bertrand's huge aerial photographs of the earth. *Plein air, en plein air*, photographed from an airplein.

24
Wimbledon. Ball boy to attendee in first row: "Mind yer 'ed, guvnah."

25
Chicago: world premiere of Twyla Tharp's musical based on Billy Joel songs. Unsurprisingly, the musical inspired by Mr. "I don't wa[nt] no clever conversa[tion]" bears no playwriting cr[edit].

26
Sherman, Barney, Frank, Mark, Opie: the unstated theme of the Whitney's new photography show seems to be photographers whose last names are also first names.



28
Chicago's Museum of Contemporary Photography exhibits work by Dutch photographer Hellen van Meene, known for her staged pics of teenage girls and their un-Britneylike imperfections.

29/30
World Cup championship weekend in Japan. Jerseys, grunting.

—BY HENRY ALF[ORD]



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Everyone Falls Apart

JILL SPRECHER'S KARMIC TRIP, *THIRTEEN CONVERSATIONS ABOUT ONE THING*

Skeletal, luminous, and strangely beautiful, *Thirteen Conversations About One Thing* is a grown-up *Ghost World* for those of us who find **Alan Arkin** inherently more appealing than **Thora Birch.** Director **Jill Sprecher** interweaves several connected stories of Karmic retribution, some of it fair, some of it not. Her characters slide either from good to bad or from bad to worse, the "one thing" being disintegration (or as the college lecturer played by **John Turturro** tells his class before leaving his wife for a woman who will ultimately leave him: "entropy"). With no real marquee star, the note-perfect cast also includes **Amy Irving, Clea DuVall, Tia Texada,** and a career-high **Matthew McConaughey** as a cocky, son-of-a-bitch lawyer who, upon receiving his comeuppance, literally cannot allow his wounds to close. But it's Arkin, perhaps the most believable Everyman in the history of cinema, who resonates most strongly. Jill and **Karen Sprecher's** devastating screenplay has all the ennui and malaise **Hal Hartley, Todd Solondz,** or **Neil LaBute** could dream of, except that the Sprechers' vision is ultimately uplifting. This is, after all, a film in which a fired man comforts the man who fired him. **(Rating: ★★★★)** —EMMA FORREST



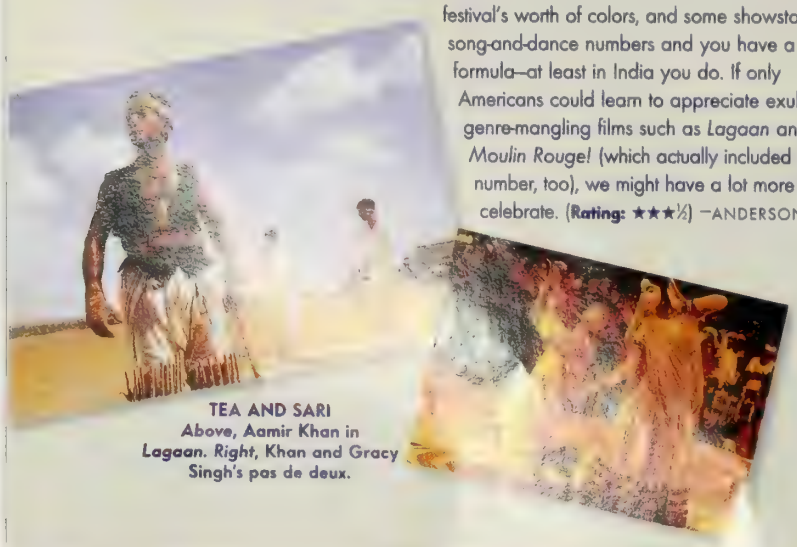
SET 'EM UP, JOE Alan Arkin in *Thirteen Conversations About One Thing.*

HOT REELS

Hooray for Bollywood!

INDIAN BLOCKBUSTER *LAGAAN* COMES STATESIDE

If American audiences were somewhat baffled by **Baz Luhrmann's** way-over-the-top *Moulin Rouge!*, what will they make of a Bollywood spectacular such as *Lagaan*? Nominated for a best-foreign-film Oscar this year (India chose to enter it instead of **Mira Nair's** more art-house *Monsoon Wedding*), this import from the prolific Hindi film industry in Bombay had an almost seismic effect on the subcontinent when it opened last year. *Lagaan* takes the twin popular obsessions of India—movies and cricket—and marries them with an irresistible, patriotic story line. The film revolves around a late-19th-century cricket match between a patched-together village team (led by heartthrob **Aamir Khan**) and the village's British colonial rulers; how much *lagaan,* or land tax, must be paid hinges on the victor. But that's just a sketch of this nearly four-hour-long extravaganza. Throw in a few love interests, a festival's worth of colors, and some showstopping song-and-dance numbers and you have a winning formula—at least in India you do. If only Americans could learn to appreciate exuberant, genre-mangling films such as *Lagaan* and *Moulin Rouge!* (which actually included a Hindi number, too), we might have a lot more to celebrate. **(Rating: ★★★½)** —ANDERSON TEPPER



TEA AND SARI *Above,* Aamir Khan in *Lagaan. Right,* Khan and Gracy Singh's pas de deux.



Adam Beach and Nicolas Cage in *Windtalkers.*

COMING ATTRACTIONS

Trailer of the month: *Windtalkers.* **Directed by:** John Woo. **Starring:** Nicolas Cage, Adam Beach, Christian Slater. **Coming to a theater near you:** June 14. **The gist:** Painful dilemmas in the Pacific theater as a hardened Marine Corps officer (Cage) is assigned to protect a newbie Navajo "code talker" (Beach) during the bloody battle for Saipan. Cage's mission: Protect the precious code by killing Beach should the enemy threaten to capture him. **A John Woo film:** Symphonic displays of slow-motion ultra-violence shot from impossible aerial points of view and emphasizing the actors' beefy physiques. **The line that Hollywood never tires of:** "Nooooo ... !" (Beach). **Plot question we already know the answer to but must pretend we don't:** Will Cage follow orders and coldly blow away his loyal and spiritual Native American sidekick, or will he obey the promptings of his soul and turn instead on his callous commanding officer? **(Rating: ★★★)** —WALTER KIRN

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COLE HAAN

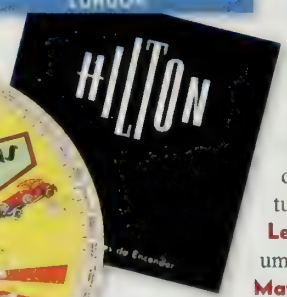


HOT TYPE

ELISSA SCHAPPELL







Break out your Fred Perrys and the red-white-and-blue tube top—it's summertime in America! **Roger Rosenblatt** salutes *Where We Stand* (Harcourt), putting forth 30 reasons for loving America. In commemoration of D-day, remember *Our Finest Day* (Chronicle), in which historian **Mark Bowden** marshals the troops that stormed Normandy's beaches on June 6, 1944. **Eric Haney,** a founding operator of the highly specialized elite army counter-terrorist unit, exposes the intense discipline required to get *Inside Delta Force* (Delacorte). **Howell Raines** and **Janny Scott** present *Portraits 9/11/01,* the collected "Portraits of Grief" from *The New York Times* (Times Books). Pulitzer Prize–winning journalist and *V.F.* contributing editor **David Halberstam** immortalizes the firefighters lost in Engine 40, Ladder 35, on September 11, and the unspeakable tragedy their families endure every day, in *Firehouse* (Hyperion).

Also this month: Grand-slam motormouth **John McEnroe** backhands his critics and the contemporary tennis world in *You Cannot Be Serious* (Putnam), with line-judging by **James Kaplan. Reynolds Price** lays it down old-school in *Noble Norfleet* (Scribner), a riveting fictional portrait of an ex–army medic forced to revisit the mysterious death of his entire family 30 years earlier. The hero of **Thomas Dyja's** *Meet John Trow* (Viking) is a deranged Civil War re-enactment buff. Highly imaginative historical novelist **Darin Strauss** puts up his dukes in *The Real McCoy* (Dutton), the story of the turn-of-the-century champion boxer, jewel thief, charlatan, and most married man in America. Madeline heir **John Bemelmans Marciano** lets loose his own frisky, bright-eyed heroine, *Delilah* (Viking), a tractor-loving lamb. First-time novelist **Gary Shteyngart's** *The Russian Debutante's Handbook* (Riverhead) is a terrifically charming tale of a young Russian immigrant's capitalist and carnal aspirations. Grab an aisle seat for *Shoppers* (Perennial), two plays by **Denis Johnson.** Prepare to be ignited by the base female desire the fearless **Catherine Millet** exposes in her autobiography, *The Sexual Life of Catherine M.* (Grove). *Works on Paper* (Counterpoint) finds the peerless biographer **Michael Holroyd** attacking his craft—his target: the ethics and values of nonfiction. In *The Old Religion* (Overlook), **David Mamet** channels Leo Frank, a Jew who was railroaded into a life sentence for a murder he didn't commit, then abducted from prison and lynched. Mambo king **Oscar Hijuelos** returns to his twin passions—music and Cuba—in *A Simple Habana Melody* (HarperCollins). **Leslie Brenner** goes behind the swinging doors of New York's elite watering hole Daniel, documenting the obsessive Chef Boulud's quest for *The Fourth Star* (Clarkson Potter). **Francisca Mattéoli** checks into *Hotel Stories* (Assouline), a photographic pleasure dome featuring hideaways such as Garbo's refuge in Berlin and the Mexican hacienda where Frida Kahlo trysted with Trotsky. **Jessica Helfand** is *Reinventing the Wheel* (Princeton Architectural Press), the slidable information wheels devoted to such sciences as calculating cocktails and charting nuclear-bomb blasts. You'll never look at a Ritz cracker the same—in *The Silent Takeover* (Free Press) **Noreena Hertz** reveals the dangers of companies' becoming more powerful than government. Write this down—**Dr. Gary Small's** *The Memory Bible* (Hyperion) prescribes strategies to strengthen the brain and keep it young. In **Sarah Mower's** *Oscar* (Assouline), style-setter Oscar de la Renta muses on 40 years of glamming up women. The black-and-white images of photographer *Jerry Dantzic's New York* (Edition Stemmle) are an ode to the city in the 1950s. **James Gavin's** *Deep in a Dream* (Knopf) is a sad, cool riff on the romantic life and violent death of Chet Baker. Let's get lost . . .



From top: **Marie-Hélène de Rothschild sunning herself on a boat in the mid-70s, from *Oscar;* matchbooks from London's Savoy Hotel and Amsterdam's Hilton; an information wheel from *Reinventing the Wheel;* *East River Raft,* Brooklyn, 1958, photographed by Jerry Dantzic.**


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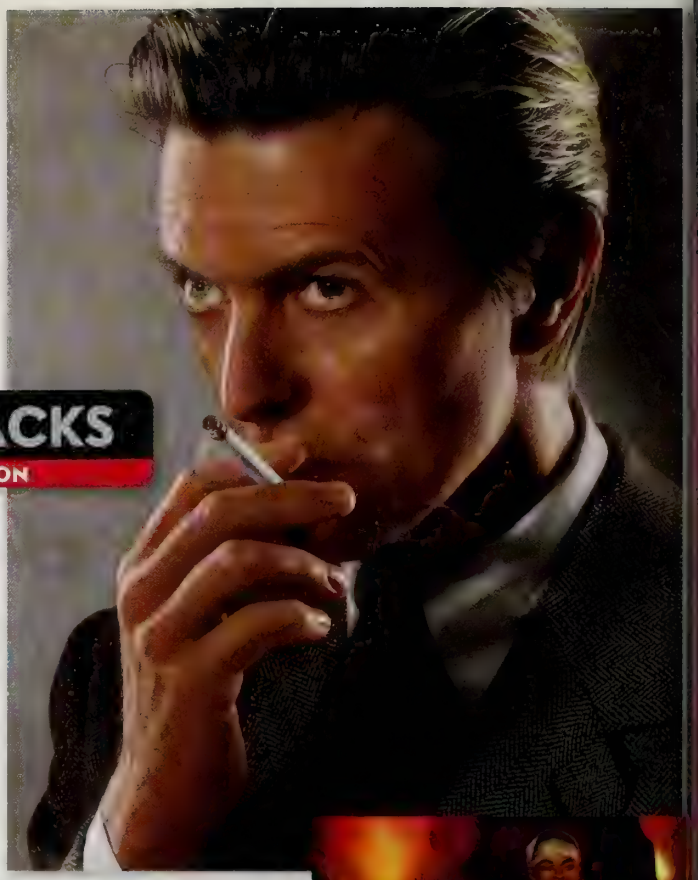
HOT TRACKS

LISA ROBINSON

Where do I go from here / And is it far?
—Kevin Ayers, "Where Do I Go from Here?"

While everyone debates the Next Big Thing, **Eminem** arrives with *The Eminem Show,* the new CD with music from his startlingly compelling acting debut in the forthcoming Curtis Hanson film, *8 Mile.* The song "Cleaning Out My Closet" features lyrics worthy of Lenny Bruce on the verses, and *singing* like early Mick Jagger on the catchy choruses.

Something old, something new: On *Heathen,* **David Bowie** has made a real David Bowie album—his first collaboration in 20 years with producer Tony Visconti, and by far his best work in ages. **DJ Shadow's** *The Private Press,* with a little mood here, some funk there, and all the irony, attitude, and whatnot we've come to expect from him, does not disappoint. **Lauryn Hill** releases a two-CD set, *Lauryn Hill MTV Unplugged,* complete with all the soul-searching, spiritual, socially conscious songs from the TV show aired last March. **Paul Westerberg** is just the kind of sensitive, self-destructive artiste who would put the best song ("Let the Bad Times Roll") *11th* on his new CD, *Stereo*—his strongest record since **the Replacements** broke up. Fans of 90s indie rock will be charmed by the return of Kim and Kelley Deal and **the Breeders,** who sound as alternative as ever on the amusingly named *Title TK.* **Wyclef Jean** delivers spiritual, socially conscious (but never preachy), groove-laden songs on *Masquerade.* **Trey Anastasio** obviously wanted to try something a bit more upbeat than the jam-band confines of **Phish** on his first, self-titled, solo CD. Singer-storyteller **Steve Earle** releases the fantastic *Sidetracks,* a collection of songs he describes as previously "unreleased or underexposed." **Ralph Stanley's** haunting, eponymous CD is the first release from DMZ Records, the new label run by the Coen brothers and Grammy winner T Bone Burnett. On *Halos and Horns,* **Dolly Parton** does a spiritual cover of Led Zeppelin's "Stairway to Heaven."









Something borrowed: In addition to the cheerfully admitted theft of other people's music, sampled female voices, and atmospheric bits and pieces taken from God only knows where, **Moby's** friendship with David Bowie has served him well—several songs on his dreamy new *18* sound like he's *channeling* the Thin White Duke. On *Heathen Chemistry,* **Oasis** has, once again, come up with an excellent Beatles album circa the *Rubber Soul–Revolver* period. On *Verve Remixed,* classic tracks from the great jazz label's vault (Ella, Dinah, Carmen, Billie) have been revamped by contemporary D.J.'s to sound like a night in the Buddha Bar.

Something blue: **Robert Plant** reworks songs by his early influences (Bukka White, Arthur Crudup, John Lee Hooker) on the delightful *Dreamland.* For those who know her only from that Jaguar commercial ("At Last"), check out **Etta James's** live CD *Burnin' Down the House.* **The Jon Spencer Blues Explosion** rocks out Jerry Lee Lewis–style on *Plastic Fang.* Pete Seeger's goddaughter **Toshi Reagon's** powerful voice shines on the folk-blues *Toshi.*

Also out: **Tift Merritt's** impressive debut, *Bramble Rose;* rootsy harmonies from **Highway 9** on *What in Samhill?;* U.K. sensation **Gomez's** hard rock on *In Our Gun;* **Rosey's** seductive *Dirty Child;* pop punk on *Free All Angels,* from Irish rockers **Ash;** and strong R&B from **Kelly Price** and **Musiq.** If precious British pop is your cup of tea, new ones from **Badly Drawn Boy** and **Pet Shop Boys** are for you. Records from the late **Laura Nyro,** the late **Dave Van Ronk,** and live **Simon & Garfunkel** will all be released. Noteworthy CDs are out from newcomers **Loudermilk** and **Marc Copely,** as well as CDs from **Bryan Ferry, Silverchair, Roland Gift, Jarvis Church, Beth Orton,** and **Uncle Kracker.**

The best news: not a boy band in sight.



Clockwise from top: David Bowie; Lauryn Hill on *MTV Unplugged;* Eminem with co-star Brittany Murphy in a scene from *8 Mile;* Wyclef Jean; and the Breeders.


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Bohemia by the Sea

IT'S THE SEASON FOR BOOKS ON THE HAMPTONS



More people, more cars, more houses—and now, for the groaning Hamptons, more coffee-table books, three in a clump just in time for summer, all celebrating the lure of these onetime potato-farming towns for city-escaping artists. *Hamptons Bohemia* (Chronicle), by art-world heavies **Helen A. Harrison** and **Constance Ayers Denne,** lays in the backstory from Indians to whaling-era portraitists, to the 1879 trip to East Hampton by Tile Club members (they painted ceramic tiles), whose rhapsodic report in *Scribner's* brought easel-bearing hordes. Most fun are the Abstract Expressionists (**Jackson Pollock, Robert Motherwell, Willem de Kooning**) lumbering out after World War II to scatter the pastoralists like plover. They remind us that, along with fine light and farm-field landscapes, what the Hamptons offered were cheap digs. Now, as playwright **Edward Albee** wryly observes in his preface, the only poor artists in East Hampton are bused in from his Montauk foundation.





Today's Hamptons artists, sumptuously photographed by *Vanity Fair*'s **Jonathan Becker** in *Studios by the Sea* (Abrams), with a smart introduction by *V.F.*'s **Bob Colacello,** are as wealthy as their collectors. **April Gornik** lives in a 10,000-square-foot North Haven house, **Polly Kraft** lives in the exclusive Georgica Association, and **William Rayner** has an oceanfront tower studio. No Pollock-like paint-dripping here! Is it coincidence that these artists, cosseted in their plush private realms, seem not to influence one another's work as their forebears did? **Julian Schnabel** pops up in all three books, but in *In the Spirit of the Hamptons* (Assouline), by **Kelly Killoren-Bensimon,** he's flanked by **Sean "P. Diddy" Combs** and **Sarah Jessica Parker:** the artist as just another celeb. Hamptons spirit, indeed. If Killoren-Bensimon's book shows just how much Hamptons art has been subsumed by money, it's still an irresistible page-turner for the guest-bedroom bedside table. Of the three, it also smells the nicest. —MICHAEL SHNAYERSON

SPLENDOR IN THE CRABGRASS
***From top:* Peter Beard in his Hamptons studio; Jackson Pollock and James Brooks, 1950; sailboats in Amagansett.**

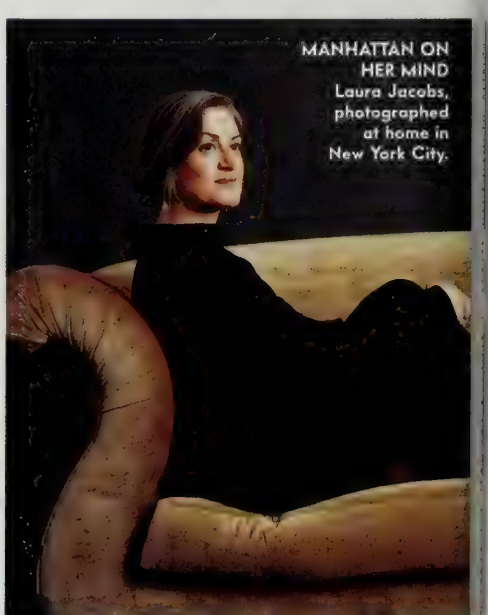
WORLD BEAT The coolest new restaurant in **London's** West End is Market Place (11 Market Place).... Take in the view of **Sydney** Harbor (and an elegant cocktail) from the glass-enclosed Jasmine Bar (155 Victoria Street).... **Paris's** Nirvana (3 Avenue Matignon) offers food, drink, dancing, and good Karma.



Jacobean Drama

LAURA JACOBS'S *WOMEN ABOUT TOWN* SHOWS MOXIE

"Women are too complicated, caught in limbo between a rich poeticized past and the meaningless postmodern moment," writes *Vanity Fair* contributing editor **Laura Jacobs** in another of her roles, dance critic for *The New Criterion.* Though she was describing the feminine component of **Twyla Tharp's** *The Elements,* she could have also been crystallizing her thoughts for her upcoming novel, *Women About Town* (Viking). Indeed, it is the kind of line one of the book's two main characters, Lana Burton, could have written in her own job—she is a cultural critic, and Jacobs entertains the reader with Burton's graceful navigation of New York City's treacherous publishing terrain. Iris Biddle, the book's other female lead, is on a parallel artistic path, as a lampshade couturière. Each of these women is also on a romantic search, and Jacobs lyrically records their failings in love as well as their ultimate successes. *Women About Town* is elegant and witty and charming, much like its protagonists (damsels on their way to damehood), who have talent and style and that most winning Manhattan characteristic: moxie. Laura Jacobs is our new Dawn Powell, but with a more generous heart. —KEVIN SESSUMS



MANHATTAN ON HER MIND
Laura Jacobs, photographed at home in New York City.



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June

SUNNY SIDES UP

Bathing beauties from the 1960s, as pictured in *California Fashion*, out this summer from Harry N. Abrams.

Once upon a time, having a tan meant you spent your days herding sheep. In the 1920s, Coco Chanel returned from vacation on the Riviera golden brown. Suddenly, being fabulous meant having nothing but time on your hands to lie there and broil. Since then, just about everyone has been wanting to get a tan. But the craze has had some downsides—witness the rise in skin cancer, and Tara Reid.

As the Antarctic melting accelerates, no one thinks it's safe to go poolside or to the beach without S.P.F. protection from UV rays—except maybe George Bush. You know those new Versace ads? Even those kids are probably wearing it. With that in mind, **Kiehl's** and **Estée Lauder** are offering new lines of sunblock this summer, ranging from S.P.F. 15 to 30. Also new is La Plage Firming Body Lotion with S.P.F. 15 from **Geomér.** The Geomér people are major divers, and they have collected all kinds of things from the sea—kelp, seaweed, special seawater—ingredients, apparently, which help us look like eighth-graders. S.P.F. has made its way into makeup too, including **Trucco** foundation. New from the **Sebastian** hair people, Trucco S.P.F. 15 comes in nine shades, can be used by everyone, and has a cool pump. **Clarins** hasn't forgotten that some of us go to the beach so we can swim too. Its new line of eye makeup is completely water-resistant.

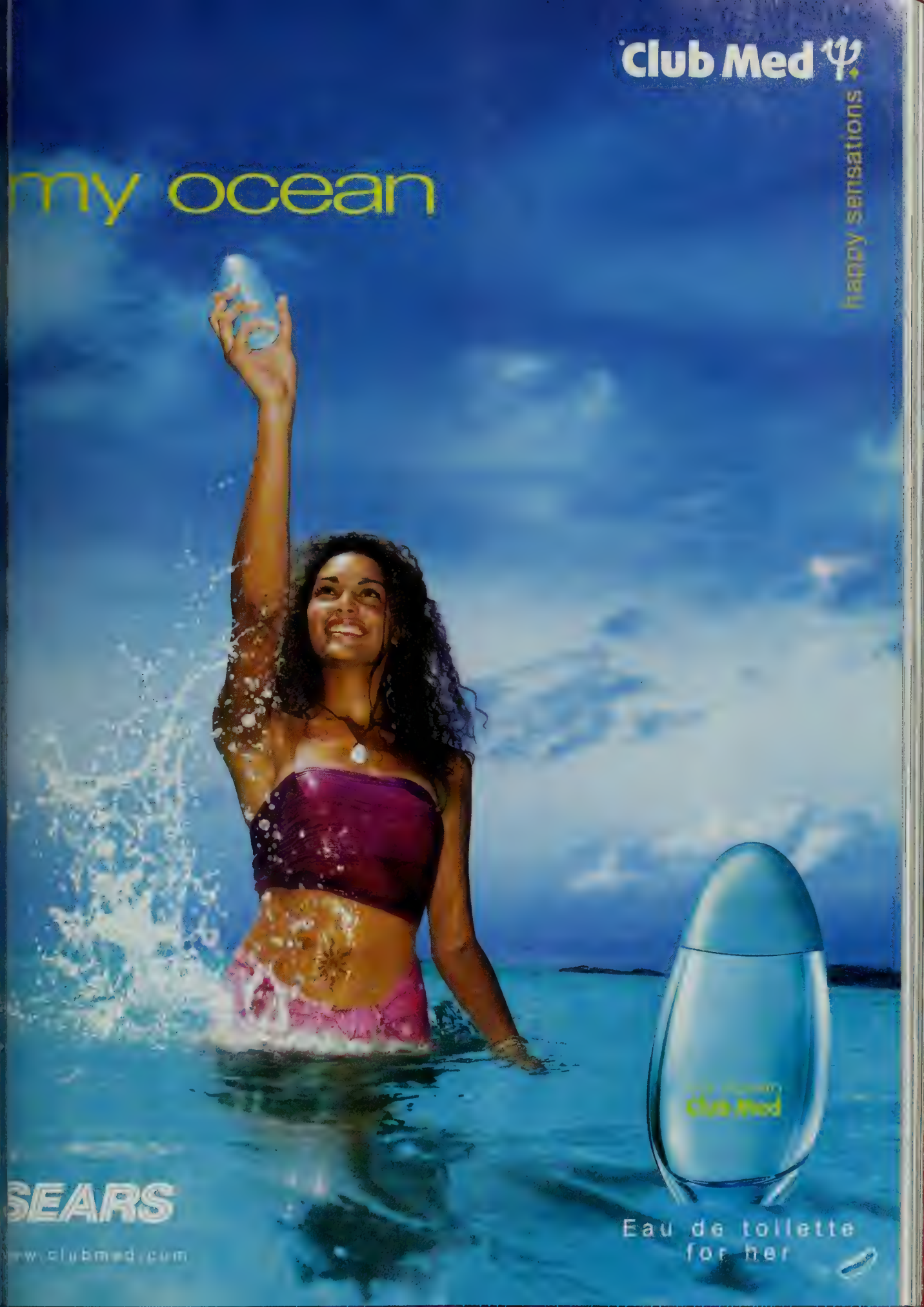


HOT LOOKS

As everyone knows by now, due to self-tanners and bronzers, you can get a tan these days while lying on the sofa and watching *Friends*. Tragically, the rise of self-tanning has resulted in too many orange people (come visit the Condé Nast cafeteria). This summer brings a slew of products that help regulate such disasters. First, for the face. With the exception of **MAC** and **Bobbi Brown,** whose new bronzers are the only matte ones on the market, the key word here is "glow." Leading this trend is **Yves Saint Laurent.** Over-the-top label-lovers will get into **Versace's** surprisingly creamy face powder (compact emblazoned with Medusa, powder itself has word "Versace" imprinted over and over). **Chanel** offers something a little different with Sun Illuminator (a light gel) and Brilliance Pur (a light cream). As for self-tanning the body, this art form has gone way beyond labor-intensive creams: **Calvin Klein** has come up with something called Liquid Crystals, a kind of Jean Naté for the glow generation, while **Lancôme** has gone the mousse route, for a fake, yet even, tan in less than an hour.

But there will always be trailblazers. Thanks to **Dior's** new line, Snow, which literally brightens the skin, turning white is not just for Michael Jackson impersonators anymore.

TOP, BY CHRISTA ZINNER. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE


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CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS



THE CANDIDATE? Senator John Edwards, Democrat of North Carolina, photographed in Washington, D.C., on March 29, 2002.

NEXT STOP, THE WHITE HOUSE?

If you designed a perfect politician, the result might be John Edwards. North Carolina's increasingly high-profile Democratic senator, a former top trial lawyer, has a record of championing the underdog, a whip-smart wife, and a personal tragedy he refuses to exploit

One of the five flanks of the Pentagon was burning out of control on September 11 last, and the fragile dome of the Capitol might have (without the fortitude of some random American heroes in the sky somewhere over Pennsylvania) been smashed like a skull or an eggshell, when the U.S. Capitol Police called at the house of Senator John Edwards, Democrat of North Carolina. They informed him that he had to proceed under guard, at once, to a secure and undisclosed location. Having hurried home to see to his wife and small children, who had only recently moved to the city, Edwards inquired what was to be done for them. The cops had no instructions on this point, doggedly repeating that a United States senator, and a member of the Intelligence Committee, was expected to obey orders. Quite a test for a freshman. What Edwards calls "higher authority" was then put on the phone and told him to get with the program, but absent any provision for his family, the Senator decided to stick around under the open skies, and after an interval the sirens died away.

There is the shadow government and the government that you can see, and this may possibly be the beginning of a story that illustrates the difference between them.

If you're from North Carolina, you are invited, any week that the Senate is in session, to a "Tar Heel Thursday." There, you can meet and question the state's junior senator, and get your picture taken with him if you like, which most people do. It's a nice big caucus room in the Russell Building with plenty of seats and a sort of horseshoe-shaped podium at the front. On the day I show up there are some 80 rank-and-file Tar Heels in attendance. (Before you ask, the name supposedly comes from the renowned ability of North Carolina soldiers to stand their ground as if they were stuck to it. Some say the compliment was paid by General Robert E. Lee; others—maybe wishing to be more "inclusive"—say that the term dates from the Revolutionary War.)

There's a school group present, and a delegation from the North Carolina Soft Drink Association, some ladies with a child-care agenda, and a sprinkling of the curious and the passing-through. Polite young aides circulate and take note of requests and concerns. Just after the stroke of noon, Senator John Edwards enters and hits his mark right between the podium and the seats. I'm already prejudiced against Edwards because I've read in Al Hunt's *Wall Street Journal* column that he is "the Robert Redford of politics," and at first sight he even looks a bit like Redford in *The Candidate:* a boyish smile (he can pass for younger than his 48 years), bright blue eyes, and light-brown floppy locks, which I later learn are sculpted by Ian McWilliams of Bravado Hair Design (also coiffeur to Clinton, Gore, Daschle, and Edwards's jogging pal Indiana senator Evan Bayh).

Without preamble he thanks the folks for coming and gets

FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

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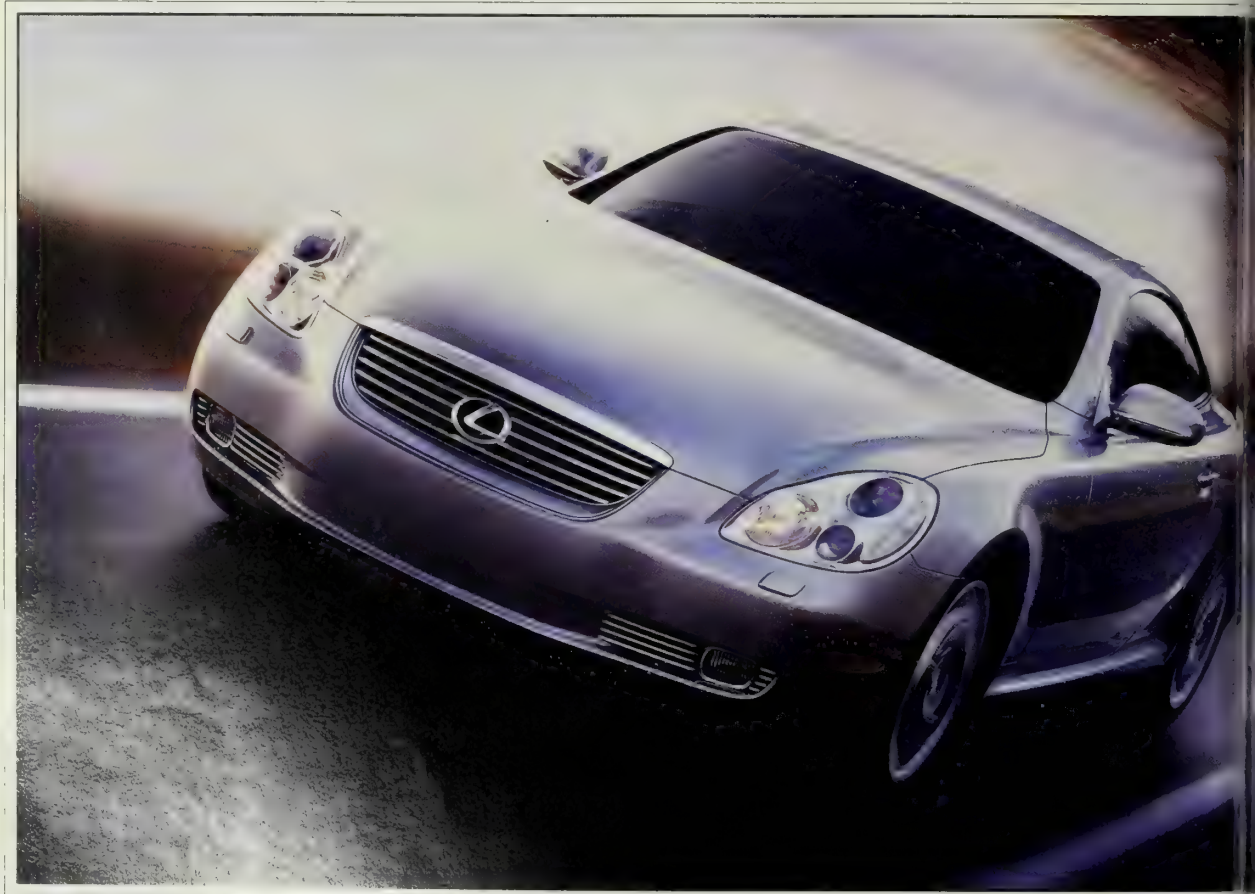
THE LEXUS SC 430

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sky and its potent 4.3-liter, 300-hp V8 engine. To keep all this power under control, the SC 430 is equipped with Vehicle Skid Control (VSC),* Traction Control (TRAC) and anti-lock brakes (ABS). And huge 18-inch alloy wheels,† with available run-flat, low-profile tires,‡ hug the road and further announce its sport coupe intentions.

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straight into a breezy, fluent talk on the McCain-Feingold bill on campaign-finance reform and the progress of the patients' bill of rights. After only three years in the Senate, he is already one of his party's point men on both of these crucial and popular matters. He doesn't talk for too long before inviting questions. As he selects upraised hands, I notice without really noticing that he moves gradually nearer to the front rows.

The questions vary from the parochial to the global. A high-school student announces that she's from "a town outside Winston-Salem," so to laughter the Senator asks, "Yeah, but where are you really from?," and when she tells him Yadkinville, he says he knows the place. To everybody's surprise her question is about bioterrorism, and he's right on it. (His time on the Intelligence Committee hasn't been wasted; he was also on the first senatorial plane to Afghanistan.) He knows the issue, can give her a copy of the bill he's working on . . . Then it's Social Security, Medicare, and tax cuts, and by the time he's into these he's halfway down the aisle between the seats. I suddenly get it. North Carolina's most successful trial lawyer is putting on his Tar Heel Thursdays in the Senate room that's most like a courtroom. He's doing what he does best: talking to a jury and moving from the well of the court to lean on the box. His little son's middle name is Atticus, as in the learned classical friend of Cicero the litigator, and as in Atticus Finch from *To Kill a Mockingbird.* But a better comparison might be to the southern world of John Grisham, where attorneys are not small-town crusaders but big-name players in their own right.





LAWYERS IN LOVE Above, the Edwardses on their wedding day, July 30, 1977; right, Edwards and his son Wade climbed Mount Kilimanjaro in July 1995—less than a year before the boy's death.

It is said by some of Senator John Edwards's friends that the loss of his son motivated him to run for office.

Edwards has a few disarming mannerisms: when he doesn't know the answer to a question, he doesn't mind saying so, drawling while he fesses up. And he has one giveaway tactic: his easiest answer is to say, "There are no easy answers." Still, he is pretty open and quite persuasive. Also well briefed. Afterward, I go for a ladylike cocktail with some of the child-care activists. They are natural Democrats, but it is plain that they purely loved their new senator. I happen to mention how interesting it was that all but one of the questioners were female. One of the ladies looks at me over her glass. "Honey, he called on the women." And so he had, when I think about it. Gender gap? He's probably got that n[illegible].

One of his political opponents back home was almost lyrical when I reached him a few days later: "Don't quote me, but I think he may have a messiah complex. When he was a lawyer, other lawyers would come to court just to hear his closing arguments. He never seemed to lose a case. Then he gets to run for Senate and wins right off. Now he's on all these committees and they say he oughta be president. Damn, he's lucky." North Carolina Republicans are no wimps when it comes to opposition research, but this man was in mock despair. "We tried everything. Best we could do was that his literature said he was a 'native' of Robbins, North Carolina, when he was born in Seneca, which is in South Carolina." That's it? "Well, he said he worked his way through college when he did maybe five, six months unloading U.P.S. trucks." Uh-huh. "Well, he kinda swung both ways on partial-birth abortion . . . " By the time his antagonist was telling me how the G.O.P.'s own focus groups had enthused while watching a 30-second Edwards ad, I was ready to vomit from sheer bipartisanship. Anyway, the Gore campaign had checked out every possible negative before short-listing the boy wonder for the vice-presidential nomination. Talk about lucky: not only did Edwards dodge the foundering calamity of that loser campaign, but he has been catapulted onto five critical Senate committees—health, commerce, small-business, intelligence, and, thanks to the defection of Senator Jim Jeffords, judiciary. The party loves him. The Sunday talk shows can't seem to get enough of him. In the span of just a few weeks earlier this year, he humbled Bush's lame judicial nominee, Charles Pickering, shepherded the campaign-finance legislation, and stood up for the right of patients to sue their lousy H.M.O.'s.

The Republicans used to think they had him there too. Of course he wants lawsuits. He's a trial lawyer, isn't he? And the masses despise shyster suits and ambulance chasers, don't they? True enough, but there were maimed and broken children inside the ambulances that Edwards tracked down. And, as he told me, "people hate insurance companies more than they hate lawyers." In his years at the personal-injury bar, he evolved an entire practice on that simple principle. Infants harmed at birth, a teenager tossed out of a psychiatric hospital who then commits suicide . . . Gregory Peck wouldn't have been ashamed. Then how would you feel if you were the parents of Valerie Lakey, who was five years old when she frisked around a North Carolina wading pool in 1993 and was pulled into the drain? So strong was the suction that it tore out the little girl's intestines, which have since (you will be glad to know) been partially, if painfully, repaired. Her life, though, is a continual misery of feeding tubes. Now, how would you feel if you discovered that the firm that built the drain, a Wisconsin concern named Sta-Rite, knew of 13 previous incidents involving children caught in its machinery? Edwards's tactic during trial was to refuse all of Sta-Rite's out-of-court offers and interim settlements, to lay out the evidence, and in response to the company's eventual question *What do you want?* to reply, What have you got? The jury hit them for $25 million, to roars of applause and a national award from the Association of Trial Lawyers of America. The Lakey girl's parents volunteered to help in Edwards's 1998 Senate run, when he came from behind to unseat Lauch Faircloth, a Helms clone without the easy charm, whose main boast was that he owned 300,000 hogs. It does not, for lawyers or for politicians, get much better than this.

But lucky? Not so fast. Edwards's life and career were a blended version of the American Dream until 1996. Born to a humble family from the textile mills; first in his lineage to attend college; successful at the law school in Chapel Hill; married to his tough-

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minded and bright law-school sweetheart; two clever and charming children; a terrific law practice which included, among some lighter cases, a defense of someone sued by RCA for unauthorized possession of an Elvis recording. Yet, call no man lucky, said the ancient Greeks, until he is dead. In 1995, John Edwards climbed Mount Kilimanjaro with his firstborn son, Wade, as his companion. ("He was my best friend," Edwards says, simply.) The next year, the boy placed well in a national essay contest and was invited to the White House to receive recognition from the then First Lady. He was 16. I've now read the essay. It was good. A few weeks later, in April 1996, Wade's Jeep Cherokee was casually flipped over by the high and mighty winds that govern the approach to the barrier islands of North Carolina, where the family had a beach house. His death was cruel and capricious. There was nobody to sue.

Before he accompanied his son, John Edwards had only been to the White House once. If he ever gets there in his own right, it will be because he's running, and living, for two. In his lapel, he still wears the boy's Outward Bound pin. It is said by some of Edwards's friends that the loss motivated him to run for office. (Wade's finalist's essay was about going with Daddy to the voting booth on Election Day and seeing that everybody was equal when they pulled the lever; this theme finds a place in most Edwards speeches.) Other friends remember him talking about taking a shot at politics before that. This may be a distinction without a difference; it's very plain that his motivation in politics, as in law, has to do with vindicating the younger generation. He and his wife, Elizabeth, were left with one daughter, Cate, after the tragedy. (She is now at Princeton.) They decided that the only means of real recovery was to go for parenthood again. Elizabeth Edwards abandoned her own law practice in bankruptcy litigation, and aware of the risk of "replacement child syndrome," which can create a lonely remaining child, she began a course of hormone shots and gave birth to Emma Claire when she was 48. (Elizabeth is four years older than her husband.) She produced John Atticus when she was 50. For some time Edwards was the only senator to have his children in the Senate day-care center. These were the ones not invited to the bunker on September 11. "You can imagine," Edwards says, "what Elizabeth was like at that point."

The Republicans nationally and locally like to call Edwards "Clinton Lite," because of his potential for triangulation.

By now I can imagine, because by now my wife and I have seen a certain amount of the Edwardses. The Elizabeth factor is clearly a determining one here. Extremely bookish and learned (and smart, which isn't at all the same thing), with an English major, she found the high point of the dismal 2000 election to be the moment when John was described as "an intellectual." This description he cheerfully repudiates, and, indeed, it is reported by colleagues that he seldom carries a book on the flight back to Raleigh-Durham. He prefers verbal briefings, too, from his staff. Our get-acquainted dinners were off the record, but having seen the Edwardses *à quatre* in Washington, and among their friends in North Carolina, I can tell you this much: They have a fabulous home off Embassy Row, within hailing distance of the Rodham-Clinton mansion. (Edwards's personal wealth is estimated in the tens of millions as a result of his triumphs in personal-injury suits; he was able to give his own Senate campaign $6 million.) The furniture is somewhat heavy, and from North Carolina. Elizabeth worries that the house isn't child-friendly enough, but it seemed pretty child-friendly to me: I saw Emma Claire and John Atticus having their bath, and they are as cute and towheaded as could possibly be. There is a bust of Wade on a desk, and I didn't have to wonder whether I should mention it, because both parents talk easily and seriously about this near-annihilating earthquake in their lives. They do this, however, in private. There will be no excruciating Gore-like moment of public exploitation.

The Republicans nationally and locally like to call Edwards "Clinton Lite," because of his immense charm and his youth, his evident ambition and his potential to triangulate a moderate "southern strategy" for the Democrats. It's true that Edwards's first major Senate speech was against the impeachment of Clinton, where he impressed even the hard right with his lawyerly but eloquent presentation (having caught the eye of Tom Daschle). But there is none of our Bill's sleaziness or selfishness, and no distraught family background or record of shady and evasive answers. Edwards has also had a career outside professional politics. In any case, it's clear that the Senator has a role model of his own. Let me put it like this: he was delighted to find that his Senate office had once belonged to Teddy Kennedy.

We talk a bit about the senior senator from Massachusetts, who has been "mentoring" Edwards over the past three years and freely mentioning his name as a possible presidential nominee. We slightly skate around the junior senator from Massachusetts, who is also reasonably handsome and possessed of both an impressive wife and (if only as a result) deep pockets. Rather gallingly, perhaps, Senator John Kerry's middle initial is F. People keep "mentioning" him too. But it's been a long while since the Democrats won with a candidate from the Northeast. The Gore-Lieberman ticket carried exactly no states of the former Confederacy; many are the party strategists who already think that Edwards could have made the difference in 2000, let alone next time. Edwards sees a good deal of Bob Shrum, who crafted Teddy's "Dream Shall Never Die" oration at the New York Democratic convention in 1980. And, having said that he disapproved of PACs, Edwards has inaugurated one of his own. Its name is New American Optimists. I think I have an idea of the strategy for 2004. It was road-tested during a visit to Iowa in March of last year. Before an audience that had barely heard of him, Edwards made a virtue of being a lawyer. He presented himself as the advocate that everybody needs, the man who can alter the odds in favor of the little guy and gal. He'd won a big settlement for a kid named Ethan Bedrick, who had been denied insurance care for a cerebral-palsy condition. "I see on one side a little boy named Ethan Bedrick and on the other side piles of money and power and lobbyists," he said. Hats in the air. Get ready.

"If the Democratic National Committee had any brains," said Ralph Nader, "they would take Johnnie Edwards's presentation in North Carolina for regular people and send it to every candidate all over the country." Edwards's Senate seat is up in 2004 (it has changed hands in every election since 1974), and a Republican state senator named Patrick Ballantine has tried and failed to pass a law he termed the "John Edwards amendment," to prevent the Senator from running for the Senate and the White House at the same time. The happy result of this is that all his office's new Internet domain names containing the word "Edwards" and the figure "04" can be read two ways. Meanwhile, he has managed to visit every one of North Carolina's hundred counties. Taken together with his TV appeal, this has been described as following an air war with a ground war.

"Southern strategy" puts one in mind of the Dixiecrats and the Democratic Leadership Council: a set of compromises and retreats



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of the sort that don't enthuse the party base. But here again, political fate has been kind to Edwards. He has been able to position himself as a sort of anti-Helms. Not so much by fighting against the old right's Prince of Darkness, who is finally issuing his lengthy, complex, withdrawing roar. More by being his polar opposite. Don't laugh at North Carolina, with its somewhat protracted speech rhythms, its incubation of Billy Graham, its lengthy, complex wrestle with the problem of indoor plumbing, its historic quarrel over the definition of barbecue, and, until recently, its two antediluvian senators. The state that sometimes claims Andrew Jackson has been transformed in the past two decades. Its population has grown by 37 percent, with a certain amount of Yankee immigration as well, and its industries have shifted from textiles, tobacco, and furniture to pharmaceuticals, banking, and biosciences. The shiny symbol of this is the burgeoning "Research Triangle" of clinics, laboratories, and telecommunications plants around Raleigh-Durham and the traditionally liberal enclave of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. This is Edwards country locally and, it could well be, nationally.



SENATOR'S CHAMBERS Edwards at home in March with wife Elizabeth and children John Atticus, Emma Claire, and Cate.

We join a large group of the Edwardses' friends at a very smart-but-casual Raleigh restaurant one weekend evening. Young couples predominate: educated professionals, emphasis on legal eagles, a few beards, and some cigars. The Senator is good in a context like this; he has an infectious laugh and a talent for anecdote. Raleigh is an area where the name of the late stock-car gladiator Dale Earnhardt still has totemic power, and Edwards tells of meeting a man at a gas station up in the hills right after September 11. "Real bad year," said the man. The Senator solemnly concurred. "Yeah," said the guy. "First Dale and now this shit." Edwards somehow manages to relate the story without condescension.

For some time Edwards was the only senator to have his children in the Senate day-care center.

He then tells me the counterpart of the focus-group account I'd had from the Republican. "They get people in a room and get them to react to clips of you, and the strategist guy can watch them without them knowing it," he says. "I was told that all the Helms fans really, really liked me. I asked how that could be—I had nothing in common with old Jesse. 'Well, first,' said the focus-group guy, 'it means you're gonna win.'" It turned out that the voters liked Edwards for saying what he meant. The classic case down here was the flag-burning amendment, which had enormous local popularity. Edwards—the first feasible candidate not to have faced the Vietnam dilemma—came out against any such meddling with the Constitution, and repeatedly told conservative audiences that he didn't mind about the polls. They could respect that. (It is, incidentally, the reverse of Clintonism.) He gives me a look as he finishes the story, and says, "You know, I really do believe that. I think that you must never try to fool people." I suddenly see how effective he might be with a jury. I also notice, up closer this time, that he has a large mole on his upper lip that a vainer man might have had removed. "Oh, yeah," he says, noticing my noticing. "That's the other feedback we got. 'What's that thing on his lip?'" A few days later another *Wall Street Journal* article reverses the Al Hunt line, confronting "this hegemony of the handsome" with the suggestion that Edwards ought to campaign "fully veiled." But by this point I've gotten over my Robert Redford irritation. (It revived in early April when Lynne Wasserman, daughter of Lew and Edie, threw yet another big Beverly Hills reception to introduce Edwards to the Hollywood set.)

We are in Raleigh because the Edwardses have set up a local learning laboratory in memory of Wade, with a fully equipped computer room for afterschool students who don't have a P.C. at home. (Elizabeth was annoyed to find that some teachers give extra credit for printed-out work, because students without this capability are automatically at a disadvantage, and the social implications are obvious.)

The learning lab, which has a Web site and hopes to generate emulators, is attached to the Broughton High School in Raleigh, where both Wade and Cate were students. On the morning after our dinner, the Senator visits the school to help launch his School Service Act. Entering a well-lit and well-stocked library, he is politely adored by the staff and by the kids. The proposed bill is a simple one: enhanced federal grants for states and schools that require "service" from their high-school students. One by one, having introduced himself, Edwards calls upon boys and girls who have volunteered to work in hospices or hospitals or with overseas charities. The atmosphere is suffused with warmth: it's almost too nice. And the setting is small-town and intimate. However, without using up too much imagination I can hear the building future cadence of "Ask not what your country can do for you . . . " □



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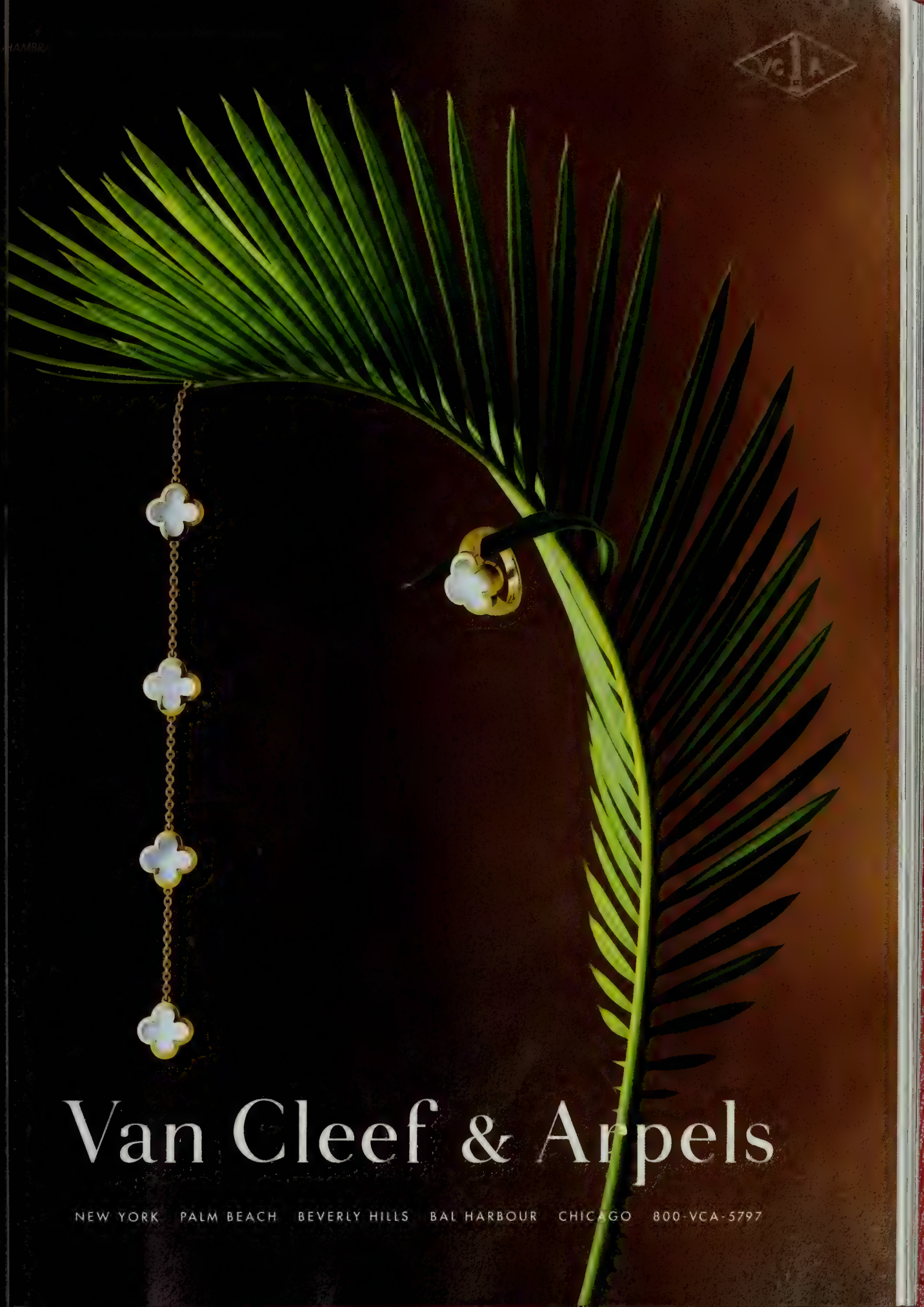
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The tabloid age began in the 50s with Generoso Pope's gore-spattered *National Enquirer,* and his obsession with Jackie O. touched off a celebrity hunt that would culminate in Princess Diana's death. But through mayhem and martyrdom, the scandal sheets have reflected America's gamy id, breaking news from the national gutter

In the March 26 issue of the *Globe,* the ugly sister of the Big Three gossip mags (the other two being the more presentable *National Enquirer* and the *Star*), Celine Dion, the Canadian singer with the intensely dramatic personal life, made a profound—yes, profound—observation. Asked why she chose to change her son's diapers rather than have nannies do the honors, Dion replied that it was the best way to monitor the child's health and well-being. "The poop says it all," she proclaimed. "When you want to know the truth, look to the poop."

Look to the poop—that's the guiding principle of the supermarket tabloid. Granted, the tabloids cater to a slob mentality that one associates with mullet haircuts and muumuus. Their editorial policy often combines the ethical standards of Watergate burglars with the prissy hypocrisy of horny preachers. They invade privacy, pay informants, misquote, exaggerate, distort, fabricate, set up honey traps (such as the gotcha stings that ambushed Frank Gifford and political adviser Dick Morris), fish through medical records, and punch up grainy spy photographs that make stars look bloated, ravaged, or demented (Whitney Houston with her mouth unhinged as if in mid–primal scream). And yet to experienced gold prospectors, buried somewhere in those clumps of bogus quotes and contrived hysteria (REGIS QUITS!; JENNIFER ANISTON NUDE PHOTO SCANDAL—BRAD'S FURY OVER HIS TOPLESS WIFE!) is a truth about America's mayhem entertainment and political culture that you won't find reading the editorial pages or listening to public radio. Whether it's O. J. Simpson's Bruno Magli shoes or Monica Lewinsky's stained dress, Mike Tyson toking up or Mariah Carey melting down, the tabloids present a composite photorealist portrait of a country as wealthy, powerful, and fixated on spectacle as Rome in its imperial prime regularly and irrationally spazzing out. It isn't the whole picture of America, but neither is Robert Altman's or Don DeLillo's. What the tabloids give us is thermal imagery of the mass libido.

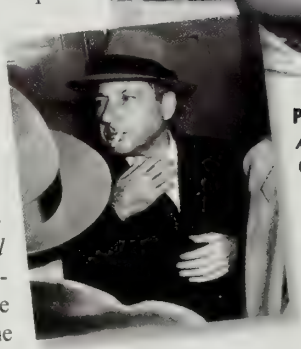
Cultural-declinists who bemoan the "dumbing down" of America often fail to observe how so much of what was once septic and submoronic in the media slowly becomes house-trained, gentrified. Angling and aspiring to a better class of sleaze—that, too, is the American way. Supermarket tabloids, which once polluted newsstands like inkblot squirts from warped psyches, their blatantly doctored


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photos, genuine atrocity shots, gruesome headlines, and leering text leaving a grimy residue, have spiffed themselves up in recent years to appeal to a more sophisticated sucker. They now dish a mildly deodorized dirt, the pastel colors of the papers evoking an artificial bouquet of floral accents. Instead of Dumpster-diving solely into celebrity garbage, as in the past, the tabloids have taken to foraging into the affairs of Beltway players, breaking page-one stories that the serious news outlets can't ignore, no matter how much it gnaws at them. (I can see Bernard Kalb of CNN's *Reliable Sources* staring at the ceiling now, ruing another journalistic erosion.) It was *The National Enquirer* that busted the news that the Reverend Jesse Jackson had been a bad bunny with an employee of his Rainbow/PUSH Coalition, and that went full throttle investigating the Clinton pardon giveaway. To some, this campaign for respectability and political impact has come at a cost. Like a seedy carnival converted into a theme park, the tabs aren't as much tawdry fun as they used to be—their animal spirits have become corporatized. "Today's *National Enquirer* is the Las Vegas of journalism," wrote the cultural reporters Jane and Michael Stern. "You know it was built on dirty money and bad taste, but it is now clean and safe for the whole family."

Like a seedy carnival converted into a theme park, the tabs aren't as much tawdry fun as they used to be—their animal spirits have become corporatized.





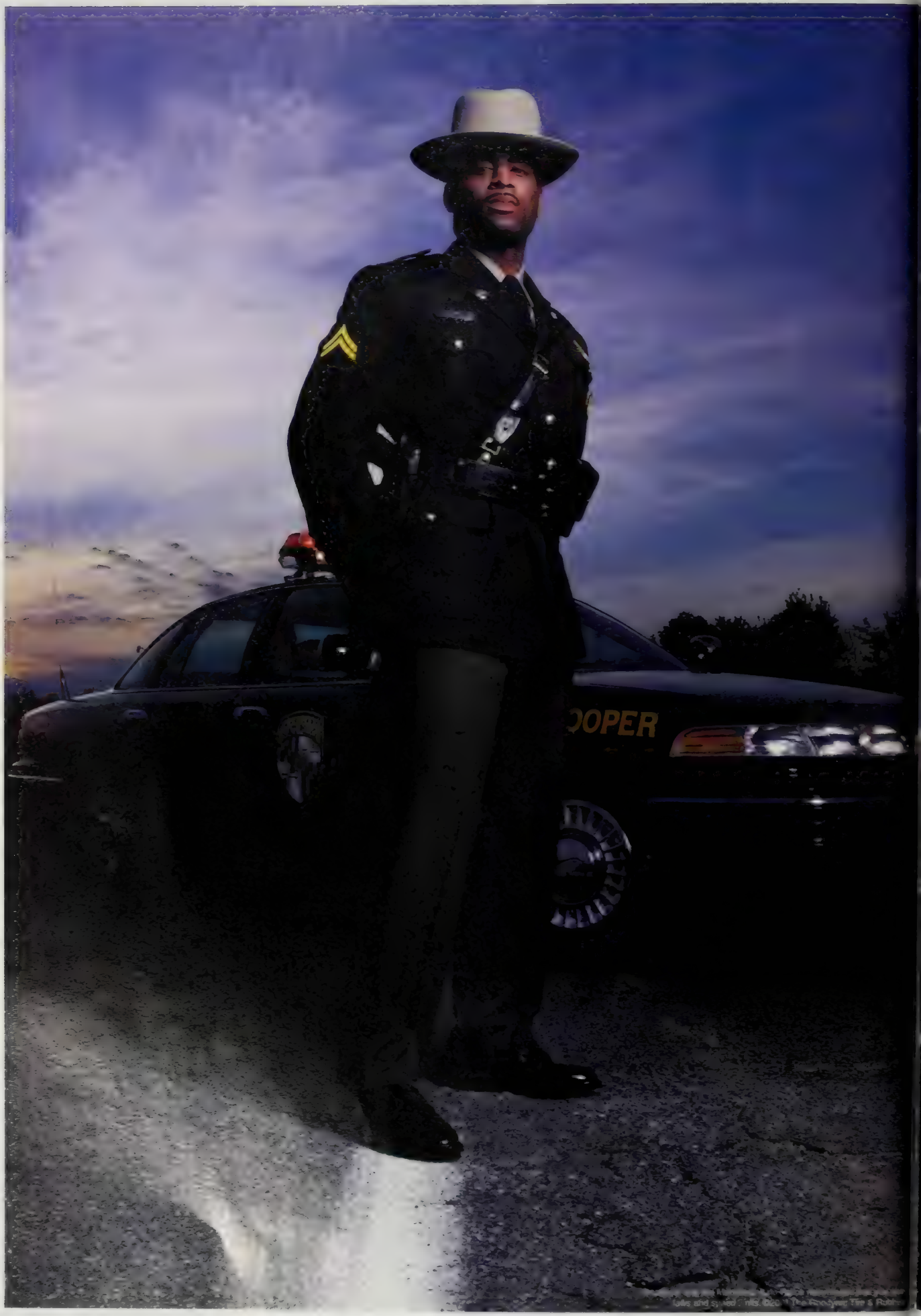
POPE IMPIOUS
Above, National Enquirer kingpin Generoso Pope Jr. at his desk, Lantana, Florida, June 1975; *left, Enquirer* backer and reputed mobster Frank Costello.

What Bugsy Siegel was to the creation of Las Vegas, another shady visionary was to the invention of the supermarket tabloid. In 1952 a 25-year-old former C.I.A. employee named Generoso Pope Jr. purchased a sorry excuse for a Sunday paper called the *New York Enquirer.* Pope's father was the kingpin owner of the nation's largest Italian-language paper, *Il Progresso Italo-Americano,* whose pages enthusiastically barked the praises of Fascist dictator Benito Mussolini. Pope Sr. was also pals with Mob boss Frank Costello, whom he asked to be Gene junior's godfather. According to Bill Sloan's valuable history of tabloids, *I Cut Out a Girl's Heart and Hog Eat My Baby!,* Costello also served as godfather in the Mario Puzo sense, backing Pope's bid for the *New York Enquirer* and providing frequent infusions of cash. As Sloan notes, the murky alliance of Mafia money and vague C.I.A. connections has fed a lot of conspiracy theories over the decades regarding the tabloid's possible role as a sewage outlet for disinformation and influence peddling. (There's little debate that historically the tabs have shown greater relish skinning the hides of liberal Democrats—the Kennedys, the Clintons, Jesse Jackson, Gary Condit—than they have conservative-Republican corn dogs.)

Inspired by the ogling he once saw caused by a car crash, Pope converted the *New York Enquirer* from an anemic also-ran into a splattered intersection of sex, gore, and gossip where the readers were the rubberneckers. Like Robert Harrison, who founded the celebrity rap sheet *Confidential* the same year the *New York Enquirer* was sold (and was the subject of one of Tom Wolfe's best early profiles, "Purveyor of the Public Life"), Pope took Weegee's snapshot sensationalism and Walter Winchell's rat-a-tat spiel so far down-market you couldn't see sunlight. (Compared with the *film noir* high contrasts of Weegee's best work, the pictures in the old *Enquirer* looked like coffee grounds.) It was in the 50s and early 60s, as the *Enquirer* gradually went national (changing its name in 1954), that it earned the trashy notoriety it has since struggled to outgrow. Headlines such as I CUT OUT HER HEART AND STOMPED ON IT! and TEENAGER TWISTS OFF CORPSE'S HEAD ... TO GET GOLD TEETH hollered from covers of issues pocked with photos of tortured animals, starved children, mutilated corpses, and grotesque human deformities. Published on the cheap, *The National Enquirer* made a mint. Copycats sprang up from the slimepool, managing to be even cruder than the original (evolution in reverse). Some of the shock-horror stereotyping is now laughably quaint, such as the fixation on slam-bam lesbians (actual headlines: MATE SWAPPING AT A LEZZIE LOVE CAMP; LESBIAN GANG ATTACKS BEAUTY QUEEN) and the itchy excitement over interracial sex (WHITE MEN LIKE IT BLACK: A NEGRO BEAUTY TELLS WHY), but the absence of style, even the kind of punk style that Tom Wolfe christened the "*aesthetique du schlock,*" gives the early tabloids a flophouse dinginess that no degree of pop-cult nostalgia can make sparkle. The morbid voyeurism they practiced was delivered as a jab to the eye, bypassing civilized defenses and aesthetic distance. The emaciated victims in some of these photos seem caged by the camera, pet food for the tender imaginations of serial killers and the director John Waters.

The *Enquirer* and its competition tried so hard to outdo one another in the hacked-limbs, boiled-baby buffet that newsstands looked as if they were hosting cannibal parties. Despite the boom in sales in the late 50s, the trend couldn't last, and not only because the gore was reaching flood levels. The landscape was shifting. The corner newsstand was becoming a disappearing relic of city life, like the trolley car and the Superman phone booth. Thousands of local newsstands and family-owned shops boarded up in the mid-60s as major chains branched into the neighborhoods. Generoso Pope Jr. had the sensibility of a snail, but he did possess the cunning agility to see around the next corner and radically adjust course. He understood that the only way tabloids could thrive as their urban habitat declined was by being sold in supermarkets, and that supermarkets wouldn't stock a tabloid as long as it printed spew. Choosy grocery shoppers tend to shun butchered corpses


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greeting them on the magazine rack at the checkout line. It was time to give the tabloid a scrub job. As Bill Sloan puts it, Pope Gene, as he was known, "issued the most sweeping 'papal decree' of his career: No more gore!" The *Enquirer* was going to become as blue-sky inspirational as *Reader's Digest.* Out with the sideshow geeks and mad slashers, in with Little Timmy valiantly battling leukemia and feisty grandmas fending off muggers with their purses.

The *Enquirer*'s staff was aghast. It was like asking an experienced team of grave robbers to take up gardening. Rival tabs and industry onlookers viewed this as a staggering miscalculation that would lose the old faithful, who would defect to the racier titles, and fail to lure a new flock. The naysayers felt vindicated as the *Enquirer*'s circulation took an immediate dive, its sales dropping by about 250,000 copies—one-quarter of its paid readership. This wasn't a circulation falloff; it was a form of mass suicide. However, Pope proved the farsighted victor: urban newsstands continued to vanish, the shakier tabloids folded, and the millions of dollars of profits that had padded the *Enquirer*'s bottom line during its first gallop of success bought it enough time, marketing talent, and leverage to implement a mass-distribution strategy that would make *The National Enquirer* as indispensable to every American's bathroom library as *TV Guide* and crossword puzzles.

Pope was also a content-visionary, the first idea merchant to seize and exploit the boundless love-hate fascination with Jackie Onassis. After a snippy tell-all cover story in which a former nanny disparaged Jackie's child-rearing practices sent newsstand sales through the roof, Pope unleashed packs of high-paid hyenas on the trail of her and her Greek tycoon husband, Aristotle. The *Enquirer*'s lust for the Jackie O. money shot escalated into a rolling orgy as every other tabloid and Eurotrash magazine joined the mad pursuit. The pesky motor-scooter paparazzi of Fellini's *La Dolce Vita* multiplied and mobilized into convoys of cutthroat opportunists bankrolled with bribe money to tickle the palms of nannies, maids, bellhops, busboys, window washers, hospital staff, valet-parking attendants, and other helpful snitches. Jackie couldn't sunbathe without a 1,000-mm. lens taking aim from the bushes. She was eventually able to settle into a life and career of relative normalcy in Manhattan, but others weren't so lucky. It was open season on the world-famous, and open season never closed. The ferocity and velocity of these scavenger hunts would converge and crescendo in a traffic tunnel in Paris on a summer night in 1997 as the furies unleashed by the Jackie phenomenon finally claimed a sacrificial bride, Princess Diana.

The Enquirer and its competition tried so hard to outdo one another in the hacked-limbs, boiled-baby buffet that newsstands looked as if they were hosting cannibal parties.

In 1974, Pope's *National Enquirer* faced the first heavyweight challenge to its supermarket hegemony: the arrival of the *National Star,* published by Rupert Murdoch, whose London scandal sheet *News of the World* had inspired Pope's ongoing makeover of the *Enquirer.* The publishers Pope had bested before were insignificant scroungers who thought small—this was different. Murdoch's entry into the field was like having Bigfoot show up on your welcome mat. His News Corporation had the resources, willpower, experience, and jugular instinct to trade thunder with an entrenched brand name, and could draw upon its roster of tabloid dailies to staff the *Star* with a ferret colony of Australian and British hacks. Murdoch introduced the *National Star* (its name later shortened to the *Star*) with an expensive ad campaign that was like the first round of a major arms race. The *Enquirer* counterattacked with a brilliant ad campaign whose catchy tag line was "Enquiring minds want to know."

Not since the tabloid heyday of the 30s, when Menckenesque cynics and ambulance chasers turned reporting into a contact sport, had there been such a scramble for red meat that would sell copy. (Lysa Moscowitz-Mateu, one of the co-authors of the tabloid memoir *Poison Pen,* describes sneaking into a hospital to interview the actor Ray Sharkey, who was dying of AIDS, and ratting out acquaintances from 12-step programs.) And because the *Enquirer* and the *Star* had more money to lavish than metropolitan dailies in the Depression, some of the competitive stunts turned into sick extravaganzas. When Princess Grace died in a car crash in 1982, a team of nine *Enquirer* reporters flew on the Concorde to Paris (other sources say it was a chartered Learjet), where they linked up with nine stringers summoned from different parts of Europe and Africa. Then they swarmed Monaco, where they locked up exclusive rights to the accident scene by paying tens of thousands of dollars to the gardener in whose backyard Princess Grace's car landed. The *Enquirer* then bought the exact make and model of her car and CONTINUED ON PAGE 99



GRIME SCENE

Q: What was black and white and read all over? A: Tabloids before they went legit.



GLORIA REUBEN

Well before her 40th birthday, Gloria Reuben seems to have left no stone unturned. Already an accomplished actor, singer, dancer, model, and classical pianist, she feels like she's just now beginning to hit her stride. While acting has always taken center stage (made famous by a memorable role on *ER*), Gloria keeps coming back to music. She kicked off the millennium on a high note. "Being onstage, singing backup for Tina Turner, was a once-in-a-lifetime experience. It was incredible to take a chance and follow my passion." Two years later, she still can't shake the beat that's pulsing through her veins. She's currently writing and co-producing her debut album. "I feel totally at peace with myself because I'm doing exactly what I want to be doing. My face has changed—I look more like myself than ever."

POND'S DRAMATIC RESULTS PRESENTS

SKIN DEEP

They say that beauty is only skin deep. But these women beg to differ. And with each passing year, they challenge that notion with a growing roster of extraordinary achievements. Every success story shows all over their faces. And they've never looked better. Here, they reveal to **Pond's** just how they earned their lines.



LAURA HILLENBRAND

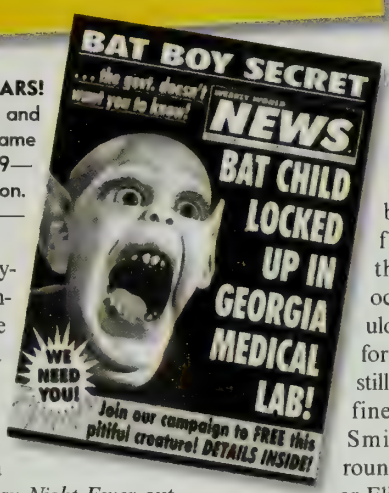
Thirty-five-old author Laura Hillenbrand has
to appreciate the occasional gray hair and ever
one of her little lines. "I've completely revised
idea of what's beautiful. I used to think that I
something with the passage of time. Now I be
all these things are the signs of living a full li
Few people cherish each day as does Laura, wh
will to live has been challenged by a debilitati
case of Chronic Fatigue Syndrome. Despite ye
incapacitating exhaustion and vertigo, she fou
the inspiration to go on in *Seabiscuit: An Ame
Legend*, the triumphant best-seller she spent fo
years writing from the confines of her bedroo
gave every last ounce of energy I had to resear
and writing this book. I've been defined for l
years by this illness; this was a way to give my
new meaning and reconnect with the world."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92 re-staged the accident for a cover photo. The bill for the entire Princess Grace production came to $150,000 ($281,000 in today's money), but it was worth it—the issue sold close to six million copies.

The mid-70s to the late 90s were the hallelujah days of the supermarket tabloid. (At their peak in the early 80s, they had an estimated readership of 43 million per week.) So much fame, folly, and reckless excess—it was a monumental bonfire of the vanities, a remake of *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World* with an all-star cast of Cher, Elvis, Madonna, Michael Jackson, Brooke Shields, Frank Sinatra, Rock Hudson, Elizabeth Taylor, Joan Collins, Roseanne, Brett Butler, Kelsey Grammer, Shannen Doherty, Vanna White, Oprah Winfrey, O. J. Simpson, Nicole Brown Simpson, Bruce Willis, Demi Moore, Farrah Fawcett, Ryan O'Neal, John McEnroe, Tatum O'Neal, Heidi Fleiss, Charlie Sheen, Jack Nicholson, Liz Hurley, Drew Barrymore, Gwyneth Paltrow, Brad Pitt, Tom Cruise, Nicole Kidman, Regis Philbin, Kathie Lee Gifford, Maury Povich, Connie Chung, Mickey Rourke, Russell Crowe, Robert Downey Jr., Pamela Anderson, and a supporting unit teeming with strippers, prostitutes, personal trainers, porn stars, drug dealers, cult members, *Price Is Right* hostesses, and tattooed trailer-park tramps from Jerry Springer's greenroom. Even tabloids that made no pretense of mirroring reality prospered. The *Weekly World News,* a forerunner to *The Onion* that specialized in surrealistic news flashes (such as the discovery of a W.W. II bomber lodged in a moon crater), won a loyal wiseass following with its pointy-eared mascot, Bat Boy—who later became the hero of an Off Broadway musical—and the foaming-at-the-mouth tirades of fictional superpatriot Ed Anger. (Ed's answer to school violence: arm the students!)

The time capsule that celebrates and preserves the cubic-zirconium glamour of the tabloid era is *The National Enquirer: Thirty Years of Unforgettable Images* (Talk Miramax), a large, glossy coffee-table scrapbook of the paper's most famous and notorious photos. Some reviewers considered this deluxe presentation a betrayal of the pastework aesthetic that gives the tabloids their cruddy pseudo-authenticity. And too many of the pictures are routine publicity stills—more *Life* magazine than louche. But the best shots from the *Enquirer,* blown up and shown full-frontal, achieve a Helmut Newton–ish sheen of narcissistic damnation. A topless Nicole Simpson lounging by the pool ratifies Camille Paglia's insight that "it was the tabloids alone who brought Nicole Brown Simpson back as a real personality, who gave her new life as a charismatic presence [and], by showing her sexual power, helped illuminate the turbulent obsessions and power games that escalated into her brutal murder." The full-page shot of JonBenet Ramsey, tarted up in white tulle, painted toenails, and hoop earrings, is a portrait of sexual projection—a Hallmark card for pedophiles. Michael Jackson lying in a hyperbaric oxygen chamber, Ted Danson in Sambo blackface joking at the dais of a Friars Club roast as then girlfriend Whoopi Goldberg chortles, Larry King striking a disco pose in a *Saturday Night Fever* outfit, the layout of celebrity mug shots (including the famous one of Hugh Grant following his arrest for looking for love in all the wrong places)—you stare at these pictures and think, Our showbiz culture is completely Fruit Loops. We're humoring their hallucinations.

The tabloids present a composite photo-realist portrait of a country as wealthy, powerful, and fixated on spectacle as Rome in its imperial prime regularly and irrationally spazzing out.



HOLY MOLARS! With his Spock ears and cute fangs, Bat Boy became a tabloid star in 1999—and a theater inspiration.

I maintain that every death today is violent. That is the nature of human death in our time, whether it's splattered all over TV or remains invisible to all but the unbelieving consciousness of the victim . . .

—Seymour Krim, "Notes Towards My Death," from *What's* This *Cat's Story?*

With the morgue shots of Elvis and River Phoenix in their coffins, the snaps of a decrepit Dean Martin climbing out of a car, a puffy Liza Minnelli without makeup, and a strung-out Dana Plato (the child star from the sitcom *Diff'rent Strokes* who died of an overdose in 1999), the *National Enquirer* book hints at something that smacks the reader in the face each week in the papers themselves—the probing, mocking emphasis on decay, disease, and mortality. The tabloids traffic in vile bodies, delighting in spreads on fading stars who have dilapidated due to drugs, booze, anorexia, or binge eating. Weight fluctuations make the tabs giddier than Joan Rivers in a sea of fashion victims. The only thing they get off on more than celebrity skinnies (grab Calista Flockhart by the ankles and make a wish) are celebrity chubbies—they'll actually run helpful arrows pointing to the cottage-cheese deposits of cellulite. And God help any sex symbol or even modest cutie who's had the bad taste to age ungracefully—the tabloids take glee in juxtaposing photos of the smooth, radiant features of their youth with the geological ruins that they've become. No wonder some Hollywood stars spend their sunset years in seclusion, not wanting to have the disparity between then and now flung in their faces. Oh, the tabloids will do the occasional "Fifty and Fabulous!" feature to showcase former TV babes who are still filling their leotards just fine, but it's Anna Nicole Smith annexing the surrounding area with her hips or Elizabeth Taylor being carried out on a stretcher that really flips their switch.

Age has crept up on the tabloids themselves, eroding their grip on shoppers. Circulation has trended down since the delirious highs of the 70s and 80s. "In 1994, *The National Enquirer* had a circulation of more than 3.1 million readers," the *American Journalism Review* reported. "In 1999, it had 2.1 million readers. *Star*'s circulation dropped from nearly 2.8 million in 1994 to 1.8 million in 1999." It's no mystery what's been biting the tabs. Their success spawned a litter of clones that whittled away their base. Tabloid print begat tabloid TV with Murdoch's *A Current Affair* (1987), whose broadcast coups included bootleg videotapes of "rough sex" killer Robert Chambers tearing the head off a doll and Rob Lowe doing X-rated push-ups atop an under-age girl. *A Current Affair* was a synergistic fit, hyping the *Star*'s cover stories and providing face time



for Murdoch's top gunslingers from the *Star* and *New York Post* (such as Steve Dunleavy and his fabulous pompadour). Tabloid TV exploded in syndication and before long the monkey-see-monkey-do networks were defacing the memory of Edward R. Murrow with magazine programs that covered tabloid subjects with an aerosol foam of sickly sweet sentimentality and phony solicitude. Interviewers adopted the tender tone of grief counselors as they tried to tweeze every sliver of sadness out of widows and orphans. A similar solemnity afflicted print. Once prim newsweeklies increasingly poached on tabloid turf by classing up the same subjects with a smart coating of pop sociology (O.J. as racial Rorschach test, Madonna as postmodern shape-shifter—that sort of thing).

As social taboos lost their stigma, the tabloids lost their power to intimidate. It's difficult to ruin reputations when reputations have become so fungible. Giggly, hung-over actors and rock stars blurt out indiscretions to Howard Stern that celebrities in the past hired publicists to hush up. Since the 90s, public disgrace has become a good career move, the springboard to rehabilitation and acceptance. You check into Betty Ford, do penance on *Oprah* or *Primetime Live,* choke up at the right poignant moment, and wait for the ratings to come in to count the sympathy vote. Even going after closeted stars is no longer the trophy hunt it once was. Stars now "out" themselves and stage-manage the official announcement. (Rosie O'Donnell got two hours of prime time on ABC to state the obvious.)

A pivotal event for the tabloids was the death of Princess Diana in 1997. Whether or not the paparazzi racing after her and Dodi Fayed were culpable for the fatal crash, the reports of the photographers' frantic, boorish behavior before and after triggered a wave of revulsion from which the tabloids have never fully recovered. The history of the supermarket tabloid is demarcated by an ever more climactic series of car accidents: the one that inseminated Generoso Pope Jr.'s idea for the *New York Enquirer;* Princess Grace's, which turned tabloid publishers into spectacle producers; and Princess Diana's, which seemed to lay bare the destructive wish fulfillment lurking in the hysteria of celebrity worship all along—the malevolence under the exploitation. Her tragic crack-up was the last in an unholy trinity. As with Elvis and the Kennedys, the tabloids persist in resurrecting her image, unable to let go. That's one of the problems with tabloids today—too many ghosts.

While tabloidization has spider-veined throughout the media culture, the supermarket tabloids themselves have become a monopoly power supply. Since the death of Generoso Pope Jr. in 1988 and the sale of Murdoch's *Star* in 1990, a byzantine series of buyouts and consolidations have resulted in all of the major tabloids' being published by American Media Inc., owned by Evercore Capital Partners. All of the papers are based in Florida and overseen by David Pecker, John Kennedy Jr.'s former partner at *George* and a man given to grand Pooh-Bah posturing. A title queen, he's listed on the *National Enquirer* masthead as "Chairman, President & Chief Executive Officer," and no one else is allowed to speak on behalf of American Media under penalty of exile. The dirty tricks that once typified the tabloid scene are no longer tolerated, as competition has given way to play-nice cooperation. Blockbuster stories are now divvied up rather than fought over. "If a big Hollywood story breaks," Pecker told the *American Journalism Review,* "then the *Enquirer* would do the investigative stories, the *Star* would cover the impact to the celebrity's career, and the *Globe* would really do the spicy parts of the story." This is why the *Globe* has long been the taste choice of discerning tabloid connoisseurs like myself.

Pecker's dream to make American Media the Condé Nast of Laundromat literature became more of an uphill climb after anthrax claimed the life of one employee and forced the evacuation of the editorial headquarters in Boca Raton last October, the first known post-9/11 act of bioterrorism. It's still unclear why its offices were targeted, although its proximity to a flight school used by the terrorists and the tabloids' attacks on Osama bin Laden led conspiracy buffs to suspect payback. But in the teeth of dwindling circulation and poor morale, Pecker and American Media aren't retrenching, like so many print titles—they're ramping up. The *Enquirer* and *Star* increased their pages in March, promising supersized portions of the celebrity poop: "more news, more information, more exclusive interviews, more entertaining photos—and more FUN!" Sounds exhausting, but if the tabloids continue to falter, no one can say they didn't go down fighting. For all their intrusions and idiocy, the tabs serve as useful, wild-card deflators of the sham, hypocrisy, and *All About Eve* intrigues of America's entertainment culture, which has become the world's entertainment culture. At their best, they read like rough drafts of a James Ellroy novel—contemporary history in the gamy raw. They may often be guilty of practicing "gutter journalism," but the last 50 years have taught us there's a lot going on in the gutter. It's where secrets swim. □


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Glamorous Whispers

Hard on the dizzying whirl of parties during Hollywood's Oscar week, the author joined the circus at the Skakel trial. Here's what he learned about the Kirk Kerkorian paternity suit, the delayed arrest of Robert Blake for murder, the Safra case, and the Kennedy offensive



DISHING The diarist with socialite Lynn Wyatt, left, and columnist Liz Smith at the *Vanity Fair* Oscar party in Los Angeles, March 24.

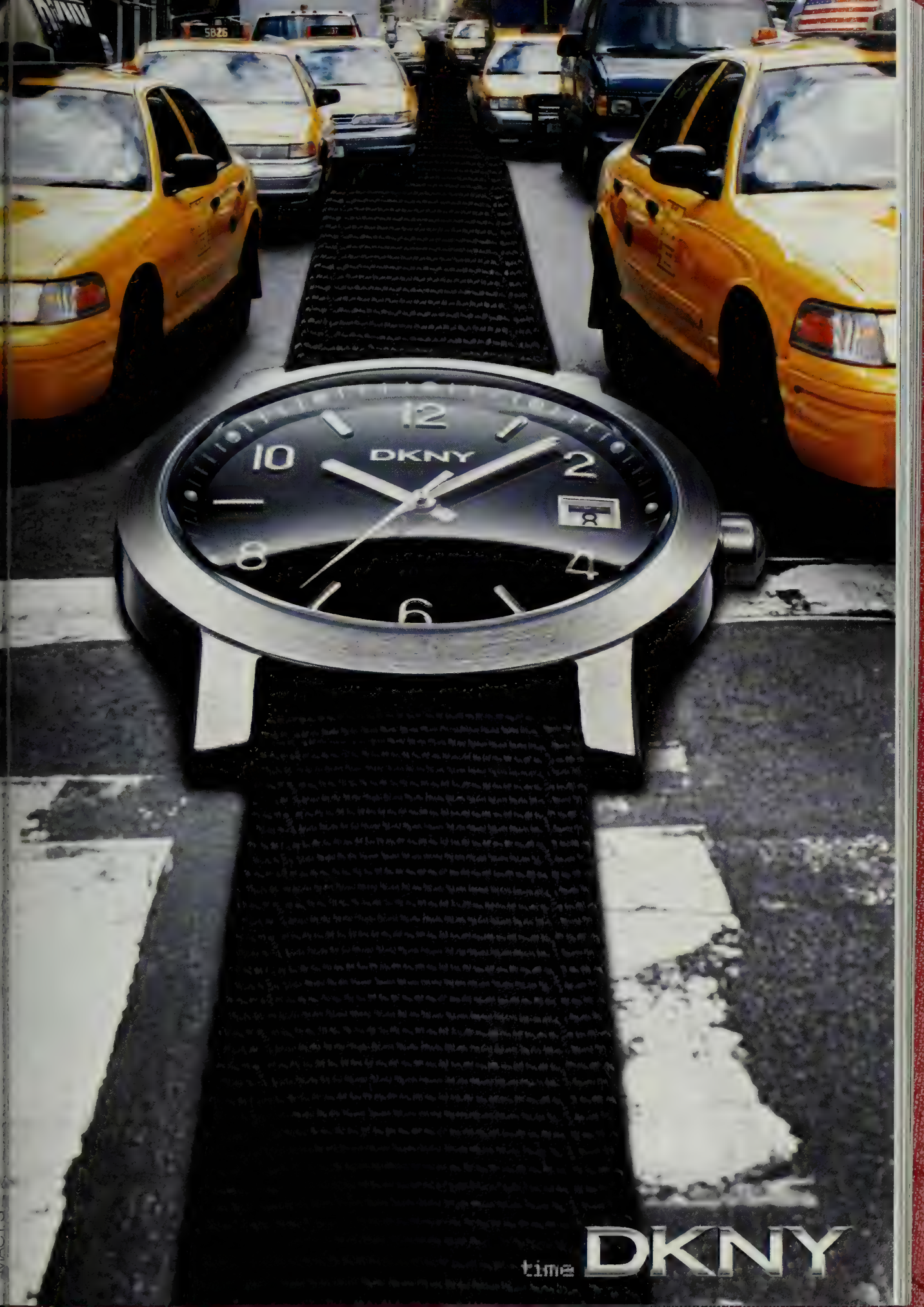
I left Los Angeles and moved back to New York 22 years ago, when my movie career ended and my writing career began, but I always love returning to L.A., whether it's to cover a trial or just to visit the friends I made during the quarter-century I lived in Beverly Hills. For me, Oscar week is the best time of the year to be in Hollywood. It's festive the way Mardi Gras is in New Orleans. The movie community, which is the one I hang out with, talks of nothing else. In conversation, they all use just first names—Russell, Denzel, Nicole, Halle. There are nonstop parties, and many of them are q[illegible] *Vanity Fair* party, which ends the festivit[illegible] on Oscar night. On the preceding nig[illegible] of other affairs, including the Mirama[illegible]einstein at the Mondrian Hotel. Miramax [illegible] tions this year for *In the Bedroom*

swarmed around Judi Dench and Sissy Spacek to wish them luck. I also went to the New Line party, hosted by co-C.E.O. Robert Shaye at his spectacular hilltop house. New Line had a total of 14 nominations, for *Lord of the Rings: Fellowship of the Ring* and *I Am Sam,* and Ian McKellen, between dances, was being wished good luck on all sides. At the glamorous outdoor lunch party hosted by media mogul Barry Diller and his wife, Diane Von Furstenberg, some of the prettiest people I ever saw were strolling over the manicured lawns. I went to the party given annually by ICM superagent Ed Limato, who represents such high-voltage stars as Denzel Washington and who lives in a beautiful house with Hollywood history: Dick Powell lived there during his marriage to Joan Blondell, and George Raft lived there during his affair with Betty Grable. The lobby of the Beverly Hills Hotel, where all of us from *Vanity Fair* were staying, was a scene of continual excitement with all the new arrivals and greetings, and the hotel pool was the hot spot for lunch. One day, I had lunch at the Hotel Bel-Air with my old friends Nancy Reagan and Betsy Bloomingdale. Although the subject didn't come up, for obvious reasons, I later discovered that they had dined the night before at a party given by Mrs. Edmond Safra at L'Orangerie on La Cienega Boulevard. In town to attend the Academy Awards, Lily Safra was staying on the top floor of the Regent Beverly Wilshire, with guards around the clock.

Wendy Stark, a contributing editor of this magazine, and I stopped briefly at one lunch party that looked like a scene from *The Great Gatsby.* You drove through gates and up a hill to a courtyard in front of an enormous mansion in the Spanish style. I realized immediately that I had been there before—in the late 50s, it must have been—when Marion Davies, the movie-star mistress of William Randolph Hearst, lived there. The current owner, Leonard Ross, a Los Angeles business tycoon, has restored the house to look exactly as it did in Hearst's time. In the library is a full-length portrait of Davies, dressed all in pink, which was used in one of her movies. The pool at the far end of the garden is as magnificent as the pool at Hearst's famous castle, San Simeon, where the popular and witty Marion Davies ruled as châtelaine. She was a far more talented actress and comedienne than Orson Welles portrayed her as being in his masterpiece, *Citizen Kane,* in which he changed her to a failed opera singer.

I was always fascinated by Marion Davies. Back in the 30s, her sister Rose had been the mistress of my wife's grandfather. He died during an amorous encounter with Rose on his yacht off Miami, and she had to be spirited away so that there would be no scandal. His widow, my wife's grandmother, married again the next day and traveled from California to Chicago with her new husband to attend her late husband's funeral. It was a front-page story in its day. During my years in Hollywood, I became friends with the late Charles Lederer, a screenwriter from the 30s to the 60s, who was the nephew of Marion Davies. Charlie Lederer kept scrapbooks of party pictures taken at San Simeon and at the enormous beach

PHOTOGRAPH BY PATRICK McMULLAN


DKNY
time DKNY

house Hearst built for Davies in Santa Monica. Knowing of my remote connection, Charlie got me invited to a party at Davies's house. Hearst was dead by then, and the Hearst sons had frozen Davies out. On the day Hearst had died, the company stopped delivering the first edition of its afternoon paper, *The Herald Examiner,* to her front door, something it had done all through the years of their long romance. Davies later married someone else. She was old, a bit blowsy, and a little drunk the day I went there, but you could still see that she had been a beauty. She was sitting on a sofa holding a glass of champagne, and two of her great friends, Mary Pickford, the silent-film star, and Hedda Hopper, the Hollywood gossip columnist, were propping her up, taking care of her. It was like a scene from *Sunset Boulevard.*





SCANDALS *Above,* Marion Davies, mistress of William Randolph Hearst, in a boat in her garden, 1954. *Right,* Cardinal Bernard Law, of Boston, under fire for protecting pedophile priests in the Catholic Church.

It was the big-money crowd, as opposed to the movie crowd, who were at the party on Ross's terrace, having drinks before lunch, and the most frequent topic of conversation was Hollywood financier Kirk Kerkorian, the 84-year-old multibillionaire who had become involved in a paternity suit of epic proportions with a 37-year-old former tennis pro named Lisa Bonder, which was being covered in vivid detail by Ann O'Neill in the *Los Angeles Times.* Kerkorian and Bonder had had a five-year affair and she had become pregnant. Kerkorian, whom I know, scrupulously avoids publicity, and, though he was married twice, has never really been the marrying kind. He never had any intention of marrying the tennis pro, who gave birth to a daughter named Kira.

According to Ann O'Neill, Kerkorian was extremely generous to Bonder, giving her an $8 million house, $3 million for renovations, and an allowance of $50,000 a month for the child. Kira's first-birthday party at the Hotel Bel-Air cost $70,000. She had three nannies. Bonder, however, wanted her daughter to have the Kerkorian name, so the parents worked out a deal whereby they would marry for a month, which they did a year and a half after the birth of the baby. Then, as agreed upon in advance, they divorced, but now little Kira was Kira Kerkorian and Lisa Bonder was Lisa Bonder Kerkorian. But Lisa wanted more. She took Kerkorian to court to raise the child's support to $320,000 a month, or less only if she could have the use of Kerkorian's private jet. Kerkorian said in court papers that she had engaged in a six-year campaign to part him from his money. He referred to Kira as the "defendant's daughter," not as his own, for he had reason to believe that the child was not in fact his. Bonder's onetime close friend Darrien Iacocca, the ex-wife of Lee Iacocca, former head of both the Ford and Chrysler motor companies, testified that Lisa had told her she was having an affair with a writer-producer at the same time she was having the affair with Kerkorian. Iacocca said Bonder had told her that blood tests proved Kerkorian was the father, but it later developed that Bonder had faked the tests by collecting a swab of saliva from Kerkorian's adult daughter, telling her that it was for her teenage son's science project, and then submitting it, together with a sample of Kerkorian's DNA, to a lab in Seattle. Bonder responded to her old friend Darrien by calling her "an opportunistic social climber" who "would do anything to ingratiate herself to Kirk." Kirk Kerkorian, meanwhile, had submitted strands of his and Kira's hair for DNA testing, which proved conclusively that he was not the child's father.

The sympathy of the crowd on Marion Davies's old terrace was completely on the side of Kirk Kerkorian. As I was leaving L.A. a few days later, I learned that the judge had ruled that Kerkorian had to pay nearly half of Bonder's $500,000 legal fees. This story is still in the works.

I wrote to Cardinal Law saying I thought he should resign.

I'm the kind of Catholic best described as lapsed, which means I'm not a regular at Sunday Mass, but, at the core of me, I'm very much a Catholic, brought up in the kind of family that had priests, and occasionally a bishop or an archbishop, to dinner. In fact, my brother the writer John Gregory Dunne was named after Archbishop John Gregory Murray, who had married my parents. When my time of departure from this life comes, I'll most certainly telephone St. Patrick's Cathedral, which is close to where I live in New York, and ask for a priest to come over quick and administer the last rites.

But what about this church pedophilia scandal? I'm horrified, embarrassed, and ashamed every time I hear of the latest episode of the rampant sexual molestation of children by Catholic clergy that has been front-page news for weeks now, shockingly dramatized recently by the suicide of a priest against whom charges were about to be made public. I watched a kindly-looking priest on television being taken off in handcuffs from the courtroom to jail. He'd been accused of molesting as many as 130 young boys. What is worse for me, though, is the fact that certain cardinals, particularly Cardinal Law of Boston and Cardinal Egan of New York, have participated in cover-ups of known molesters by having them transferred to other parishes or sent for brief stays in psychiatric institutes, and in payoffs amounting to millions of dollars in order to buy the silence of the families of the molested. Is that where the money hardworking people drop in the collection basket each Sunday has gone? No wonder so many parochial schools are falling apart for lack of repairs, or closing down altogether. I wrote a letter to Cardinal Law saying I thought he should resign, a week before *Newsweek* put him on its March 4 cover as an emblematic figure in the scandal. I have long been critical of Pope John Paul II for his backward stands on such crucial issues as celibacy of the clergy, women in the priesthood, gay rights, and birth control. Even today, Irish Catholic gays are not allowed to march as a group in the New York St. Patrick's Day parade, which goes past St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue. This seems to me the height of hypocrisy, especially after I heard a priest on *Meet the Press,* in a full hour Tim Russert devoted to the subject of the current troubles, say that between 30 and 50 percent of priests are gay—a statement another priest on the show promptly challenged. I hear that many priests have stopped wearing their Roman collars

BOTTOM: BY MICHAEL DWYER



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in public, in order to avoid rude remarks and hostile looks. The Pope, these days, looks noticeably weaker each time he is photographed, and he was not able to perform some of his usual functions over the Easter season in Rome. My fervent hope is that the College of Cardinals has enough forward-thinking members to find the right man to succeed him.

The news from Monaco is not good for Ted Maher, the American male nurse who is in prison in connection with the death by asphyxiation of Edmond Safra, the billionaire banker who mysteriously perished in his Monte Carlo penthouse more than two years ago, along with a nurse named Vivian Torrente, who supposedly had unexplained marks on the back of her neck when their bodies were found in the specially constructed bathroom bunker, which proved to be an inadequate "panic room." A new development on Vivian Torrente's death has recently come to the fore in, of all places, the Bergen *Record* in New Jersey. Mrs. Torrente was a resident of Bergenfield, New Jersey. What has hitherto never been reported is that her widower husband, Irineo Torrente, allegedly received a $2 million out-of-court settlement from the Safra estate. Irineo Torrente had hired the Fort Lee, New Jersey, law firm of Maggiano, DiGirolamo, and Lizzi to represent him in negotiating with the Safra lawyers. The firm initially demanded $10 million from the estate, but in November 2000, Torrente fired the law firm and began negotiating directly with the estate, which ultimately paid him the $2 million. Now Michael Maggiano has filed suit against Torrente for his share. The suit asks for $540,969, or 27 percent of the settlement, for the months he negotiated with Safra's lawyers. Prior to the law firm's part in the negotiation, Maggiano claims, the Safra estate had offered Torrente a "negligible sum" to reimburse him for the cost of recovering his wife's body and attending the criminal trial of Ted Maher.





DAZZLE
Above, Oscar winners Halle Berry and Denzel Washington make history. *Right,* Audrey Wilder, the widow of director Billy Wilder, photographed in 1965 by Dominick Dunne.

Monaco has finally closed the investigation of the case. Maher's lawyers were notified on March 29 that the prosecutor is going for the top charge against Maher, voluntary arson causing the death of two persons, when the case goes to trial. The crime carries a sentence of 20 years to life. "I am neither an arsonist nor a murderer—God is my witness," Maher wrote to Monaco's Prince Rainier, in a plea to have the case dismissed. Maher's family is convinced that Monaco is using Ted to preserve its image as a safe haven for the rich. They informed me that results of DNA taken from Vivian Torrente's neck and from skin under Safra's fingernails—which was not Maher's skin—will not be introduced at the trial. Neither will the fire report that described a flare-up of flames an hour after Ted Maher was taken into surgery. "Pretty much the only evidence approved by the courts is Ted's forced confession," Heidi Maher, Ted's wife, wrote to me recently.

The Safra case seems to have become a part of my life, to the point where I sometimes feel as if I am a magnet for it. A few weeks ago yet another New York butler who had once worked for Edmond Safra opened the door to admit me to a New York party, recognized me, and immediately began to whisper things in my ear. It even happened to me at the *Vanity Fair* Academy Awards party. I was seated between the glamorous Lynn Wyatt of Houston and the South of France, who is a great personal friend of the royal family of Monaco, and my old friend Liz Smith, the gossip columnist. Also at our table were the newlyweds Joan Collins and Percy Gibson, as well as Barry Humphries, better known as Dame Edna, and his beautiful wife, Lizzie, who is the daughter of the late British poet Stephen Spender. Completing the table was Nicky Haslam, the English writer, social observer, decorator, man-about-town, and friend of the famous and royal, who had written critically about Joan and Percy's London wedding, and had now been placed next to Joan, which necessitated last-minute seating adjustments. I was in my place at the beginning of the show, writing in my green leather notebook how scruffy, unshaven, and badly dressed Tom Cruise looked opening the show on Hollywood's most glamorous night of the year, when a jet-set society figure with a title put her lovely hand on my shoulder and said in my ear in a very serious voice, "Dominick, I have to talk to you." I've had enough such experiences since Safra's death to realize immediately what she wanted to talk about. I said, very politely, "Not now—I want to watch the Academy Awards." Whoopi Goldberg was just making her hilarious entrance on a swing, à la Nicole Kidman in *Moulin Rouge.* As an Academy voter, I didn't want to miss a minute of the ceremony. Exactly four hours and 34 minutes later, however, as Whoopi was saying good night, the jet-set figure was at my side again, a woman with a mission. She didn't waste a minute on Denzel Washington and Halle Berry, who had moments before participated in a historic American moment, but got right to the point. She said that I had to stop writing about the Safra case, that it was unkind to write disrespectfully about a grieving widow. I reminded her that the grieving widow about whom she spoke was at that very moment leaving the new Kodak Theater in downtown Hollywood, where the Academy Awards were being held for the first time, and heading off to Elton John's Oscar party. "Don't shoot the messenger," she snapped, and then repeated the line, adding, "She has nothing to do with the Russian Mafia." I told her, "I never said she did." And I hadn't. The chilly conversation ended there, for movie stars were beginning to arrive at the party. In an earlier diary, I wrote that someone in New York had warned me not to write about the Russian Mafia. Why does this keep coming up? It's a fact that Edmond Safra had collaborated with the F.B.I. in exposing Russian money-laundering.

Torrente allegedly received $2 million from the Safra estate.

Billy Wilder, 95, a specialist in bitter comedy and drama, and the director of such film classics as *Double Indemnity, Sunset Boulevard,* and *Some Like It Hot,* among about 30 others, died on March 27 at his home in Beverly Hills, with his glamorous wife of 53 years, Audrey, a onetime big-band



ANDY WARHOL

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LOS ANGELES CONVENTION & VISITORS BUREAU

singer, at his side. For decades the Wilders were the Hollywood couple everyone wanted to know. Billy had the unfailing ability to make the perfect comment, always hilarious, for every occasion. Once, back in the early 60s, at a fancy party in the upstairs room of the old Bistro restaurant, Audrey, in black sequins and white fox, was singing with the band, and she had the whole room charged and yelling for more. I was at Billy's table, and he said, "Now I know what Sid Luft feels like." Luft was at that time married to Judy Garland, who also sang at parties. To have dinner with the Wilders, whether at their apartment on Wilshire Boulevard or at their beach house in Malibu, was invariably a sublime experience, with Audrey cooking, and Billy talking, and people such as Frank Sinatra and Marlene Dietrich listening to his brilliant wit. He had a reputation for being a curmudgeon, but he would take my kids for walks on the beach when they were little, and they loved him. I sat in the box with the Wilders at Christie's when Billy auctioned off his extraordinary art collection, which was an exhilarating and sad experience for them. Billy, however, never could stop buying art, and he soon began collecting again. I talked to Audrey the day after he died. "He looked so peaceful, and then he stopped breathing," she said. No one will ever forget Billy. His movies will be playing forever.

The defense strategy to clear Skakel is beginning to emerge.

For an actor on the skids, Robert Blake got the superstar treatment during his arrest on April 18 for the murder of his wife, Bonny Lee Bakley, nearly a year earlier. He simply took over the news that night and the next morning, and his name was on every television commentator's tongue. There were helicopters overhead as a dozen cops walked up the paved driveway of his sister's house, where he had been living, to take him into custody, handcuff him behind his back, and drive him in an unmarked police car down the freeway to Parker Center, with every second captured on videotape, all eerily reminiscent of the O. J. Simpson arrest eight years ago. For months, people had been saying that the trail on the case had gone cold, but the L.A.P.D. was playing it cool this time, not wanting to repeat the debacle it had made of the Simpson case. Since practically the day after the murder, Blake's attorney, Harland Braun, has protected his client by damning the victim as a lowlife. True, she was a petty grifter and a troublemaker who chiseled a lot of guys out of relatively small amounts of money, and who got Blake to marry her after giving birth to a daughter, Rosie, now three, by proving through DNA testing that he was the father. The world was not a sadder place for Bonny's loss, but Blake's explanation at the time of the murder—that he had dined with his wife, walked her to the car, remembered that he had left his gun in the restaurant and gone back for it, and then found her shot to death when he returned—got laughs on the late-night shows. Nevertheless, he stuck to his story. At the L.A.P.D. press conference after his arrest, Captain Jim Tatreau of the robbery-homicide division said that Blake had killed his wife after twice trying to hire someone to do it. "He had a contempt for Bonny Bakley. He felt trapped in a marriage he wanted no part of," Tatreau said. Blake's bodyguard, Earle Caldwell, who was arrested at the same time in a different part of the city, is being charged with conspiracy to commit murder. Poor little Rosie.



THE DEFENSE
Attorney Mickey Sherman and Michael Skakel arrive at court, April 2.

They said it would never happen, but it has. The 27-year-old murder of Martha Moxley in Greenwich, Connecticut, in 1975, has finally come to trial in Norwalk, Connecticut, and the defendant is Michael Skakel, Ethel Kennedy's nephew, whose brother, Tommy Skakel, was the prime suspect for years, until Michael changed his story about his whereabouts on the night of the crime. Michael and Martha were both 15 years old at the time of the murder. One of the things I have noticed over the years in writing about the rich and famous in criminal situations is the reluctance of people with valuable information to come forward even though they are most eager to have the crime solved. They don't want to go to the police for fear of being called as witnesses at the trial, so they contact someone like me instead. "You *cannot* use my name," they always say. I have had two such people approach me in the last week. With the trial under way, I can't write what they told me, and certainly can't understand why they waited so long to speak out.

It's an odd feeling to unexpectedly hear your name on television. On April 1, the day before jury selection started on the Skakel-Moxley murder trial, I was watching the *Today* show at my house in Connecticut when Matt Lauer asked Mickey Sherman, Michael Skakel's high-profile lawyer, what sorts of questions he was going to ask prospective jurors. Mickey said he was going to ask them if they had read Dominick Dunne on the case. It gave me a bit of a jolt. The last time I had seen Mickey was at Liza Minnelli's wedding, when he was dancing by Michael Jackson's table with a beautiful girl in a red evening gown.

The next day I attended the first session of the jury selection, and for a moment I thought I was back at Camp O.J., the media city across from the Los Angeles Courthouse, during the O. J. Simpson criminal trial—that's how many reporters and cameramen were there. It will be an even bigger circus when Ethel Kennedy arrives at the courthouse in support of her nephew, and when Paul Hill, the suspected I.R.A. member imprisoned in England as a terrorist in 1975, takes the stand as a witness for the defense. Hill, who served 15 years for two pub bombings, which killed seven people, was declared not guilty in 1989 and released. The film *In the Name of the Father*, starring Daniel Day-Lewis, was based on him. Hill married Courtney Kennedy, one of Ethel Kennedy's daughters, during the time Ethel's sister-in-law Jean Kennedy Smith was the U.S. ambassador to Ireland. His name was on Mickey Sherman's witness list.

The defense strategy to clear Michael Skakel is beginning to emerge. The plan seems to be to create a reasonable doubt that he committed the murder by pointing a finger at Kenneth Littleton, the live-in tutor who had just been hired by Rushton Skakel, Michael's father. Mickey Sherman has requested any existing forensic tests or examinations of Littleton's blood, hair, saliva, semen, and fingerprints, as well as any psychological interviews, that might implicate him. Littleton has had a checkered life since the murder, but the private-detective firm known as the Sutton Associates, hired in 1991 by Rushton Skakel to remove the cloud of suspicion from his family, worked for nearly three years on the case, ran up a bill of $750,000, and was never able to implicate him. In fact, it was in interviews with the Sutton detectives that Michael Skakel changed his original story about his whereabouts on the night of the murder, thereby placing himself at the scene of the crime. □

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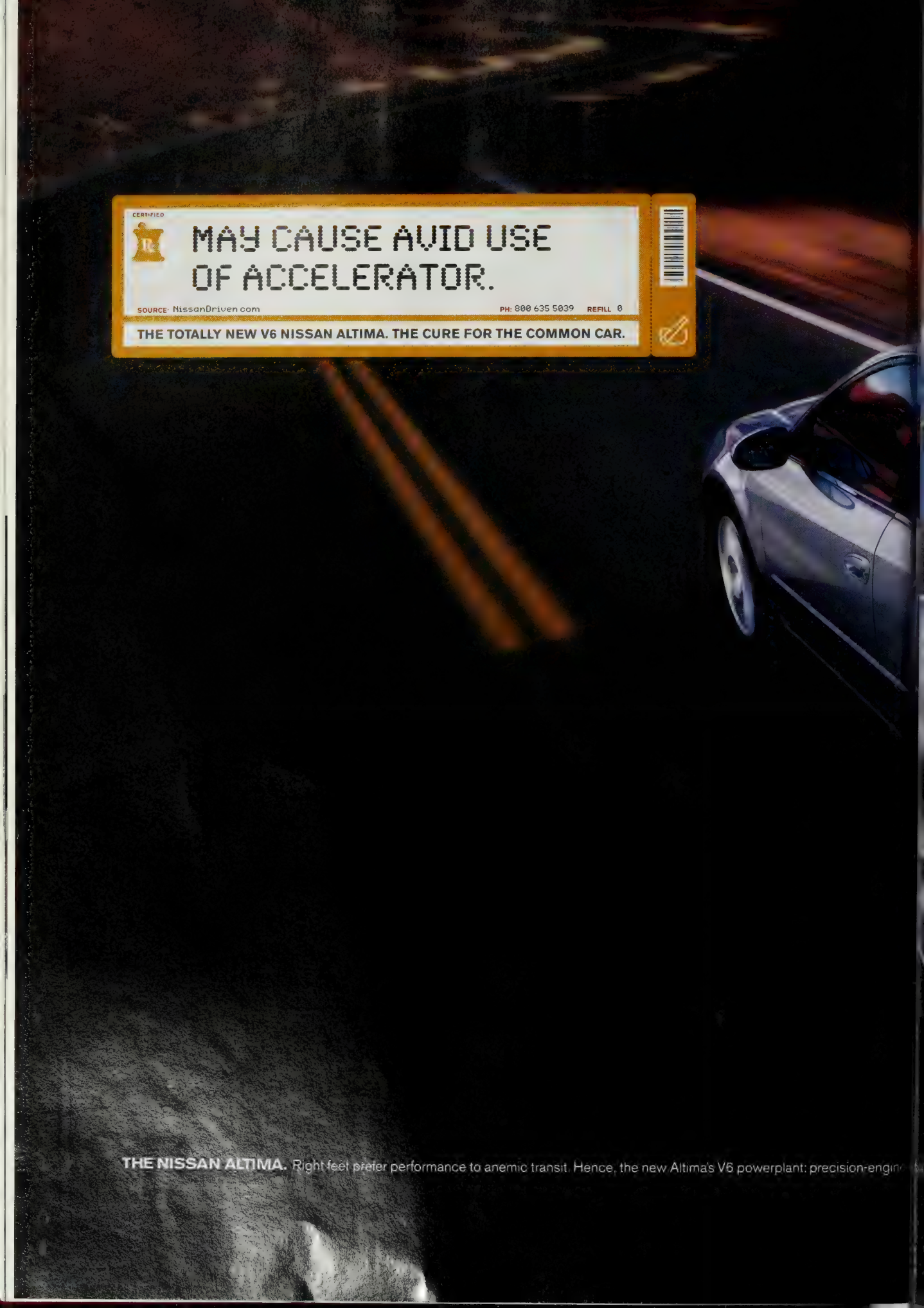
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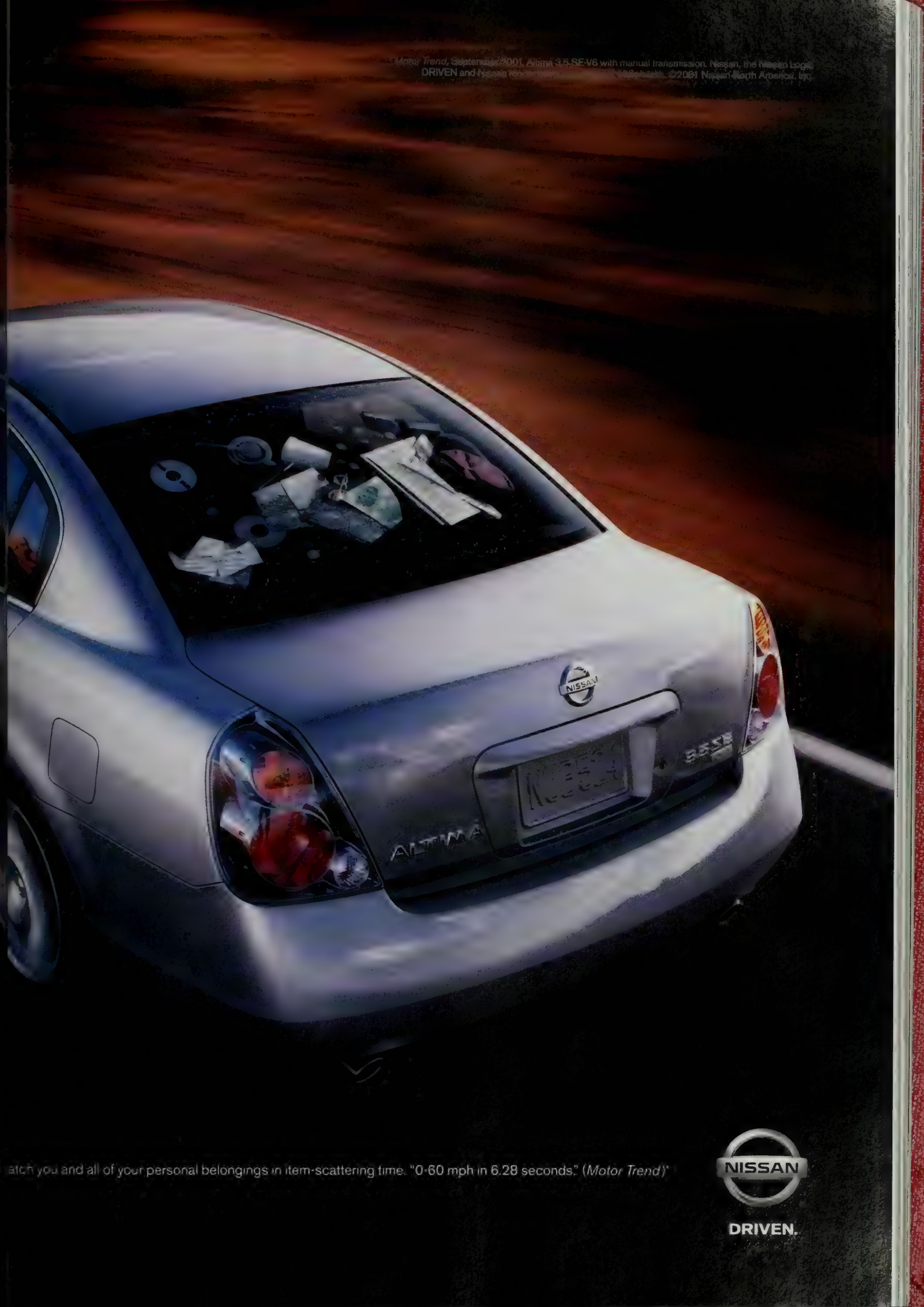
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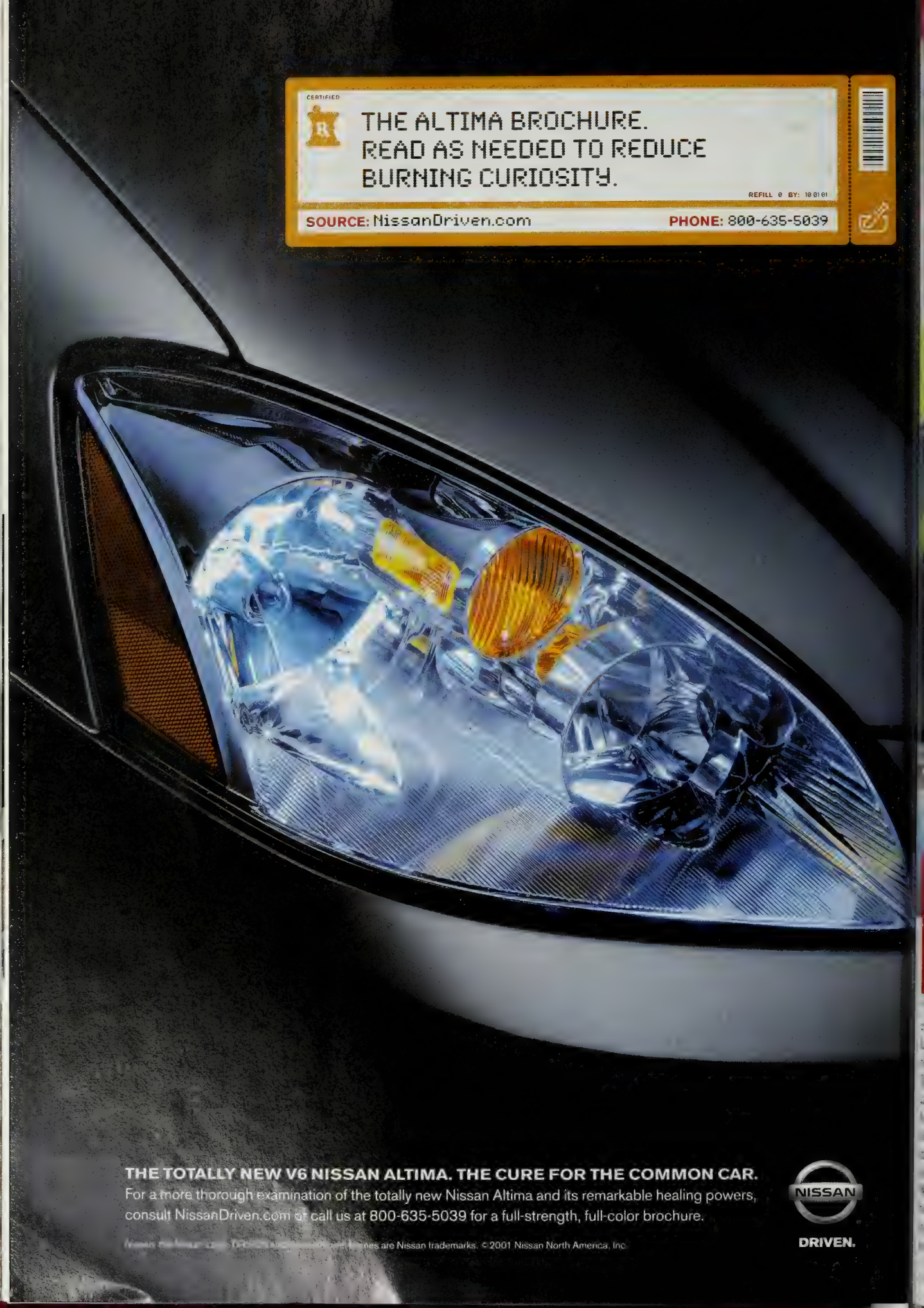
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ROMANCING THE C.E.O.

Talented, seductive, and ambitious, Suzy Wetlaufer took the reins of the venerable *Harvard Business Review* a year and a half ago, at age 41. Today she's jobless—and famous for all the wrong reasons. Her liaison with Jack Welch, G.E.'s idolized former C.E.O., is a case study in ethics and the price of passion

BY SUZANNA ANDREWS



DRIVE, SHE SAID
Suzy Wetlaufer and Jack Welch in Boston on April 24, 2002, the day she resigned from the *Harvard Business Review*; the February 2002 *H.B.R.*, which had an interview with Welch replacing the one conducted by Wetlaufer.

It has not been easy, friends say, for Suzy Wetlaufer to hear the things that have been said about her during the past weeks. "Serial sexpot" was probably the rudest way in which the 42-year-old Wetlaufer has been described in the media recently. Not to be outdone, the *New York Post* treated its readers to a vulgar cartoon of Wetlaufer sitting on a desk with her legs splayed and, leering at her from her office door, a long line of men, including Bill Clinton and Ted Kennedy. It was also courtesy of the *New York Post* that Wetlaufer learned that one of her neighbors in the wealthy Boston suburb of Lexington, Massachusetts, thought her behavior was "disgusting." Perhaps more painful, in some ways, were the remarks of the more mainstream press. Newspapers from the London *Times* to *The New York Observer* took issue with her professionalism. "Seedy" and "not very ethical" were among the terms used. The *Los Angeles Times* placed its three-column story about "ethical concerns" prominently, right next to an item about President Bush's defense of his nuclear policy. Even *The New York Times* weighed in, raising an august eyebrow on its editorial page.

Until the morning of March 4, 2002, Suzy Wetlaufer—Harvard '81, Harvard Business School '88, novelist, journalist, mother of four—had been one of those extraordinary women for whom no success seemed out of reach. A year and a half ago, Wetlaufer was named editor in chief of the very serious and much-vaunted *Harvard Business Review*, the bible of management thinking for corporate America. Brilliant and charismatic, she had come to be a respected figure in the business world, developing friendships with some of the country's best-known

C.E.O.'s. And then, literally overnight, Suzy Wetlaufer became a national joke.

The ostensible reason, as it was first revealed in *The Wall Street Journal* on March 4, was that Wetlaufer had become romantically involved with Jack Welch, the recently retired chairman of General Electric. More specifically, it was because her relationship with Welch, who is 66 and married, began shortly after she interviewed him last fall for an article to be published in *H.B.R.* On top of that, it was reported that Wetlaufer had not withdrawn the article, which was edited by Welch himself, until Jane Welch, his wife of 13 years, called her in late December and, according to Wetlaufer, suggested that she might have a conflict of interest if the article were published. Wetlaufer pulled her interview from the magazine and recused herself from working on a second one, which the magazine's editors conducted with Welch on December 31. The story, however, did not die there. Her staff mutinied; there were leaks to the media; the news broke that Jane Welch, 49, planned to file for divorce. And on March 8 it was announced that Suzy Wetlaufer would no longer serve as the editor of *H.B.R.*; she was demoted and her pay—$277,000 last year—was cut. Finally, on April 24, she resigned altogether.

"There was that moment when I could have just said, 'No, no, this isn't right.' But I didn't."



BETWEEN THE LINES Wetlaufer in 1992, the year her novel *Judgment Call*, based on her experiences interviewing a teenager who said he had killed 12 people, came out.

There are those who say that Wetlaufer has been made into something of a modern-day Hester Prynne, forced by the media to wear the scarlet letter. Reporters lay in wait for her at the end of her driveway in Lexington, gave chase in rented cars as she sped off in her Lexus or her BMW taking her kids to school and running errands. They called her at home and unearthed her divorce papers. All the fuss has horrified her friends. "I am blown away by the attention, the ongoing attention. I'm just blown away," says Jeremy Bromberg, a friend of Wetlaufer's since their high-school days at the elite boarding school Phillips Exeter. "I think of Suzy as a caring, loving, smart, and great friend. This doesn't fit. It isn't right."

"The amount of venom that people at *H.B.R.* are spewing," says a woman who is close to Wetlaufer, "seems to be way out of proportion to what is going on here." There are those, however, who say the reaction has been very much in proportion to the events that really triggered it. The story of what happened to Suzy Wetlaufer is, they say, much more complicated than it has so far appeared. It is, in fact, a story in which little is as it seems, least of all America's most famous business executive, Jack Welch.

It all began innocently enough early last fall, when the editors of *H.B.R.* were kicking around ideas for the magazine's February 2002 issue. Someone suggested trying to get an interview with Welch, and everyone else agreed it was a good idea. The man was an icon, lauded in the business press as "the C.E.O. of the century" and "the most admired, studied, and imitated C.E.O. of his time." In his 20 years at the helm of G.E., he transformed the company into the most valuable corporation in the world—shedding G.E.'s old-fashioned industrial businesses, expanding the company's presence around the globe, moving it into financial services and the media business, and, in his first five years alone, firing some 81,000 people.

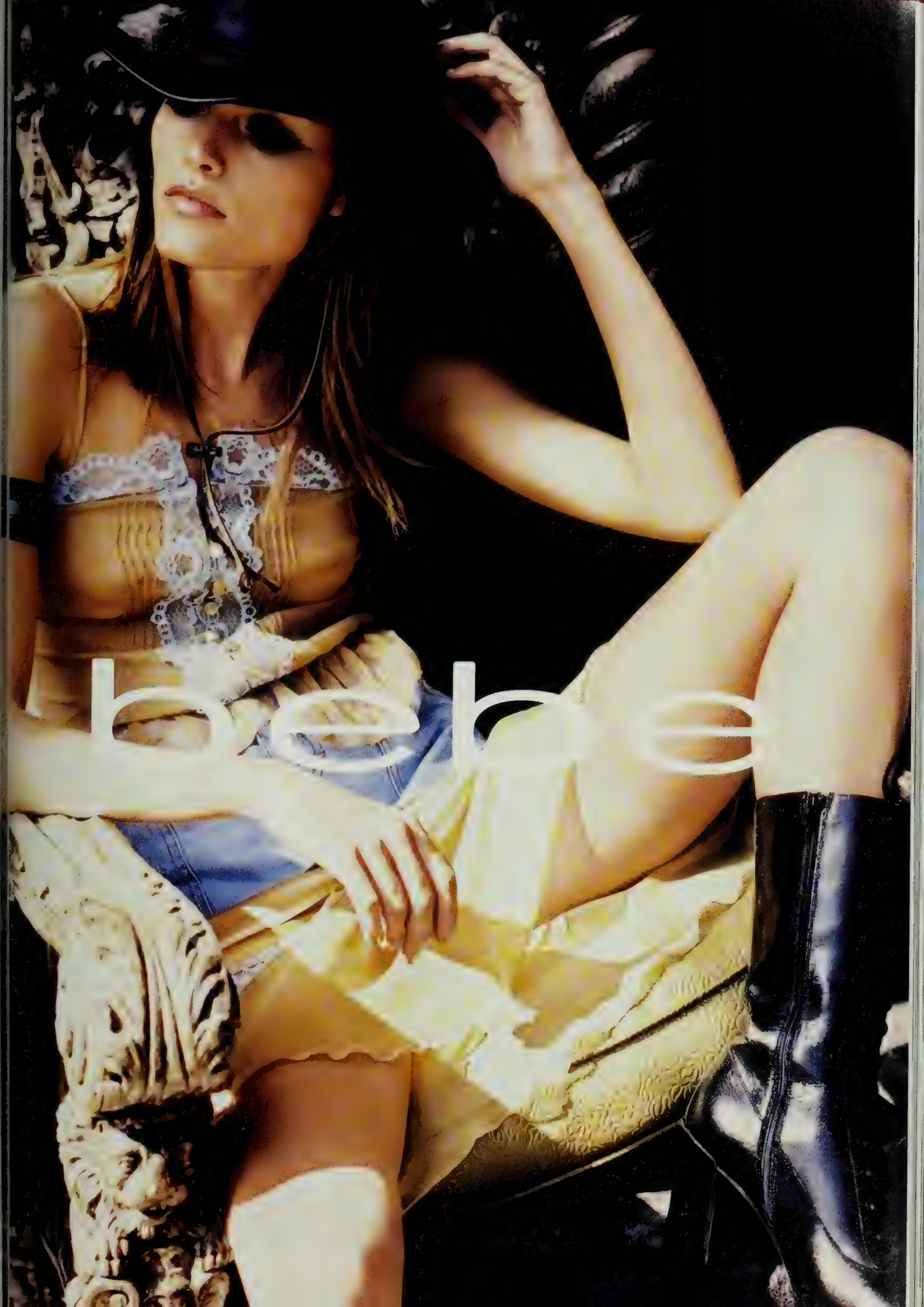
Above all, Welch had delivered to his shareholders. Quarter after quarter of unbroken earnings growth had endeared him to millions of investors and made him the closest thing to a rock star on Wall Street. Welch made a lot of people rich, including himself. As *Forbes* noted in a story that appeared the week Suzy Wetlaufer lost her job, G.E.'s board paid Welch more than $16 million last year, $12.7 million of it as a bonus given just before his September retirement.

Confident, aggressive, blunt, egocentric, and used to getting his way, Welch was far from uneasy with all this adulation; in fact, he seemed to relish it. A charismatic man who can be funny and quite easygoing in person, he had become, says one journalist who interviewed him shortly before he retired, "used to being treated like a god." Which was fine with the editors at *H.B.R.*, as long as Welch would grant them an interview. His autobiography, *Jack: Straight from the Gut*, for which Warner Books paid Welch an advance of $7.1 million, was about to hit the bookstores. *H.B.R.*'s editors were sure an interview would attract attention, and there was no doubt about who should conduct it—no one less senior than Wetlaufer, the editor in chief, would be appropriate.

Wetlaufer enjoyed doing C.E.O. interviews. Confident—she once described herself to an interviewer as "ambitious, gorgeous, and wild"—and extremely knowledgeable about business, she approached these men as an intellectual equal. And as an admirer. Part of this attitude came with her job description, but much of it was heartfelt. She genuinely liked "high-profile, powerful men," as one of her editors put it, and they liked her. She was smart, sassy, and flamboyant. She was also funny, sometimes in a flirty way; once, while dining with a group of executives, she told them that if she weren't the editor of *H.B.R.*, "I would be a go-go dancer." Wetlaufer often shared these stories with her staff; it was part of the office camaraderie—hearing her C.E.O. stories. Sometimes she couldn't wait and called the office from her interview sessions, as was the case when she was meeting with Peter Brabeck-Letmathe, the C.E.O. of Nestlé. "I'm flying over the Alps," she trilled, "drinking champagne with Peter in his private jet!"

Wetlaufer flew to New York to interview Welch during the first week of October. According to people who read the transcripts, the interview was, in itself, unremarkable—"typical," says one, "mundane." Wetlaufer, however, was "exultant" when she returned from New York, says one staff member. In the weeks that followed, Wetlaufer and Welch spoke often by phone as they edited his interview together—a standard policy at *H.B.R.* It was during this period, Welch told *The Wall Street Journal*, that a "friendship" developed.

The two argued, often loudly, over everything. He hated the title she had given the article, "Jack Fights Back," because he thought it made him sound defensive, and he threatened to burn her house down if she didn't change it. Wetlaufer loved that. "It was a joke, and she went around telling everybody, 'Jack Welch is going to burn down my house,'" recalls one of her staff. "But she really stood her ground. They fought. She was really very professional with him," this person says. "And I think he really loved her spunk, that he was not go-


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ing to romance her that easily." Wetlaufer did become upset at one point, Welch told the *Journal,* because she "felt that the article was written by me." Nevertheless, by the time the editing wrapped up, Wetlaufer was "enamored," one person recalls, and talked about Welch constantly. Her staff learned that he was taking Cipro as a prophylaxis for anthrax. They heard about how funny he was and that "he really does have an interior life."

At the end of November, Welch and Wetlaufer met again. After a photo shoot at his office at Rockefeller Center they went to '21' for a lunch that lasted nearly three and a half hours. When Wetlaufer went into her office the next day, she was "giddy," says one staffer, "like a schoolgirl." There is some debate as to whether Welch and Wetlaufer began their, hmm ... *affair* that afternoon. Some believe they did, a perception encouraged by Wetlaufer herself. After her interview with Welch was pulled from the magazine, Harris Collingwood, then a senior editor at *H.B.R.,* recalls, Wetlaufer said to him, "I don't know. I've thought back on what I could have done differently, and I suppose, yes, there was that moment when we were standing on 52nd and Fifth, when I could have just said, 'No, no, this isn't right.' But I didn't."

Others think she may have just been saying that for dramatic effect—the sort of thing she sometimes did—and they are certain the affair didn't begin until at least a few weeks later, possibly during the early part of December, when Wetlaufer made repeated business trips to New York. "She flew back to Boston that night after the lunch," says a friend. "She always comes home to be with her kids at night." "She is a wonderful mother," says Bromberg.

Wetlaufer did tell a few people at *H.B.R.* that she was falling for Welch. "Fine, whatever," one employee is said to have told her. "Just don't let anything happen before [the article] runs." Apparently, it was only when Jane Welch called right after Christmas that Suzy Wetlaufer realized she had a problem. What Jane Welch said to her is something of a mystery, although Wetlaufer's version—that Welch raised concerns about *H.B.R.*'s objectivity—hardly seems as though it would have been Jane Welch's principal worry. Nevertheless, after getting the call, Wetlaufer, on December 26, phoned her boss, Walter Kiechel, a former managing editor of *Fortune* who is the editorial director of the Harvard Business School Publishing company, and told him that "the nature of her relationship with Welch had changed," as Kiechel recalls it. Finally aware of how serious the situation was, Wetlaufer insisted that the interview be killed.

The story might have ended right then if romantic bad timing had been the only problem. But there had been trouble long before Welch appeared on the scene.

Suzy Wetlaufer, people say, was probably the best editor in the history of *H.B.R.* A hugely talented manuscript editor, and a gifted writer, Wetlaufer was also an exciting boss, with a bold vision for *H.B.R.*'s future. She joined the publication as a senior editor in 1996, and in October 2000 was named editor in chief.

Founded in 1922, *H.B.R.* has always been a quasi-academic journal. Its articles, widely read among business executives, focus on management theory and practice, not on business news. The only thing journalistic about *H.B.R.* is that it hires journalists and pays them enormous amounts of money to edit *H.B.R.*'s articles, many of which are written by management consultants peddling their latest ideas to the review's 240,000 business readers. While *H.B.R.* is profitable, there have been attempts over the years to expand its readership by making it a livelier, newsier publication. Various editors had tried to do that, without much success.

"In the same sense of putting Suzy on a pedestal, they wanted nothing more than for her to fall."

Wetlaufer had come the closest to succeeding. During her campaign to transform the magazine, begun even before she got the top job, she brought in the big C.E.O. interviews, with men such as Disney chairman Michael Eisner and Ford C.E.O. Jacques Nasser, and published some fascinating, edgy pieces, notably the psychoanalyst Michael Maccoby's article "Narcissistic Leaders," in which Welch was cited as an example. She promoted *H.B.R.* heavily in the mainstream press, making regular television appearances on shows such as *Nightly Business Report* and ABC's *World News This Morning,* and meeting with editors at magazines as far afield as Oprah's *O.* Her biggest, and probably most controversial, change came in early 2001, when she increased the number of issues *H.B.R.* published each year, from 6 to 10, and, later, to 12. There were many people on her staff who backed her. "We felt like we were on this exciting mission," says Alden Hayashi, a former senior editor. Others did not. Given the magnitude of the changes that she was trying to make, Wetlaufer was in no position to take risks with her job. Especially not at a place like Harvard Business School—"very collegiate, very male, very highbrow, and very sterile," says one employee.

Although it makes money dispensing management advice, Harvard Business School Publishing, which controls *H.B.R.,* is known in the business world for its less than peaceful management. At least technically a nonprofit subsidiary of Harvard University—it "donates" its profits to the business school, an amount that last year totaled nearly $18 million—the publishing company has always been run with more than a little academic eccentricity. At one point in the 90s, *H.B.R.* went through four editors in five years—each departure accompanied by drama and gossip, and, over time, a little backstabbing. One evening shortly after her predecessor, Nan Stone, was pushed out, the story goes, Wetlaufer went to the Charles Hotel for a drink with one of her bosses, who turned to her, laughing, and said, apropos of the way in which Harvard had gotten rid of Stone, "How do you spell 'mindfuck'?"

But Wetlaufer knew what she was getting into. Shortly after she was named editor in chief, one editor recalls, she joked with him about how she would probably be fired. "Everyone," she said, laughing, "gets fired [here]." It is "kind of convenient," says one person who worked for Wetlaufer, "that some people who are now in leadership are those same people who really didn't like the place the magazine was going.... For a while, everyone was just starstruck and mesmerized by Suzy. But in the same sense of putting her on a pedestal, they wanted nothing more than for her to fall."

Looking back, some *H.B.R.* people now wonder if the problems really began in June of 2000, some four months before she was named editor. That was when Eric Wetlaufer, Suzy's husband of 15 years, moved out of their $1.1 million home in Lexington. For Wetlaufer, left with the couple's four children, "it was just shattering," says one person. "She was married for a long time, with a very stable life, and all this stuff falls away."

Suzanne Spring and Eric Wetlaufer, who was three years her junior, dated in high school. He went to Wesleyan. She went to Harvard, where she was the features editor of the *Crimson,* the college's famed newspaper. After graduation, Eric went to work as a money manager, and Suzy went to work, briefly, at *The Washington Post,* and then, for two years, at *The Mi-*

ami Herald. In 1984 she returned to Boston to work for the Associated Press, and they married the following year. In 1988, Suzy graduated with highest honors from Harvard Business School and took a job at Bain & Company, a Boston consulting firm. She left a year later to have her first child and spent the next several years at home, raising the couple's children, now aged 7 to 13. In her spare time she wrote two novels and edited several business books. When her husband left her—citing an "irretrievable breakdown" in their relationship in divorce papers he filed last year—Wetlaufer went into shock, says one friend. "It flattened her self-esteem."

Staffers say that she began dating Jacques Nasser, then the C.E.O. of Ford, in the fall of 2000, a few months after her husband left. She had met Nasser, who is now 54, while interviewing him for *H.B.R.* a year earlier, but few people had any problems with that relationship because, unlike the situation with Welch, it started long after the interview was published. Wetlaufer's colleagues were glad to see her happy, they say now. Nasser sent roses to Wetlaufer's office every week; he flew her around in his private jet. But eventually she tired of him. "He's getting needy," she told one of her editors. Nasser could not be reached for comment, but Wetlaufer told people that one of the last things he had said to her was "Suzy, get rid of the boy."

The "boy" was Joe Maurer, a 24-year-old editorial assistant at *H.B.R.*, with whom Wetlaufer began a relationship toward the end of 2000. "It was a midlife crisis," says one friend. "Men do it all the time. He was like a frat boy. A fun-loving, funny, noncommittal guy." The staff was aghast. "They would make googly eyes at each other," says one. Only a few people actually *saw* the "lip-lock" between them, after a lavish party at the Boston Harvard Club in January 2001, celebrating *H.B.R.*'s launch of its new, 10-issue-a-year schedule. But the story spread like wildfire around the office. As did the stories when Wetlaufer at one point had Maurer move into her basement in Lexington. His apartment had been flooded, and, says one friend, "Suzy would never turn her back on someone who needed help." What's more, as she freely told her staff, her kids loved Maurer.

To say the staff was confused is putting it mildly. It had grown accustomed to Wetlaufer's very personal way of managing. She would go out of her way to help people if they needed her, running errands for staff if they were sick, for example. She sang to her editors to cheer them up or make them laugh in the midst of a difficult edit. She told people she loved them. "She was very nurturing," says one. Some of her staff were also aware that her childhood—her father was a professor of architecture, her mother an artist—had been unhappy, although she rarely talked about it. Whatever the case, everything about her was fascinating and larger than life. She could be "manic in her adoration of people," says one friend, and "would say the most indiscreet things to get you to pay attention to her," says an editor. "It was as though if she didn't talk about it to people it hadn't happened," says one person.



JACK, BE NIMBLE Welch at the World Economic Forum, Davos, Switzerland, 1997. "He really does have an interior life," Wetlaufer said.

"The visionary leader, the one who'll take the company to the promised land . . . Jack Welch fulfilled a lot of fantasies."

Editors at *The Miami Herald* still remember Suzanne Spring vividly, for the tremendous drama she created when she worked there. Assigned to write a story about drugs in schools, she came back to her editors with the story of a 16-year-old boy who, after she had promised him anonymity, had confessed to murdering 12 people. The editors were flummoxed: Was it true? If so, should they get this kid to the D.A.? As it turned out, recalls Jim Savage, who was the investigations editor at the time, the boy's story broke down quickly when the novelist Carl Hiaasen, who then worked at the paper as an investigative journalist, began asking him questions. Moreover, a polygraph expert brought in to interrogate the boy immediately concluded he was making up the story to impress Wetlaufer. Years later, Wetlaufer told an interviewer that the boy had then come into the office, sat on her desk, leaned over, and, of all things, kissed her. "I felt dirty for weeks," she said.

Wetlaufer wrote a thriller based on the experience, *Judgment Call,* which was published in 1992. She wrote another novel, which was not published. In an interview last year, she said that her editor at William Morrow had wanted her to put "much more" violence in the second book, but that she had refused. "A messy lawsuit ensued. It was horrible. Even after all this time, it really pains me," she said. Liza Dawson, who edited both of Wetlaufer's books and is now a literary agent, says it wasn't violence she had requested, but a real thriller, rather than the love story Wetlaufer had turned in. "I just didn't feel it was a good follow-up to *Judgment Call,*" Dawson says. "We canceled the contract. It just went away." There was no lawsuit. Wetlaufer, through her spokesperson, now says she misspoke.

The problem with Joe Maurer, however, went beyond Wetlaufer's mixing her personal needs with her business life. He was "incompetent" and "insolent," says one editor, and would not do the work he was hired to do. "No one could get him to do anything," says one staffer. Because of his relationship with Wetlaufer, "he was untouchable, and he knew it." Finally, last spring, one of *H.B.R.*'s editors went over Wetlaufer's head and complained about the situation to the management of the publishing company. Maurer left *H.B.R.* soon after that.

When contacted by *Vanity Fair,* Maurer responded by E-mail. "I don't know what to make of the claims that I wasn't doing my job—they are new to me," he wrote. "While I was at *H.B.R.*, it was openly acknowledged that my job replaced the work done by two former full-time employees and I was always told I was doing well by many staffers, including many senior editors." Although some *H.B.R.* staffers say that Maurer was asked to leave the company, he disputes this. "I was never asked, told, or pressured into leaving *H.B.R.*," he says. "I left *H.B.R.* to go back to school and become a doctor." Of his relationship with Wetlaufer, Maurer says, "She was a good friend and always will be," adding that "being that close to someone as alive as Suzy elicits fear or wonderment. . . . When I was [at *H.B.R.*], I saw the same people that are

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now condemning her lauding her for her spectacular abilities."

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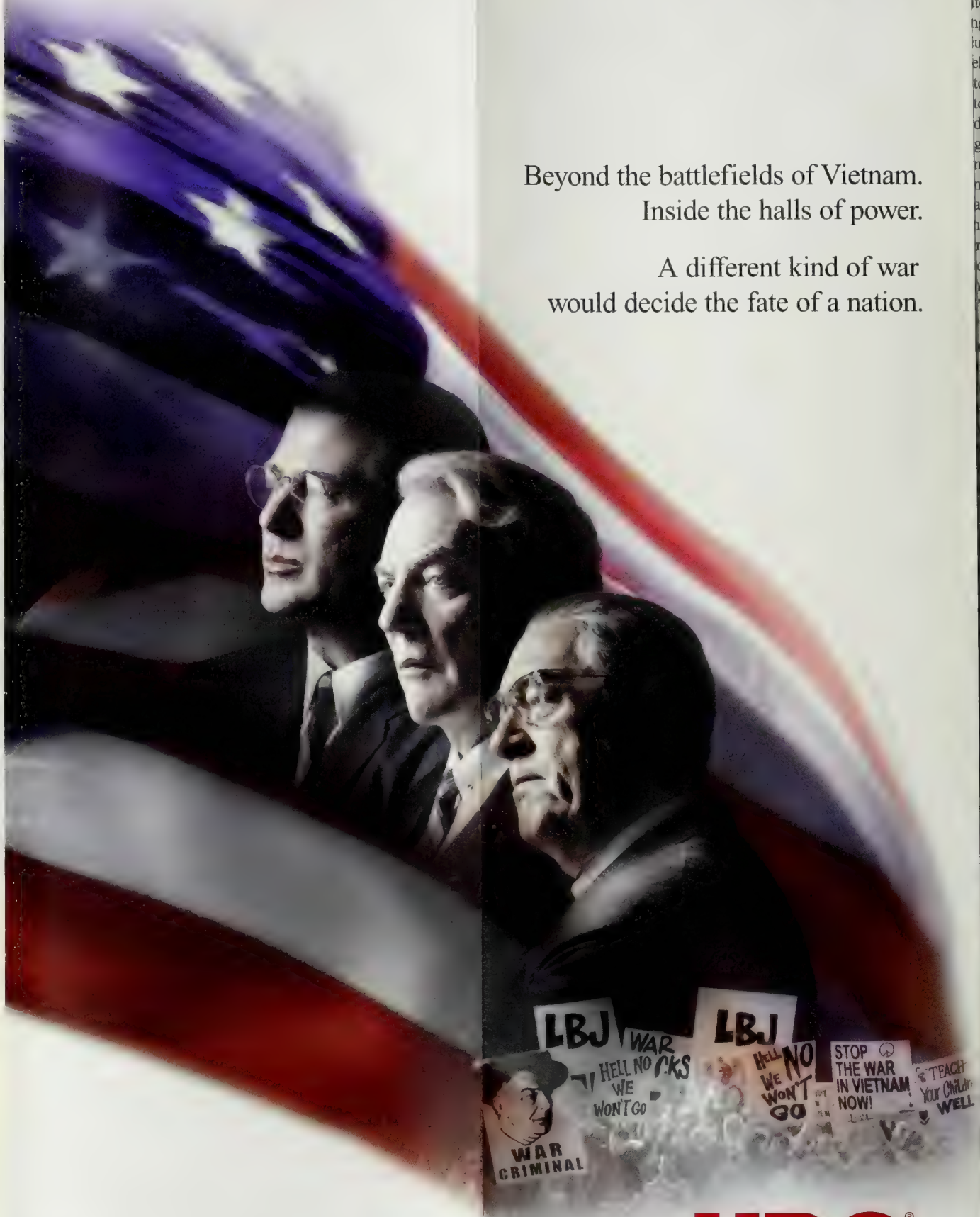
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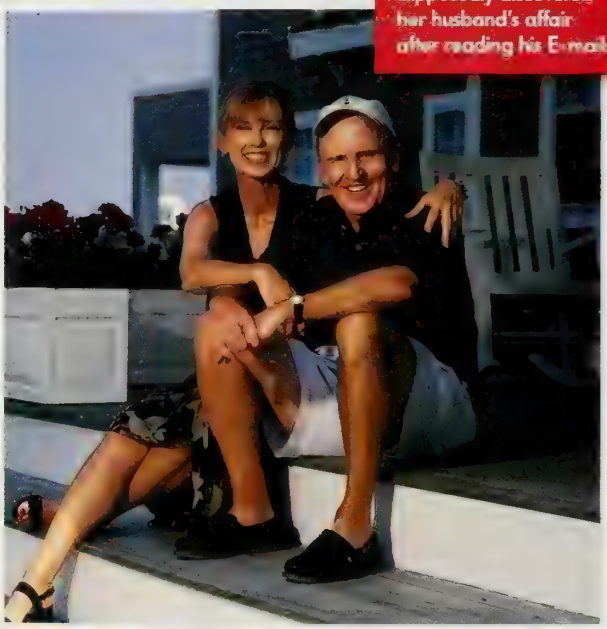
His love
for America
was boundless.

His plans
for the future
were visionary.

He might have been
one of the greatest leaders
of our time.



her from her job. The mood was increasingly tense, made worse by the fact that a *Wall Street Journal* reporter had been calling around, and it was clear that the Welch story was going to break. Wetlaufer, staffers say, became obsessed with finding out who "the mole" was. The more people criticized her, the more intransigent she became. "Suzy doesn't like to get fucked with. She likes to win," says one editor. Still, the day the *Journal* piece came out, she sent affectionate E-mails to several staff members. "I love you and respect you," she wrote in the E-mail she sent to Collingwood. "I have absolutely no hard feelings. NONE. If I could do anything right now, it would be to give you a hug."



TWO FOR THE ROAD Jane and Jack Welch at their Nantucket home, 2001; Jane supposedly discovered her husband's affair after reading his E-mails.

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On March 5, the day after the *Journal* story appeared, Harvard's publishing executives are said to have presented their terms to Wetlaufer. She would become a consulting editor, appearing in the office only about one day a week. She would also take a paid four-month leave before assuming her new, reduced role.

That night, however, just back from a vacation in Italy with his wife, Jack Welch flew up to Boston on his private jet to counsel Wetlaufer. Any chance that she would accept Harvard's deal and go quietly evaporated on the spot. He was said to have been furious at Harvard, a contempt that was fueled, people say, by his long-standing dislike of Walter Kiechel, who had once published a critical article about him in *Fortune*. Welch was not going to let Wetlaufer go down without a very expensive fight, and to that end he immediately called in Robert Popeo, a tough Boston attorney, who had represented G.E. in its legal problems over PCBs in the Hudson River. Welch also phoned Jim Cash, chairman of Harvard Business School Publishing and also a member of G.E.'s board. Cash has told the press that all they talked about when Welch called was golf. But even friends of Wetlaufer's have acknowledged that Cash was enlisted by Welch to put pressure on *H.B.R.* "That's what powerful men do," says one friend, who thinks that Welch's strong-arm tactics ended up making Wetlaufer look worse than she already did.

When *H.B.R.*'s staff went to work on the morning of March 8 there was an E-mail from Wetlaufer waiting for them, with an attachment: the new terms of her deal with *H.B.R.* She had announced the deal before her bosses could talk to the staff. It made people wonder, says one editor, "*Who* is driving the fucking bus?" Some of the staff had already heard about the tough negotiations that had taken place, with Wetlaufer talking on the phone to an *H.B.R.* executive from her lawyer's office, unable to hear what he was saying because Welch was shouting loudly through the speakerphone on another line. But they hadn't expected Harvard to back down to the extent it did. Wetlaufer, according to the final agreement, would not be going very far. She would retain her office and be able to work there alongside her old staff full-time, although she would no longer have any management responsibilities. She would also be back at work—despite the fact that almost no one wanted her there—not in four months, but in six weeks, in late April.

The staff was furious the morning of March 8 at a meeting with Kiechel. No one could believe that, after everything they had gone through, Suzy Wetlaufer would still be working with them. Not only did some of the staff feel that it would create an untenable situation to have her among them, they also felt betrayed. What particularly angered people, they say, was the feeling that Harvard had knuckled under to Welch. "What does someone have to do to get fired from Harvard?" someone shouted. According to several people at the meeting, Kiechel said that, despite its $18 billion endowment, Harvard could not afford to engage in the kind of expensive litigation that Welch and Wetlaufer might try to mount against *H.B.R.* Appalled, two editors, Harris Collingwood and Alden Hayashi, stood up, resigned their jobs, and left the room. "That was a pretty hysterical meeting," Kiechel says now, adding that he doesn't believe his staff heard him correctly. He denies categorically that he worried at any point about a lawsuit from Wetlaufer or Welch. In the end, however, it seems that *H.B.R.*'s staff got what they wanted. By mid-April it was decided that Wetlaufer would not be returning to work at *H.B.R.*'s offices for the next few months at least, but would be working at home.

Five days after the meeting the news broke that Jane Welch intended to file for divorce. Ever the chatterbox, Wetlaufer had told some of her staff that Jane had found out about her husband's affair after reading Wetlaufer's and Welch's E-mails to each other. In late December Wetlaufer told people she received an E-mail from Jane Welch that said, "You two ought to be more discreet." Wetlaufer was amazed that Jane would read such personal E-mails. "Why would someone put herself through that?" she wondered aloud.

In his book, Welch devoted only one paragraph to his 1987 divorce, after 28 years of marriage, from his first wife, Carolyn. His divorce from Jane will get a lot more ink. Jane may have given up her career as a successful corporate lawyer because Welch wanted a wife who was a "full-time companion," but she hadn't lost her mind. As it turns out, she had crafted a clever pre-nuptial agreement, under which she now stands to get one-half of Welch's $900 million fortune.

Wetlaufer has told colleagues her friends are as thrilled as she is over her romance with Welch. "You've finally met your Aristotle Onassis," one friend reportedly told her. Welch has reportedly told friends she is "the love of my life." In mid-March he finally met Wetlaufer's children. "I wouldn't be surprised if they married. They are really well suited to each other," says a friend of Wetlaufer's. Whether or not that is the case, there are a lot of people who believe that they do, most definitely, deserve each other. □

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THE ROAD TO KABUL On the edge of Pakistan in September 2001, a smuggler shows *Guardian* correspondent Maggie O'Kane the way to Afghanistan.

THE GIRLS AT THE FRONT

The handful of female war correspondents whose beat is whatever hellhole leads the news—Christiane Amanpour, Marie Colvin, Janine di Giovanni, et al.—are as tough as any of the guys. But there's a difference in how they work, the way they love, and the risks they run

BY EVGENIA PERETZ

They work in places like Kosovo and Grozny, but they live—most of them, at least—in London's Notting Hill, a neighborhood better known for its Victorian-camisole street fairs than its rocket-propelled-grenade launchers. The town house of CNN chief international correspondent Christiane Amanpour, the world's most famous war reporter, is smartly appointed, with African sculptures and socially conscious photography books stacked just so on the coffee table. Even the vase on the hallway floor works—but only after you hear the backstory: it's the 155-mm. howitzer shell that landed two doors down from [illegible] the Sarajevo Holiday Inn during the war in Bosnia. "If it had exploded, I and everyone else in that wing would have been killed," says Amanpour, feet on coffee table, hands behind head.

The daughter of an Iranian father and British mother, Amanpour is part of a small brigade of women who have trooped, more or less as a group, from misery to misery, from Iraq to Bosnia to East Timor to Chechnya and, lately, to Afghanistan and Israel's West Bank. They have shared rooms and deep friendships. They have elbowed each other out of the way to get the story, and gossiped behind one another's backs. And they all think an article about female war correspondents is pretty lame. "Safari Susans!" exclaims Amanpour facetiously.

Amanpour and her colleagues are *reporters,* they insist, not women reporters, as rugged as any man, and they've got the war stories to prove it. Take Afghanistan alone. Amanpour discovered what she believes were "mini–training camps" and a trove of documents about how to make chemical and nuclear weapons. The BBC's newest sensation, a confident and exuberant 37-year-old Brit, Jacky Rowland, completed her mission of being one of the first Western correspondents into that country after September 11. "We left CNN and their equipment on the tarmac [in Tajikistan], which was a sheer delight," says Row-

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Amanpour and her colleagues are *reporters*, they insist, not women reporters, as rugged as any man and they've got the war stories to prove it.



A STAR IS MADE Christiane Amanpour of CNN reports from Iran in November 1997. *Inset,* near her London home on January 11, 2002.

land. During the first few days of the U.S. bombing, *The Guardian*'s Maggie O'Kane—a disheveled human tornado from Ireland who now lives in Edinburgh—endured a weeklong trek from Pakistan into Afghanistan, traversing "Horse Killer Pass." Janine di Giovanni, an Italian-American with Jessica Rabbit looks, who writes for the London *Times* (and is a contributing editor at this magazine), vigorously dodged al-Qaeda fire while in Tora Bora. The only member of the group not to have recently visited Afghanistan is the toughest of them all, Marie Colvin, an American who writes for *The Sunday Times* of London. Instead, she was relearning to negotiate stairs after losing sight in one eye to shrapnel. She now wears a black pirate's patch. She also has a beaded, sparkly one that was given to her by her friend Helen Fielding, who wrote *Bridget Jones's Diary*. "It's my party patch," says Colvin as she brings her shaky match to her Silk Cut cigarette. "I never thought in my life I'd be the woman with the patch. But there you are, life changes."

Despite toughness to burn, they concede that a woman reporter's experience at war is different from a man's. In traditional societies, where there is the residual belief that women are ultimately harmless, they may slip past checkpoints unhassled, or even unnoticed. Among Muslim extremists, such as in Afghanistan, they are the only conduit to half of the population, while the other half often views these Western women as different creatures altogether—"a third sex," as Rowland puts it—to be both avoided and respected. (Perhaps that's why many Northern Alliance soldiers could only handle calling her "Mr. Jack.") There is, some suggest, an intrinsic, even biological difference between the ways they and their male counterparts look at war. "Boys get fascinated by toys about age two, and that never changes," Colvin says. "That's not what I think is important about covering a war. I think the story is the people."

It's an uneasy claim to make, and Colvin cringes at the notion that "women care about dying babies" and men don't. And, to be sure, the point is often debated among female war reporters and their male colleagues. Nevertheless, it's no coincidence that most members of the group revere Martha Gellhorn, the grande dame of women war reporters (once married to Ernest Hemingway), whose accounts of the Spanish Civil War and beyond reflected an interest not so much in bombs as in what lay beneath them—and a devotion to her own conscience. Patrick Graham, a longtime journalist who has met several of the women, admits that only someone like Marie Colvin would have hopped out of a car just because she saw a man sitting on the side of the road. As it happened, he was sitting by the grave of his young child and wife, who had warned him to leave town because Serbs were encroaching. "It was an incredible story," says Graham. "And I think a lot of male reporters would have been too busy trying to find the next commander."

Other characteristics they possess—which are inarguably feminine ones—have made it easier to get the incredible stories, too. A lover of tall, stiletto boots and good restaurants in her downtime, di Giovanni has the kind of large green eyes that inspire soldiers to unload their tales of woe. Petite and scrappy, Maggie O'Kane, 39, has routinely equipped herself with urgent stories and fake, "embarrassingly erotic" love letters to make it past police checkpoints. She has also turned endless jabbering into a professional calling: her epic grill sessions with her subjects—about wives, girlfriends, shoes, virtually anything—have had fellow journalists storming away, frustrated that they can't get a word in edgewise, and even falling asleep.

It has also helped that all of them are easy on the eyes—a fact that none of them rushes to admit, especially Janine di Giovanni, she being perhaps the sexiest of the group. "I'm always getting called 'the babe,'" says di Giovanni of her public image as she luxuriously goes to work on the shrimp in Notting Hill's hip pan-Asian spot E&O. "It's so tiresome." Jacky Rowland, a five-foot-eleven blonde, had been sleeping in a freezing tent when she ran into her in Afghanistan late last year; di Giovanni suggested that Rowland do what she herself had done: just ask the French guy from the aid agency for permission to sleep in his office. "I can just imagine Janine . . . *'Oh, it's so cold outside. Can I sleep in your office?'*" says Rowland. "He just kind of melted in front of her. She was very kind in giving me that idea."

Inevitably, there is also competition in this department. In Sarajevo, Maggie O'Kane wondered how di Giovanni managed to look so much better than everyone else. "There was a secret shower down in the garage [of the Holiday Inn], which Janine learned and didn't tell us about," says



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BOTOX® COSMETIC is indicated for the temporary improvement in the appearance of moderate to severe glabellar lines associated with corrugator and/or procerus muscle activity in adult patients 65 years of age

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Warnings:
Do not exceed the recommended dosage and frequency of administration of **BOTOX® COSMETIC**. Risks resulting from administration at higher dosages are not known.

Caution should be exercised when administering **BOTOX® COSMETIC** to individuals with peripheral motor neuropathic diseases (e.g., amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, or motor neuropathy) or neuromuscular junctional disorders (e.g., myasthenia gravis or Lambert-Eaton syndrome). Patients with neuromuscular disorders may be at increased risk of clinically significant systemic effects including severe dysphagia and respiratory compromise from typical doses of **BOTOX® COSMETIC**. Published medical literature has reported rare cases of administration of a botulinum toxin to patients with known or unrecognized neuromuscular disorders where the patients have shown extreme sensitivity to the systemic effects of typical clinical doses. In some of these cases, dysphagia has lasted several months and required placement of a gastric feeding tube.

Dysphagia is a commonly reported adverse event following treatment of cervical dystonia patients with all botulinum toxins. In these patients, there are reports of rare cases of dysphagia severe enough to warrant the insertion of a gastric feeding tube. There is also a case report where a patient developed aspiration pneumonia and died subsequent to the finding of dysphagia.

There have also been rare reports following administration of BOTOX for other indications of adverse events involving the cardiovascular system, including arrhythmia and myocardial infarction, some with fatal outcomes. Some of these patients had risk factors including pre-existing cardiovascular disease.

This product contains albumin, a derivative of human blood. Based on effective donor screening and product manufacturing processes, it carries an extremely remote risk for transmission of viral diseases. A theoretical risk for transmission of Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease (CJD) also is considered extremely remote. No cases of transmission of viral diseases or CJD have ever been identified for albumin.

PRECAUTIONS:
General
Epinephrine should be available or other precautionary methods taken as necessary should an anaphylactic reaction occur.

The safe and effective use of **BOTOX® COSMETIC** depends upon proper storage of the product, selection of the correct dose, and proper reconstitution and administration techniques. Physicians administering **BOTOX® COSMETIC** must understand the relevant neuromuscular and/or orbital anatomy of the area involved and any alterations to the anatomy due to prior surgical procedures. Caution should be used when **BOTOX® COSMETIC** treatment is used in the presence of inflammation at the proposed injection site(s) or when excessive weakness or atrophy is present in the target muscle(s).

Reduced blinking from **BOTOX® COSMETIC** injection of the orbicularis muscle can lead to corneal exposure, persistent epithelial defect and corneal ulceration, especially in patients with VII nerve disorders. In the use of BOTOX for the treatment of blepharospasm, one case of corneal perforation in an aphakic eye requiring corneal grafting has occurred because of this effect. Careful testing of corneal sensation in eyes previously operated upon, avoidance of injection into the lower lid area to avoid ectropion, and vigorous treatment of any epithelial defect should be employed. This may require protective drops, ointment, therapeutic soft contact lenses, or closure of the eye by patching or other means.

Inducing paralysis in one or more extraocular muscles may produce spatial disorientation, double vision or past pointing. Covering the affected eye may alleviate these symptoms.

Caution should be used when **BOTOX® COSMETIC** treatment is used in patients who have an inflammatory skin problem at the injection site, marked facial asymmetry, ptosis, excessive dermatochalasis, deep dermal scarring, thick sebaceous skin or the inability to substantially lessen glabellar lines by physically spreading them apart as these patients were excluded from the Phase 3 safety and efficacy trials.

Injection intervals of **BOTOX® COSMETIC** should be no more frequent than every three months and should be performed using the lowest effective dose (See Adverse Reactions: Immunogenicity).

Information for Patients
Patients or caregivers should be advised to seek immediate medical attention if swallowing, speech or respiratory disorders arise.

Drug Interactions
Co-administration of **BOTOX® COSMETIC** and aminoglycosides or other agents interfering with neuromuscular transmission (e.g., curare-like nondepolarizing blockers, lincosamides, polymyxins, quinidine, magnesium sulfate, anticholinesterases, succinylcholine chloride) should only be performed with caution as the effect of the toxin may be potentiated.

The effect of administering different botulinum neurotoxin serotypes at the same time or within several months of each other is unknown. Excessive neuromuscular weakness may be exacerbated by administration of another botulinum toxin prior to the resolution of the effects of a previously administered botulinum toxin.

Pregnancy **Pregnancy Category C**
Administration of **BOTOX® COSMETIC** is not recommended during pregnancy. There are no adequate and well-controlled studies of **BOTOX® COSMETIC** in pregnant women. When pregnant mice and rats were injected intramuscularly during the period of organogenesis, the developmental NOEL (No Observed Effect Level) of **BOTOX® COSMETIC** was 4 U/kg. Higher doses (8 or 16 U/kg) were associated with reductions in fetal body weights and/or delayed ossification.

In a range finding study in rabbits, daily injection of 0.125 U/kg/day (days 6 to 18 of gestation) and 2 U/kg (days 6 and 13 of gestation) produced severe maternal toxicity, abortions and/or fetal malformations. Higher doses resulted in death of the dams. The rabbit appears to be a very sensitive species to **BOTOX® COSMETIC**.

If the patient becomes pregnant after the administration of this drug, the patient should be apprised of the potential risks, including abortion or fetal malformations that have been observed in rabbits.

Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility
Long term studies in animals have not been performed to evaluate carcinogenic potential of **BOTOX® COSMETIC**.

The reproductive NOEL following intramuscular injection of 0.4, 8, and 16 U/kg was 4 U/kg in male rats and 8 U/kg in female rats. Higher doses were associated with dose-dependent reductions in fertility in male rats (where limb weakness resulted in the inability to mate), and testicular atrophy or an altered estrous cycle in female rats. There were no adverse effects on the viability of the embryos.

Nursing mothers
It is not known whether this drug is excreted in human milk. Because many drugs are excreted in human milk, caution should be exercised when **BOTOX® COSMETIC** is administered to a nursing woman.

Pediatric use:
Use of **BOTOX® COSMETIC** is not recommended in children.

Geriatric use:
Clinical studies of **BOTOX® COSMETIC** did not include sufficient numbers of subjects aged 65 and over to determine statistically whether they respond differently from younger subjects. However, in the two identical phase 3 randomized 3:1 multi-center, double blind, placebo-controlled, parallel-group efficacy studies, the responder rates for both co-primary efficacy variables were higher for subjects 50 years of age compared to those subjects 65 years of age. Analysis based on a combined data set showed that, for the investigator's assessment endpoint of subjects aged 65 and over at Day 30, 39% (92/236) of subjects were responders compared to 22% (12/91) in the placebo group. This difference is not statistically different (P = 0.228), nor exceeds the pre-specified 30-percentage-point difference required by the definition to clinically significant. There were no statistically significant between-group differences for the investigator's assessment at maximum frown for the same group. There was a statistically significant difference in favor of **BOTOX® COSMETIC** for the subject's global assessment at all time points (P = 0.006), except Day 120 (P = 0.214). (See Clinical Trials Section)

There are insufficient patients over the age of 75 to allow any meaningful comparisons. In general, dose selection for an elderly patient should be [illegible] of the low end of the dosing range, reflecting the greater frequency of decreased cardiac function and of concomitant disease or other drug therapy.

ADVERSE REACTIONS

General

[illegible] other indications studied include rare spontaneous reports of death, sometimes associated with [illegible] after treatment with botulinum toxin. There have also been rare reports of adverse [illegible] arrhythmia and myocardial infarction, some with fatal outcomes. Some of these patients had [illegible] See Warnings. The exact relationship of these events to the botulinum toxin [illegible] exposure glaucoma one day after receiving an injection of botulinum [illegible] dotomy and trabeculectomy. Focal facial paralysis, [illegible] treatment of blepharospasm.

Cosmetic

[illegible] BO[illegible] wing injection of **BOTOX® COSMETIC** were headache.

Less frequently occurring (<3%) adverse reactions included pain in the face, erythema at the injection site and muscle weakness. While local weakness of the injected muscle(s) is representative of the expected pharmacological action of botulinum toxin, weakness of adjacent muscles may occur as a result of the spread of toxin. These events are thought to be associated with the injection and occurred within the first week. The events were generally transient but may last several months.

The data described in Table 1 reflect exposure to **BOTOX® COSMETIC** in 405 subjects aged 18 to 75 who were evaluated in the randomized, placebo-controlled clinical studies to assess the use of **BOTOX® COSMETIC** in the improvement of the appearance of glabellar lines (See clinical studies). Adverse events of any cause were reported for 43.7% of the **BOTOX® COSMETIC** treated subjects and 41.5% of the placebo treated subjects. The incidence of blepharoptosis was higher in the **BOTOX® COSMETIC** treated arm than in placebo (3.2% vs. 0%, p-value = 0.045). In the open-label, repeat injection study, blepharoptosis was reported for 2.1% (8/373) of subjects in the first treatment cycle and 1.2% (4/343) of subjects in the second treatment cycle. Adverse events of any type were reported for 49.1% (183/373) of subjects overall.

The most frequently reported of these adverse events in the open-label study included respiratory infection, headache, flu syndrome, blepharoptosis, pain and nausea.

Because clinical trials are conducted under widely varying conditions, adverse reaction rates observed in the clinical trials of a drug cannot be directly compared to rates in the clinical trials of another drug and may not be predictive of rates observed in practice.

TABLE 1.
Randomized Double Blind Studies:
Rates of Adverse Events Reported by >2 or more Subjects in the BOTOX® Cosmetic Group, by Treatment Group.

Adverse Event (in order of decreasing frequency for BOTOX® Cosmetic)	BOTOX® Cosmetic (N=405)	Placebo (N=130)
Overall	177 (43.7%)	54 (41.5%)
Body as a Whole		
Headache	54 (13.3%)	23 (17.7%)
Pain in Face	9 (2.2%)	1 (0.8%)
Flu Syndrome	8 (2.0%)	2 (1.5%)
Pain at Injection Site	7 (1.7%)	1 (0.8%)
Edema at Injection Site	6 (1.5%)	3 (2.3%)
Pain in Back	4 (1.0%)	3 (2.3%)
Injury Accidental	3 (0.7%)	1 (0.8%)
Respiratory System		
Infection	14 (3.5%)	5 (3.8%)
Bronchitis	6 (1.5%)	1 (0.8%)
Sinusitis	6 (1.5%)	1 (0.8%)
Pharyngitis	5 (1.2%)	2 (1.5%)
Dyspnea	3 (0.7%)	0 (0.0%)
Infection Sinus	3 (0.7%)	2 (1.5%)
Laryngitis	3 (0.7%)	0 (0.0%)
Rhinitis	3 (0.7%)	2 (1.5%)
Skin and Appendages		
Erythema	7 (1.7%)	2 (1.5%)
Skin Tightness	4 (1.0%)	0 (0.0%)
Irritation Skin	3 (0.7%)	0 (0.0%)
Digestive System		
Nausea	12 (3.0%)	3 (2.3%)
Dyspepsia	4 (1.0%)	0 (0.0%)
Tooth Disorder	4 (1.0%)	0 (0.0%)
Liver Function Abnormal	3 (0.7%)	2 (1.5%)
Special Senses		
Blepharoptosis	13 (3.2%)	0 (0.0%)
Nervous System		
Dizziness	5 (1.2%)	2 (1.5%)
Paresthesia	4 (1.0%)	1 (0.8%)
Anxiety	3 (0.7%)	0 (0.0%)
Twitch	3 (0.7%)	0 (0.0%)
Musculoskeletal System		
Muscle Weakness	8 (2.0%)	0 (0.0%)
Urogenital System		
Infection Urinary Tract	4 (1.0%)	1 (0.8%)
Hemic and Lymphatic System		
Ecchymosis	7 (1.7%)	3 (2.3%)
Cardiovascular		
Hypertension	4 (1.0%)	0 (0.0%)

In published literature of the use of botulinum toxin type A for facial lines, there has been a single reported incident of diplopia, which resolved completely in three weeks. Transient ptosis, the most frequently reported complication, has been reported in the literature in approximately 5% of patients.

Immunogenicity
Treatment with **BOTOX® COSMETIC** for cosmetic purposes may result in the formation of antibodies that may reduce the effectiveness of subsequent treatments with **BOTOX® COSMETIC** for glabellar lines or **BOTOX®** for other indications. Formation of neutralizing antibodies to botulinum toxin type A may reduce the effectiveness of **BOTOX® COSMETIC** treatment of the appearance of glabellar lines and the effectiveness of **BOTOX®** in the treatment of other clinical indications such as cervical dystonia, blepharospasm and strabismus by inactivating the biological activity of the toxin. The rate of formation of neutralizing antibodies in patients receiving **BOTOX® COSMETIC** has not been well studied.

The critical factors for neutralizing antibody formation have not been well characterized. The results from some studies of the use of **BOTOX®** in the treatment of other clinical indications suggest that **BOTOX®** injections at more frequent intervals or at higher doses may lead to greater incidence of antibody formation. The potential for antibody formation may be minimized by injecting the lowest effective dose given at the longest feasible intervals between injections.

Passive Adverse Event Surveillance
The following adverse reactions have been identified since the drug has been marketed: skin rash (including erythema multiforme, urticaria and psoriasiform eruption), pruritus, and allergic reaction. Because these reactions are reported voluntarily from a population of uncertain size, it is not always possible to reliably estimate their frequency or establish a causal relationship to botulinum toxin.

Between January 1, 1990 and August 31, 2000, there have been 7 spontaneous reports of serious adverse events documented as being related to the reported cosmetic use of **BOTOX®**, including anaphylactic reaction, myasthenia gravis, decreased hearing, ear noise and localized numbness, blurred vision and retinal vein occlusion, glaucoma, and vertigo with nystagmus.

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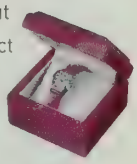


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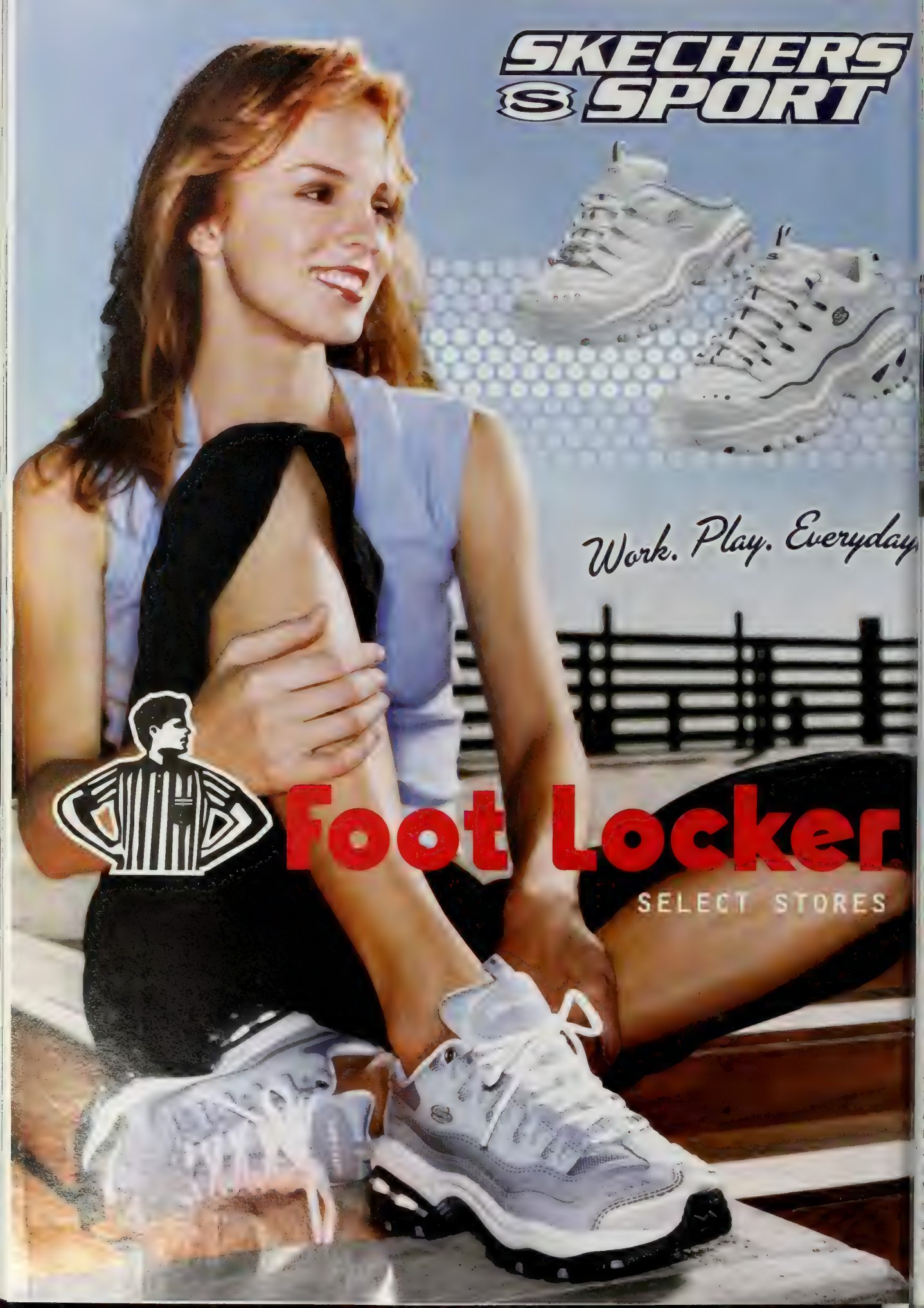
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"I never thought in my life I'd be the woman with the patch," says Colvin. "But there you are, life changes."





IN THE LINE OF FIRE London *Sunday Times* correspondent Marie Colvin, after being wounded in Sri Lanka, on April 16, 2001, and, *inset*, at London's Chelsea Arts Club on January 16, 2002.

O'Kane. But there can be a downside to being pretty, too, as Rowland discovered when she met a leader of the terrorist group the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine. While other Middle Eastern leaders had refused to shake her hand, he was more than happy to try to make out with her.

Ultimately, however, Rowland admits, being an attractive female helped her career along. The BBC correspondent in Belgrade during the 2000 elections in Yugoslavia and the fall of Milošević, Rowland says that "the only reason I survived as long as I did was because I was a woman," and that Yugoslav information minister Goran Matic developed "a bit of a thing" for her, repeatedly summoning her to his office, where he'd binge nonstop with his cronies.

A rumor eventually emerged that the two were having an affair, and after doing some digging, Rowland theorized that Matic must have started the rumor himself. Given the fact that their affair would remain in the realm of Matic's fantasy life, she says it's no surprise that a few months later, in October 2000, he took particular enjoyment announcing her expulsion from the country for reporting—prematurely, he claimed—that Milošević was finished. "There is now a media war in Yugoslavia," said Matic in a press conference, "and I see in this very room, over there, the correspondent of the BBC, Jacky Rowland, who says the elections are over and that the opposition has won." Rowland didn't leave the country, but went into hiding for five days. She came out to witness—and report—Milošević government's literally going up in flames. Two months later she had a chance to speak to Goran Matic again at the fancy villa serving as party headquarters.

"Why did you expel me?" she asked.

"Jacky, you were just collateral damage," Matic said.

"Did you know that I'd stayed?"

"Yes, I knew you stayed."

"Did you care?"

"I didn't care."

Male correspondents can be just as love-struck and helpful as post-totalitarian bureaucrats. Consider the case of Bruno Girodon, a French television journalist, who fell in love with Janine di Giovanni at first sight, in Sarajevo in 1993; made serious headway in Algeria in 1998; and sealed the deal by Kosovo in May 1999. Girodon (in Kukës, Albania, at the time) got word that NATO was bombing the Kosovo Liberation Army camp where di Giovanni was staying and that a number of soldiers had been killed. He decided it was time to act. After a dizzying maze of phone calls involving French secret-service agents, he finally got through to a Peruvian photographer: "Tell her to get out of there, it's very important, she's in great danger!" said Girodon before they lost the connection, hoping the photographer would relay the message to di Giovanni. Girodon's crew moved on, but Girodon stayed behind at Kukës's Bar Amerika hotel for two days, still unsure of di Giovanni's whereabouts and going out of his head. After all, just one month earlier di Giovanni had been detained by drunken Serb soldiers who performed a mock execution on her and her colleagues. "And one day as miracle, she just appeared," says Girodon, who didn't recognize her at first. "And she said, 'Here I am. I am still alive.' And she was very muddy."

Recalling his words, di Giovanni gets almost misty. "He just said, 'I'll never feel that kind of joy.'" As luck would have it, Girodon was staying in the hotel's "nuptial suite"—which consisted of nothing more than a dirty mattress and one dinky pink pillow.

When it came to impressing *his* crush, Patrick Bishop didn't have quite the luck that Girodon did. It was late 1986, six years into the Iran-Iraq war, and Bishop, a battle-hardened *Sunday Telegraph* reporter who'd made his name in the Falklands War, was imparting to Marie Colvin pearls from his bottomless reservoir of military knowledge. She was the new girl, after all, an American and a Yale grad, just 30 years old, and she happened to have this amazing, out-of-control mane of brown curly hair.

"You don't have to worry about that. That's all outgoing," said Bishop above the explosions surrounding them on the Iraqi front line. "You'll learn when you've been around like I have to distinguish between outgoing and incoming.... That's outgoing," he continued, "and that one is ... incoming!" Bishop dived for cover, Colvin remained standing, and the Iraqi soldiers walked away laughing.

"For the rest of my trip," recalls Bishop, "I was thinking, How can I redeem myself having made such an ass of myself? I had these fantasies that the Jeep would be hit and shelled, and I'd be able to drag her from the wreckage and save her life."

Bishop never had the opportunity to save Colvin, but she eventually fell for him anyway, unaware at this point that falling in love in a war zone often means acquiring an ex-husband. The marriage lasted two years. By the end, Colvin had decided that he was "the last person I ever want to see, speak to, hear of again." As Colvin looks

back on her marriage to Bishop, a picture emerges of two restless kids too caught up in destruction and death to concern themselves with anyone else—even each other. "If you have the war, the conflict, it becomes so important that those details are something you just forget," Colvin says. "You get on a plane and you're off somewhere, and if the phone gets cut off, the phone gets cut off. Your life is lived in this very . . . almost schizophrenic way, and that is not what relationships are. [Relationships] are about squabbling over who forgot to buy the milk." Surely Marguerite Higgins, the Pulitzer Prize–winning war correspondent from the *New York Herald Tribune,* would have understood: she once said she would not marry "until I find a man who's as exciting as war." Unfortunately, Colvin had to learn her lesson twice. A few years later, while covering an outbreak of violence in the West Bank, Colvin met Juan Carlos Gumucio, a reporter for *El Pais.* They, too, got married; they, too, split up not long thereafter.



Which brings us to the other problem with meeting husbands in the war-correspondent trade: once the marriage is over, you may very well run into them in the next war zone. In Kukës, Albania, around the same time di Giovanni and Girodon were having their emotional reunion, Marie Colvin returned to her room, only to find that someone else had moved in—judging from the stuff, a man. "I thought, Oh my God, what if that is one of my ex-husbands?" recalls Colvin, who knew they were both covering the story. She did what any grown woman would do: rummage through his bag. She was relieved to find a Rolling Stones tour T-shirt. "I knew neither of them would wear that."

Relationships aren't the only casualty. As a group, these reporters have lost close friends, such as Kurt Schork and Miguel Gil Moreno, two veteran risktakers who were slaughtered in Sierra Leone. At least one has lost pregnancies. Maggie O'Kane speculates that her four miscarriages may have been due to the fact that "I've kind of knocked myself around a lot."

Also at risk is a healthy head space. Once the gunfire has stopped, normal life can seem eerily quiet, and disconcertingly shallow. Jacky Rowland, after running through the burning streets and tear gas in Belgrade on the day Milošević fell—the day she describes as "one of the best days of my life"—found smart London insufferably boring. "I was incapable of having an ordinary conversation with people about ordinary things," says Rowland. "The experiences of being in a war and being bombed, and being on the run and being chased by authorities, it just makes it quite difficult to come down and talk mortgages and the latest fashions at Top Shop." Belgrade was like an epic motion picture in which "time seems to move more slowly; the quality of light, everything, looks different."

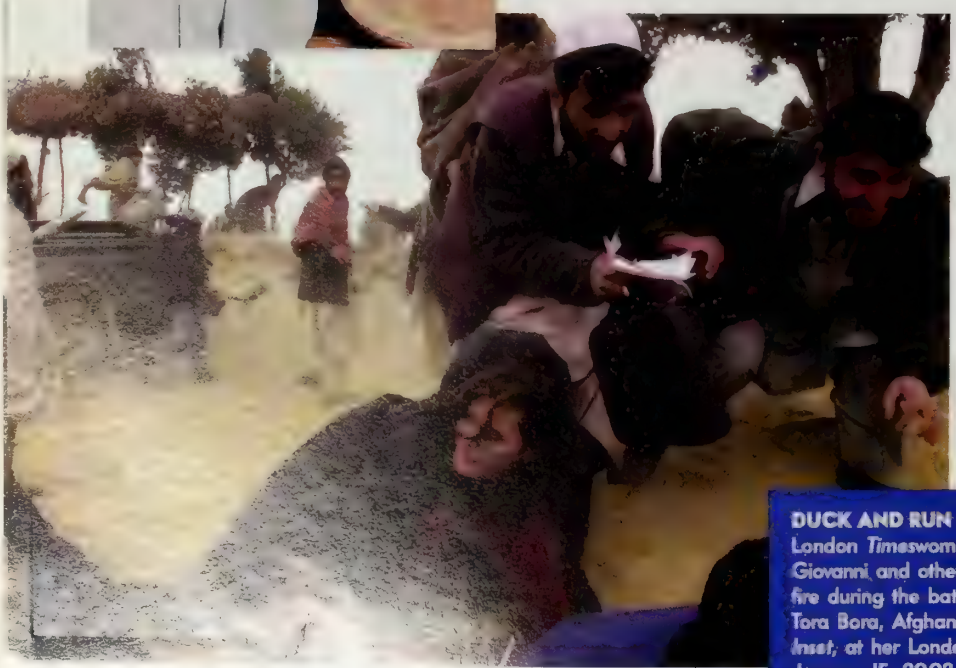
"We are peeling away horrible stories," says di Giovanni. "And then we are leaving their lives."

Like addicts, they need their fix. It's worth noting, though, that it's the *former* war journalists, such as ex–CNN correspondent Siobhan Darrow, author of *Flirting with Danger,* who will compare war to drugs. "I had the feeling of being a junkie," says Darrow, who covered Chechnya, the Balkans, and Albania and now refers to herself as a "recovering war reporter." "I was so used to being in a constant state of crisis that that was a comfortable place for me. If I stopped it for any amount of time, I was sort of left with myself and the void."

Sometimes the void is filled with a nagging sense of guilt that they are war profiteers of a sort. "We are vultures, really," says di Giovanni, whose reports about amputees and child soldiers in Sierra Leone made great copy and earned her high-profile awards. "We are peeling horrible stories from them. And then we are leaving their lives." Colvin, too, sometimes feels "like a fake because . . . I get to go home." But the images rarely dim, a point brought home in February when Colvin's second husband, Gumucio, took his own life—"a brutal reminder," she says, "of seeing too much."

What makes it all worth it—their fundamental passion—isn't the romance or the adrenaline rush. It's the quest for justice. And once, in Bosnia, as a group, they achieved it. "It was," Amanpour has said, "my Vietnam." For di Giovanni, "Bosnia broke my heart more than any man could."

A campaign of ethnic cleansing waged by the Serbs against an essentially helpless civilian population of Muslims, Bosnia, says di Giovanni, "was a lot like the Spanish Civil War. You had a group of very idealistic young reporters who believed that we had to do something." For her, that meant writing *The Quick and the Dead,* a wrenching account of the siege of Sarajevo told entirely from the perspective of the victims—the children who'd lost parents, the terrified mothers trying to keep it together, the disillusioned soldiers—as Europe and the U.S. stood by and watched. "It broke



DUCK AND RUN London *Times* woman di Giovanni and others escape fire during the battle at Tora Bora, Afghanistan. Inset, at her London home, January 15, 2002.

LARGE PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER ANDREW BOSCH. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

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your administration on the issue of Bosnia "The truth isn't objective." For Maggie O'Kane, her five-year-old



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stood by and watched. "It broke

my heart," says di Giovanni, "that tens of thousands of people died that did not have to die."

While di Giovanni's approach was that of a sympathetic witness, O'Kane was a "one-woman war-crime tribunal," as journalist Patrick Graham puts it, and she made it her duty to doggedly hunt down murderers, such as a disgruntled bus driver said to have massacred an entire family in Suva Reka. It made a difference. In 1992, after reporting on the horrors of the Serb detention camp of Trnopolje, O'Kane concluded that it was a "concentration camp." Three hundred and fifty journalists promptly raced into the area, among them an Independent Television Network reporter, Penny Marshall, who was filmed shaking hands with an emaciated man behind barbed wire. The image—eerily reminiscent of another 20th-century atrocity—was beamed around the world, and within 20 minutes of its airing on American television, President George H. W. Bush suddenly decided that "the international community cannot allow innocent children, women, and men to be starved to death," and Prime Minister John Major recalled his Cabinet from vacation for an emergency meeting.



That camp was soon closed, the war went on, and the reporters did not let up. Two years later, CNN sponsored a town-hall forum starring President Clinton, who had promised during the 1992 campaign to take action in Bosnia but had done very little since taking office in 1993. Amanpour appeared on satellite television from Sarajevo and asked, "Do you not think that the constant flip-flops of your administration on the issue of Bosnia set a very dangerous precedent?" His feel-your-pain act dissolved. "There have been no 'constant flip-flops,' *madam*," Clinton replied.

Amanpour soldiered on, relentlessly exposing Bosnia's suffering to remind the Western powers of the tragedy they were letting occur in their backyards. Eventually, the flip-flops ended and the leaders acted decisively. "What we reported in Bosnia made it untenable for democracies to allow that kind of thing to happen again," Amanpour says. As for the flak they sometimes received for not being "objective," for rushing to hysterical judgment, all of them roundly dismiss it. "I certainly wasn't objective," says di Giovanni, "because I really believed there were very clear sides to be taken." Or, as O'Kane explains, "The truth isn't objective."

WAR AND PEACE The BBC's Jacky Rowland in Croatia in 1998. *Inset*, near her home in London on January 13, 2002.



"The only reason I survived as long as I did was because I was a woman," says Rowland of her time in the former Yugoslavia.

Bosnia helped make their careers, brought them acclaim—and, in the case of Christiane Amanpour, made her an international icon, her own wing of the United Nations. By 1996, Clinton was introducing Amanpour as "the voice of humanity" at White House dinners. He wasn't the only famous politico who developed a soft spot for Amanpour toward the end of the Bosnian conflict. So did then State Department spokesman James Rubin, who, before meeting Amanpour, divided the world between those who "thought that Bosnia was a fundamental moral imperative and people who saw it as another problem in a faraway land. Those who were in the first group were special." When their courtship began in 1997, one of the jokes Rubin played on her "was to sort of pretend that I didn't really know of her that much, and I didn't watch much TV." It wasn't long before Rubin had to start taking it all a bit more seriously, as when he recently worried that Amanpour might meet the fate of the eight journalists killed in Afghanistan. "I bought into this package knowing that this was always part of it," says Rubin, who married Amanpour in 1998 and has now spent many days and nights alone with their two-year-old son, Darius. "You never like it, but you get used to it, and you develop devices. We talk an enormous amount on the phone, we see each other on TV."

Now Amanpour has men worldwide deciding that she's a new kind of sexy, and Gwyneth Paltrow wishing aloud in *Harper's Bazaar* that she could be her. Even when she receives nasty barbs in the press, as when the *New York Post*'s Andrea Peyser called her a "war slut," she's left with the upper hand. *Post* owner Rupert Murdoch wrote Amanpour a personal letter of apology.

Naturally Amanpour claims, "I'm not caught up in the celebrity culture," but the words roll off her tongue so readily that one wonders if the lady doth protest too much. The photo gallery in her living room—basically limited to her family and various Kennedys—suggests celebrities aren't so horrible. As does her reaction when a friend's phone call brings the news that the actor Aidan Quinn thinks she rocks. "Aidan Quinn? I'm in *love* with Aidan Quinn!" she squeals from the other room. She returns to her interview blushing a little and, shrugging, says, "Another fan."

For Maggie O'Kane, her five-year-old

son, Billy, has given her joy and a keener perspective on her work. The story of the Bosnian woman who saw her four children machine-gunned down in Suva Reka is, she says, "a horror I wouldn't have understood without being a mother now." But he's also brought her new conflicts. Sitting by the fire in her Georgian house in Edinburgh on this cold day in November, her little boy and his cat, Sylvia, cuddled in her arms, O'Kane says, "I'm not prepared to miss the next year of his life." But when the radio brings the news that Mazar-e-Sharif has fallen, she fires up another Silk Cut and becomes restless—and one wonders whether she wouldn't mind missing, well, maybe the next month of it. This spring, she was back in Bosnia, on the trail of Radovan Karadzic, wanted for six years for genocide.

At 37, single and on the up-and-up, Jacky Rowland isn't yet plagued by such matters. She's too busy providing testimony to the U.N. war-crimes tribunal about the grisly Serb prison she visited in Kosovo—which just happened to be bombed by NATO forces on the afternoon she was there. Like Amanpour, she's coping with both the thrill and the awkwardness of her newly minted celebrity. Her name and picture have recently been popping up in the U.K. press, and the media have dubbed her "the new Kate Adie." Unfortunately, it's a title that doesn't sit well with the old Kate Adie, the 56-year-old doyenne of the BBC, who covered Libya, Tiananmen Square, and the Gulf War, and was once Rowland's role model. Last fall, at the Cheltenham Festival of Literature, Adie launched her own Scud missile at Rowland and her ilk, saying BBC bosses were now looking for reporters with "cute faces and cute bottoms and nothing else in between." Rowland took it as a direct affront. "To see that the person who inspired me as a teenager is making bitchy comments about the young women who are following in her footsteps, I just don't think that does justice to a proud tradition," says Rowland. "She *did* establish women as war correspondents and time tick[illegible]."

"The truth," explains Maggie O'Kane, "isn't objective."

Fueled by Bosnia, Janine di Giovanni has continued the good fight. One of a handful of reporters willing to risk getting kidnapped, di Giovanni in 2000, sneaked into Chechnya, where she witnessed—and of Grozny. Just as she had done in Bosnia, di Giovanni waited it out with the victims as they were bombarded, this time by Russian planes and tanks. The sights—from the dogs eating dead bodies, to the house filled with hungry, blind Chechens waiting in vain for help to come—were every bit as grim as those she saw in Bosnia. But this time the Western world did not intervene to stop the violence. After she tried without success to send help back from London to the blind Chechens, a bitter reality of being a war reporter hit her. "I felt so defeated," says di Giovanni. That sentiment deepened in April when she returned to the site of her first story in 1989, the West Bank. "I see people who 12 years ago were throwing stones," she says from the battle of Jenin. "Now they're gunmen." Finding comfort with Bruno Girodon isn't easy. Based in Abidjan, Ivory Coast, he says, "I'm not thinking about the future. She *wish* I could think about the future, but I'm not living like that." To which di Giovanni can only sigh, saying, "You choose to fall in love with a gypsy, what do you get?"

Colvin, too, has continued the quest—at times triumphantly. In East Timor in 1999, after machete-wielding militiamen went on a rampage, the U.N. staff and the journalists decided to evacuate, but Colvin stayed behind to act as a kind of human shield for 1,500 Timoresë women and children, among them mothers who were so desperate they were throwing their babies over the barbed-wire fence surrounding the U.N. compound. Embarrassed by Colvin's reports, the U.N. reversed its decision to leave the innocent behind, and the civilians were taken to safety in Australia.

And last April, Colvin took a 30-mile journey on foot through the jungle into the northern, Tamil-controlled area of Sri Lanka, a corner of the world truly forsaken by the West. Journalists were banned, and a humanitarian crisis, in which government forces had besieged 500,000 civilians, denying them food and medical aid, remained hidden from the world. Colvin filed her story, exposing the horror, and during her nighttime exodus she was caught in a fiery ambush; shrapnel from a grenade landed deep in her left eye. Despite her protests—"Don't shoot! American! Journalist!"—she was pummeled by the government soldiers, who believed she was with the enemy Tamil Tigers. She was grilled by soldiers before being flown to Colombo, then to London, and then to New York. A doctor was able to save her eye—but not the ability to see out of it.

Colvin isn't pitying herself, nor does she think she's a hero for having nearly died for her cause. "I feel that I am very lucky," she says. "These people you are leaving behind are much braver. If they want to live, they have to be brave every single day of their lives." One such person was a Catholic priest she had met in Sri Lanka, who told her, icily, "No journalists have come, no one cares about us, so why should I talk to you?" After hearing of her injury, he had a letter smuggled out of Tamil Sri Lanka, where there's no postal system, and had it sent from Colombo. The letter read, "I am very sorry to hear of your injuries. You are remembered here as a brave and honest person." "It was just two lines," Colvin says, "and it was so . . . it made me feel good."

After her injury, there was someone else who made her feel good, too, who treated her swollen eye with endless drops of steroids and antibiotics and ate meat loaf with her. In Kukës, Albania, three years ago, the night Colvin feared one of her two ex-husbands had become her roommate, ex-husband No. 1, Patrick Bishop, was actually just down the street and after 13 years apparently still held onto the hope that he might get to rescue her. He believed her to be in Bajram Curri, an area on the Albania-Kosovo border so dangerous he needed to get her out immediately. Desperately trying to find an armed escort for the mission, he asked a fellow reporter if he knew any reliable men: "Well, why don't you go and ask Marie Colvin, she's a great expert. She's in the bar down the road." "I went in there," says Bishop, "and she was surrounded by young male acolytes who were listening to her every word. They were all dismissed as I sat down, and we started talking and that was that. We've been together ever since."

Though they have figured each other out a little better this time around, Colvin and Bishop continue to butt heads. Two days before Colvin was injured, Bishop had a nightmare that she was killed. But knowing Marie, there was no point in telling her. And as of March, she was back, eye patch and all, in another war zone banned to journalists—Ramallah—braving the crossfire and stun grenades lobbed her way. There are no plans for marriage. In fact, Colvin wears her two wedding rings "to remind myself never to get married again," and the Patrick Bishop problem seems to have found a workable solution. "He lives in Paris," says Colvin from her garden flat in Notting Hill, "which is perfect." □

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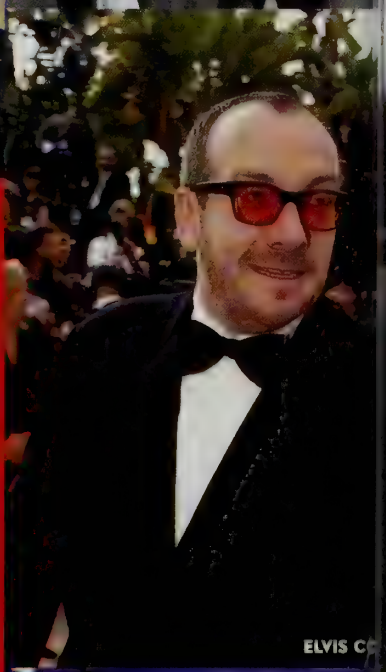
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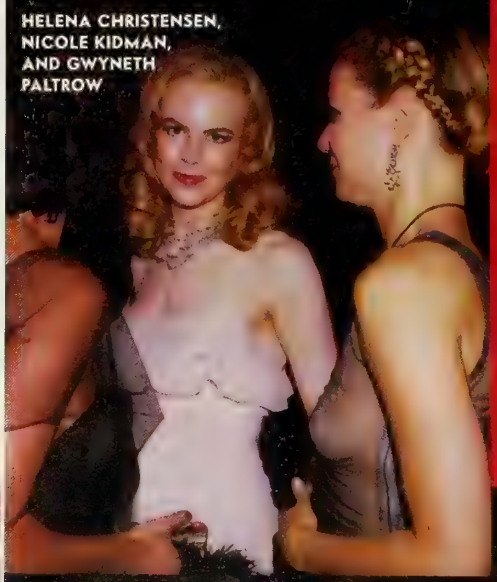
COURTNEY B. VANCE, ANGELA BASSETT, AND CUBA GOODING JR.

A LITTLE NIGHT MAGIC

Some arrived clutching their little gold men, others swooned over the big kind (Denzel! Sidney! Mel!), some (Oprah and Angela) rose to their feet for Halle Berry's historic speech, but all of *V.F.*'s Oscar-night revelers made its ninth annual party the place to star and be starry-eyed. Photographs by Jonathan Becker, Alan Berliner, Larry Fink, Patrick McMullan, and Richard Young



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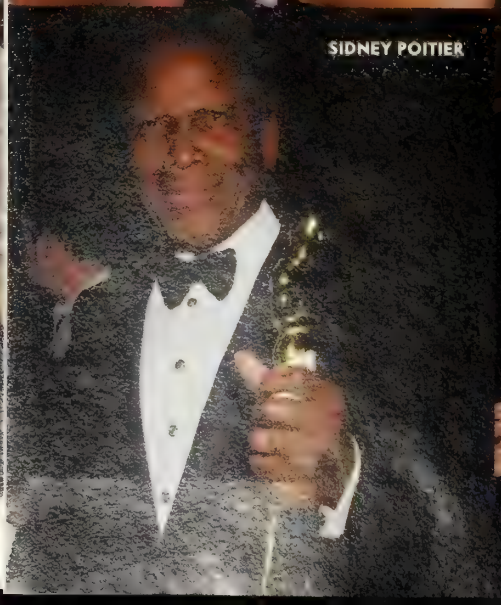
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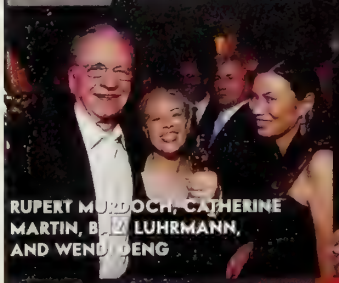
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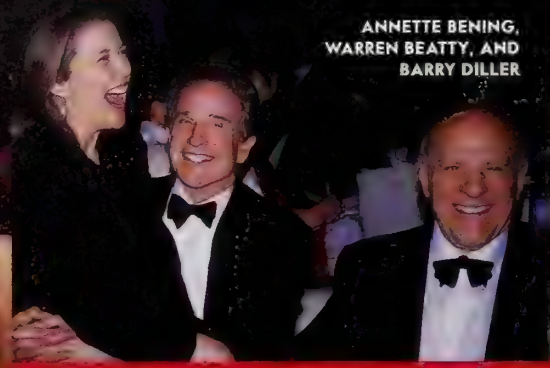


AND DIANE VON FURSTENBERG

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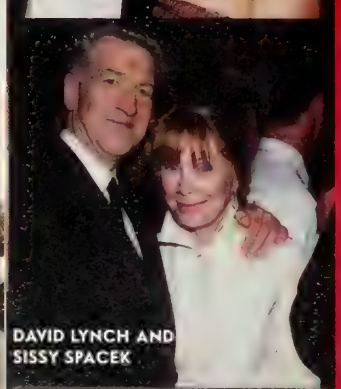
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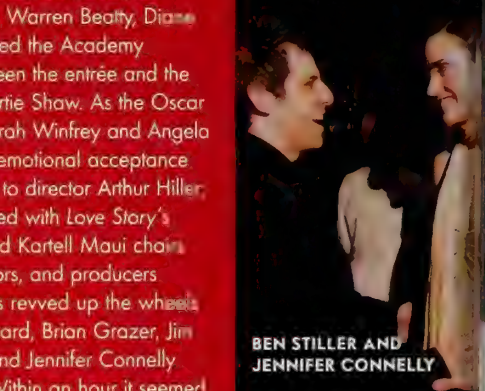
HUGH GRANT AND SANDRA BULLOCK

Vanity Fair's ninth annual Oscar party at Mortons outdid all the previous gala bashes and then some. At the seated dinner in a white tent, 145 guests, including George Lucas, Diane Sawyer, Jay Leno, Julian Schnabel, Liz Smith, Diana Ross, Salman Rushdie, Annette Bening, Warren Beatty, Diane Von Furstenberg, Barry Diller, and Paul Allen, watched the Academy Awards ceremony on six eight-by-six-foot Plexiglas screens. Between the entrée and the cheesecake parfait, Elvis Costello got to meet one of his idols, Artie Shaw. As the Oscar for best actress went to an African-American for the first time, Oprah Winfrey and Angela Bassett stood up at their tables for the duration of Halle Berry's emotional acceptance speech. After presenting the Jean Hersholt Humanitarian Award to director Arthur Hiller, Ali MacGraw and Ryan O'Neal dashed to Mortons and reunited with *Love Story*'s producer and Ali's ex, Robert Evans. After dinner, the tables and Kartell Maui chairs were whisked away to make room for a parade of stars, directors, and producers coming from the new Kodak Theatre. As British D.J. Steve Lewis revved up the wheels of steel, award winners including Denzel Washington, Ron Howard, Brian Grazer, Jim Broadbent, Sidney Poitier, Catherine Martin, Randy Newman, and Jennifer Connelly began to arrive, most of them still holding their gold statuettes. Within an hour it seemed that all of the industry's beautiful people were in one enclosed space—Nicole Kidman, Gwyneth Paltrow, Hugh Grant, Sandra Bullock, Jennifer Lopez, Josh Hartnett, Renée Zellweger, Ridley Scott, Cameron Diaz, Mel Gibson, Robert Altman, Reese Witherspoon, Ryan Phillippe, Maggie Smith, Baz Luhrmann, Uma Thurman, Ethan Hawke. They quickly mingled with moguls Rupert Murdoch, Ron Perelman, and Sumner Redstone, musicians Beck, Paul McCartney, Sting, and Janet Jackson; models Helena Christensen, Heidi Klum, and Molly Sims; and fashionistas Tom Ford, Donna Karan, Hedi Slimane, and Donatella Versace. It was nonstop magic.

—KRISTA SMITH



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RON GALELLA



DENNIS HO
HARVI

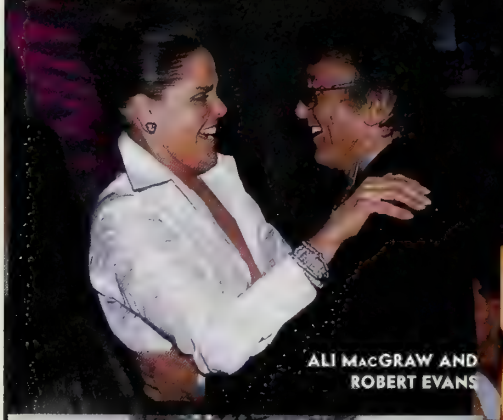


ROSARIO DAWSON, OPRAH WINFREY, AND ANGELA BASSETT



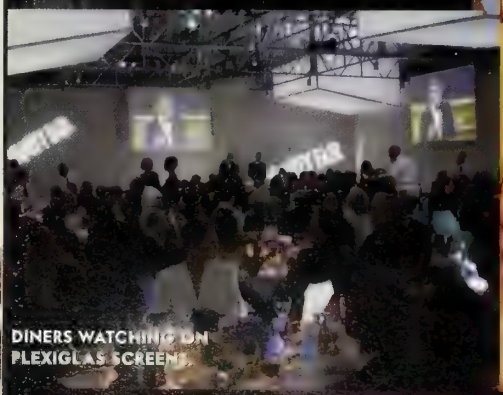
Y.F. LIGHTER AND ASHTRAY AND HYACINTHS.

SELMA BLAIR, CHRISTINA APPLEGATE, AND CAMERON DIAZ



ALI MacGRAW AND ROBERT EVANS





DINERS WATCHING ON PLEXIGLAS SCREENS



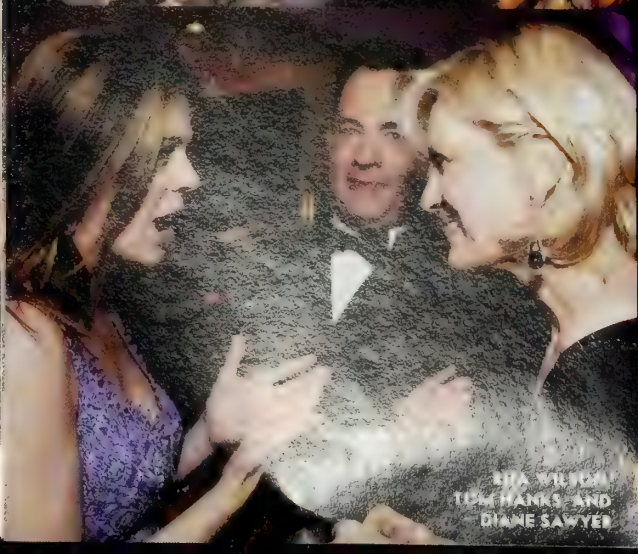
JANET JACKS
GEORG

JOHN WATERS AND ETHAN HAWKE



STELLA SCHNABEL, JULIAN SCHNABEL, AND JOHN FRUSCIANTE





RITA WILSON, TOM HANKS, AND DIANE SAWYER

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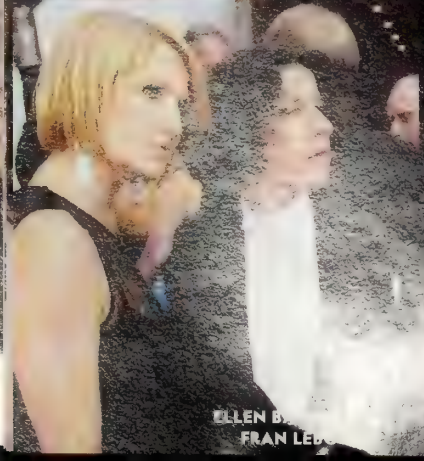

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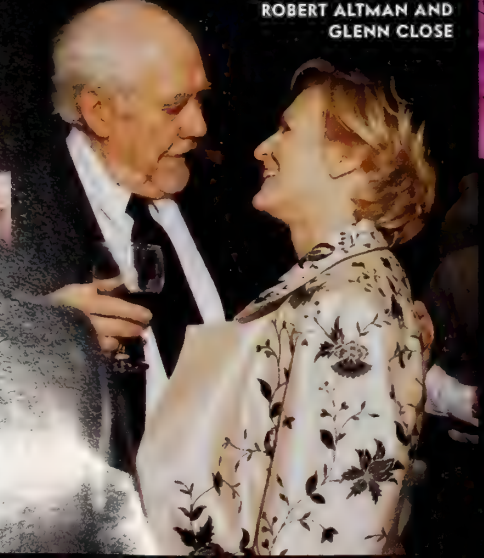



LUKE AND OWEN WILSON


ANGIE HARMON, J.
LOPEZ, ANN

WARREN BEATTY AN
WES ANDERSO




ROBERT ALTMAN AND GLENN CLOSE

ELLEN B
FRAN LEB

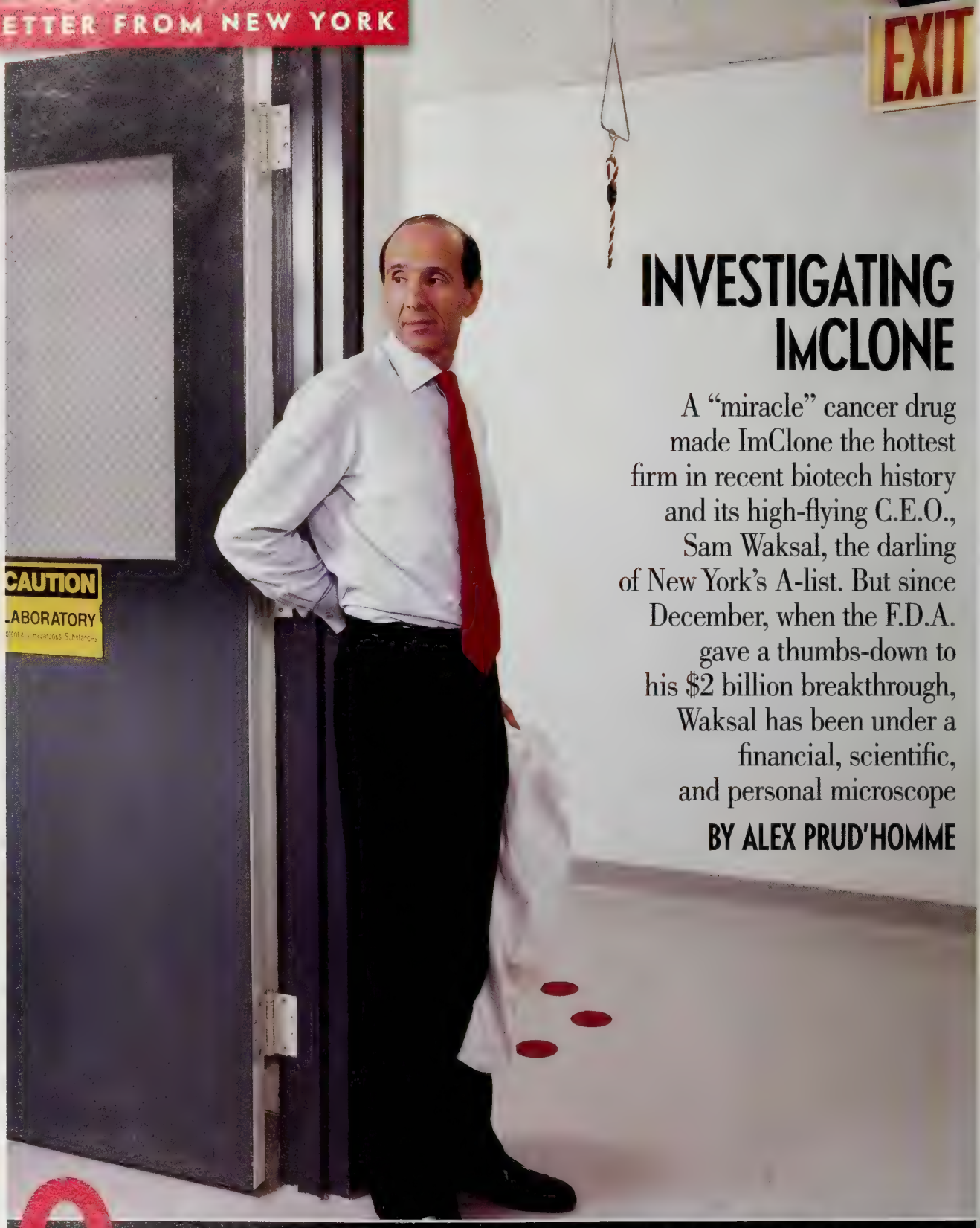

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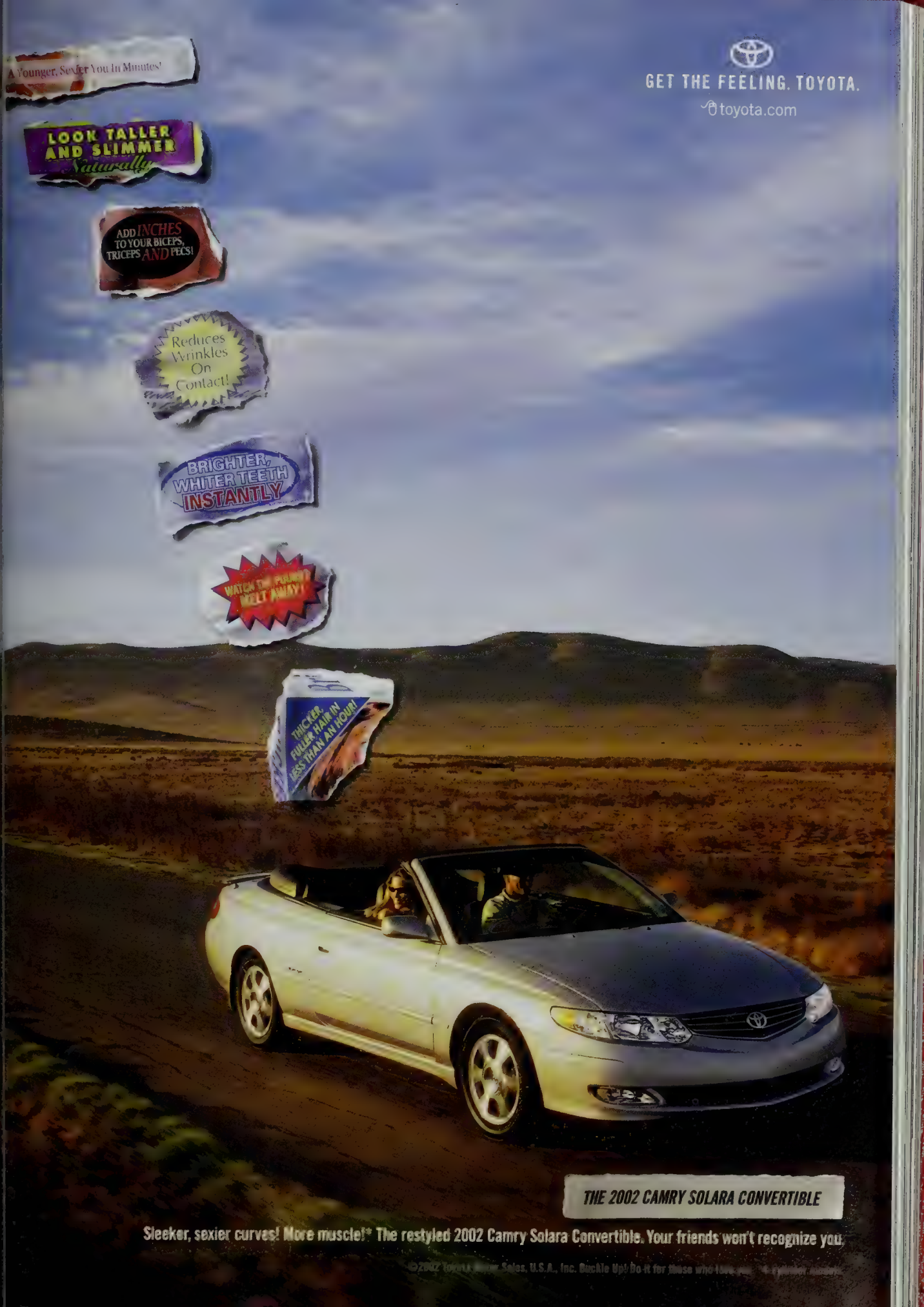
INVESTIGATING IMCLONE

A "miracle" cancer drug made ImClone the hottest firm in recent biotech history and its high-flying C.E.O., Sam Waksal, the darling of New York's A-list. But since December, when the F.D.A. gave a thumbs-down to his $2 billion breakthrough, Waksal has been under a financial, scientific, and personal microscope

BY ALEX PRUD'HOMME

BEFORE THE FALL Sam Waksal, photographed at ImClone's laboratories on Varick Street, New York City, December 18, 2001.

On the evening of December 6 last year, Sam Waksal's spacious duplex loft in SoHo was packed with a rollicking, eclectic crowd [illegible] party. Martha [illegible]ear the faces such as Mick Jagger, Patricia Duff, Lally Weymouth, Mort Zuckerman, Marvin Traub, Andrew Stein, and Andrew Cuomo mingling with less recognizable scientists, lawyers, and bankers associated with their host's biotech firm, ImClone Systems. This year's party, one reveler noted, featured more Wall Street analysts and fewer long-legged women with impressive cleavage in tiny black dresses than in the past. And there, in the midst of the swirl, was smiling Sam Waksal—a reedy, charming bachelor biotech entrepreneur—dazzling guests with his quick mind, fabulous art collection, and self-deprecating jokes. That night Waksal had particular reason


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to celebrate: not only was the party a perfect amalgam of all that he had aspired to—big money and serious science spiced with celebrity and society—but 2001 had been the defining year for his long-struggling business.

Since founding ImClone with his brother, Harlan, in 1984, Waksal had toiled in the fickle biotech industry with mixed success. In 1992, Waksal bet the company on a potentially revolutionary cancer treatment called Erbitux, and then spent the next decade convincing others that it was destined to become a blockbuster.

"Erbitux is going to be huge," he had promised me many times in his Tribeca offices last winter. "It's going to be one of the biggest drugs in the history of oncology—a drug that is going to alter the way cancer therapy is done."

Back then, his dream seemed to be taking shape. In February 2001, Erbitux was granted fast-track status by the Food and Drug Administration (F.D.A.). In July the drug landed on the cover of *BusinessWeek*. In September the pharmaceutical giant Bristol-Myers Squibb bought a 20 percent stake in ImClone for $1 billion, and pledged another $1 billion for the rights to market Erbitux in North America and Japan—the largest single-product deal between a biotech firm and a pharmaceutical giant. In October, Sam and Harlan sold some of their stock for $57 million and $54 million, respectively. They were rich, even by their ambitious standards. And on December 6, the day of Sam Waksal's Christmas party, ImClone shares reached an all-time high of $75.45. That day Harlan sold another chunk of stock for a further $50 million. The only piece missing from the puzzle was the F.D.A.'s stamp of approval, which would allow the Waksals to start manufacturing and selling the drug.

That *ought* to have been no problem. According to Sam Waksal, Erbitux is a leading monoclonal antibody, part of a new class of "targeted therapies"—drugs such as Gleevec and Herceptin—that doctors hope will revolutionize cancer treatment. In the 22 years since its discovery by Dr. John Mendelsohn, now president of the University of Texas M. D. Anderson Cancer Center in Houston, it has been in development, at a cost of well over $100 million. Once it reaches the marketplace, analysts have predicted, it could generate up to $1 billion in annual sales. (Each year about a million Americans are diagnosed with cancer, and it will kill some 550,000 of them.)

[illegible] drug [illegible] sitting

from oncology conferences to government hearings to investor meetings, networking on tennis courts in the Hamptons and in the Grill Room at the Four Seasons restaurant, he has won over pillars of the scientific and financial communities. The ImClone board is stocked with respected names, including Dr. Mendelsohn; Dr. Vincent DeVita Jr., the former head of the National Cancer Institute and now executive director of the Yale Cancer Center; Robert Goldhammer, the former vice-chairman of the investment-banking firm Kidder Peabody; and attorney David Kies, a partner at Sullivan & Cromwell. Last November, Blackstone Group chief and former secretary of commerce Peter G. Peterson joined their ranks.

"Sam Waksal single-handedly made biotech sexy," says Ian Alterman, a one-time ImClone employee, "which, for a fairly conservative stock, is amazing. He was a pioneer of bringing biotech to New York City. It's hard to forget someone like him."

"Erbitux is going to be huge," Sam Waksal promised. "It's going to alter the way cancer therapy is done."

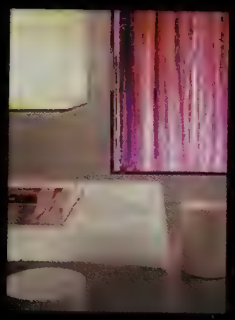
On Friday, December 28, 2001, three weeks after his party, Waksal paced his office as he waited to hear from the F.D.A. Despite misgivings by some analysts, he was confident that the agency would greenlight his drug and that Erbitux would be on the market by this spring. He glanced out the window. As dusk settled over Lower Manhattan, the hole in the skyline where the World Trade Center towers once had stood began to fill with a harsh white glow from the giant work lights at Ground Zero. At 7:14 P.M., after the market closed for the weekend, the fax machine buzzed and began churning out a nine-page letter informing him that the F.D.A. had made a highly unusual decision: ImClone's application for Erbitux was so badly flawed, the letter said, that the agency refused even to consider it.

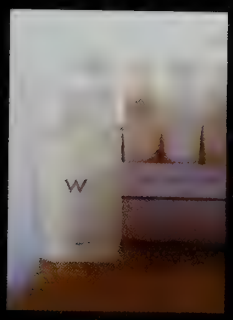
"I was in shock," Waksal told me a few days later. He was dressed in a dark-blue suit, his face looked drawn, and his slender frame was folded into a chair. We were sitting in an ImClone conference room, where a cabinet holds some of his collectibles—ancient Jewish coins, Roman oil lamps, baseballs signed by Willie Mays and Ted Williams, and a crystal pyramid inscribed "Who Dares Wins," the motto of the British Special Air Service. "I was very disappointed," he said.

Waksal scrambled to control the damage. In a conference call with investors and journalists early on Monday, December 31, he downplayed the F.D.A.'s response, insisting that there is no question that Erbitux is safe and effective. He said that the agency's concerns were mostly about ImClone's "train of documentation." He said he could supply the missing information, and predicted that Erbitux would be approved by the third quarter of this year. At one point he explained it to me by using a typically homespun analogy: "It was a question of showing the work. We were like the kid who writes down the answers to his math equations but doesn't show how he got them. The F.D.A. wants to see the work. So now we're working with Bristol to fix it." But that morning the market was not reassured, and when it opened, ImClone's stock fell 19 percent.

Four days later the news grew dramatically worse when *The Cancer Letter*, an industry newsletter, leaked excerpts from the F.D.A.'s confidential refusal-to-file letter, indicating that ImClone's problems were far more serious than Waksal had acknowledged. Not only was ImClone's application "scientifically incomplete" and filled with "deficiencies," but the pivotal clinical drug trial was not "adequate and well controlled"—something, the letter revealed, that the F.D.A. had repeatedly warned ImClone about in a series of meetings, letters, and phone calls since August 2000. In January, after serving for only two months, Pete Peterson resigned from the board.

The rash of newspaper reports that appeared did not neglect to mention the very timely sale the Waksal brothers had made of their shares. Last July, Sam borrowed $18.2 million and Harlan borrowed $15.7 million from ImClone in order to acquire 4.2 million more shares of the company's stock. Shares in ImClone were trading at about $45 at the time, but the Waksals, along with other insiders, bought their shares from the company at a steep discount for about $8. After the Bristol-Myers deal, ImClone executives sold their shares to Bristol-Myers for $70, a sharp premium; the Waksal brothers' net totaled some $111 million. Had the shares been sold after the F.D.A.'s rejection, they would have been worth far less. Did the Waksals know something that their shareholders and Bristol-Myers did not? "The timing [of the F.D.A.'s rejec-





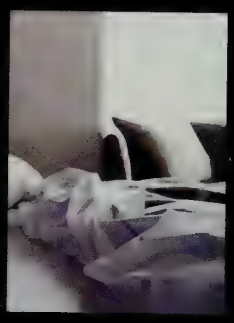










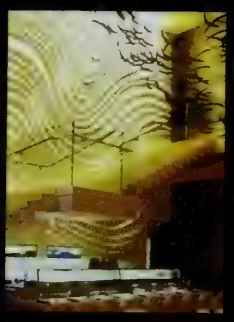


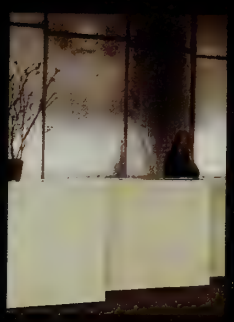
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tion] is unfortunate but not something I could foresee," Harlan told *The Wall Street Journal*.

In February, Peter R. Dolan, the 46-year-old C.E.O. of Bristol-Myers—which had already paid ImClone a nonrefundable $1.2 billion—threatened to cancel the deal and withhold the remaining $800 million step payment. Most extraordinarily, Dolan demanded that the Waksal brothers step down from ImClone until Erbitux received the F.D.A.'s marketing approval, and that they allow Bristol-Myers to take control of the development of Erbitux. The ImClone board rebuffed Dolan's demands, and a standoff ensued.

Then, also in February, it was discovered in a document released by the Securities and Exchange Commission (S.E.C.) that Sam Waksal's youngest daughter, Aliza, a 28-year-old actress, sold nearly 40,000 shares of ImClone—worth almost $2.5 million—on December 27, the day before the F.D.A.'s rejection of the Erbitux application. Angered by Waksal's refusal to voluntarily supply financial records, investigators have demanded that he appear before Congress to detail his family's ImClone stock transactions.

Today three federal bodies—the House Committee on Energy and Commerce (which is also investigating Enron), the S.E.C., and the Department of Justice—are investigating ImClone's business practices. It is an ominous development at a time when the nation is wary of Enron-[illegible]ce. The government is pursuing [illegible]s of questioning: Did ImClone officials defraud their investors and Bristol-Myers? Did they engage in insider trading?

Enraged shareholders filed two dozen class-action lawsuits seeking hundreds of millions in damages from ImClone and its officers. They alleged that the Waksal brothers gave "false and misleading" statements about the drug's prospects for F.D.A. approval. More recently investors have filed a lawsuit accusing Bristol-Myers Squibb of allowing ImClone to mislead them about Erbitux's status.

At an important industry conference in San Francisco in early January, Waksal struggled through his presentation and, in a hoarse voice, admitted, "We screwed up." That accurately summarizes the view of cancer patients who have been waiting to receive the drug.

"It was a huge blow," says Addison Woods, a 50-year-old software salesman from Houston who has colon cancer. "Our expectations had been built up that Erbitux would be available early this year. I thought of it as my magic bullet, and had gotten physically and mentally prepared to take this drug. Now I have to find another treatment to save my life."

Vee Kumar, a 47-year-old school psychologist from Kirkland, Washington, who also has colon cancer, says, "There is no excuse for raising patients' hopes and then not delivering. There's been a lot of talk about ImClone's monetary rewards from Erbitux, but not enough about getting it to the patients who need it. They really ought to have done their homework better."

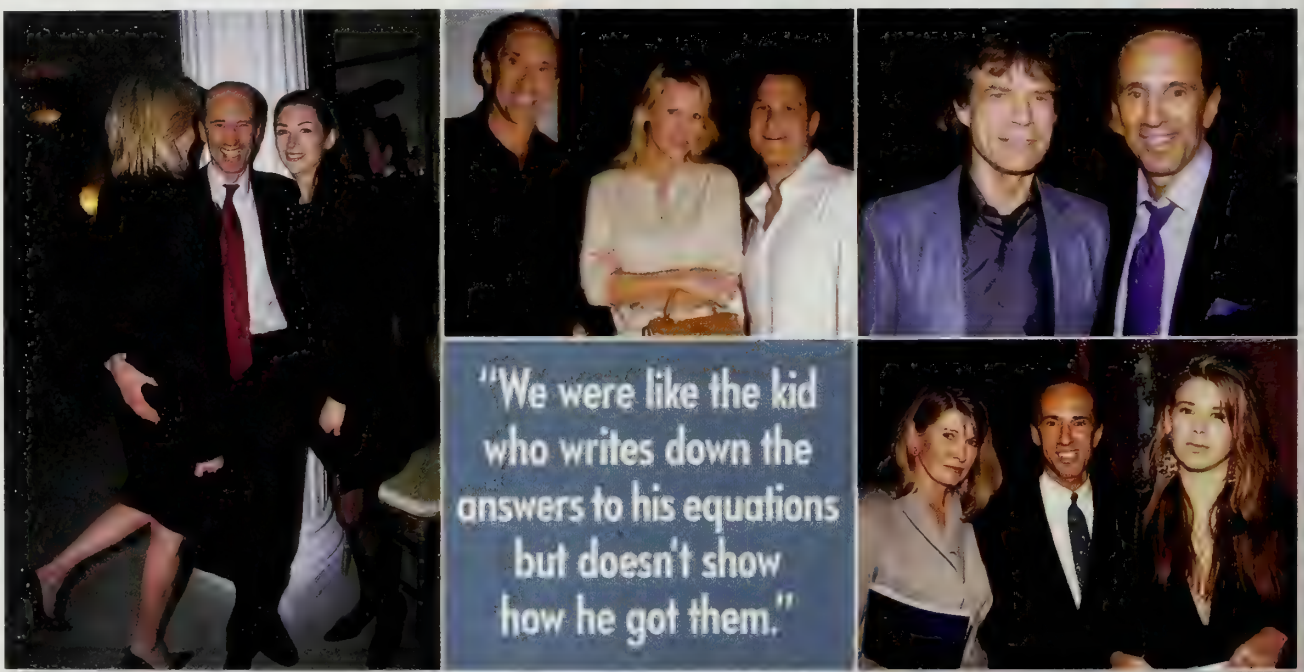
Oncology-industry insiders were also mystified by ImClone's blunder. "Sam Waksal says, 'We screwed up.' But the shareholders' suits paint the ImClone guys as 'the Producers,'" says Paul Goldberg, editor of *The Cancer Letter*. "Where's the truth here? That's the $2 billion question."

In a rush of contrition Waksal has hired a crisis-management firm, Abernathy MacGregor; he has reimbursed ImClone $486,051 he made on sales of company stock last year, and has engaged in vigorous dialogues with the F.D.A. and his irate partners at Bristol-Myers Squibb.

As for the criticism about the timing of his financial transactions last July, Sam, like his brother, maintains that no one at ImClone had any foreknowledge of the F.D.A.'s decision.

He says he plans to donate to charity and invest in biotech and health-care startups. "Has anybody ever said to Bill Gates, 'Gee, you've made a lot of money on the company you built—that's really terrible!'?"

By March, ImClone had reached an understanding with its partner: the Waksals would keep their jobs; Bristol-Myers would reduce its payments by $100 million and gain more control of the drug's development. And the share price was starting to rise again. Still, the cloud of the lawsuits and investigations hovers on the horizon and the repercussions are potentially far-reaching. As a result of Bristol-Myers's botched handling of Erbitux and an experimental hypertension drug, Vanlev, the com-



PRESSING THE FLESH Waksal in a festive mood, with friend Terry Cahan on his left, at Sam's annual holiday party, December 1999; with Patricia Duff and Jason Pomerantz at Thom on July 18, 2001; with Mick Jagger at Waksal's home in New York City, December 6, 2001; with Martha and Alexis Stewart, back when Alexis and Sam were an item, at the winter armory antiques show, New York City, 1990.

pany's stock price has hit a five-year low and C.E.O. Dolan is on the hot seat.

Those who know Sam Waksal well are sympathetic to him following his sudden fall from grace, if not entirely surprised. "Sam is brilliant, relentless, and charming. He sweeps you up into his dream," observes Elena Castaneda, a friend and former girlfriend. "But he never thinks about the downside—which is his flaw, but also his asset. Without that, he wouldn't have gotten this far. He built ImClone from nothing! But he can't say 'No.' He wants to please everyone, and by doing that he hurts many people."

As I spoke to those who have known Waksal over the years—a wide range of people from very different walks of life—the stories began to show a pattern: he launches into an endeavor with great hope, but then something goes wrong; the project often ends in confusion, bruised feelings, or acrimonious lawsuits. Indeed, the corporate ethos of ImClone seems to have been determined to an unusual degree by the supremely optimistic, risktaking personality of its C.E.O.

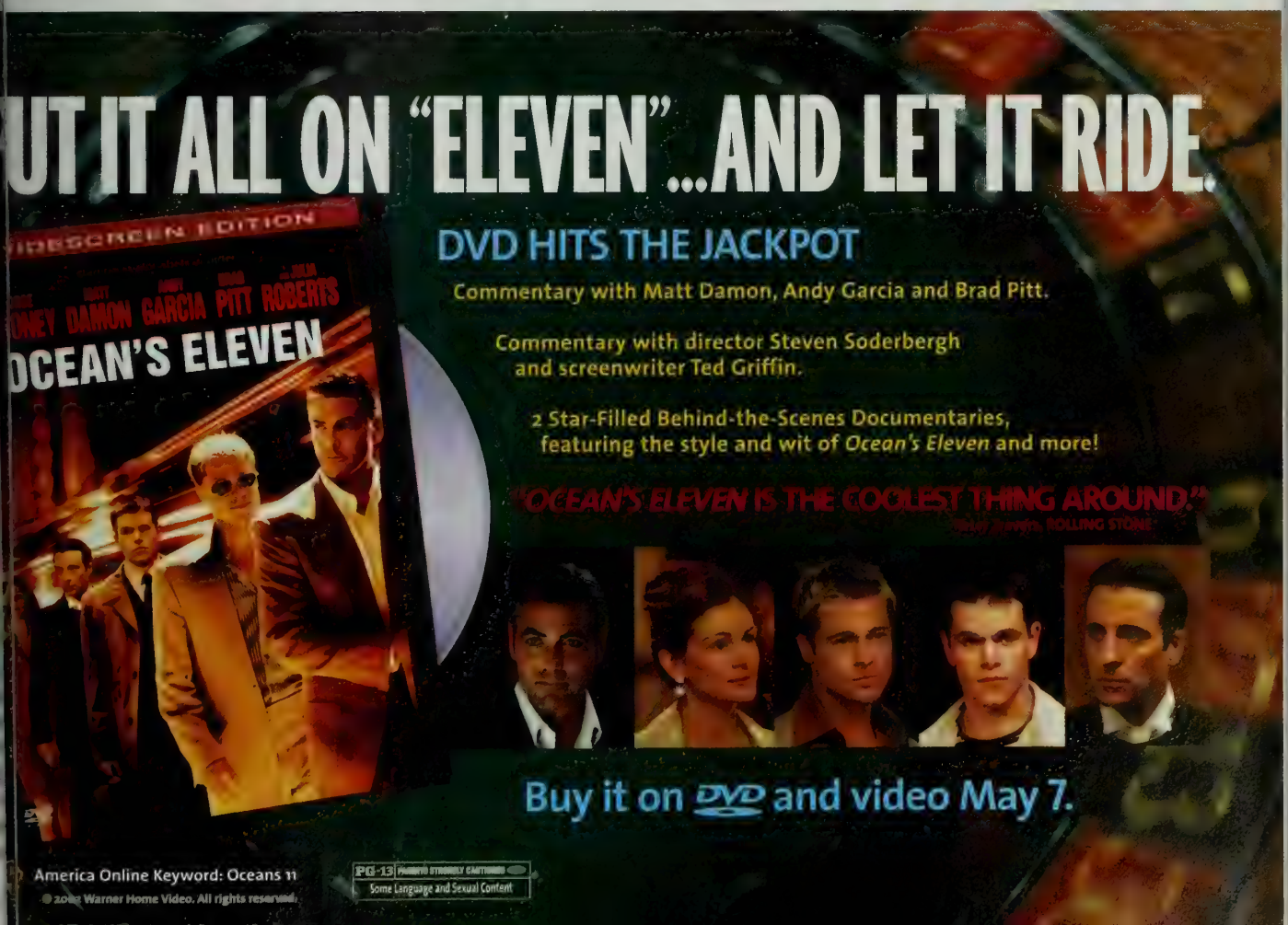
Sam Waksal put Erbitux on the map. The question now is whether his impatient ambition has put a potentially revolutionary drug in jeopardy. "Who fucked up? That's what you want to know," Waksal asked rhetorically last January, when he was still talking to me—before his advisers muzzled him. After a long critique of the Independent Response Assessment Committee (IRAC), which reviewed the Erbitux data, and a lecture on the workings of the F.D.A. bureaucracy, he answered his own question: "It was our fault."

Last winter I spoke to Waksal more than half a dozen times: I interviewed him in his large, disheveled corner office; I watched him charm a roomful of biotech analysts at New York's Plaza hotel; I ran into him at one of the heavy-duty A-list Upper East Side parties he attends each week; I also had numerous phone conversations with him. A lean, balding man with roaming eyes and a quick smile he uses to great effect, he was gracious and entertaining. Unusually, he can quote Davy Crockett, Camus, and his mother all in the same conversation. And though he's not an oncologist (or even a medical doctor, for that matter; he's got a Ph.D. in immunology), Waksal speaks with fluid enthusiasm about the world of cancer research, translating complex scientific language into layman's terms and dramatic visualizations.

"Look," he once exclaimed, jumping up from his chair to flick off the lights. "That's pretty much how Erbitux turns off the E.G.F. [epidermal growth factor] receptor."

Then he led me on a whirlwind tour of the ImClone office and lab, located on two floors of a former shoe factory in New York's Tribeca. (The company has a manufacturing facility in New Jersey.) Striding down hallways and through laboratories, introducing me to scientists, lawyers, and secretaries as he went, he suddenly pulled open a door and led me into an antiseptic air-conditioned room filled with cages. "This is where we keep the lab mice," he said conspiratorially. "We're not supposed to be in here without protective footwear, but c'mon, take a peek. Pretty neat, huh?" Later, he regaled me with stories—about the night Sean Connery, Dustin Hoffman, and Matthew Broderick had been here shooting the movie *Family Business* with his friend the director Sidney Lumet; about buying a meal for Joe DiMaggio in return for his signature; about watching the World Trade Center towers collapse from his office.

After moving to Manhattan from Boston in 1982, Waksal, now 54 (publicly, he maintains he is 52) and the divorced father of two grown daughters (Elana, 29, a former New York City Council candidate, and Aliza), set out to create a name for himself in the world of biotech. "I'm not



your run-of-the-mill scientist," he concedes with a grin. "My interests are eclectic. I think about doing lots of different things—creative, important things."

For years he determinedly put the pieces together, one by one—parlaying one connection into another in the intertwined scientific, financial, and social circles that count. He dated high-profile women such as Martha Stewart's daughter, Alexis (Martha too, according to the *New York Post,* although both the Stewarts and Waksal deny it), and the socialite Patricia Duff. Alexis Stewart, 36, says, "I learned a lot about science from Sam. He's a great teacher." She laughs when recalling the time the Waksal brothers took her and Harlan's wife, Carol, on a rented sailboat in the Bahamas, "cockroaches and all." She is scared of the water, she says, "and they didn't make me feel that comfortable. They *say* they can sail, but . . . luckily we didn't hit any storms. We had a good time. . . . My favorite thing about Sam is you can ask him anything, and even if he doesn't know the answer, he'll give you a great answer and make you feel really comfortable. For a long time you'll be totally thrilled. I don't think he's usually wrong."

Waksal's interests range from reading philosophy and attending the ballet to playing poker with men such as Triarc C.E.O. Nelson Peltz, newspaper publisher James Finkelstein, and financier Carl Icahn. In the summer he shuttles in fancy cars (he's a notoriously absentminded driver) between his 7,000-square-foot SoHo loft and his house in the Hamptons. His friends, he'll tell you, range from the British actor Terence Stamp to U.S. Supreme Court justice Antonin Scalia.

Raised in Toledo, Ohio, the son of Holocaust survivors from Poland, Waksal invariably cites his background as the reason for his driving ambition "to do positive things for mankind." Indeed, in discussing his parents' struggles he paints a picture of tragedy and heroism. His mother, Sabina, he says, watched her mother being dragged away to the gas chambers at Auschwitz. His father, Jack Vaksal, witnessed the Germans shooting his three-year-old sister through the head and fought in the Polish Resistance; during the day, Waksal would hide next to a corpse in a crypt, Sam tells me, and at night he would sneak out of the cemetery to steal food and fight the Nazis. In Ohio, Jack ran a scrap-metal

"My father was an incredible hero," Waksal says. "I feel there's nothing I could ever do that could match the things he did. . . . The way my parents survived af-

When you ask people about Waksal, virtually everyone cites his intelligence and charisma. Friends insist that any doubts about his integrity are simply the result of the fact that Waksal is a loud, flamboyant personality making waves in the conservative and competitive world of medicine.

"I've invested in ImClone since the beginning," says Martha Stewart. "I was almost Sam's mother-in-law! He dated my daughter, Alexis, for a very long time—until my daughter threw him away. . . . Even though people complain that Sam's wacko, and that he runs around, his attention to the real fundamentals of research and science are there. We've always kept our ImClone stock and profited handsomely from it. . . . My driver bought a house in Connecticut on ImClone."

At the same time, others say that Waksal habitually overextends himself. "Sam is not a bad person," says Elena Castaneda. "He never intentionally goes into something trying to burn or hurt someone. He believes what he tells you, and in his head it's done already. But getting it executed—that doesn't always happen."

In early January, Waksal struggled through his presentation and admitted, "We screwed up."

Sometimes he simply stretches himself too thin: in 1993, Waksal's friend the venture capitalist Charles Antell sued him in order to recoup a $100,000 loan. An $85,000 check Waksal wrote to partially repay the debt bounced. With the check, Waksal had sent a personal note to Antell, saying, "Thanks for being such a good friend. I do not deserve it I know." Antell eventually recouped most of the loan.

"Sam is a very clever guy, but he's a nebbish—a nerd—whose desperation to be part of the fast crowd is so obvious that people joke about it," notes an old friend. "He is prepared to do whatever it takes, at whatever cost, to become 'a player.' From the moment I met him I felt he was going to trip himself up by trying to be something he isn't."

At times, Waksal's extra-scientific business ventures have turned into costly distractions. He has invested in movies such as *The Last Party* (starring Robert Downey Jr.); restaurants such as the ill-fated Sam's in Midtown Manhattan (with Stephen Crisman, Mariel Hemingway's husband); Manhattan real estate; the downtown style magazine *Nylon;* and a dot-com venture, ibeauty.com (an on-line beauty-products site).

Last August, just days before the Bristol-Myers deal was signed, Waksal was sued again—to the tune of $57.4 million this time, for fraud and "extreme emotional distress"—by Gabriella Forte, the notoriously energetic former top executive at Giorgio Armani and Calvin Klein, Inc., now the president of Dolce & Gabbana USA. According to the suit, Waksal recruited her as C.E.O. of ibeauty.com, where he was chairman and chief stockholder. Forte claims that he lied to her about ibeauty's financial state and didn't pay her at a time when her husband was suffering from cancer and heart disease. "Gabriella quit ibeauty. She wasn't fired," Waksal says. And in March, James Neal Jr., the former C.F.O. of Scientia Health Group, a small biotech company that operates from ImClone's offices, sued Waksal for fraud, charging him with "illegal and unethical conduct."

Waksal's overreaching started early—in his 20s, when he was at Stanford University School of Medicine, working in the lab of Dr. Leonard Herzenberg, a noted genetics expert.

"Waksal was a very bright guy, a charmer, but not completely straightforward," recalls Herzenberg. In 1974, Waksal claimed to be in possession of some rare antibodies. Herzenberg didn't believe him. "[Waksal] became a 'big man' in the laboratory by saying he had these antibodies that we weren't able to get. But when a postdoc [postdoctoral fellow] used them in an experiment, the results weren't right. Then one day we found his test tubes—and his only—spilled in the bottom of the lab fridge," which destroyed the evidence. "So I called the supposed source of the antibodies at Sloan-Kettering, and he had not given them to Sam. . . . I don't know what he had in those test tubes. When I confronted him, Sam insisted they were real. A few years later he called my wife, admitted he hadn't told the truth, and apologized," Herzenberg says. He remains nonplussed. "Why would someone so brilliant lie?" (Waksal declined requests for comment.)

From 1977 to 1982, while Waksal was assistant professor of pathology at the Tufts Cancer Center in Boston, the eccentric behavior reportedly continued. Former colleagues recall Waksal as an "unusual" character. Odd people, they say, would call Waksal's extension at all hours—they included bill collectors, Waksal's irate ex-wife, Cindy, and "slimy characters"—until co-workers disconnected his line. He surrounded himself with a coterie of attrac-


tomboy
Hennessy. Mix accordingly.
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tive lab technicians—"The profile was tall, legs-legs-legs, dark hair," says a former colleague—known around the Center as the Disco Techs. His lab appeared dark and unused much of the time, and people who were clearly not scientists dropped by late at night. "It was kind of scary," says a source. A rumor sprang up that Waksal was somehow involved with cocaine, although no one ever saw him with the drug. "The joke was that the only piece of equipment used in his lab was the balance," says a person who worked nearby.

The joke suddenly gained credence on February 14, 1981. At nine o'clock that evening two undercover sheriff's deputies noticed Harlan Waksal, then a 27-year-old Tufts medical student, in the Delta ticket area of Fort Lauderdale International Airport. Harlan—who today is 49, looks like a more robust version of Sam, and lives in a genteel New Jersey suburb with his wife and two children—appeared nervous. He had used cash to purchase a one-way ticket to Boston and did not check any luggage. The police felt that he fit a "drug-courier profile," took him to a storage room, and searched him. Stashed in Harlan's underwear, bag, and coat pocket was a kilo of cocaine.

When I asked Sam about this incident his face turned red and he replied, "This is a very difficult subject, one that I prefer not talking about. It's a matter of public record. Harlan was never finally convicted of anything. He had an unfortunate incident when he was very, very young."

After being sentenced to nine years in prison for possession of cocaine with intent to distribute, Harlan appealed; in 1983 his conviction was overturned on the grounds that "the search resulted from an illegal seizure without a valid consent."

The case was never re-tried, and Harlan served no time. He wasn't compelled by the S.E.C. to di[illegible] when ImClone went public in 1991. Nev[illegible]

ron's reports that at least two potential institutional investors shied away from ImClone because of the incident. And a surprising number of people mentioned it to me, unbidden.

There is a postscript to the story: after hearing of his brother's arrest, Sam allegedly put on Harlan's lab coat and did his brother's medical rounds at Tufts. "It's a great story, but silly," Sam says, a vein in his forehead throbbing. "I have my own coat, thank you. I did not leave [Tufts] because I did rounds for my brother. It would've been a nice thing for me to do, but I didn't. He's my brother and a jewel of a human being. It's not something I think should be brought up 21-plus years later."

Speaking to *Barron's,* however, he answered the same question differently. When asked about impersonating Harlan, he said, "There was a patient of Harlan's who ... only spoke Yiddish. And Harlan, when he wasn't in town at one point, wanted me to go talk to her.... So I went and talked to her. That was the scope of it." When I asked about the discrepancy, he looked away and said, "Umm, I might've gone to visit an older Jewish woman. But not as Harlan. As Sam." In an icy voice he added, "I think she would've known the difference if she was his patient."

I was never able to speak to Harlan Waksal. He canceled three interviews and refused to return my phone calls. When *Barron's* asked Harlan about the drug bust, he maintained that he hadn't used drugs then or since, and that that was the only time he'd ever transported drugs: "It was a dramatic mistake in judgment. I did it as a favor for someone, and it's a favor I have obviously regretted."

Sam Waksal believes his detractors bring up the story out of envy: he's successful, so they want to knock him down. This rationale has popped up before. In 1982, in his last job before starting ImClone, Waksal was named associate professor of pathology and director of the immunology division in the department of pathology at New York's Mount Sinai School of Medicine. This was a prestigious post, but Waksal left after only three years. Again there are many rumors about why—one being that he misrepresented data—and again he denies there was a problem.

"There were people at Mount Sinai that I had some big fights with. [They] hate me. I, at times, am arrogant and abrasive," he told *Barron's.*

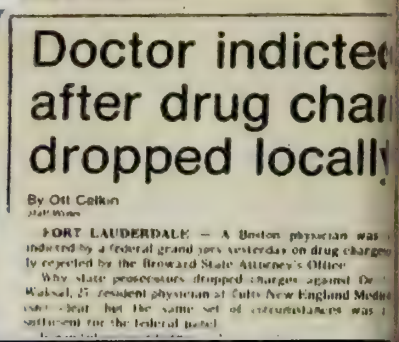
"I don't think anybody *hated* him," says Dr. Stave Kohtz, who worked as Waksal's graduate assistant at Mount Sinai in the early 1980s and is now an associate professor in the department of pathology. "I just think he was not appropriate for the position. There were certainly a lot of heated arguments, but that wasn't unusual.... Sam is very smart, but he didn't fit the stereotype of a rigorous, conservative 'bench' scientist.... At the time, Sam told me that Dr. [Jerome] Kleinerman [who headed the department and is now deceased] called him into his office and said he loved Sam like a son, but couldn't keep him there. Sam was very upset. I think it was a bad fit, rather than bad faith."

"It wasn't a bad fit," Waksal snaps. "When I left Mount Sinai I was going on sabbatical. I was founding ImClone at the time." When I ask him to explain the pattern of his career, he shrugs and says, "I do lots of things in ways that academic centers don't always love to do.... Life has ups and downs."

Dr. Kohtz hasn't seen Waksal in years, but he says, "I've spent many hours thinking about Sam.... He affects everybody he comes in contact with. Some people just disapprove of him. I admire him, in a sense, although I couldn't be him. Most people facing what he's faced would have a huge therapy bill, but Sam comes out of it with the biggest biotech deal in history.... He's certainly unique. He's got some-



"Has anybody ever said to Bill Gates, 'Gee, you've made a lot of money on the company—that's really terrible!'?"



...deadline, is a lucky break for ...
...been waiting for years to enroll in the ...
...ining program, he noted

Doctor indicte
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By Ott Catkin

FORT LAUDERDALE — A Boston physician was ... indicted by a federal grand jury yesterday on drug charges ... ly rejected by the Broward State Attorney's Office.

Why state prosecutors dropped charges against Dr. ... Waksal, 27, resident physician at Tufts New England Medical ... said that the same set of circumstances was ... settlement for the federal hotel ...

TWO OF A KIND Harlan Waksal, left, and his brother, Sam, in an ImClone lab, New York City, June 19, 2001; August 27, 1981, clipping from the Fort Lauderdale *Sun Sentinel* reporting the indictment of Harlan Waksal, which charged him with possession of cocaine with intent to distribute.



Susan Sarandon is tied to the cause. She makes a social statement, wearing the Ford bandanna as a symbol of solidarity in the fight against breast cancer.

PROACTIVE

Susan Sarandon always believed the odds were on her side. "I thought because there was no history of breast cancer in my family, I was safe. Talk about a false sense of security." She recently learned that 80% of all women diagnosed with breast cancer have no family history of the disease. It was then that the importance of early detection truly came into focus for her. "We are all at risk, so we must take any preventative measure available. Mammograms and self-exams are critical for ensuring every woman a fighting chance."

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thing that you can learn from him—I'm just not sure what it is."

"I've never been driven to therapy by issues—that's a great luxury that most people outside of New York's Upper East Side don't have," Waksal says defiantly. "When one hits a roadblock, one's job is to correct things and succeed."

How did Waksal continue to fail upward all these years? Waksal-ologists point to the series of influential mentors he has cultivated. A partial list of these father figures includes, along with Herzenberg and Kleinerman: Dr. Michael Feldman at the Weizmann Institute of Science in Israel, Dr. Robert Schwartz, formerly of the Tufts Cancer Center, and Dr. Zvi Fuks at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center. At ImClone, Waksal's intellectual mentor has been Dr. Mendelsohn and his protector has been the chairman of the board, Robert Goldhammer. But perhaps Waksal's most significant backer has been his longtime poker companion and tennis partner Carl Icahn.

When things have turned sour for Waksal, some of these men have staunchly defended him. But one of his early champions says, "A number of us recognized that Sam was very smart and articulate. We said, 'If there's any way we can help, you let us know.' We pushed hard to get him into [prestigious positions]. But then we did site visits later; his work never seemed to pan out. I felt betrayed."

Sam and Harlan started ImClone Systems in 1984 with $4 million in venture capital. Ian Alterman, who worked at ImClone as a legal assistant from 1987 to 1992, recalls it as "a professional, but collegial, place to work." He didn't have to wear a tie, and the atmosphere was familial—employees were encouraged to wear costumes on Halloween, and Sam would dress as Santa at Christmas. The Waksals, he says, "have great integrity. They truly cared about the work their company was doing."

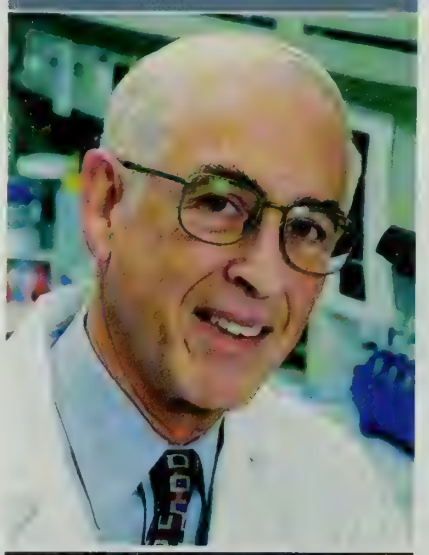
The company, named for the three fields it hoped to enter—immunology, DNA cloning, and medical-information systems—initially focused on products such as diagnostic kits, gonorrhea vaccines, and AIDS drugs. Despite a few successes ImClone never turned a profit. In 1987 the company's planned I.P.O. was a victim of the stock-market crash, and it was only because Waksal was able to persuade friends and investors to keep the company afloat that ImClone could finally launch its I.P.O., in 1991.

In April 1992, Dr. Zvi Fuks introduced Waksal to Dr. John Mendelsohn over breakfast. Waksal could scarcely believe his good luck when Mendelsohn told him about a drug—C225, now known as Erbitux—he had developed while researching cancer at U.C. San Diego. Essentially, Mendelsohn explained, that drug "put chewing gum in the lock" to stop tumor growth.

"It was an 'Aha' moment—I got the drug's potential immediately," says Waksal. "We bet the house. But the biologics made such sense [that] it was not a blind bet. It was an intelligent bet. We simply understand the biology better than other people do."

Cancer is so difficult to treat because it is not just one disease: it's an umbrella term for hundreds of similar diseases, each of which is driven by a different set of factors and behaves in different ways in different patients.

"You can ask Sam anything, and even if he doesn't know, he'll give you a great answer."
—Alexis Stewart



THE ORIGINATOR Dr. John Mendelsohn, who developed Erbitux, at the M. D. Anderson Cancer Center.

The most promising cancer therapies today are so-called targeted treatments, which are based on our increasingly sophisticated understanding of diseased cells. Small numbers of E.G.F. receptors exist on the surface of normal cells, but cancerous cells can have a million or more receptors. E.G.F. binds to its receptors on the surface of a cell and then sets off a chain reaction of enzymes inside the cell that keeps the tumor nourished: the cell "auto-stimulates" and grows rapidly. In the early 80s, Mendelsohn knew that E.G.F. receptors are found in a third of all solid tumors; he surmised that blocking the E.G.F. receptor would stop the tumor from growing. He spent a decade developing C225, which blocked tumor growth in cells.

His work had generated excitement in the scientific community, but the financial community was another matter. Despite grants from the National Cancer Institute and the National Institutes of Health, funding was scarce. By 1984, Mendelsohn had used C225 to stop the growth of human tumors transplanted into mice. In the mid-1980s he was working at Sloan-Kettering and looking for funding in order to turn the mouse antibody into one with human protein. U.C. San Diego owned the license to C225, but did nothing to attract a licensee, and Mendelsohn says he "wanted to do the research and let someone else raise the money."

Enter Sam Waksal.

Although the Waksal brothers had no clinical experience, no manufacturing capability, and very little money, they decided to aim for the skies with C225. For a nominal processing fee, U.C.S.D. gave ImClone permission to convert the mouse antibody into a mostly human antibody in the lab. Then the Waksals bought a bankrupt computer-chip manufacturing plant in Somerville, New Jersey, and turned it into a biologic-drug production facility. But in the early 90s the biotech market collapsed: ImClone pink-slipped a third of its workforce, and others left; a skeleton crew of 50 kept the place going. "We were completely out of money," Waksal recalls. To avoid bankruptcy ImClone sold its stake in the Cadus Pharmaceutical Corporation to Carl Icahn for $6 million. They poured the money into full-scale development of Erbitux.

To help finance the costly process of bringing a drug to market—it often takes a decade and anywhere from a $300 to an $800 million investment to prove a drug's effectiveness—many fledgling biotech companies partner with a larger pharmaceutical company. This helps them to survive, but also limits the profits the principals can bank. The Waksal brothers, however, made the unusual decision to go it alone, claiming ImClone would be one of the first biotechs in history to take a product from the laboratory to commercial launch without teaming up with a partner. It was an audacious move, and it meant that ImClone would have to shepherd Erbitux through the exacting F.D.A. approval process on its own—something the company had never

done with any other drug. (Waksal says Bristol signed the deal too late to be involved in ImClone's application to the F.D.A.)

May 19, 1995, was the turning point for ImClone. On that day Dr. Mendelsohn presented his C225 data to the annual meeting of the American Society of Clinical Oncology, the world's largest gathering of cancer researchers. "Our stock started going up the next day," Waksal says. "The oncologists started buying it." Major pharmaceutical companies began sniffing around for a deal.

ImClone didn't really hit it big, however, until Shannon Kellum's survival story made headlines.

In April 1998, Kellum, a fresh-faced 28-year-old Florida state tax auditor, was diagnosed with colon cancer. Her colon was surgically resectioned, but over the next year her condition worsened. "I tried every kind of chemotherapy available," she recalls, "but nothing even fazed the tumor." Twelve months after her initial diagnosis, the tumors had spread to her abdomen and had grown "as big as grapefruits," she says—too big to be removed surgically. She was "out of options," and facing death.

Then her oncologist, Dr. Mark Rubin, suggested that Kellum might be eligible to try an experimental treatment known as C225. Although [illegible] with Dr. [illegible] g.

plained that C225 had been tested only on patients with head and neck cancer; if Kellum was granted special "compassionate use" permission by ImClone and the F.D.A., she would become the first to use the drug for colon cancer. Was she willing to try it?

"I really didn't have any choice," recalls Kellum. "If the tumors got any bigger they were going to take over my liver. At that point I was willing to eat or drink anything to [save myself]. So I became the guinea pig."

Unlike chemotherapy's shotgun blast, which kills both healthy and cancerous cells and causes terrible nausea, Erbitux acts like a sniper shot aimed precisely at the growth signal in malignant tumors; one of its few side effects is a mild skin rash. Erbitux is not a cure: it stops tumors from spreading, which is significant because it is a tumor's ability to reproduce and metastasize throughout the body that kills. By stopping cancer growth, Erbitux allows other kinds of therapy to shrink or destroy the tumors. Used in conjunction with chemotherapy, it may prove to be highly effective against colon cancer, the nation's second-most-deadly form of cancer.

"When you are [facing death], even a few more months, or even days, of life makes a huge difference," Kellum says.

Granted permission to take Erbitux, Kellum became the first person with metastatic (spreading) colon cancer to use the drug. Beginning in April of 1999, it was administered intravenously once a week along with irinotecan, the chemotherapy that had previously failed to help her. The results were astounding: within a month Kellum's tumors had shrunk by 50 percent; by September the tumors had shrunk 80 percent. In December, surgeons were able to remove two tumors completely.

"I call Erbitux my 'miracle drug,'" Kellum says. "It has given me a lot more years of life than I expected. I am very, very fortunate. If Dr. Rubin hadn't [had the foresight to use Erbitux], you wouldn't be talking to me right now."



"From the moment I met Sam I felt he was going to trip himself up by trying to be something he isn't," says an old friend.

THE SURVIVOR Shannon Kellum and her oncologist, Dr. Mark Rubin, standing outside his clinic in Bonita Springs, near Naples, Florida, January 2002.

Because of her remarkable response to the drug, Erbitux suddenly caught the attention of the legions of colon-cancer patients who have few therapy options. In May 2000 her story was featured in *USA Today*, and on *Good Morning America*. Within hours of these reports, ImClone employees and even friends of friends of the Waksals' found themselves bombarded with requests from cancer patients around the country desperate to try the "miraculous" but still experimental drug. Between May 2000 and February 2001, Waksal says, ImClone received more than 10,000 requests for "compassionate use" of C225. President Clinton reportedly intervened on behalf of a patient, who got the drug. Many others, however, did not.

In May 2001, CBS's *60 Minutes* aired a story on the debate. The show featured two women, 51-year-old Ruth-Ann Santino and 36-year-old Amy Cohen, both of whom were mothers with colon cancer, "begging for their lives." Despite months of effort, Santino was unable to get the drug and died. Cohen, however, managed to reach Sam Waksal on the phone very early one morning, persuaded him to give her C225 on a compassionate-use basis, and survived. She credits the phone call with causing him to see her as "a real live person" and not "just a patient."

Overwhelmed with requests for the drug, ImClone no longer gives out Erbitux on a compassionate-use basis—a decision that worries and angers patients. Last June, at a congressional hearing chaired by U.S. representative Dan Burton (Republican, Indiana), Kellum testified in favor of allowing more cancer patients access to Erbitux. She recalls, "One person recently lost his wife. Another lost his daughter. A gentleman spoke of his 16-year-old son who was dying. It was very, very emotional. I didn't cry, but I felt a little guilty. They all lost someone and I was still alive." Yet she remains frustrated: "I made a big effort. I got up there and testified for four hours, but nothing's changed. I'm spinning my wheels."

Kellum, now 32 and married, has had part of her liver and both ovaries removed in cancer surgeries. Recently, Dr. Rubin told her he'd found a new tumor on her spine. She is one of the lucky ones; she continues to use Erbitux and tries to remain upbeat, but says she feels "very, very nervous." The drug, she says, "is keeping me alive. I need it. And there are a lot of other very sick people out there waiting for it, too. Some of them have died waiting. This is their last hope. Now their hope is going to fly out the window. It's very disheartening. I don't know who to blame: The F.D.A.? ImClone? We've got Erbitux sitting right in front of us, but if we can't use it, what good can it do?"

On the morning of September 11, 2001,



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the Waksals gathered their top executives to announce a $2 billion deal with Bristol-Myers Squibb, once the world's leading maker of oncology drugs. But just before nine that morning terrorists attacked the World Trade Center, and the announcement was canceled. "People were dying just a few blocks away. I couldn't focus on this," Waksal recalls. "But the next day we decided that it was important to continue our work. We're supposed to make the world better. To not come in to work allows evil to win. I'm a child of survivors. What did people do as they walked out of a concentration camp? I'm watching people jumping out of the World Trade Center. Sartre said, 'Life begins on the other side of despair.' I have always believed that. Our job is to move forward."

The deal was theoretically great for both partners. Bristol-Myers no longer controlled the patent for its key oncology drug, Taxol, and its own drug pipeline was running dry; the deal with ImClone allows it to receive 39 percent of the profits on Erbitux sales in North America and to stay ahead of the competition. ImClone benefits from Bristol-Myers's financial muscle and its enormous sales force. The pharmaceutical company paid $1.2 billion for 19.9 percent of ImClone and for the right to sell Erbitux. Had the F.D.A. accepted the drug's application, ImClone would have received another $300 million, and full F.D.A. approval would have brought a further $500 million.

On September 19, the agreement with Bristol was finally signed. "When you spend so long working against the established paradigm, then the vindication feels good," Waksal told me. But the elation would prove short-lived.

"After the Bristol-Myers deal, Sam was God for a while," says Elena Castaneda. "We all felt happy for him—he'd finally made it. But when you're at the top, there's only one place to go: down."

At the core of the F.D.A.'s rejection of the Erbitux application is the fact that the clinical trials were not constructed in a way that shows the drug is an effective weapon against cancer on its own. In other words, no one really knows if Erbitux works.

In February, *The Cancer Letter* obtained a copy of the confidential protocol on which the Erbitux clinical trials were based, and which was written by someone at ImClone, and had three prominent, independent cancer-trial experts review it. The expert [illegible] was vague and slipshod. It "generated [illegible] questions than it [illegible]" protocol [illegible] *Can-*

who's in the trial, and you don't know which drug does what."

Critics such as shareholder Ira Gaines, who filed a lawsuit claiming Bristol-Myers "knew all along" that ImClone's application to the F.D.A. was flawed, have charged that Bristol-Myers failed to exercise due diligence with regard to ImClone, the Waksals, and Erbitux before signing the landmark $2 billion deal last fall. In January, Richard J. Lane, the president of Bristol's worldwide medicines group, told *BusinessWeek*, "The company remains confident about the future of Erbitux. There is no doubt it works." Nonetheless, Bristol was forced to take a $735 million write-down of its ImClone investment in January, and in April, Lane was forced out of the company.

Last December, when I asked Brian Markison, Bristol's president of oncology and virology, about the company's due diligence, he replied, "We approached [ImClone] two years ago, looked through the information, and decided to let it wait. As the data matured, we went back to them at the beginning of summer. We [did an] extraordinarily rigorous review of every piece of information: lab data, X-ray scans, the toxicity—every single thing." Bristol officials have not returned subsequent calls.

Says Martha Stewart, "We've profited handsomely. My driver bought a house in Connecticut."

On February 15, Waksal's old backstop, the corporate raider Carl Icahn, announced his intention to buy up to $500 million in ImClone stock—nearly 40 percent of the company. For ImClone it was a welcome endorsement, yet the company quickly installed a "poison pill" anti-takeover defense. The move, which would dilute the company's outstanding shares if any investor were to buy more than a 15 percent stake, may have been aimed at Icahn, or at Bristol-Myers. Since his announcement, however, Icahn has not actually purchased a large stake in the company. While he has reportedly had a change of heart about ImClone, Icahn's true intentions are a mystery. Some speculate that he is sending mixed messages as part of an elaborate arbitrage.

At the end of February—after a meeting in Washington, D.C., among ImClone, Bristol-Myers, and the F.D.A.—investors sent ImClone shares shooting up 32 percent on hopes that the F.D.A. might accept a new Erbitux application this year. A new application would have to contain more data from ImClone's completed clinical trial, plus data from a 225-patient clinical trial being performed by Merck KGaA, ImClone's European partner (no relation to the American Merck). If the F.D.A. were to accept the new application, which is far from certain, Erbitux could reach the market sometime in the next 18 months—later than Waksal had initially promised, but a lot earlier than if a new round of clinical trials is required.

Robert L. Erwin, a patient advocate for the Marti Nelson Cancer Research Foundation (he is also C.E.O. of a biotech company), attended the meeting and says, "Both the F.D.A. and ImClone seemed to be working together in a constructive, not hostile, way to move Erbitux along. The Waksals admitted that mistakes had been made, but they committed to correct them. When the F.D.A. saw that attitude, they got specific about what needs to be done. The encouraging news is that it looks as if the drug will be available sooner than I [previously] thought."

Finally, in early March, ImClone and Bristol-Myers announced a thaw in their Cold War. Andrew Bodnar—a Bristol-Myers senior V.P. who is on ImClone's board—would lead the effort to shepherd Erbitux through the F.D.A.'s approval process. Further, the new agreement caps royalty payments at 39 percent, delays Bristol's milestone payments to ImClone, and cuts them by $100 million. Wall Street generally viewed the announcement as a compromise that would benefit both sides, and a sign that the partnership is on the mend. But the damage may have already been done. In April, Bristol chairman and C.E.O. Peter Dolan shocked Wall Street when he acknowledged that the company's sales and earnings were dramatically off track. In addition to the ImClone debacle, he is facing an empty pipeline for new products, a clogged inventory of existing treatments, and increased competition from generic-drug makers. Bristol's earnings for the year are expected to fall as much as 30 percent, a development analysts call an utter disaster. Indeed, some predict that Bristol, the world's fifth-largest drugmaker, is ripe for a takeover.

The importance of targeted treatments such as Erbitux is that they may render cancer a chronic, treatable disease like diabetes. The hope is that one day an oncologist will be able to look at a tumor



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and choose a drug specifically designed to shut it down; the patient would take intravenous doses of the drug once a month, perhaps for years.

As with other existing targeted treatments, such as Gleevec (for leukemia) and Herceptin (for breast cancer), Erbitux (for colon, pancreatic, head and neck, and lung cancer) doesn't work for everyone. At a recent health-care conference Harlan Waksal reported that in a 57-patient "single-agent" clinical trial, the response rate for patients using Erbitux without chemotherapy was only 10.5 percent. One participant in a similar trial says that "Erbitux stopped my tumor growth for seven months—and it was really easy to take, with no side effects. But then my tumor started growing again."

Important voices in the medical community believe that Erbitux is an important step forward, and have urged its prompt release. Dr. Leonard Saltz of Sloan-Kettering, who was the lead investigator on the drug's clinical trials, showed that 22.5 percent of his colon-cancer patients—27 people—responded positively to a combination of Erbitux and irinotecan, meaning that their tumors shrank by more than 50 percent. The others died. Nevertheless, this was still the best response rate ever achieved in patients who previously had no hope of survival. "In this setting, [such results] were unheard of," he says. "I'm very positive about the drug. It's not a home run. I look at it as a single, but in an area—colorectal cancer—where we are desperately in need."

Dr. Larry Norton, head of the Division of Solid Tumor Oncology at Sloan-Kettering, and president of the American Society of Clinical Oncology, is also a believer. "Once Erbitux is used in a frontline setting it's going to show much more pronounced activity. That will reassure all the critics. I'd like to see Erbitux's approval as rapidly as possible so that patients will benefit."

While Sam Waksal has sharply curtailed his public pronouncements on ImClone, he has not skipped a beat in his high-profile socializing. "I just saw him the other night," reports a friend. "If I were in his shoes I'd be moving to Minnesota, but he seemed fine." Waksal can be spotted on a regular basis at hip New York restaurants such as Da Silvano, and he continues to host monthly salons at his SoHo loft.

Recently, the author Francine du Plessix Gray, whose book *At Home with the Marquis de Sade: A Life* was nominated for a Pulitzer Prize, gave a talk about the genre of biography to a literary group in Waksal's living room. Waksal introduced her and handled the Q&A with aplomb. "I [didn't] know him at all, but he was extremely pleasant," she reports. Noting his art collection, especially "extraordinary [Cy] Twomblys and an extraordinary Richard Serra painting," she adds, "He has impeccable taste." Another guest that evening, *Vanity Fair* contributing editor David Margolick, says, "He was obviously feeling the pressure of his situation. He brought it up and even cracked several jokes about it—saying how, because of the torture he was going through, he could relate to the Marquis de Sade. He was funny and charming. He's sardonic."

Some predict Waksal will be vindicated. "Sam's at his best in this kind of [adverse] situation. He'll bounce back," says his friend Elena Castaneda. "He's pulled the rabbit out of the hat before." Bob Erwin, the cancer-patient advocate, says, "The Waksals have devoted so much time and money to this effort that if they were just motivated to get rich, well, there's a lot of faster ways of doing it." And the Waksals' sister, Patti, a Maryland antiques dealer, says, "Whatever [negative] spin people want to put on it, my brothers have been doing this for all the right reasons. ImClone has tried very hard to help people."

> "Most people would have a huge therapy bill. Sam comes out of it with the biggest biotech deal in history."

While that may be true, the ImClone case has been viewed in the dark light of the Enron scandal. The press has made much of the fact that Dr. Mendelsohn—a renowned oncologist with a squeaky-clean reputation—is on the board not only of ImClone (he sold $6 million worth of stock last October) but also of Enron. "It's a coincidence," he says. Another person caught in the tangle is Charlotte Beers, the former head of Ogilvy & Mather, who is now undersecretary of state for public diplomacy. In 1999 she and Waksal paid $37.5 million for ibeauty; she has held stock in ImClone, Enron, and Martha Stewart Living Omnimedia Inc. (The last two have been audited by Arthur Andersen.) In a further odd twist, Arnold J. Levine—an award-winning biologist who is an ImClone board member and also sits on the company's scientific advisory board—abruptly resigned as president of Rockefeller University last February. Levine, 62, says he resigned for health reasons, but his departure was reportedly triggered by a drunken fling with a twentysomething grad student in a campus lounge in January.

A friend worries about how the investigations will affect the Waksal brothers. "Either Harlan will take the fall," she predicts, "or the government will try to turn Harlan and Sam against each other, which could bring the whole company down."

"I don't think the Waksals will be around by the middle of 2003," Morningstar analyst Todd Lebor has said. "Their credibility is shot. When you are dealing with a drug company, trust in management is very important. ImClone is lacking that."

On the evening of January 15, a highly agitated Sam Waksal called me on his cell phone. It was the last time we spoke; indeed, it was one of the last times the usually press-friendly Waksal spoke one-on-one to any journalist.

The day before, the *New York Post* had run a gleeful story about ImClone's predicament—deeming it the "newest scandal to sweep Wall Street" and saying that "Sam has been loitering at the fringes of the New York society crowd for two decades, leaving an oil slick behind him that has been colorful, to say the least." Waksal hotly disputed some of the facts in that story, and complained that he was becoming the target of unfair "slam pieces." His mood swinging from combative to self-pitying, he gave me his version of events.

"Two thousand two was going to be a big year—and it still will be a big year. It just didn't begin the way I thought it would," he said. "The truth is Erbitux works. Yes, there are regulatory hurdles, but there have been for tons of drugs. This will go away. And ImClone will be a very successful company."

With a snort, Waksal dismissed the myriad class-action lawsuits he's facing: "Every time a stock drops in price [the lawyers charge in]—you know that. We have to deal with those. And when our stock goes back up, that will change."

In an earlier conversation Waksal said, "To run a biotech firm you have to be real quick. I liken it to being a scrambling quarterback on a football team. Pharmaceutical companies [can have] a big fullback: you give him the ball, and he'll just keep running. In biotech, if you see you're not going anywhere, you'd better be quick enough to run in the other direction—otherwise you're gone." □



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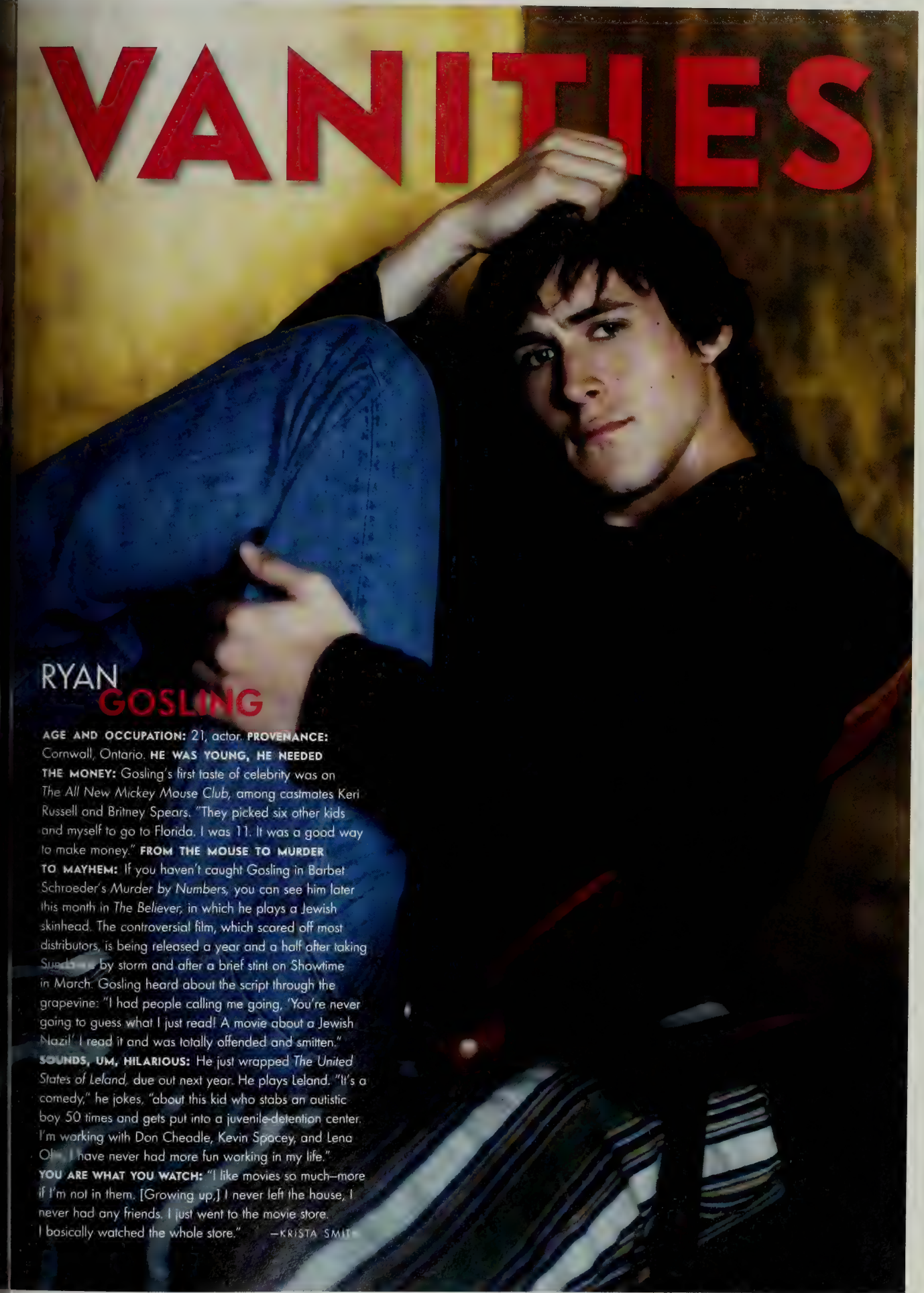


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VANITIES



RYAN GOSLING

AGE AND OCCUPATION: 21, actor. **PROVENANCE:** Cornwall, Ontario. **HE WAS YOUNG, HE NEEDED THE MONEY:** Gosling's first taste of celebrity was on *The All New Mickey Mouse Club*, among castmates Keri Russell and Britney Spears. "They picked six other kids and myself to go to Florida. I was 11. It was a good way to make money." **FROM THE MOUSE TO MURDER TO MAYHEM:** If you haven't caught Gosling in Barbet Schroeder's *Murder by Numbers*, you can see him later this month in *The Believer*, in which he plays a Jewish skinhead. The controversial film, which scared off most distributors, is being released a year and a half after taking Sundance by storm and after a brief stint on Showtime in March. Gosling heard about the script through the grapevine: "I had people calling me going, 'You're never going to guess what I just read! A movie about a Jewish Nazi!' I read it and was totally offended and smitten." **SOUNDS, UM, HILARIOUS:** He just wrapped *The United States of Leland*, due out next year. He plays Leland. "It's a comedy," he jokes, "about this kid who stabs an autistic boy 50 times and gets put into a juvenile-detention center. I'm working with Don Cheadle, Kevin Spacey, and Lena Olin. I have never had more fun working in my life." **YOU ARE WHAT YOU WATCH:** "I like movies so much—more if I'm not in them. [Growing up,] I never left the house, I never had any friends. I just went to the movie store. I basically watched the whole store." —KRISTA SMITH

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL JASMIN




nikegoddess.com

GEORGE WAYNE Q&A

A Tony affair

Tony Curtis purportedly identified the secret to a long and happy life as "young women's saliva." The Hollywood ladies' man has been married five times. (His current wife, Jill Vandenberg, is more than 40 years his junior.) He has also created an impressive body of work, including the corrosive *Sweet Smell of Success* and *The Defiant Ones.* As he prepares to tread the boards in the musical adaptation of one of his hits, *Some Like It Hot,* he tells our columnist about surviving Lotusland.

George Wayne: *Where did you get that nickname "Boinie" from?*

Tony Curtis: Sinatra gave me the name.

G.W. *They could open a library to house all the movies you've appeared in.*

T.C. One hundred and twenty.

G.W. *I thought it was 130.*

T.C. Fifteen of those were child-support payments.

G.W. *Most of them are unwatchable. Which are your all-time favorites?*

T.C. *Some Like It Hot, Sweet Smell of Success, Spartacus, The Outsider, The Vikings, The Boston Strangler.*

G.W. *What was the last movie you were in?*

T.C. It was called *The Continued Adventures of Reptile Man,* about two years ago, but it didn't get much distribution. I'm not that interested in films anymore.

G.W. *You got lucky with your career. Did you really want to be an actor?*

T.C. I wanted to be in the movies. I wanted to be a movie star. And it happened for me. Isn't that fabulous?

G.W. *A career that spanned decades.*

T.C. I've always dedicated myself to my profession. I love being a movie star. I'm as privileged as anybody in the world can be. I'm handsome, I'm wealthy, and I have a beautiful 30-year-old wife. And now I have this opportunity to do a play. Can you imagine, at 77 years old? I'm starting out on a brand-new career.

G.W. *The Library of Congress has called* Some Like It Hot *a nation-*

T.C. I can be candid with you—it is.

G.W. *I remember that you said "kissing Marilyn was like kissing Hitler."*

T.C. It's all bullshit. It all happened [illegible] her most difficult time. And the [illegible] her on suspension. [illegible] ent much too quickly. [illegible] she was living like a bag woman. There was no one to look after her. Where were all her friends? Why wasn't anyone with her after she had tried to kill herself a few times before?

G.W. *So you* did *make whoopee with Marilyn!*

T.C. Yes. We were on for a few months. We were in our 20s. There was nothing special or unique about it.

G.W. *How many of your leading ladies did you bed?*

T.C. I bedded every leading lady except one—Jack Lemmon.

G.W. *Didn't you do Cary Grant?*

T.C. No, no, I did not. There was no carnal relationship at all.

G.W. *You've been a Hollywood stud for decades and you never had a homo affair?*

T.C. What are you talking about? No, no, never did. I attracted a lot of gay friends, but I never had any inclination. Rock Hudson was a great friend; he and I started at Universal together. That just never happened. I was what you call pussy-whipped.

G.W. *Tony, what's the first thing to go at 75? Have you had a testicle tuck?*

T.C. No, no, I have had nothing tucked. In a year or two I plan to do a little facial work. I had to have some work done on my nose, but that was for a deviated septum from too much cocaine.

G.W. *What's breakfast like for Tony Curtis?*

T.C. Going to McDonald's and having a bagel with sausage, egg, and cheese. Once in a while I do that. Usually, it's a grapefruit and cereal. At dinnertime I love to take my beautiful wife out and really live it up.

G.W. *I was just about to ask you about the glamazon. Where did you meet this fifth wife?*

T.C. Having dinner with some guy. I went up and introduced myself to the guy. I never looked at her until halfway through the conversation. She told me she was an equestrian with a riding school. And I asked her where her stable was. "May I have your number?" Right under this guy's nose.

G.W. *Most of your peers are six feet under.*

T.C. That makes me so sad. Grant, Gable, Lancaster. Gary Cooper was a wonderful man to be around. Marilyn, Rosalind Russell, Natalie Wood. We would all call each other, and have dinner occasionally. I don't see that or hear that anymore, and it makes me sad.

G.W. *Whom do you miss the most?*

T.C. Jack Lemmon was the best fucking man.

G.W. *Well, what can I say: What becomes a legend most? You, Tony Curtis!*


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Intelligence Report: HAMPTONS SOCIETY WEDDING



	BRIDE	GROOM	FATHER OF THE BRIDE	GUEST OF HONOR	WEDDING PLANNER	WEDDING SL
JOB	Asia Society hospitality coordinator	Investment banker at Allen & Company	C.E.O., Fortune ◀ No. 501	Lifestyle guru ▶	"Just don't embarrass the family."	Publicist
LINEAGE	Hamptons *Blue Book* since 1998	Hamptons *Blue Book* since 1922	If people know, they aren't talking	86 Elm Place, Nutley, N.J.	Parents live next door to the bride's father	Father bought or Pond Lane in 19
ALMA MATER	Smith	Hamilton	Budapest Technical University	Barnard	Simmons	Brown
CAME WITH	Frédéric Fekkai ▶ ◀ and Kevyn Aucoin	Best man, an Allen & Company senior associate	His third wife, a tennis pro ▶	Sexually ambiguous traveling companion	Robert Isabell	◀ Jonathan B
LOCAL DINNER SPOT	Red Bar	Nick & Toni's	Basilico	The Palm	Barrister's	Sant Ambroo
LOCAL HANGOUT	Southampton Bathing Corp. back veranda ▶	Easthampton Bowl (model night) ▶	Shinnecock	Stockroom of Bridgehampton Kmart	Doughnut counter at Dreesen's ▶	Conscie Point L
BEST-KEPT SECRET	Recreational-lesbian years at Smith		Writing off wedding as business entertainment	How much she was ◀ paid to attend	Annulled marriage to her father's boat keeper	Wasn't actually in
MOMENT IN THE SPOTLIGHT	Purging her bite of wedding cake in bushes	Toasting the bride with self-composed rap	Throwing everyone out at 11	Grand entrance	Firing the valet-parking service	Feeling up bride's on dance floo
CAUSE FOR STRESS	Didn't make "Vows" column in *New York Times*	Right-temple Propecia rash	Avoiding wives Nos. 1 and 2	How to sneak out by nine	Electric shocks ◀ from headset	Grass stain
ATTIRE	Vera Wang ▶	Ralph Lauren Purple Label	Zegna	◀ Giorgio Armani	Eileen Fisher	Roberto C
ROLE MODEL(S)	Princess Marie-Chantal of Greece	Dubya	George Soros	Edith Wharton and David Rockefeller	Martha Stewart	◀ Lizzie Grub pre-accid
AFTERNOON SNACK	◀ Botox	Necco Wafers from Bridgehampton Candy Kitchen	Half a Carvel ◀ Cookie Puss	Slice of Peruvian Chocolate Jubilee bombe left over from photo shoot	Triple chocolate dip monster cone from Snowflake	Fifteen low-fat Bett chocolate-chip cook Barefoot Conte
PICKUP LINE	"If you mess this up, Daddy's people will kill you." ▶	"I couldn't take my eyes off you all ceremony."	"This tent costs more than you make in a decade."	"I'm flying my new helicopter to Reykjavik tomorrow."	"I've got 14 minutes until I have to cue ◀ the doves."	"I can't beli still standi
	Parrish Art Museum Roman Sculpture Garden	Peconic Beverage warehouse	Cozy Cabins	Back of her Suburban	The Studio hair salon	Dressi at Ten
LOW MOMENT	Realizing six bridesmaids and a cater-waiter are exes of groom	Accidentally tipping father of the bride	Pocketing the tip	◀ Telling her table, "This is the most beautiful Bar Mitzvah ever."	Stage collapsing during Boys Choir of Harlem performance	Th m
	▶	"Her family's not at all what you think they'd be like."	"His family's real big out here, right?"	Agreed to be photographed for 25 pages in the fall "Weddings" issue	"They backed down ▶ on the Rolling Stones cover band."	" them

—RICHARD RUSHFIELD and ADAM LEFT

STRATIONS BY TIM SHEAFFER

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FRIGID?

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Michael Ovitz: The Next 10 Years



2003: Ovitz's film chief, Mark Canton, tells press he has "never been more stoked" about company's movie slate, which includes live-action "Gumby and Pokey" remake and *Painter of Light,* Thomas Kinkade's directorial debut.

2005: Ovitz signs former Beatle Pete Best to $100 million, five-album deal.

2006: Ovitz acquires rights to newly discovered Hitler diaries, raising eyebrows because of their frequent textual references to VCRs and the "Buffy" TV series.

2007: Ovitz announces he has officially "run through" remainder of his Disney settlement.

2009: Ovitz is publicly backstabbed by his last remaining Hollywood friend.

2010: Ovitz, in a deal he calls "a home run," rents a popular video at Blockbuster and gets two weekend nights free.

2011: Ovitz secures short-term financing for company through receptionist's Discover card.

2012: Ovitz scales back his company's film, publishing, and management divisions to concentrate on yard sales.

--ANDY BOROWITZ

ILLUSTRATION BY TIM SHEAFFER



NIGHT TABLE READING

ROSANNA ARQUETTE
actress, director



"I'm actually surrounded by books right now. I'm currently reading **Bohemian Paris,** by Dan Franck [Grove], **Surreal Lives,** by Ruth Brandon [Grove], and **The Diaries of Kenneth Tynan** [Bloomsbury], who was a brilliant man and one of the great critics of our time."

ALEX WITCHEL
author, Me Times Three *(Knopf)*



Stuffed: Adventures of a Restaurant Family, by Patricia Volk (Knopf). "A tender and funny scrapbook of family memories by a master of observation who makes you crave a chopped-egg sandwich

BEN CURTIS
actor, Dell pitchman

A Separate Peace, by John Knowles (Bantam). "It inspired me to learn, as well as inspired my education in an all-male boarding school and, in the end, inspired me to want to teach and be involved."



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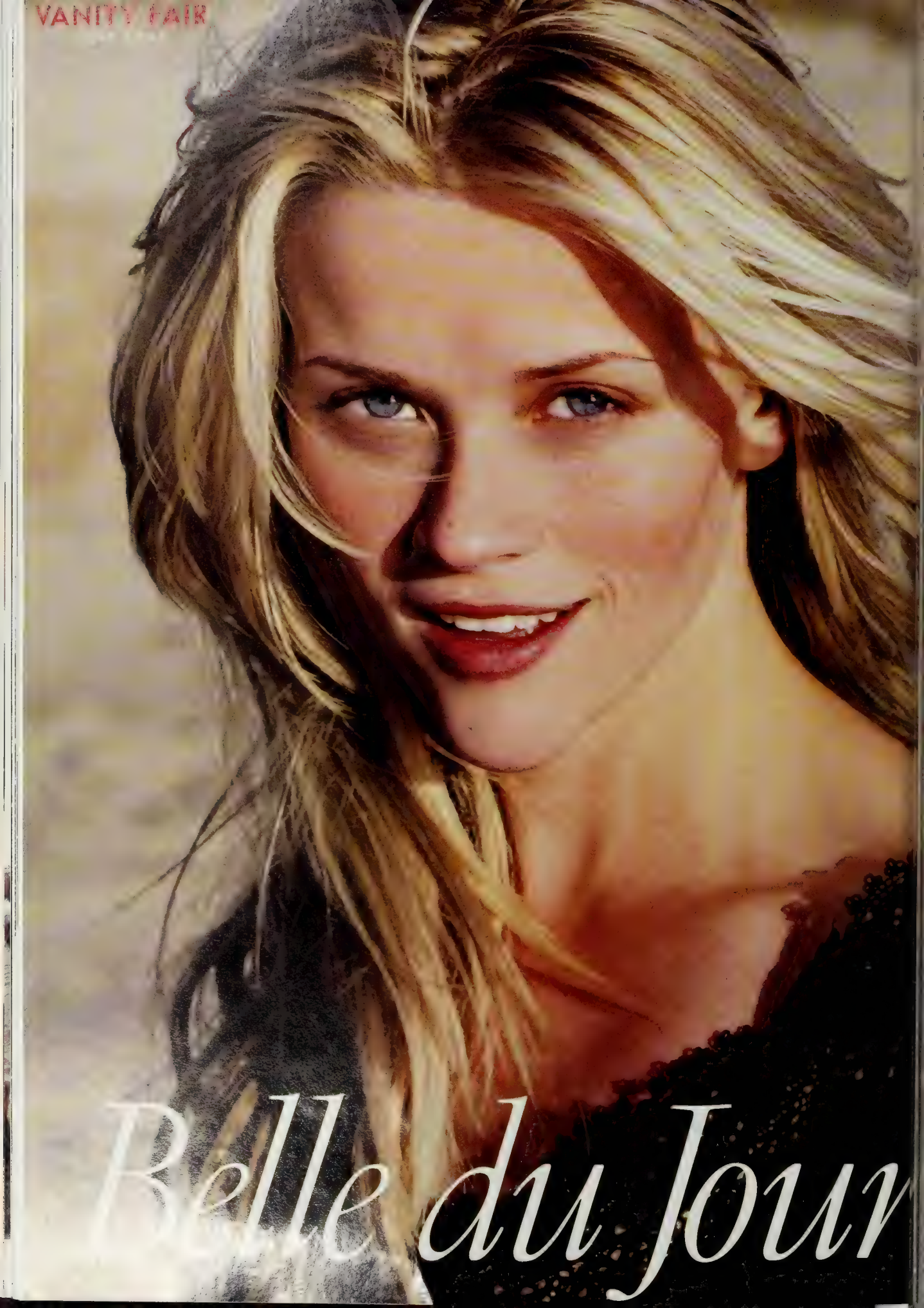


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VANITY FAIR



Reese Witherspoon might have
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
she decided she wanted to act.
Now she's a beautiful,
frighteningly capable movie
star, whose most recent
picture, *Legally Blonde*,
earned her a [illegible] million [illegible].
Between serial cartwheels,
she tells KRISTA SMITH
about being the lone
American in *The Importance*
of Being Earnest,
learning not to push herself
too fast, and starting a family
with Ryan Phillippe



LITTLE TYPE A
Reese Witherspoon, [illegible], can write her own ticket in the film industry, demonstrated in Los Angeles, March 19, 2002.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERB RITTS · STYLED BY SARAJANE [illegible]

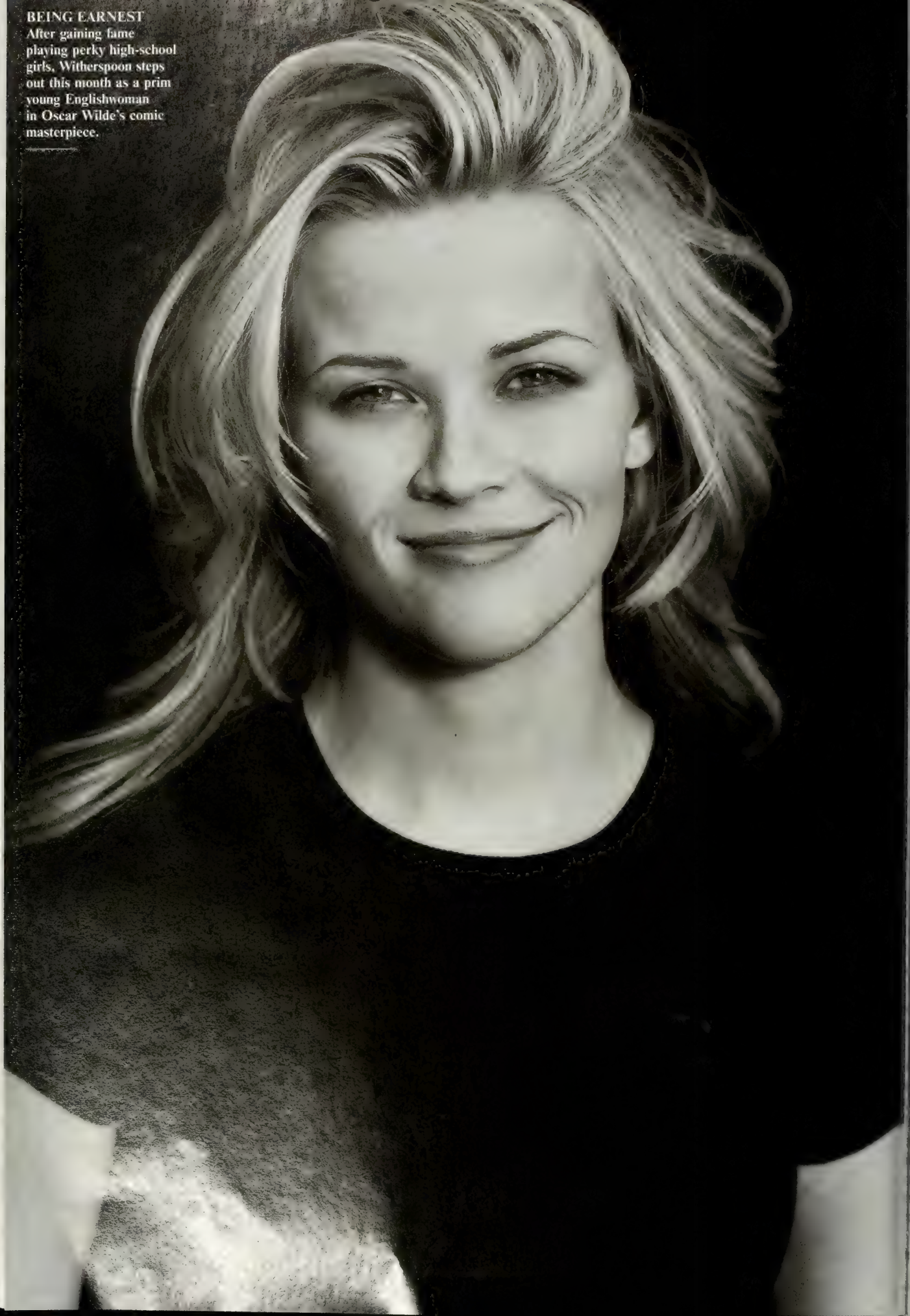


Dressed in a baby-b
tank top that exactly matches her ey
with her blond hair flying loose, Re
Witherspoon is executing backflips i
gymnastics center in Culver City, that n
terious area Angelenos describe as
great neighborhood no one lives in.
has suggested that we do something
for our interview instead of just staring
each other over glasses of iced tea i
hotel garden. Witherspoon has been i
gymnastics on and off her whole life,
as she gears up for two possible new fil
one set in the world of women's tennis
the other about trapeze artists—the la
of which she is developing with her h
band and fellow actor, Ryan Phillipp
she is taking her workouts more seriou
than ever. She spots me as I walk in, gi
me a warm hello, and introduces me
her coach, Christopher. I am immedi
ly struck by how good she is, in spite
the fact that everyone I've talked to
said there is nothing Reese cannot d
she puts her mind to it. She has the p
fect gymnast's body: five feet two, slen
build, with the shoulders slightly big
than the hips—in other words, just a
genes away from gold-medal champ
Shannon Miller.

However, as she says, the only thing t
ever grabbed her was acting. "There
a little girl who lived down the street
her parents owned a flower shop, and t
asked me to be in their local commer
and I was just bit," she says in that unm
takable sweet, preppy voice. "I came ho
and told my mother I wanted to be an
tress. It all came from me. It was all s
generated."

Today, Christopher's main job is tea
ing her some new tricks, including the
ial cartwheel—a cartwheel with no han
She doesn't get it right every time, but
doesn't seem to mind, and you can
that she's having a great time trying.
doesn't look at all like a movie star—
wife or a mother, for that matter. At
she looks like a teenager getting ready
a meet. As she perches on the bala
beam, I ask her if she ever competed
high school. "Oh, no," she says, "I
never competitive in sports. I just di
for fun." Christopher interjects, "Wel
you would have competed, you would h


"Whenever I bump into Reese it brightens my day," says Tobey Maguire. "She's here to stay."



BEING EARNEST
After gaining fame playing perky high-school girls, Witherspoon steps out this month as a prim young Englishwoman in Oscar Wilde's comic masterpiece.

"Reese will probably win three Oscars," says Gary Ross, who directed her in Pleasantville.

von." Witherspoon replies pertly, "I won t everything *else.*"

She moves on to the trampoline and miles at the look on my face when I see ow good she is at that too. "I think that if cting ever didn't work out for me, I could e a professional trampolinist," she has old me. I will learn in the course of our me together that Witherspoon is very uspicious of compliments. "I don't like when people sugarcoat things for me," e says. "You know, I'm honestly the best dge of my own work. It really rings in-ncere to me when people are too compli-entary. There is a lot of empty flattery in is industry. You have to keep a really vel head about when you're good and hen you're not."

As the session comes to a close, a dozen little girls pour in to take their first gymnastics class. I ask Witherspoon about her own daughter, Ava, who is two and a half. he's not old enough," she says. "You have be three."

Up until this point, she has not been rec-nized. But now a buzz goes up as one the mothers on the bleachers IDs the r of *Legally Blonde,* last year's comedy out a girl who attempts to win her boy-end back by attending Harvard Law hool. Suddenly, heads are turning, and energy changes. Witherspoon is no long-just a cute girl in a gym but a celebrity o gets millions of dollars for every film e makes. She's slated to get $8 million the next one, which would be a $7 mil-n raise. *Legally Blonde,* made for a song MGM, grossed more than $100 million rldwide and promptly turned Reese With-poon into a star. Before that the indus-regarded her as a talented, independent former who consistently did good work, st notably as Tracy Flick, the ruthlessly bitious high-school student in Alexan-Payne's 1999 film, *Election.* With that cool quotient skyrocketed, but *Legally nde* moved her into a whole new cate-y. She is now on the very short list of men who can "open" a movie and pack uses on the first weekend.

One after another, the little girls come to her for an autograph. She smiles and patiently takes her time with each child, writing little notes with perfect private-school penmanship. I ask her if she minds. "Oh, no!" she says. "These are the girls that go see my movies, and I hope they buy tickets for the next one."

This month Miramax is releasing Oscar Wilde's masterpiece, *The Importance of Being Earnest,* directed by Oliver Parker, who three years ago delivered his very stylish adaptation of *An Ideal Husband,* by the same author. Witherspoon, who plays Cecily, is the only American in a formidable cast that includes Rupert Everett, Colin Firth, Frances O'Connor, and Judi Dench. Rupert Everett plays Algernon, the object of Cecily's affection.

"Cecily is one of the trickier parts to cast, because very often it can be an irritating character," says Parker. "It's meant to have a youthfulness and strength, but usually you get someone too old. This is a sweet young thing, but the more you get to know her, the more you realize there's a really tenacious, wise creature in there. There are very few actors Reese's age with that sort of maturity. You've got to have someone who has a sort of blazing intelligence without showing it off. And she is extremely smart, as you know."

The Importance of Being Earnest was a happy coincidence for Witherspoon, because *Gosford Park,* in which her husband had been cast, was filming in London at the same time. Her choice to play a role that was 180 degrees from Elle Woods, her character in *Legally Blonde,* was also a wise career decision. "I hadn't done a lot of period stuff, and I saw it as a challenge," she says. "It was a good way to initiate myself to a foreign accent but not have the lead in the film. I worked on the accent every day, four hours a day, for six weeks. I worked really hard, because you know you can sink or swim in these situations."

"Reese is not pretending to be anything she's not, and I think that's really refreshing," says Frances O'Connor. "She came up with the goods."

Mastering the language of Oscar Wilde is not easy to do. I ask Oliver Parker if he was nervous about Witherspoon. "Absolutely," he says. "It's a very daunting prospect, slotting into this thing, which is on the whole a very British possession, and to come in as an outsider, especially when you are surrounded by the likes of Judi Dench. But Reese is a terrific little impressionist. She works like crazy, and she is meticulous—something of a perfectionist. I don't think she would have taken it on unless she thought she could get there."

I contacted virtually everyone Witherspoon has worked with, and there wasn't one person who didn't call me back. They all volunteered that they would love to work with her again. Marc Platt, who produced *Legally Blonde* and remains a close friend of Witherspoon's, tells me, "She has an unusual ability as an actress to play very extreme characters with tremendous integrity and great comedic skill. But what sets her apart is that the truthfulness she gets in all her characters is complete and pure. I always wanted to do my best work because I knew I was getting hers."

Alexander Payne agrees: "In general, with actors, it's like tennis. Good players tend to improve the playing of those around them. Reese was just always good. She could do a whole speech and get every word right—like, to the article, or to the preposition. And I mean *exactly* right." Robert Luketic, who directed *Legally Blonde,* tells me that when he was auditioning people he would tell them Reese Witherspoon was playing Elle Woods, and they would all say, "Oh my God, I love her." Raquel Welch told him, "I really like the script, but I want to just tell you, I *love* Reese Witherspoon. If she's going to be in it, then count me in."

Gary Ross, who directed Witherspoon in *Pleasantville,* compares her to Jack Lemmon. "There is no one in this generation that has her chops," he says. "Reese is incredibly funny, can hold the center of a comedy, and is unbelievably real at the same time. She will probably win three Oscars. That is honestly the kind of career she can have."

Andy Tennant, who just finished directing Witherspoon in *Sweet Home Alabama,* a romantic comedy about a southern girl from a small town who moves to New York in search of a more cosmopolitan life—the role Witherspoon says is the most like herself of all the ones she has played—tells a story that gives a perfect picture of her: "We were working long days, and Reese and I

lived in the same apartment building in Georgia. I was waiting for the elevator one Sunday morning, and I hear this scream from hell emanating from somewhere in the building—I mean, it's just awful. As the elevator arrives, the sound gets louder. Then the doors open, and there is Reese, at 7:30 in the morning, trying to balance a Starbucks with a screaming baby and two bags of groceries. She has herself and the coffee pinned to the wall, and she just smiles at me and goes, 'Hi.' Then the doors close and up they go."

Laura Jeanne Reese Witherspoon was born on March 22, 1976, in New Orleans, Louisiana, into a family steeped in history on both sides. "John Witherspoon, my first ancestor, came over from Scotland. He was the president of Princeton University and signed the Declaration of Independence." That side of the family eventually made its way down South. The Reese side—her mother's side—is from Tennessee and Virginia. "I could walk to my grandmother's house after school. It was a wonderful feeling," she recalls. "I'd like to be able to give that to my daughter, that sense of innocence maintained."

Her father was a lieutenant colonel in the reserves, and the family spent the first four years of Reese's life in Germany, where he fulfilled his draft obligation for the Vietnam War. Her parents had met when they were students at the University of Tennessee, and they still live in Nashville. So does her older brother, John, who is 29. John Draper Witherspoon became a surgeon, and Reese's mother, Betty, has a Ph.D. in pediatric nursing. "You wonder where all my drive comes from? My dad scored a perfect score on his S.A.T.'s and a perfect score on his MCATs, and graduated at the top of his class from Yale. My mom has five or six degrees. My brother and I both went to college, but neither one of us graduated."

She did, however, attend Harpeth Hall, the prestigious girls' school in Nashville, whose famous alumnae include Minnie Pearl, of the Grand Ole Opry, and Amy Grant, the Christian pop singer. A Girl Scout, a cheerleader, and a debutante, Reese was destined to be your average beautiful southern belle. So how did she manage to have Hollywood in her pocket by the age of 26? There [illegible] ness, and she was not a [illegible] like Marilyn Mo[illegible] Kim Novak; sh[illegible] with a funny ne[illegible] calls, "When I fir[illegible]



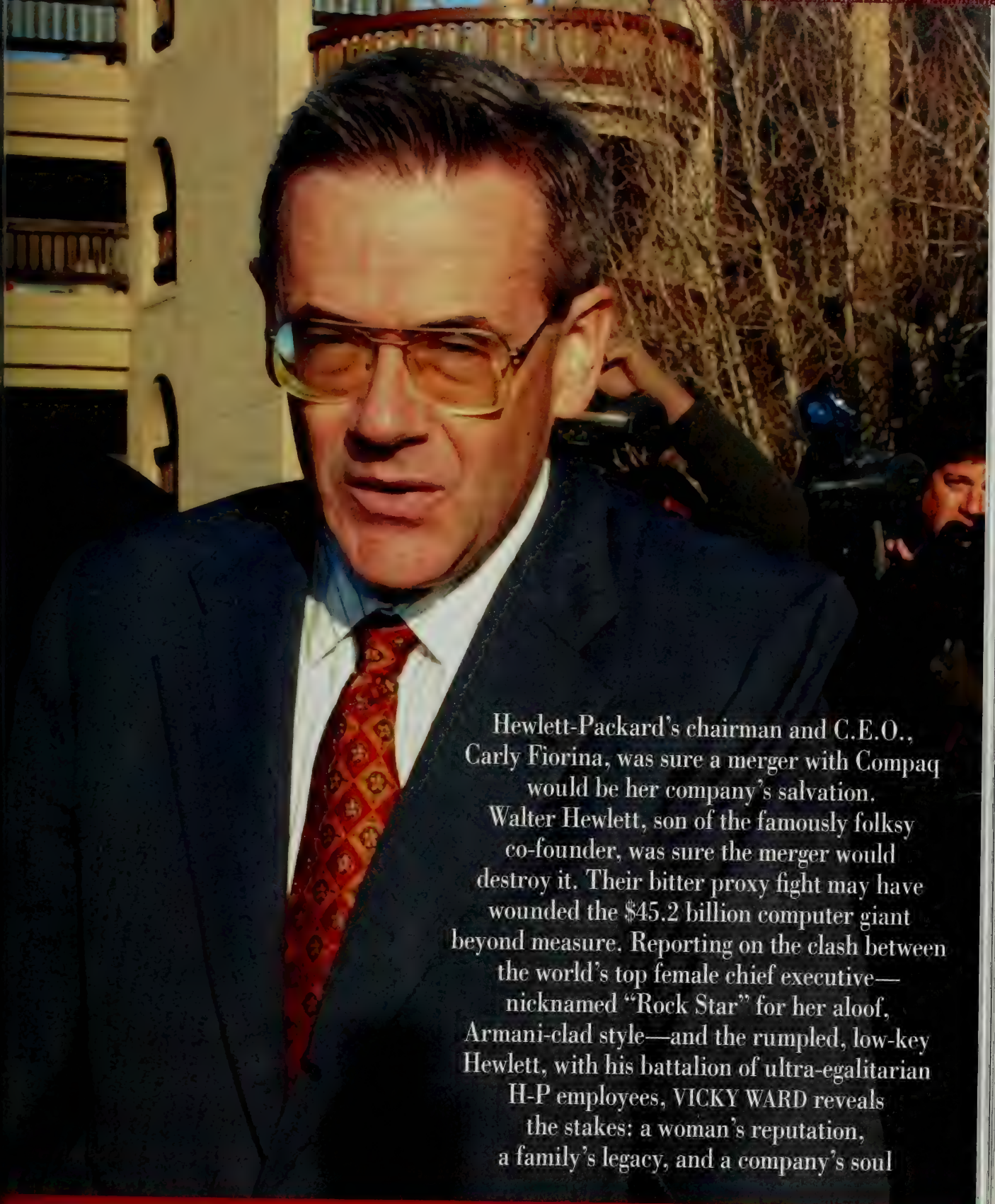
MARRIED WOMAN
Witherspoon met Ryan Phillippe on her 21st birthday and married him two and a half years later.

SILICON SHOWDOWN

Carly Fiorina after the shareholders' meeting in Cupertino, California, at which she closed the voting on the Hewlett-Packard/ Compaq merger, March 19, 2002. *Opposite*, Walter Hewlett arriving for the same meeting.



The Battle for



Hewlett-Packard's chairman and C.E.O., Carly Fiorina, was sure a merger with Compaq would be her company's salvation. Walter Hewlett, son of the famously folksy co-founder, was sure the merger would destroy it. Their bitter proxy fight may have wounded the $45.2 billion computer giant beyond measure. Reporting on the clash between the world's top female chief executive—nicknamed "Rock Star" for her aloof, Armani-clad style—and the rumpled, low-key Hewlett, with his battalion of ultra-egalitarian H-P employees, VICKY WARD reveals the stakes: a woman's reputation, a family's legacy, and a company's soul

Hewlett-Packard

At around 8:45 A.M. on Tuesday, March 19, Carly Fiorina, the 47-year-old chairman and C.E.O. of Hewlett-Packard, the $45.2 billion computer company, took the stage at the Flint Center in Cupertino, California, before 2,000 company shareholders. She wore her uniform—a dark pantsuit, heels, a pearl-pendant necklace, pearl earrings, clear nail polish—and had on bright-red lipstick, and her hair was shorter and blonder than usual. From the back of the auditorium, she looked cool and in control. But close-up one could see pouches protruding under her eyes and an uncharacteristic pallor that blush could not mask—signaling that it had been a long night. A handful of people, hidden backstage, knew the truth: that Fiorina was a hairsbreadth away from the biggest fall of her career, a fall that would have repercussions for women throughout corporate America. As the first-ever female head of a Dow 30 company, she has been celebrated by the business press the way Madonna is by the tabloids. Was she now going to flame out from an even greater height than had two of her former high-profile women peers—namely ex–Warnaco chief Linda Wachner and Mattel's Jill Barad—who were ousted after they failed to build on promising starts?

Onstage that crisp, sunlit morning Fiorina did not know the answer. As she introduced the Hewlett-Packard executive management team, sitting beneath her in the front row, she managed a little black humor, asking the audience to please "restrain" their applause. She knew there would be none.

The last hope for her career as H-P's C.E.O. lay with one of the company's investors, Deutsche Bank. All the night before, Fiorina and H-P's proxy solicitors, under the watchful eye of Silicon Valley's "celebrity lawyer" Larry Sonsini, had been on the phone, trying to persuade the institution to change its mind and [illegible] shares in the proxy [illegible] posed merger with [illegible] computer company. [illegible] that the merger would give H-P the scale it needed to compete with IBM and Dell in a market demanding increasingly complex systems and services. It was a dicey bet. No previous technology merger had ever worked. Conventional wisdom held that you couldn't integrate two companies quickly enough to avoid crippling losses in the production line. There was also the strong argument that H-P's valuable $19.4-billion-a-year imaging and printing (computer printers and components) business, which brought in 43 percent of its revenues, would suffer debilitating dilution. Deutsche Bank had already voted its 25 million shares against the merger.

But Fiorina was determined to get the bank to change its mind. The week before, as a sweetener, H-P had opened a credit line there, which could facilitate the merger if it went through. Relations were friendly. Right now, the urbane Sonsini, corporate lawyer also for Apple's Steve Jobs, Sun Microsystems' Scott McNealy, and many other big Silicon Valley names, was backstage, headset on, ready to radio Ann Baskins, H-P general counsel and secretary, who was seated onstage near Fiorina, if Deutsche Bank switched.

In the audience, all around Fiorina, was evidence of why it might not. About halfway back in the auditorium was Walter Hewlett, 57, eldest son of Hewlett-Packard's late co-founder Bill Hewlett and the leader of the opposition to the merger. A small man, with a bit of a stoop and an uneven, slightly spiky haircut, he looked more like a character out of *Lord of the Rings* than a corporate hero. In an ill-fitting gray suit, he peered through thick glasses and read a prepared speech haltingly off white cards, as if he were a little unsure of some of the sentence constructions. (In fact, as a close friend of his later confided, he is both far-sighted and dyslexic.) But he received a hysterical ovation from the crowd, which stood, clapped, whistled, stamped, and waved green fluorescent glow sticks. Many were also wearing green T-shirts to match the color of the opposition's green ballots.

Then there were the increasingly hostile questions from the audience, composed mostly of current and ex-employees—who'd watched the value of their stock sink from $30 to under $20 over the past year—many of whom either had been fired from H-P or would be if the merger went through. Although Fiorina responded with her normal fluency, many felt their questions went unanswered, or else they did not believe her.

Perhaps the most poignant moment of the entire meeting came when Dan Dove, a [illegible]tocky, dark-haired engineer from H-P's [illegible] Network Management division, took the microphone. He spoke softly and clearly: "I love this company," he recalled telling Fiorina. "Twenty-two years ago I was unemployed, my wife was pregnant, and I was fortunate to get a job with H-P as a production assembly worker. I worked my way through college, obtained a degree in electrical engineering, and subsequently got a job in the lab, and since then have obtained eight patents, and I have two pending. Those patents are broadly used throughout the industry, even by our competitors like Cisco, on whose board you sit. I totally agree with your statement that the trust and respect between employees and management is crucial to the success of the merger, and I totally agree that layoffs should be a last resort. However, I disagree with the way layoffs were done last year, and I work in a division where we were growing at twice the market rate, and we needed more people to succeed.... [Over the years] I had friends who left for start-ups, who are now multimillionaires. I never took advantage of those offers, because I love working at H-P, but I don't trust the management that is pushing the merger, and if this merger is going through, I don't see how I can continue to work for the company."

The crowd went berserk. Fiorina looked defeated. "I am sorry you feel that way," she said, and she seemed to mean it.

But it wasn't enough to buy off the mob. "She's a witch," said one man, who did not want to give his last name. A woman, an employee wearing jeans, sneakers, and a floral shirt whispered, "I actually met her when she first arrived. I introduced myself to her in the rest room, and she started fixing her hair, even though nothing was out of place. I mean"—and here the woman rolled her eyes—"that tells you everything, doesn't it? Someone who fixes their hair *when nothing is wrong with it!*"

Later, sources confided that the outside directors on H-P's board—represented at this meeting by Sandy Ginn, the former chairman of the mobile communications company Vodafone AirTouch—had been "shocked" at the level of employee dissension over the merger; in the H-P 401(k) plan, the only place in which employees were guaranteed confidentiality, they voted two to one against the deal. One had to wonder how, if it got voted in, this most audacious, complicated merger could really work in the face of such passionate antipathy from employees.

Amid the sea of geek clothes—jeans, sneakers, and checked shirts—Fiorina's army of corporate-communications women (sor

whom she'd imported from the East past) stood out like an alien tribe from *ar Trek;* wearing headsets, they ran around shiny black pantsuits and designer shoes. New H-P meets old H-P," cracked Chris olan, the Silicon Valley gossip columnist. Given the fractious environment, it was t altogether surprising that, when Ann skins finally handed Fiorina a note saying at Deutsche Bank had voted 17 million of 25 million shares for the deal, Fiorina oked less than ecstatic. H-P lawyers recked she had gotten just enough votes, alough it would be weeks before they knew sure. Sonsini later confided that he ought then they would win by a 2 percent rgin. The opposition thought it had lost under 1 percent—an irony, since as part a diversification program in the previous months the William and Flora Hewlett undation, on whose board Walter Hew- sits, had sold 6.3 million shares (0.39 cent of those voted), some of which H-P l snapped up.

But in the end the whys and wherefores re immaterial. For now, even though lter Hewlett would sue nine days later, ng improper "coercions" of Deutsche nk and "deceptions," Fiorina hung on the world's top female C.E.O. She left stage as she'd entered—through a side or. "Her slipping in and out of side ors was very typical," says a former mber of her communications team. ke a rock star."

"That's what her nickname is," another ner employee confirms: "Rock Star."

Three years ago, when Fiorina went from being president of the Global Service Provider business at Lucent Technologies, at the time a white-hot telecom-equipment provider, to C.E.O. of Hewlett-kard, the gray lady of Silicon Valley, was greeted with perhaps the noisiest are in the history of any incoming f executive. And since she was an outr, the Valley looked with interest to see what innovations she'd bring to an engineering culture that had grown cumbersomely huge as it entered its third generation of management. Only H-P's printer businesses remained the leaders in their sectors. Its P.C., server, management software, storage, and consulting divisions lagged badly.

So she set about rebranding the company. Within just a few months, she'd replaced H-P's mundane advertising with images of herself standing in front of the single-car garage in Palo Alto where the two founders, Bill Hewlett and Dave Packard, started it all in 1938 with a device to test sound equipment. She was constantly on the covers of business magazines; since *Fortune* first published its annual "50 Most Powerful Women in American Business" issue, she has graced that cover three times out of four, once all by herself. In November of 1999, at Comdex, the industry's biggest annual trade show, in Las Vegas, her speech about her vision for H-P was so powerful that people cried; when she spoke at Herb Allen's 2000 Sun Valley mogulfest, a line formed to meet her afterward.

Fiorina started well at H-P, living up to all the heady expectations; after a successful first year, in which she'd exceeded her own 15 percent revenue-growth prediction, she surprised people by predicting, in a slowing market, that she would repeat the achievement, but in November 2000 she missed analysts' fourth-quarter earnings targets by a hefty 10 cents (20 percent), and her credibility with Wall Street crumbled. As a direct consequence, an attempted merger with the consulting division of Pricewaterhouse-Coopers—which she'd hoped would help bulk up H-P's equipment services and consulting business—was abandoned (H-P says it was merely "the wrong time and the wrong price"); in January 2001, H-P laid off 1,000 workers. Last summer nearly all of the 88,000 employees took voluntary pay cuts. It was not enough. There were 6,000 further layoffs.

Many of the high rollers in the Silicon Valley community—men who pride themselves on being meritocratic to their fingertips—started to whisper that had Fiorina been a man she would have been out. In the two years since she'd taken over, the stock price had tumbled 77 percent.

Then there were the complaints about the "rock star" behavior. Fiorina, it was rumored, had an entourage of bodyguards, plus a personal trainer and a personal hairdresser on call. One of her first administrative moves was to buy a new Gulf-

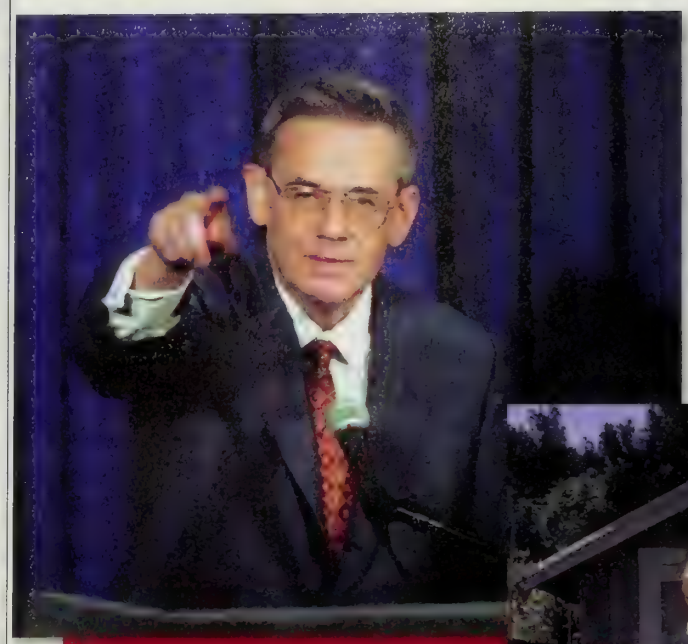




READ MY LIPS

Left, a Compaq employee protests outside the March 19 shareholders' meeting; *below,* Fiorina and Michael Capellas, chairman and C.E.O. of Compaq, huddle at an analyst meeting, September 4, 2001. When asked about the merger, Capellas said, "You will never know" whose idea it was originally.

"What Carly failed to do was to be one of the employees for a while, get out among them and find out who they are and what they think."



"In Silicon Valley, messing with the H-P culture is like the Taliban destroying the Buddhist statues in Afghanistan."



ALL IN THE FAMILY

Above, Walter Hewlett after the March 19 meeting. *Right,* David Packard, left, and William Hewlett pose in 1989 in front of the Palo Alto garage where they began their company; even after they had made billions, the two drove their old cars and barbecued the meat themselves at the annual company picnic.

stream IV jet, for which a carpenter from Marin County custom-made shelves; her office had three personal assistants, whereas her predecessor, Lew Platt, had only one; she refused to pose with some long-term employees for pictures. (Referring to a "Carly myths sheet," H-P spokeswoman Rebeca Robboy denies the trainer and the hairdresser; Fiorina does have security, she says.) These gestures might have rankled anywhere, but they looked even worse at a company known for its egalitarian approach. Its example had sparked the famously relaxed style of Silicon Valley office life: the casual clothes, the flexible hours, the low-key personal style of C.E.O.'s. "This is an extreme analogy," says one employee, "but in Silicon Valley, messing with the H-P culture is like the Taliban destroying the Buddhist statues in Afghanistan."

"Management by walking around" was the modus operandi of Dave Packard and Bill Hewlett. Even when they'd made their billions they drove to work in their old cars—Hewlett's was a Ford Taurus—and they paid themselves no more than $125,000 apiece in annual salaries. Though their land was worth millions, their homes were simple and without staffs. They cared far more about the environment than about their executive perks, and they implemented a company diversity policy and employee health insurance long before such things were widespread. At the annual H-P picnic, they rolled up their sleeves and barbecued the meat themselves.

One former executive assistant recalls how Bill Hewlett once begged her to sew a button on his jacket. She says, "Mr. Hewlett would come around and sit down and say, 'What are you doing?' He would listen. He knew people—you know, when their dog died."

It wasn't just the good manners and personal involvement, though, that earned Hewlett and Packard the respect of their employees; it was also that at heart both men were engineers. One former employee recalls Hewlett stopping by in the late 80s and asking him all sorts of questions about what he was working on. "It astounded me that someone [...] the types of things that he needed to be thinking of would still have t ability or the interest," he says.

Many employees recount how t company supported them in diffic personal times. Scott Peterson, w worked at H-P for 20 years, reca how management helped him throu an alcohol problem, when he was s new to the company. Dan Dove sa he knows of no other firm that wou have paid his tuition at Sacramer State University 22 years ago. Dc says everyone benefited. "H-P allow me to adjust my work schedule arou my class schedule ... so I think came out much better educated th your average college hire."

"Bill and Dave"—as they we known—officially handed over t reins of the company in the late 7(they then came back in the early 9 to help H-P counter the recessio Their successors were men who h worked their way up at H-P and w had known the founders intimate They were therefore readily accept by the employees. When John Youn Bill and Dave's immediate success hit a rocky patch and an article in *Fortu* magazine was generally critical, Don Trombly, an executive assistant at t time, felt so badly she wrote him a let of support. It ended up with a mass of s natures on it.

Lew Platt, Young's successor—and F rina's predecessor—was considered an e pathetic man, if not a visionary. Und him the company's bureaucracy gr heavy and sluggish. Joel Birnbaum, n on the H-P payroll as a consultant, th head of research and development, poi out, for example, that the ink-jet and Las Jet printers were competing with one a other—as was the case with products many of the other divisions, since H-P w composed of 83 autonomous units. O of Birnbaum's biggest gripes is that H had elements of Internet technology ye before its competitors did, but risk-aver attitudes prevented early exploitation. addition, the marketing was terrible. "O

f the local wags said that if H-P ever ent into the sushi business it would hang ut a sign selling 'cold, dead fish,'" says irnbaum.

In 1999 the board decided to spin off ie test-and-measurement business (i.e., all ie non-computer-related engineering comonents), viewed by many as the heart of I-P. The new company was called Agilent, ough many thought it was the one truly eriting the H-P name. Of the founders' ildren, only David Woodley Packard, 61, eccentric philanthropist and former assics professor, whose passions include ack-and-white movies from the 30s and 0s and writing computer code, showed y dissatisfaction with the turn of events. e resigned from the H-P board.

Around the same time, Platt decided he as not the man to lead H-P through the Inrnet era, and he suggested to the board at it hunt for a new C.E.O. A small section committee was headed by Richard ackborn, the venerated strategist who'd unded the company's valuable ink-jet inter business in 1984, and who himself d turned down the C.E.O. job, preferring less stressful existence in Boise, Idaho. he Hewlett and Packard families, represented on the board by Walter Hewlett, his other-in-law Jean-Paul Gimon (an engier turned banker), and Susan Packard r, Dave Packard's daughter, backed him his choice of Fiorina.

Fiorina would perhaps not have been nsidered for the job had it not been for r appearance in 1998 on the cover of *rtune* as No. 1 on the list of the world's p women in business. Until that moent, recalls Pattie Sellers, the *Fortune* rnalist who wrote the cover story and s on the team that prepared the rank-g, "there'd only been one story written out her, in *Investor's Business Daily*."

Fiorina was not even the most highly nunerated or highest-ranking woman ecutive at Lucent—that role belonged to tricia Russo, then the executive vice presnt of corporate operations, now the comny's C.E.O. Fiorina also lacked relevant perience—although she was the sales ef of the $19 billion service provider ision, she did not have profit-and-loss reonsibility. It was said within Lucent that rina never stayed in one position long ough to prove herself; in the previous r years, she'd changed jobs five times.

But what impressed Sellers was the fact t it was Fiorina, together with her men Rich McGinn, then Lucent's C.E.O., o took the company public in 1996—at billion, the biggest I.P.O. up to that time. e was so much Rich McGinn's star, at me when Rich McGinn was still a star," says Sellers, adding that at one point Lucent's stock had increased almost fivefold since the I.P.O.

Fiorina's powerful charisma charmed Hackborn and his committee. An insider remembers, "She talked this good talk about needing to innovate, but keeping to the H-P way. She seemed to understand the company."

But soon after her arrival, doubts set in—not about her intellectual abilities but about her cultural sensitivity. One source, speaking anonymously, puts it this way: "I think what Carly failed to do was to be one of the employees for a while, get out among them and find out who they are and what they think. Instead she came in with an attitude that this is a country club, and I'm going to shake it up. And she began to do things without a strong knowledge of how even the company works. That, I think, caused employees to become very suspicious, and what started as a rousing welcome, an incredible outpouring of support for her and a cheering of what she might be able to do to lead H-P in the future, turned into disillusionment and ultimately disbelief in the way that she handles employee relations."

The problem with the ads featuring Fiorina wasn't just that they were seen to be egomaniacal—part of the cult of the "East Coast celebrity C.E.O."—but also that she had made assumptions about the company's history without checking. "It was grotesque," says Jean-Paul Gimon. "Did she not ask anyone? Bill and Dave hated that garage.... They used to joke that the only thing that got invented there were toilet seats."

Other small missteps also created tension. Fiorina frosted the glass doors of her office and conference rooms, thereby destroying the famously open, democratic nature of the executive space. And while Bill and Dave used to frequent the cafeteria, Fiorina has yet to be seen there.

Fiorina set about chopping down the company's 83 divisions to 17 product categories, thereby reducing autonomy. Engineers, who are perfectionist by nature, found themselves being barked at to deliver equipment before it was ready. Many began to feel isolated: they could not talk to their new manager, they felt; and they could not talk to Fiorina. Scott Peterson, who worked in the research-and-development labs, among other divisions, found it sufficiently upsetting to quit after 20 years with the company. Peterson says, "When you ask a good engineer to put out a product—half of a product—in a year because it will meet a political goal ... that is insulting.... It is just not the H-P way." He is now at Agilent.

Given her lack of technological expertise, many thought it bizarre that Fiorina did not promote anyone around her who did have such knowledge. "One of the problems at H-P," says a former employee, "is that there is a dearth of talent at the top." More worrisome, says a former salesperson, was an innovation made in 2000 known as "channel-stuffing," used to inflate earnings—i.e., products are shipped to retailers and distributors before they are actually sold. (Fiorina has categorically denied channel-stuffing.) Still, the anxiety at H-P was kept below the surface until late fall 2000, when Fiorina missed the earnings that she had projected as late as the week before. One former high-level employee remembers the all-day Saturday conference call the weekend Fiorina realized she was going to have to do a U-turn: "The call was endless. Six, seven hours. And she was rattled.... We had done all these dotcom deals.... They blew up.... And while she was out promoting 15 percent growth ... what was clear to everybody was that the eye was off the ball. This came as an almost complete surprise.... And that doesn't happen at H-P."

People outside the company in Silicon Valley also started to worry about Fiorina's stewardship. This is a tiny community, where everyone's business connects with everyone else's. The big players get together at Chantilly, a restaurant near Fiorina's home in Atherton with an ambience so clubby that there are no menus for regulars. It is strange, say many C.E.O.'s, that Fiorina has shown little appetite for mixing socially with them. She failed to appear at Bill Gates's annual C.E.O. summit in Seattle her first year, which went down as a snub.

Others noticed that she turned down their invitations for dinner. "Networking is the Silicon Valley way," says one insider. "The fact that she didn't want to do that made us think she was insecure—that she couldn't hold her own because she didn't understand the technology sufficiently."

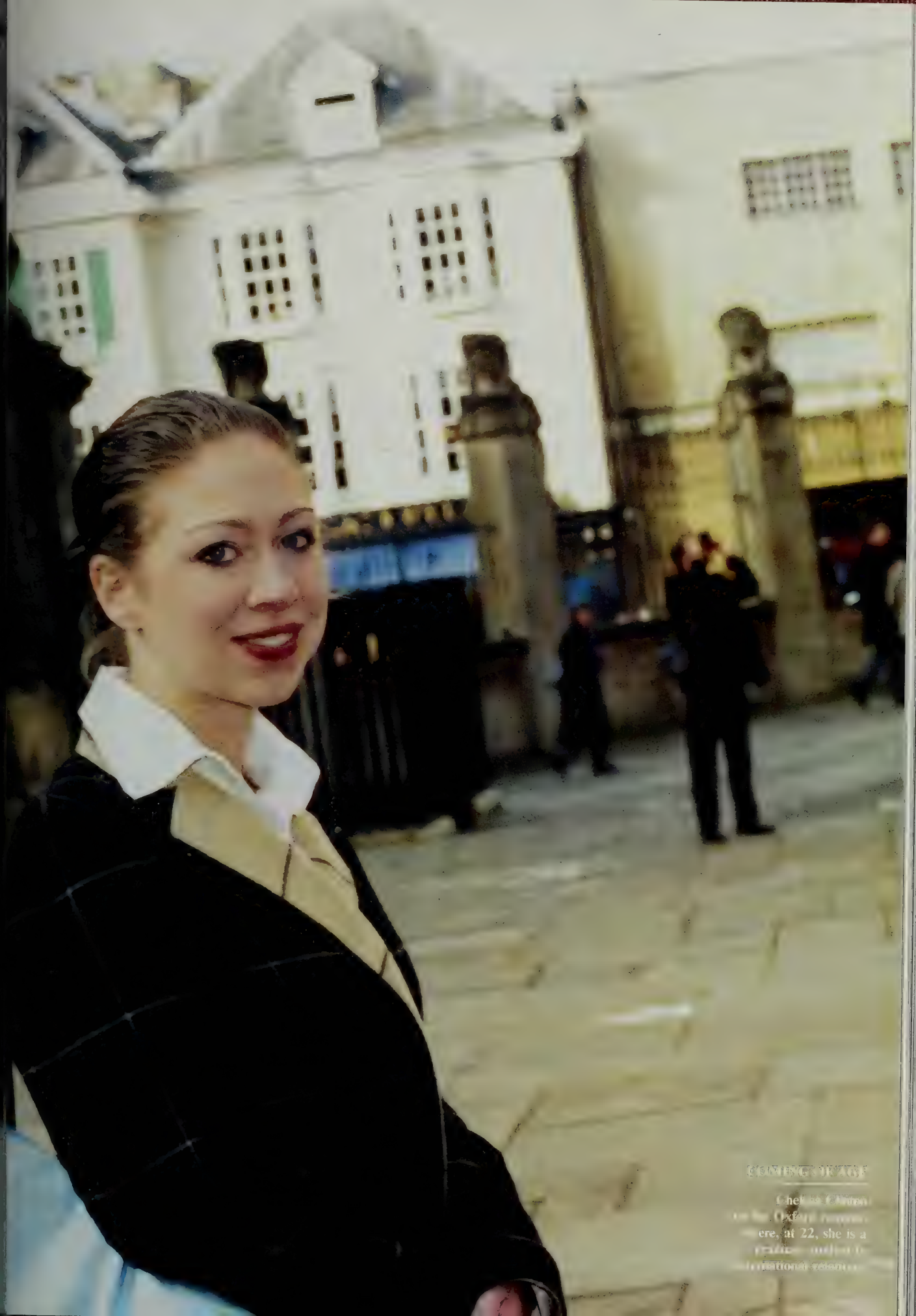
One of her early meetings with Bill Gates was a bust. Fiorina went to see him after he'd given the opening speech at Comdex, in which he unveiled his blueprint for the "personal web." In his room backstage, a source says, she gave him a hard time for mentioning her competitors but not H-P in his talk. "She was pretty intimidating."

In the fall of 2000, something else happened to intensify CONTINUED ON PAGE 234

Chelsea's Oxford Whirl

Remember that demure, dutiful, media-shy First Daughter? Forget her. Now, when Chelsea Clinton isn't sitting next to Gwyneth at a Versace show, or hanging out with Bono at London's Groucho Club, or counter-demonstrating at an anti-war protest by her fellow Oxford students, she seems to spend all her spare time . . . snogging. From the White House scandal years to the current campus controversies, NANCY JO SALES explores Chelsea's newfound glamour, her oh-so-public romance with Californian Rhodes scholar Ian Klaus, and increasing signs that, politically and emotionally, she is every inch Bill and Hillary's child





COMING OF AGE

Chelsea Clinton on her Oxford campus. There, at 22, she is a [illegible] studying international relations.

It was "Cheesy Listening" night at the Zodiac club in Oxford, and all the Sloanes were there. The Sloanes—so named for their resemblance to an affected set in London in the 80s—are the girls who run the Oxford University social scene, or at least think they do, because they are pretty and blonde and have families with vacation homes in places like Ibiza, which they pronounce "Ih-bee-tha." They can easily be spotted by their pink pashminas.

There was another girl there that night—this was the fall of 2001, just after classes had begun for the year. The girl was not blonde, but her parents were two of the most powerful people in the world. She stood on the sideline watching her new classmates dance. It was a position she was unused to. She had spent most of her life at the center of things. She was Chelsea Clinton, and she wanted to get out on the dance floor.



She loved to dance. As a child, she had performed in *The Nutcracker* with the Washington School of Ballet. A wire service had declared her performance "graceful"; a president had sat in the audience, cheering her on. In North Africa, on a state visit, accompanying a First Lady, she had danced with the Bedouins, and a national magazine had commented on her spirited "leaping and shimmying."

But here in Oxford the students seemed to be taking perverse delight in simply ignoring her, or maybe it was the presence of the two Secret Service men, posted nearby, that dissuaded anyone from asking her to go for a whirl. She watched as the Sloanes and their dates boogied down to the sounds of "Lady Marmalade" and "Stayin' Alive." American music, her music.

And then Chelsea decided to take matters into her own hands. She spotted a handsome boy in the crowd and let one of her guards know she would like to dance with him. The Secret Service man dutifully approached the boy, and Chelsea danced.

"It was a bit odd," one of the boy's friends said later, "because it was so sort of 'Your presence is requested' kind of thing . . . as if he were being taken in front of the Queen."

In the months since that lonely night in Oxford, Chelsea Clinton has indeed emerged as a kind of queen—a media queen. She was once known as a plain, studious girl given to wearing slogan T-shirts (DON'T LET THE FUTURE HAPPEN WITHOUT YOU was a favorite), but now her public image has been treated to the sort of glamour infusion publicists only dream about while delirious with fever.

The crowning moment came in January, when Chelsea turned up sitting in the front row of a Donatella Versace couture show in Paris next to Gwyneth Paltrow and Madonna—the most likeliest paparazzi shot to come along in years. Her usual Banana Republic cast aside for a black Versace pantsuit, Chelsea was beautiful. Her curly hair had been straightened in a Versace masterminded pageboy almost universally deemed to be trans forming. "I am a bit dazzled by it all," Chelsea said, in between attempts to share observations with Paltrow.

But if the glare of the spotlight bothered her, Chelsea didn't let on. In March, she jetted to Milan for Versace's ready-to-wear show, this time hobnobbing with Heather Graham. As she sat watching the models, Chelsea's hand rested on the thigh of her boyfriend, a mop-headed American Rhodes scholar at Oxford named Ian Klaus. The couple's "dirty dancing" antics at the after-party prompted the New York *Daily News* to remark, "Chelsea Clinton has inherited her father's lust gene."

"The press is still all over me in London, but on the Continent I can do what I want," Chelsea told *Woman's Wear Daily*. Since then, the passionate pair's P.D.A. have become shark bait for tabloids all over the world. "I've been very good to you," Chelsea recently told a busy Oxford paparazzo named Clive Postlethwaite, playfully slapping his hand. "I try not to thrust Ian into the limelight." Chelsea told reporters at the London premiere of *The Shipping News*, going on to say she would have preferred to be in Oxford studying, but she felt she had to come "because of Kevin"—Spacey. The British papers have faithfully covered Chelsea's nearly weekly outings in the company of celebrities such as Paul McCartney and his fiancée, Heather Mills, Bianca Jagger, and model Sophie Dahl. Chelsea has been taken under the wing of society mavens Sally Greene, head of the Old Vic theater, and Nicky Haslam, a sexagenarian man-about-town known for his spiky hair and leather pants. *Tatler* magazine voted Chelsea the fifth-most-eligible young woman in Britain, while the British men's magazine *FHM* ranked her one of the 50 most eligible in the world, along with Oprah Winfrey.

A makeover, an internationally tracked love affair—now all that was needed was the whiff of scandal to make Chelsea's refitted celebrity complete. SWAY TO GO, CHELSEA, said the *News of the World* in December, with shots of a red-faced Chelsea apparently stumbling from a car and having to be held up by friends. It was a memorable night in London, with her father in town for the holidays. They had taken 15 guests and 16 bodyguards out to Conrad Gallagher's restaurant, where they reportedly rang up a £9,000 bill. Then it was on to the Groucho Club, CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

"It's a Henry James story," says one student about Chelsea's time at Oxford.



NOW AND THEN

Chelsea and her boyfriend, Ian Klaus, shopping in London. *Opposite,* Chelsea in Little Rock with her parents on Election Day, 1984.


HAWAII
THREE-O



When Kate Bosworth's agent told her he was sending her a script called "Untitled Surf-Girls Project," she responded as any well-bred Connecticut girl would: "Yeah, sure," she said, rolling her eyes. "I'd just love to play *Baywatch*." Then she read it.

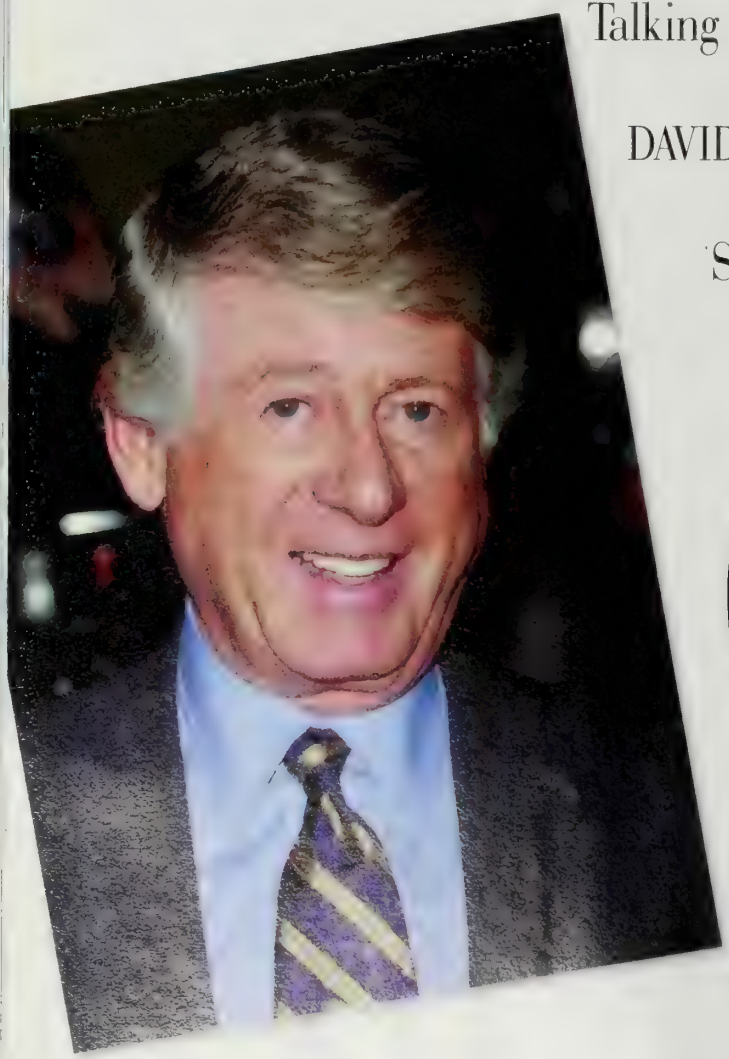
Co-written and directed by John Stockwell, *Blue Crush* (as it is now called) follows the adventures of a clique of surfer girls in Hawaii who, as the 19-year-old actress explains, are "ripping it even more than the guys." For Bosworth, there was only one problem: all she knew about surfing was that it involved water and a board. With a personality "geared for challenges," she took one lesson from a friend before landing a leading part, alongside Michelle Rodriguez and Sanoe Lake, and headed to Hawaii for her starring-role debut. There, in a baptism by fire, she surfed Avalanche, a spot that has been known to turn even seasoned surfers into crybabies, earned her stripes by suffering some gnarly wipeouts, and soaked up so much native mellowness that, upon her return, her friends back East "were like, 'Whoa, you're so . . . different.'"

If anyone understands the Zen effects of surfing, it's the film's producer, Brian Grazer, a surfing veteran who won an Oscar for *A Beautiful Mind*. Before *Blue Crush* came along, he was up to his neck in lunkheaded scripts about One Man . . . One Wave. Father to a 14-year-old girl, Sage, he also understands how being a girl can suck. "I'm really interested in girls' having to give away their power to men, and I have a deep resentment for that," says Grazer. "I hope and wish that doesn't happen to any girl, but particularly my daughter. . . . This movie is about resisting giving that away." Lest anyone forget he's also the producer, he adds, "Of course, guys will like it, too, because the girls are good-looking." —EVGENIA PERETZ

PHOTOGRAPH BY
SANTE D'ORAZIO

TWO MEN AND A TIME SLOT

With David Letterman's CBS contract expiring, ABC mounted "Project Gap-Tooth," a covert, high-gear campaign to woo him for the 11:35 P.M. time slot occupied by *Nightline*. When their secret leaked to *The New York Times*, all hell broke loose, as CBS's Les Moonves scrambled to keep his prickly star from defecting, and an anguished chorus of "What about Ted Koppel?" filled the air. Talking to Moonves, Koppel, Disney president Robert Iger, and other key players, DAVID MARGOLICK gets the story—clashing egos, last-minute jet flights, newsroom Schadenfreude—behind a P.R. debacle



One night in early March, Ted Koppel sat on a makeshift stage in the middle of the dusty, decrepit Elks Lodge No. 878 in Elmhurst, Queens. A *Nightline* town meeting on homeland security was about to get under way, and in the audience were the familiar faces of American television, post–September 11, Norman Rockwell images updated to the age of globalization and global terror: policemen and firemen, bereaved young widows and aggrieved Arab Americans, hard-liners and civil libertarians, people with veterans' caps and clerical collars and union windbreakers.

The 21st-century cameras that had taken over the 19th-century room were about to roll, and in his customary way with ordinary people—measured, avuncular, courtly, a bit bemused—Koppel greeted the audience. He thanked them all very much indeed for their hospitality, told them how he'd wooed his wife less than two blocks away 42 years earlier, warned them that the 90 minutes



SORRY, WRONG NUMBER David Letterman at his *Late Show* desk. *Opposite,* Ted Koppel, last January. Letterman's people say ABC told them *Nightline* was being dropped, regardless of whether their boss came to the network.



LAST LAUGH
From left, producer Robert Morton, then CBS Broadcast Group president Howard Stringer, Letterman, then CBS chief Laurence Tisch, and producer Peter Lassally, at the announcement of Letterman's signing with CBS in 1993.

"It's hard to hug somebody whose arms aren't open," says CBS's Les Moonves of his tortured star.

come would fly right by and that not everyone, alas, would have a chance to speak. "It will all be your fault!" someone shouted out good-naturedly, cutting through the dense reverence.

"Of course," Koppel shot back. "That's why I get the big bucks."

"For how long?" a second voice then cried out, and groans and gasps mingled with the laughs.

"This is getting nasty a little sooner than I thought," Koppel coolly retorted, smiling one of those slightly pained Ted Koppel smiles.

A little more than a week earlier a wisecrack about Koppel's professional longevity would have been not only nonsensical but inconceivable. That was before reports that his bosses at the Walt Disney Company, which owns ABC, which broadcasts *Nightline,* were trying to shove him aside for David Letterman, whom they hoped to poach from CBS, and before an unnamed Disney executive told *The New York Times* that *Nightline* was irrelevant. Spelled out in the four corners of the room above Koppel's head, in pink and green mock-Tiffany glass, the tenets of the Elks Club creed—"Charity," "Justice," "Brotherly Love," and "Fidelity"—seemed even quainter than usual that night, juxtaposed with the brutal reality of the television business.

Only three days later Letterman decided to stay at CBS, but for almost four more weeks the fates of *Nightline* and Koppel remained unclear. Stung by the realization of his program's expendability and the anonymous barbs of what he called "attack weasels" at ABC, Koppel held out for assurances that *Nightline* had a future, and Disney executives held out bac

Imagine *Nightline*'s familiar four-note trump fanfare. Then imagine the sonorous voice of T Koppel doing one of those elegant overture known as "Page Two" in *Nightline* lingo, with whi he always begins his broadcasts, the ones he writ out longhand in his southpaw script: "It was extraordinary spectacle. Two mighty corporatio and two of television's most famous faces. It w a contest not only between two networks but b tween two visions of just what television should b a machine for making money, or, as it was origin ly envisioned, a steward for the public good. Apa from symbolizing a tectonic shift in television culture, it was al a tale of strong personalities. There were David Letterman a Leslie Moonves, his boss and, often, the butt of his jokes. A there were Ted Koppel and Bob Iger, president of Disney, frien and colleagues who ended up in a colossal battle of ego, pric and prerogatives. We'll be back . . . in a moment."

The mock *Nightline* would begin with the chase after Lett man: the furtive negotiations, the fevered pitches, the spectacle entertainment moguls prostrating themselves before the "talent the brooding deliberations of a reclusive and petulant comic st Then, in homage to the program's origins as the daily chronicle the Americans held captive in Iran nearly 23 years ago, it wou depict "*Nightline* Held Hostage." Like those people in the Am ican Embassy in Teheran, Koppel had been caught by surpri he knew nothing at all about *Nightline*'s imperiled state until a f hours before *The New York Times* broke the story. "I felt though I'd been punched in the gut," Koppel recalls.

Koppel is now 62 years old. Unusual in world, he has let himself grow leathery a lined. Despite his devotion to the news, ev his ABC News peers sometimes find him s righteous, uncollegial, preachy. But when was sitting on the stage in Queens that nig the familiar back of his famous head before Koppel displayed everything that has made him a television in tution and, increasingly, an anachronism: his intelligence, his gance, his empathy, his reasonableness, his patience, his wit. W the wounded and indignant and intemperate of September 11, was simultaneously scintillating and soothing. Just as striking everything he has never been and refuses to become, as so many television "news" now are: belligerent, inarticulate, plastic, primit

Even while threatening to supplant him, the Letterman ca went out of its way to praise Koppel. They might have gone e further; indeed, with Paul Schaffer and the CBS Orchestra bre ing into the jingle for Doublemint gum in the background, could have done a list of the "Top 10 Reasons That David L terman and Ted Koppel Are Really the Same Person." Not ev item would be funny, but it would help explain the strange bo between the two, and the role it played in the spectacle.

Both are left-handers who have gone up against *The Tonight Show* and survived.

Both are iconoclasts who have somehow become icons.

Each enjoys the other's company and embodies something the other would like to be.

Drew Barrymore has had crushes on both.

Both are recluses; each refused to grant interviews during the imbroglio, becoming about the only people who did.

Both have effected historic televised reconciliations: Koppel between Bishop Desmond Tutu and then South African foreign minister Pik Botha, Letterman between Sonny and Cher.

Both dislike hanging out with their bosses.

Both are surrounded by ferocious, industrious loyalists, also known as cults.

Both have made assets out of their physical eccentricities.

Both have been said, by *Mad* magazine itself, to resemble Alfred E. Neuman.

Leslie Moonves, the 52-year-old president of CBS Television, is a famously charming man. A reformed actor, rough and smooth at once, he is the type to bound up to greet a visitor as if his entire day, if not his entire life, had been spent awaiting that moment. Within nanoseconds of meeting you, he has you laughing, and after a few ments of high-octane, cozy conversation, amply sprinkled with nate asides and "by the way"s, you're thinking there's no lie would ever tell you, few secrets he would not share.

he afternoon I saw him, in his offices at Television City, the lywood hills outside his window looked particularly well bbed, and he himself was pretty ebullient, too. Since he had the Letterman sweepstakes, it did not matter how close he'd e to losing. "At the end of the day, David Letterman sat and ked me in the eye at eight o'clock on that Monday t and said, 'Thank you, I'm grateful for what you did.' t's all I care about," he said. "At the end of the day, very happy, David Letterman's very happy, the World- Pants [Letterman's production company] people are py. The only ones who aren't happy are over in Mickey se land."

or starters, Moonves wanted to set the record straight on ething: his relationship with Letterman. It is said that don't get along, that Moonves is too showbizzy for Letan, resents his star power, is irked that he can't deliver for corporate events, and hates that he can't answer the l question he gets at parties: "What's Letterman like?" r relationship, or should I say the negativity of our relation- has been greatly exaggerated," Moonves insists. Picking is bosses, he notes, is "part of David Letterman's shtick." day he showed up at CBS, he recalls, Letterman asked an playing Moonves on his show, "Is it true that your first s to impregnate Connie Chung [who was then trying to have ld]?" "I thought that was the funniest thing I ever heard," nves says with a laugh.

have enjoyed probably 95 percent of the things he has said t me," Moonves says. "There have been a couple of things that were a little edgy, but, by the way, at no point did I ever call him on it." Moonves concedes that he and Dave don't talk much, and it's easy to see how, to someone so congenitally personable as Moonves, Letterman's standoffishness could seem almost sadistic. In fact, one prominent talent agent speculated to me that Letterman didn't flirt with ABC in search of higher ratings or a chance to beat Jay Leno, as is widely assumed, but "to take five years off of Les's life." "I really do care about him greatly, but I don't know him very, very well," Moonves says of his tortured star. "I would like to. It's hard to hug somebody whose arms aren't open."

What made things still sorer was Letterman's feeling that Moonves—unlike at ABC, where authority is diffused and confused, Moonves *is* CBS—wasn't backing the show properly. Letterman and his minions believe, as do some critics, that the *Late Show* is infinitely superior to *The Tonight Show,* and that it has lagged behind only because of poorly rated local news broadcasts, weaker stations, and insufficient promotion on CBS. "We're giving the guy at NBC an 80-yard lead on a 100-yard dash," says Rob Burnett, the president of Worldwide Pants.

One person aware of all this was Lloyd Braun, the chairman of ABC Entertainment. With ABC's ratings and revenues in shambles, he began toying last year with putting on an entertainment show in place of *Nightline* at 11:35. He'd run the numbers on Conan O'Brien and Jon Stewart, but quickly concluded that only Letterman, whose contract with CBS was set to expire in August 2002, would give ABC "the enormous shot of adrenaline" it needed. He had preliminary discussions with Letterman's agent, Lee Gabler of Creative Artists Agency (CAA).

At a lunch last November with Disney chief Michael Eisner; Iger; Alex Wallau, president of the ABC television network; Steve Bornstein, president of the ABC Television Group; and Stu Bloomberg, CONTINUED ON PAGE 229



SHOPPING AROUND
Letterman leaves the market one Sunday morning last January on St. Barts, where he owns a vacation home.



Once the L.A. headquarters of Superior Oil, the Downtown Standard, which is the latest addition to André Balazs's hotel empire (New York's Mercer, Hollywood's Chateau Marmont, and the original Standard), riffs on mid-century corporate America's love affair with modernist design, then adds such twists as a giant foot in the bathroom, a shower made for voyeurs, and vibrating water beds at poolside. MATT TYRNAUER surveys this new playpen and imagines the perfect guest: a captain of industry with a kinky streak

PACIFIC

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TODD EBERLE



STANDARD APPROACH

Hotelier André Balazs, the owner and creator of the Standard, and a 15-time-zone clock, one of the original fixtures in the building. *Opposite*, the lobby of the hotel. The pink "Omnibus" sofa is by Vladimir Kagan. The mobile is inspired by Alexander Calder.

A gigantic black foot, five feet long and three feet high, made of coated foam rubber, stands in the middle of the white-tiled bathroom. The work of Italian furniture designer Gaetano Pesce, it may be the strangest piece of furniture ever placed in a hotel room. "I can only imagine what interesting places we are going to find the foot when guests check out," says André Balazs, the hotelier known for such stylish establishments as the Mercer in New York City, the Chateau Marmont in Hollywood, and the Standard in West Hollywood. Standing in an oversize bathroom in his latest venture, a second Standard, in Downtown Los Angeles, Balazs contemplates the foot. "I think they might bring it in the bath with them," he says, gesturing toward a tub large enough to accommodate an N.B.A. player *and* the foot.

"That is a good example of how we are trying to be playful and twist conventions here," continues Balazs, who two years ago made waves in the boutique-hotel world with his first Standard, on the Sunset Strip—a cheap-chic hotel that captured imaginations with its mid-century décor (Arco lamps and Andy Warhol flower-print curtains), its D.J. booth next to the front desk, and a lobby vitrine in which scantily clad models were sleeping. "We are toying with the idea of what you expect in a hotel, what is 'standard' anyway. When you expect a straight line, at this hotel sometimes you get a curve."

The new Standard—or ɹdɹnɐʇuʇs ǝɥʇ, as its logo reads—is housed in the elegant former headquarters of the Superior Oil Co., a 1952 Carrara-marble-clad office block built by Superior's owners, the Keck family, a pillar of Waspy old-money L.A. Superior was bought by Mobil for $5.7 billion in 1984, and the vacated 12-story monument to the modern industrial age inspired Balazs. Upon seeing it two years ago, he fell in love and bought it virtually on impulse, probably saving it from the wrecking ball. "I was on my way to the airport, and someone called me and said, 'You've got to see this building.' It was stunning. There was an attention to detail that reminded me of Rockefeller Center, and it had been vacant for 10 years, so it felt frozen in time." Balazs was especially impressed by the 50s-era architectural details, including a 15-time-zone lobby clock encased in stainless steel, a frieze above the front doors depicting the drilling and refining of oil, and bronze door handles in the shape of the letter *S*—once a reminder of Superior's superiority, now a symbol of the Standard brand. (Balazs is planning branches in New York, Miami, and London.)

With his design collaborators, Shawn Hausman, a film production designer who worked on the first Standard, and Hank Koenig, of the L.A.-based Koenig-Eizenberg Architects, Balazs decided to allow the corporate modernism of the Superior building, designed by L.A. architect Claude Beelman, to dictate the theme for this hotel. "I never intended to create cookie-cutter versions of the original Standard," says Balazs.

"If you look back at corporate design of the 60s, even 70s—very much a part of the era of Downtown L.A. itself—there was a golden age, a time when big companies would embrace these very daring modern programs. If you have seen pictures of Spiegel, the German publishing house, its headquarters were done by Verner Panton with wild geometric patterns and colors. Time-Life hired Charles and Ray Eames for their building. CBS hired Eero Saarinen. Even when you look at the IBM headqu ters, by Gordon Bunshaft with sculptures by Isamu Noguc there was a feeling that design could inspire greatness in peop

"Guys like Malcolm Forbes and John DeLorean, who we sort of rogue businessmen in their time, are the heroes of tl hotel," says Balazs. "The bachelor businessman—that theme carried throughout the hotel. That's the kind of aesthetic bu nessmen like Russell Simmons have taken on—they have inhe ed the mantle of the cool businessman."

For inspiration, Balazs and his team studied monographs such design greats as Pierre Paulin and Joe Columbo, as well old airline ads "from the era when you would see girls dress like Braniff stewardesses draped over a UNIVAC computer. Tha the era and the image we are going for," he says. They al pored over renderings of the original *Playboy* bachelor pad—p ticularly for the look of the guest rooms. (Small rooms will for $95 a night, the penthouse for $550.)

The public areas of the hotel, including the two-story lobb have a cool, rich corporate look. A Calder-inspired mobile han near the reception desk. The escalators in the lobby are a lefto from the Union Bank of California, which formerly occupied t space. Where the bank's loan officers once sat, Balazs has stalled a 125-foot pink "Omnibus" sofa by Vladimir Kagan. Wa resses in brown A-line uniforms that are a salute to Courrèges w weave in and out of the Kagan sofa to deliver drinks.

"The idea is to create moments which inspire different em tions," says Balazs. "When you first arrive, the outdo entrance is meant as an homage to Paley Park in Ma hattan"—complete with Bertoia chairs and evenly spaced sha trees. "The grandeur and elegance of the lobby is like the corp rate headquarters of a fantastic global conglomerate. It's meant be, and make you feel, confident, worldly, a little mysterious—li you might feel if you had just walked into the Istanbul Hilton

In the 200 guest rooms, things get a bit more shagadelic: pl form beds, tubs with room for two, or more, and very little fur ture. In some rooms, the shower is a glass cube which allows unobscured view of the bather from the sleeping area. "It's sort a performance space as well as a shower," says Balazs. "We kn where to get extra shower curtains if people are modest. But eve one always wants to crawl into the vitrine at the West Hollywo Standard, so you can't overestimate the exhibitionist urges of t public." It remains to be seen if Downtown L.A.'s business tr elers will be able to get groovy enough for these amenities, incl ing the pictographs Balazs commissioned for telephones, denoti what button guests should push to call a "fluffer" or a "moti tional speaker."

On the hotel roof, which affords a spectacular view of L.A skyscrapers, things get slightly kinky as well, with vibrating wa beds at poolside and waitresses dressed as cheerleaders, with *S* emblazoned on the back of their panties. "The idea up here to have an ongoing roof party—especially on weekends, wh Downtown is not populated. We're even planning to proj movies on the side of the building across the street. It is a meant to be whimsical, to contrast with the seriousness of all buildings around here," says Balazs.

"I don't think there has ever been anything like this befor he says, looking down on the starchy old California Club, rectly next door, and the Egyptian-moderne Los Angeles brary in the distance. "There is a sense that we are pioneer something here. This will be a sign of stirring life." □

'MALCOLM FORBES AND JOHN DELOREAN, ROGUE BUSINESSMEN IN THEIR TIME, ARE THE HEROES OF THIS HOTEL," SAYS BALAZS.

THE CORPORATE LOOK

) The elevator lobby, with, above the doors, a frieze depicting oil ing and refining. (2) A suite with orm bed. (3) One of the service-evator doors. (4) A foot made of coated foam rubber designed by tano Pesce stands in the middle throom. (5) The roof restaurant, with seating designed by Verner n and a view of Downtown L.A.











GOT BOOKS?

Cornel West, photographed at his home in Boston on February 21, 2002. Despite the attention given a recent profile story of his "rap" CD, West is "actually a very old-fashioned scholar," says his colleague [illegible]



THE IVY LEAGUE'S ANGRY STAR

Harvard lost one of its top academic names in April, when Afro-American-studies professor Cornel West made a furious exit for Princeton. The trouble began at a private meeting last fall, during which Harvard's famously abrasive new president, Larry Summers, apparently suggested that West was shirking his teaching responsibilities and needed a tighter rein. With Jesse Jackson and Al Sharpton roiling the waters, the face-off hit the headlines and took on racial overtones. Talking to the scholar at the center of the controversy, as well as sources close to Summers, SAM TANENHAUS turns the race card faceup

The announcement on April 12 that Cornel West would resign his professorship at Harvard, where he has taught since 1994, and accept a job at Princeton climaxed the most absorbing academic drama in recent memory, one that began innocently enough last October with a routine meeting in Massachusetts Hall, where the president of Harvard University has his office. Only two people were present: Harvard's blunt-spoken new president, Lawrence H. Summers, and West, the flamboyant star of its renowned

PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN BECKER

Since ascending the throne as a youthful beauty half a century ago, Queen Elizabeth II has presided over epic change, commanded the ear of 10 prime ministers and won the praise of world leaders from John F. Kennedy to Bill Clinton and Kofi Annan. WILLIAM SHAWCROSS explores the heart of this unique woman: her triumphs, her sorrows, and her enduring power to inspire a nation



QUEEN FOR A DAY, AND THE SAME

Elizabeth II in a [illegible] taken on November 20, 2001, to mark her Golden Jubilee. *Opposite*, the future Queen photographed at the age of 12 in December 1938.

PHOTOGR[illegible] PATRICK LICHFIE[illegible]

The Last Icon







LADY IN WAITING

Left, Princess Elizabeth and her young sister, Princess Margaret, flanked by their parents at the Royal Lodge at Wi in the late 1930s. *Below,* a 21-year-old Elizabeth plays tag with midshipmen du a 1947 visit to South Africa. *Opposite,* Elizabeth (right) and Margaret photogra by Cecil Beaton at Buckingham Palace, 1946.

As usual, George Orwell got it right. In 1941 he wrote an essay called "The Lion and the Unicorn," in which he identified the failure of the English—or at least the intellectual and left-wing class—to take pride in their heritage.

Orwell wrote, "England is perhaps the only great country whose intellectuals are ashamed of their nationality. In left-wing circles it is always felt that there is something slightly disgraceful in being an Englishman and that it is a duty to snigger at every English institution, from horse racing to suet puddings. It is a strange fact, but it is unquestionably true that almost any English intellectual would feel more ashamed of standing to attention during 'God Save the King' than of stealing from the poorbox."

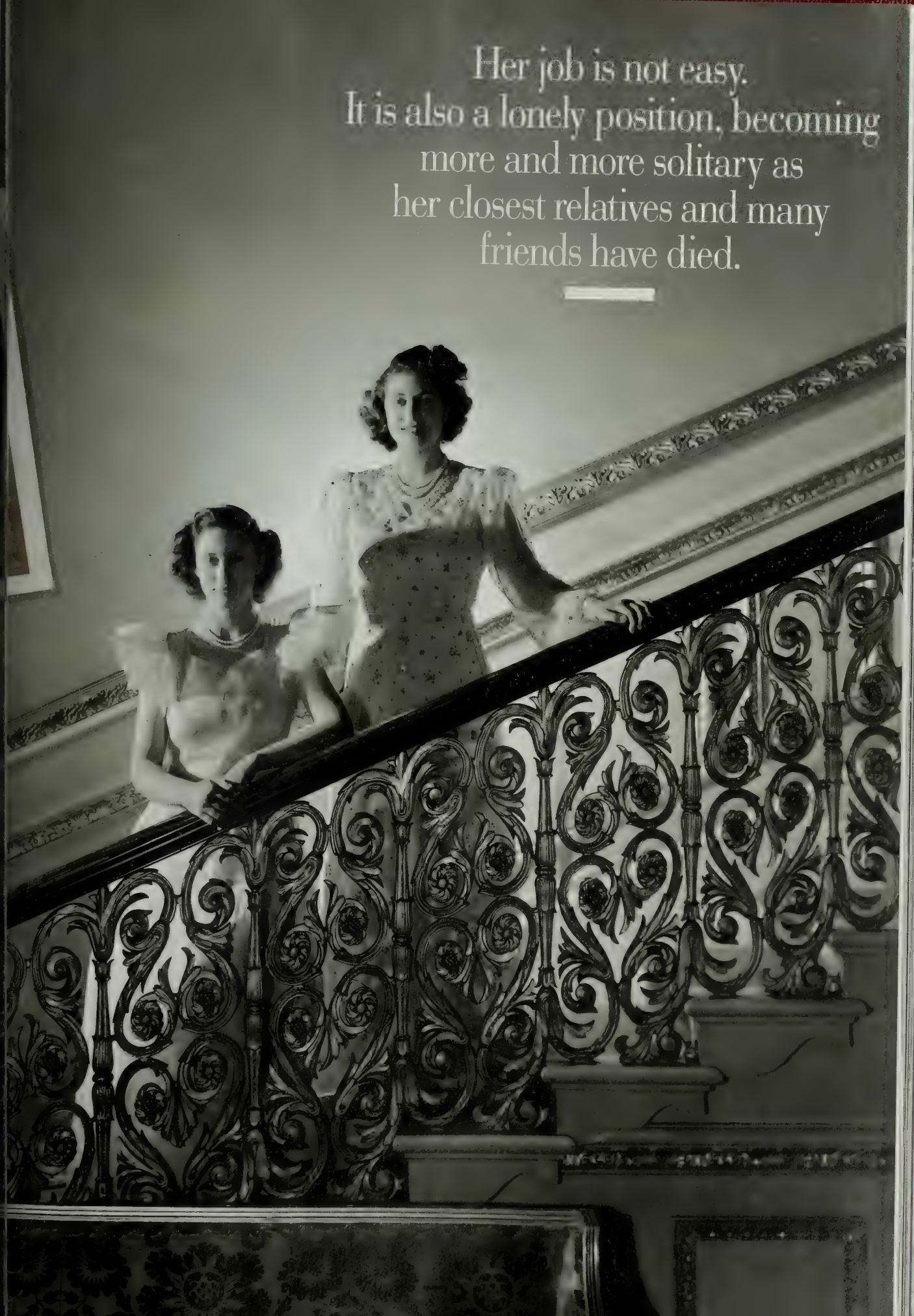
Sometimes it is necessary to counter this tendency head-on. The Queen of the United Kingdom, Elizabeth II, has now been on the throne for exactly 50 years; her Golden Jubilee is being celebrated this summer. It seems to me that this is an appropriate time to say that Britain has been extremely lucky in having her as head of state during half a century of astonishing, endless change—by no means all of it for the better. The job is not easy. It encompasses not just being the non-executive head of government with a close relationship to the Prime Minister of the day, but also all the more complicated aspects of being head of state—representing the nation and interpreting it to itself. It is also a lonely position, becoming more and more solitary as her closest relatives and many friends have died. This year her sister, Margaret, and her mother, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, died within weeks of each other. The Queen Mother was a full 101 years old, but her daughter is said to have felt the loss of her and Margaret—just before her jubilee celebrations began—very sharply, though she was immensely heartened by the outpouring of popular affection that greeted her mother's death. Through it all, she has continued to perform her job with devotion, honor, discretion, and constancy. The debt she is owed is incalculable.

A republic needs no enchantment and rarely possesses it. Monarchy, an ancient rather than outdated system, requires sentiment, belief, and imagination. The cliché is to say that it needs magic, and there was certainly something magical about this Queen's accession to the throne. She is the only woman known to have gone up a tree a Princess and come down a Queen.

The tree in question was a fig tree in the bush in Kenya. It stood over a salt lick to which the anim came at dusk, and there was a tree ho in it, a tiny lodge called Treetops. The year-old Princess Elizabeth and her h band, Prince Philip, spent the night February 5, 1952, at Treetops, an ea stop on what was scheduled to be a l Commonwealth tour. In the dusk Princess had filmed the animals and ly the next morning she climbed to top of the tree to see the sunrise. W her was Michael Parker, Prince Phil equerry, a good-natured Australian recalled to me that a white eagle had ered over the two of them in the dawn later realized that that must have b the moment at which the King died.

The King, only 56, had been ill, his doctors had concealed from every including his family, the severity of condition: lung cancer. The news c as a terrible shock in Britain—it had b the King and his Queen, Elizabeth, gether with Churchill, who had led country through the agony of the w

When Churchill, now 77 and in second prime-ministership, heard the n that morning he was still in bed, smo a cigar, surrounded by papers. "How important these matters seem now," said, pushing the papers away. One o aides, Jock Colville, tried to cheer hi


Her job is not easy.
It is also a lonely position, becoming
more and more solitary as
her closest relatives and many
friends have died.

Her father's death was devastating on two levels: she adored him, and suddenly, at the age of only 25 and with two young children, she had become Queen.





THE FAMILY THAT REIGNS TOGETHER

The royal family (and assorted corgis) at Balmoral Castle, 1960. From left: Prince Charles, the Queen, Prince Andrew, Prince Philip, and Princess Anne. "I think we're all on pretty good speaking terms," says the princess today, "and that's no mean achievement for a lot of families." *Insets: top,* chatting with Winston Churchill, 1954; *bottom,* Treetops, the Kenyan lodge where she learned she had become Queen.

by telling him he would get on well with the new Queen. According to Colville, "All he could say was that he did not know her and she was only a child." That would pass: the romantic old warrior would soon fall in love with this beautiful young woman.

It was hard in those days to get through from London to Kenya—the press knew before Elizabeth that she had become Queen. Mike Parker heard the news on the BBC shortwave broadcast and told Prince Philip, who "looked as if I'd dropped half the world on him." The Prince took his wife into the garden to break the news to her. It was devastating on two levels: she adored her father, and suddenly, at the age of only 25 and with two young children, she had become Queen.

They flew back to London that night and were greeted at the airport by Churchill and Clement Attlee, the leader of the Labour opposition. She managed more smiles than one might expect and then sat in the corner of her car, looking utterly crushed.

In his own car, Churchill was in tears as he wrote a radio speech; he was at his most eloquent. "The King walked with death as if death were a companion. . . . In the end death came as a friend." Churchill declared that when the King's death was announced "there struck a deep and solemn note in our lives which, as it resounded far and wide, stilled the clatter and traffic of twentieth century life in many lands and made countless millions of human beings pause and look around." There was great truth in this. English men and women of a certain age (a category in which I must include myself) tend to remember the moment they heard of the King's death—perhaps almost as intensely as people also remember where they were when President Kennedy was shot. I was in the garden at home with my mother, who began weeping. Like millions of Britons she wore a black armband for a month after the King's death.

Churchill said he now looked forward

to working with the second Queen Elizabeth: "I, whose youth was passed in the august, unchallenged and tranquil glories of the Victorian Era, may well feel a thrill in invoking once more, the prayer and the anthem, 'God Save the Queen.'"

She and Philip were an extraordinarily dashing young couple, and she was exquisite—at least as often on the cover of magazines as Princess Diana decades later. Her regular Tuesday meetings with Churchill were filled with charm and instruction. Each was overawed by the other—he by her loveliness and eagerness to learn, she by his long and victorious life. Later she said that the Tuesday talks were "always such fun." Once, when he was asked what they talked about, he replied, "Oh, racing."

All of her nine prime ministers since Churchill have testified to the value of those meetings with the Queen, which are an essential part of the relationship, governed by no formal, written rules, between monarch and prime minister. Her memory is astonishing, and as her experience has lengthened, her ability to advise on the basis of precedent has grown. Remarkably, not one of the 10 has spilled the beans on what has happened in the meetings; no one has revealed what the Queen herself thinks. At the lunch given in 1997 to honor her golden wedding anniversary, Tony Blair, her current prime minister (who wasn't even born when she came to the throne), said, "There are only two people in the world, frankly, to whom a prime minister can say what he likes about his Cabinet colleagues. One's the wife, the other's the Queen."

That discretion, coupled with the fact that she never ever gives interviews, means that even after 50 years her views remain cloaked in privacy. She did recently allow herself to be filmed at work and relaxing on the Scottish moors with her dogs for *Queen and Country,* a BBC television series I have just made, but she would not take questions. It's rather a neat trick in the age of celebrity to be perhaps the greatest international celebrity of all and yet to remain an enigma. It's a large part of the secret of her success.

If it is always true that the past is another country, Britain in 1952 is another world. It was still a nation recovering from the immense exertion of World War II; there were bomb sites all over London and other great cities. Sugar, chocolate, and other foods were still rationed. It was a time of class divisions, but also courtesy; of hardiness, but also hope.

Politicians were towering figures. Churchill had won the war, and Clement Attlee, the Labour prime minister from 1945 to 1951, had begun to build the welfare state. They had vision; they did not speak in sound bites. People had far less reason for cynicism about their political leaders than they would later.

When the Queen was crowned, could make a world tour and scarc leave her own territories. But the age empire was over and the question whether it could be transformed int commonwealth of independent nati recognizing the Queen as its head.

Britain itself was still an overwhe ingly white society. There were only ab 36,000 immigrants, most of them fr the West Indies. The country was sti Christian land. The Church of Engla a pillar of the monarchy and society centuries, was reviving after the war. T British crusades of the American ev gelist Billy Graham in the early 50s w a great success. A third of the populat thought the Queen had actually be chosen by God. Children who did believe in God might be denounced "heathen" in schools.

The country was dominated by val which today are seen as old-fashion Duty and service were among ther and these were values to which t Queen adhered completely. Thrift a sexual restraint were still taught and, the most part, adhered to. The arm forces were a huge part of national lif every boy expected to do two years national service before the flag.

The service and media industries w in their infancy. There was only one te vision channel, the BBC. Few homes had sets. The industry took off with t televising of the Queen's coronation June 1953. The service itself w an act of national communic its essence was of course Chr tian, but it contained eleme of older, almost primeval ritu of sacrifice and dedication. T Queen took a series of vows govern her peoples at hor and abroad, was anointed w holy oil, and was "consecrate which means "set aside." T solemnity of those vows h informed her life ever since.

At the core of the parad that is constitutional mona chy is the sovereign's relatic ship with the prime minist Since the days of Queen V toria (who was very opinic ated), it has become esta lished that the monarch c act only on advice of min



CROWNING GLORY
Prince Philip and Queen Elizabeth in 1972. Although she consults with the prime minister on a weekly basis, none have eve revealed her counsel.

rs. The monarch retains the right to be nsulted by the prime minister on his her plans, and to advise and to warn. o more.

Her grandfather George V's most imrtant contribution to public life was s benign acceptance in 1924 of the rst Labour government because, he id, "they should be given a fair trial." er father, George VI, was perturbed by e actual arrival of socialism after 1945, it although he privately told the prime inister, Clement Attlee, of his conrns, in public he was duly supportive. Elizabeth II was lucky in having Churill as her first prime minister. When he tired, in April 1955, he gave her and ince Philip dinner at 10 Downing reet. In an emotional toast, he said, Ve thank God for the gifts He has bewed upon us, and vow ourselves anew the sacred causes and wise and kindway of life of which Your Majesty is e young, gleaming champion."

Consider that phrase "wise and kindly y of life." It was a delightful if romanway of describing Britain in 1955, but was a description which would seem inasingly archaic as the reign progressed.

Each of the five decades since has been dominated by different agendas. If the 50s were still largely deferential, in the 60s Queen had her first left-wing prime nister, and the country went through ssive liberalizing change, the effects of ich are felt to this day. Some in the al court feared that the Labour govment that took office in 1964 would anti-monarchist. The Queen did not e to worry. The new prime minister, rold Wilson, loved to gossip with her, d he made sure that the world knew y got on famously. Surrounded by lous colleagues, he came to see the een as the only senior official with om he could discuss problems without fearing that he was handing over a fe to be plunged in his back. Some of more radical ministers thought that kowtowed.

The 60s were, in Britain as in America, a time of ferment. As the poet Philip kin famously observed, "Sexual intercourse began in 1963.... Between the of the Chatterley ban and the Beatles' first LP." The age of voting was lowered; homosexuality and abortion were made legal; church attendance went into free fall. The education system was changed in ways intended to make it less exclusive and less academic; literacy and numeracy subsequently declined.

The Palace knew that the changes would affect the monarchy. Prince Philip said in 1968, "The monarchy is part of the fabric of the country. And, as the fabric alters, so the monarchy and its people's relationship to it alters." Deference began to die in the 60s; television and newspapers became more powerful, more intrusive, and more demanding.

At the end of the decade the Queen and her husband were persuaded (by friends initially) to allow a BBC camera crew to have a year's access to their official and private lives. It was intended to make the royal family seem less aloof, more accessible. The result, a one-hour documentary, *Royal Family,* was a sensation. For the first time, the Queen was shown both at work—receiving the prime minister, ambassadors—and backstage enjoying the sorts of mundane things we all enjoy: having a family barbecue, shopping for sweets with her youngest son, Prince Edward, and so on. But at least one member of the family, Princess Anne, then 18, hated the whole thing. More media intrusion was the last thing a teenager wanted.

Looking back, one can argue that the film was the first step down a slippery slope that led to the media rampage of the 1980s and 1990s. "I'm at a loss," Princess Anne says today, "to be able to define what that impact was and whether it was wholly positive. I think there's still a debate to be had on whether it was a good idea, whether it's in fact opened everything up too much, whether that expectation of openness has been abused."

David Attenborough, the anthropologist, agreed in effect. At the time, he warned the director of the film, "You are killing the monarchy, you know, with this film you're making. The whole institution depends on mystique and the tribal chief in his hut. If any member of the tribe ever sees inside the hut then the whole system of tribal chiefdom is damaged and the tribe eventually disintegrates."

Writing in the *Evening Standard,* Milton Shulman, the theater critic, felt that the Queen's young family was a public-relations man's dream. "Yet is it, in the long run, wise for the Queen's advisers to set as a precedent this right of the TV camera to act as an image-making apparatus for the monarchy? Every institution that has so far attempted to use TV to popularise or aggrandise itself has been diminished and trivialised by it." These warnings turned out to be prescient.

The Queen's job is not just a domestic one. When she came to the throne, the Commonwealth had just 8 members; now it has 54 and is seen as such a successful international organization that countries such as Cameroon and Mozambique, which were never British colonies, have joined. The Queen sets great store by the Commonwealth, and its leaders line up to praise her. Kofi Annan, the U.N. secretary-general, who was born in Ghana when it was still part of the British Empire, says, "Her leadership has been remarkable. Everyone is touched by her knowledge, her sensitivity, and her incredible humor. You know you are dealing with someone who understands the world and who has a calmness and a serenity that are very impressive."

> It's rather a neat trick to be perhaps the greatest international celebrity of all and yet to remain an enigma.

Similar encomiums have come from presidents of the United States, a country which she loves. The first American president to meet her and Prince Philip was Truman, who announced after their 1951 visit, "Never before have we had such a wonderful couple that so completely captured the hearts of all of us."

In 1961, John and Jacqueline Kennedy dined at Buckingham Palace; there is a photograph of the two glamorous heads of state and their spouses, all of them symbolizing, with their youth, the hope of those days.

Later that year the Queen was due to make an official visit to Ghana. The trip was called into question after bombs went off in Accra, the capital. The stakes seemed high: Cold War competition was fierce in Africa, and the British prime minister, Harold Macmillan, was concerned that Ghana's first president, Kwame Nkrumah, might take his country









ALL THE QUEEN'S PRESIDENTS

(1) Greeting Dwight Eisenhower in Washington, 1957. (2) Harry Truman and then Princess Elizabeth, 1951. (3) With then vice president Richard Nixon in New York City, 1957. (4) Charmed by John F. Kennedy at Buckingham Palace, 1961. (5) Cracking up Ronald Reagan at a state dinner, San Francisco, 1983. (6) With the first President Bush, 1991. (7) A D-day commemoration with Bill Clinton, 1994. (8) With George W. Bush last summer.

Spending time with Ronald Reagan, she said, jokingly, "And they call *me* a constitutional monarch?"

into the Soviet camp. Macmillan thoug that a visit by the Queen (which Nk mah had been very keen to arrange) alo with Western support for Ghana's Vo Dam project would help keep Ghana the side of the West. The Queen hers pooh-poohed the risk of the bombs, sa ing that the world would be shocked Khrushchev went to Accra and she d not. "What a splendid girl she is," Ma millan said.

Once the visit had taken place, Ma millan called Kennedy and said, "I ha risked my Queen—you must risk yo money." Kennedy replied that he wou match "the Queen's brave contributio with his own. The U.S. invested in t Volta Dam project, and Ghana staye within the Commonwealth.

Her relationship with Richard Nixo was more awkward—but then he was mo awkward with everyone. In the *Royal Fam ily* film he is seen paying a call in 19 and offering a formal photograph of hi self, which the Queen accepts with a smi He then says that he would like to se her one of him with his wife, Pat, becau that would be much nicer to look at. T Queen laughs. The two were undoubted conscious of the film crew and had a sti ed conversation. "You sound as if you' going to have a really busy few days—ar the world problems are so complex now says the Queen. To which Nixon replie "I was just thinking about how muc more complex they are than when w last met."

Closer to the Queen was Ronald Re gan. "They both loved horses," Nanc Reagan told me. "That is how they bon ed, really." After they rode together Windsor in 1982, Reagan invited her t ride with him at his ranch near Sant Barbara. The Queen accepted, and th following year, after she paid a state vi it to Mexico—important because Britai

anted to express friendship for Latin merica after the recent Falklands War ainst Argentina—she sailed on the royal cht, *Britannia,* up the coast to Califor- a. Unfortunately, the state was experi- cing some of its worst storms in years. ie Reagans' ranch was up long winding ads. Nancy Reagan: "We were sure that e Queen wouldn't come, because it was rible to get up the roads, and once you t there, it was all foggy—you couldn't e your hand in front of your face. But e was determined to come. When they t there, we were full of apologies to r for the weather and the fog and you uldn't see anything, and she kept say- , 'Oh, no. No, no. This is an adven- e.'" She loved the informal lunch the agans gave her. "It was wonderful," e said. "No one talked politics."

That same trip offered a glimpse of e Queen's gift for crisp one-liners. A mber of her staff recalls, "People kept ming up to the president and saying ngs like 'Mr. President, your thinking Nicaragua this morning is as follows. d if you're asked about the Middle st, Mr. President, this is what you uld say. And, Mr. President, if you're ed about the Federal Reserve Bank's licy, this is your thinking on that.'" mebody who was standing near the een heard her say, "And they call *me* onstitutional monarch?"

Bill Clinton first became aware of the Queen's role when he was a Rhodes scholar at Oxford in the late 60s. He d me she and her husband had struck n as "elegant and stoic. I used to nder what it would be like to have a that you can never be dislodged n, that had, on the one hand, great ep, and at the same time no power. d I was fortunate that later in life I a closer look at it."

In 1994, on the eve of the celebrations the 50th anniversary of D-day, the tons spent the night with the Queen Prince Philip on the *Britannia* as they ed across the Channel to the Nor- ndy beaches, just as the Allied troops done a half-century before. The two ples talked of the historic alliance be- en the U.S.A. and Britain—from the 3l to the 90s. "It was comfortable, it easy, and there was a lot of kind of ked banter," Clinton said. "I loved it. thought it was a kind thing for her to something she didn't have to do, to us to stay there that night. And I'm it was done in larger measure for symbolic reasons, because of what D-day meant to both of our countries and how we did it together. But it meant a lot to me, both as president and as a person."

The next day it was profoundly moving to see the Queen and the British veterans on the beach together at Arromanches reveling in one another. This woman, who is often accused by the tabloid press of failing to show emotion, was clearly stirred by the spectacle of the old men marching stiffly across the sandy expanse they had liberated 50 years before.

Clinton formed a view of her: "I think she has a strong sense of duty. I think she loves her country, and I think she loves its history, and I think she understands that even though many people may think the position is an anachronism it serves quite a useful purpose, particularly at critical times in the nation's history. And she has, I think, done everything she possibly could to elevate her role in the best sense, but to still try to show a common touch, a sense of being in tune with the people. I don't think it's very complicated. I think she has done her duty. You know, life thrust her into certain circumstances, and she did an excellent job of dealing with the hand she was dealt in life. We should all do so well."

If the 60s were the decade in which the whole country liberalized, the 70s were dominated by the failure of all governments, left and right, to confront the economic decay of the country and in particular the overweening power of the labor unions. The Queen's Silver Jubilee, in 1977, came at an unhappy moment, when the Labour government had to be bailed out by the International Monetary Fund. Ministers were reluctant to call a jubilee party, fearing that no one would come. The punk-rock group the Sex Pistols then had a hit record with the lyrics "God save the Queen / She ain't no human being," which was taken to represent the view of the young. It did not, and, in the event, the country surprised itself with the depth of the affection expressed for the Queen across the land. The Queen herself was moved and delighted.

The task of tackling Britain's problems was left to Margaret Thatcher, who took office in 1979 and invented a new style of leadership for Britain: apparently uncompromising, and destructive of the easy consensus which had obtained till then. The monarchy abides by consensus, and there were those who believed that the Queen found Mrs. Thatcher's confrontational style of government unsettling. But others argue that she must have been happy that someone was at last coming to grips with the very real economic problems of the country.

Mrs. Thatcher saw herself as a radical, but she was a devout monarchist; her curtsies would reach Australia. She was desperately upset when newspapers claimed that the Queen disapproved of her relentless battle with the miners' union during its long and bloody 1984–85 strike. The press reports upset the Queen too—whatever she really felt, she did not want to be seen to be undermining her prime minister. And what did she really feel? Typically, no one knows. But she was very kind to Mrs. Thatcher after she left office in 1990.

The monarchy has not been spared upheavals of its own. The 80s began with the triumphal marriage of Prince Charles to Lady Diana Spencer and ended with their union already in tatters. The 90s were worse. The marriages of three of the Queen's four children, starting with Princess Anne's in 1992, ended in disillusion and divorce. Newspapers had a feeding frenzy. The standing of the royal family declined, though polls showed that that of the Queen herself remained remarkably constant throughout.

After Windsor Castle, perhaps her favorite of her several homes, caught fire in 1992, there was a storm of protest, led by the press, when the government announced it would pay for the repairs. John Major, the conservative prime minister, was shocked. "I have to admit," he recently told me, "I completely misjudged the way people would react. I had thought there would be a tremendous outbreak of sympathy."

The Queen heeded the outcry; to pay for the repairs she decided to open Buckingham Palace to the public in the summer. A few days after the fire, she made an extraordinary speech. Her voice hoarse from the flu, struggling with a temperature of 101, she said that 1992 had been an *annus horribilis,* and acknowledged that no institution, including the monarchy, "should expect to be free from the scrutiny of those who give it their loyalty and support, not to mention those who don't." Her humility and grace under pressure led the audience to give her a standing ovation. Newspapers were less generous; the tabloid *The Sun* headlined its coverage of the speech, ONE'S BUM YEAR.

There was a new complaint that was





STAYING AFLOAT

The royal yacht, *Britannia*, at Portsmouth, 1997. *Inset*, the Queen on a 1961 state visit to Ghana, during a period of violence and Cold War tension. She shrugged off the risk of traveling there, saying the world would be shocked if Nikita Khrushchev went and she did not.

increasingly made: that even if she was a good Queen, the unhappiness of her children must mean she was a bad mother. She was certainly the opposite of Diana, who needed to show her feelings in public. The Queen by contrast was of a generation brought up to believe that public displays of emotion were bad form. During the war, when she was a teenager, people learned to accept their constant losses with stoicism.

Like many of her age, she finds it hard to confront her children's crises face-to-face. One friend says that if people do try to talk to her about painful topics she might look embarrassed or change the subject or play with the dogs. That does not mean that she does not care, but rather that she cares too much and is afraid of her own emotions. Her restraint, and Prince Philip's more argumentative and assertive personality, must have played a part in the emotional development of their children. But surely a larger point is that all families have their own internal dynamics, which are usually impossible for spectators to understand. In the case of this family, however, commentators and critics are legion and observe no restraint.

I asked Princess Anne what she thought about such criticisms. Her reply was typically robust: "Astonishing, isn't it, the ability of people to comment on other people's private lives without any information to go on? I simply don't believe that there is any evidence whatsoever to suggest that she wasn't caring. It just beggars belief. I mean, we as children may have not been too demanding in the sense that we understood what the limitations were in time, and the responsibilities placed upon her as monarch, for things that she had to do and the travels that she had to make. But I don't mean she didn't care for us in exactly the same way as any other mother did. I just think it's extraordinary that anybody can construe that that might not have been true."

I said that these days, unless there are photographs in the papers, people don't believe it. She replied, "Yes, the sort of touchy-feely generation, which means that if you don't have a photograph of everybody hugging each other constantly, then you don't care for each other. Completely untrue. Completely untrue."

I asked what she thought of the press assertion that hers was a dysfunctional family. "Well, if somebody c[illegible] fine dysfunctional for me I could [illegible] answer the question. I think famili[illegible] all different, and the relationships [illegible] each other are all different, and it [illegible] usually impossible to understand any other family's relationship."

The Queen is sometimes criticized for not laying down the law to her children. Princess Anne noted, "If she'd been a disciplinarian and said no to everybody, we'd have all been psychoanalyzed out of existence on the basis that we had too controlling a mother. We've been allowed to find our own way, and we were always encouraged to discuss problems. We were always encouraged to talk them through, to discuss how they affected other people. People have to make their own mistakes, and I think she's always accepted that. I think we're all on pretty good speaking terms after all this time, and that's no mean achievement for quite a lot of families."

By the late 90s the country to which the Queen returned from Kenya in February 1952 had been utterly transformed. Britain is more prosperous than at any time in its history; more people have more freedoms than ever before. The country has undergone the extraordinary transition from a homogeneous, structured imperial power to a much more individualistic, heterogeneous member of the European Union without serious civil unrest.

But there is a downside. Towns and cities have been ruined by careless modernization; regions have lost their traditional identities. Education is more widely available, but it is shallower. Tolerance has led to irresponsibility: Britain has the highest rate of teenage pregnancies in Europe as well as one of the highest rates of drug use.

In all the unending change only the Queen has remained the same—a small voice of calm at the vortex of the storm. But the calm seemed at first to work against her when Princess Diana, now divorced from Charles, was killed in a Paris car crash as her drunken driver sped to get away from pursuing paparazzi. A sort of mass hysteria gripped part of the nation and a large segment of the press. It showed how much the country had changed since the Queen came to the throne.

That Saturday night and Sunday morning, August 30 and 31, 1997, the Queen and Prince Charles and his sons were on holiday together at Balmoral in Scotland. To everyone's astonishment huge crowds [illegible] people, most of them young, began to [illegible] London outside the Princess of [illegible]s home, Kensington Palace, and [illegible]ckingham Palace, bearing flowers and other tokens of grief. Nothing like this [illegible] lective display of emotion had ever be[illegible] seen before. The Queen elected to stay [illegible] Balmoral, looking after her grandso[illegible] and was within days subjected to a tira[illegible] of tabloid abuse for not showing a [illegible] sharing her own grief with the people

SHOW US YOU CARE, shouted the *Da[illegible] Express*. SPEAK TO US, MA'AM, demand[illegible] *The Mirror*. *The Sun* went as far as to [illegible] clare, "There has been no expression [illegible] sorrow from the Queen on behalf of t[illegible] nation. Not one word has come from [illegible] royal lip, not one tear has been shed [illegible] public from a royal eye." Serious acc[illegible] sations were made by the media: that t[illegible] Queen did not want Prince Charles [illegible] fly to Paris to bring home Diana's [illegible] mains, that she did not want the body [illegible] lie in the chapel at St. James's Pala[illegible] that she did not want a public funer[illegible] There is absolutely no evidence for the[illegible] accusations. In fact, one could argue th[illegible] such media attacks on the Queen we[illegible] deliberately made to deflect attenti[illegible] from the accusation by Diana's broth[illegible] Charles Spencer, that press harassme[illegible] had led to Diana's death.

The day before the f[illegible] neral, the Queen fle[illegible] back to London. Ou[illegible] side Buckingham P[illegible] ace she stopped h[illegible] car, stepped out, and talked to people [illegible] the crowds of mourners. This took son[illegible] nerve—no one knew whether she wou[illegible] be well received or hissed. But amon[illegible] the crowd there was almost a sigh of r[illegible] lief. She then walked into the palace an[illegible] made a live television broadcast in prai[illegible] of Diana. It relieved the pressure, easin[illegible] pain and anguish—as a monarch is su[illegible] posed to do.

There were those who thought that D[illegible] ana's life and death would change th[illegible] monarchy forever. But the spasm of em[illegible] tion surrounding her funeral has not bee[illegible] repeated. The anniversaries of Diana[illegible] death have passed with little recognitio[illegible] One could say that the events of the wee[illegible] between Diana's death and her funer[illegible] showed a yearning for the ideal of mona[illegible] chy. In demanding that the Queen sha[illegible] their grief, Rowan Williams, the Angl[illegible] can archbishop of Wales, suggested th[illegible] Britons exhibited "a potent lament for [illegible] lost sacredness, magical and highly pe[illegible] sonal.... The lost icon was not simpl[illegible] the dead princess; it was a whole mytho[illegible] ogy of social cohesion around anointe[illegible] authority and mystery—ambiguous, no[illegible] very articulate and not easy for eithe[illegible] right or left in simple political terms."



Tony Blair: "There are only two people in the world, frankly, to whom a prime minister can say what he likes.... One's the wife, the other's the Queen."



ANOTHER *ANNUS HORRIBILIS*

Above, the Queen at Princess Diana's funeral, September 9, 1997. The day before, in the face of growing press criticism, she made a TV address extolling her ex-daughter-in-law. *Right,* with Prime Minister Tony Blair, 1999.

Whatever accusations were made in newspapers and those mourning in the streets, there were other opinions. The Queen received thousands of letters from ordinary people all over the country. Many said that they felt they must express their sympathy and outrage for the way in which she had been attacked by the press. "We do not feel like this" was the common message. Altogether, it seems clear to me the week showed that people did not want less of the Queen—they wanted more.

A couple of months later, at her golden wedding anniversary, the Queen showed she knew that the monarchy is a living thing which must always change. She said that monarchy "exists only with the support and consent of the people." Consent to politicians, she noted, is expressed through the ballot box. "For us a Royal Family, however, the message is often harder to read, obscured as it can be by deference, rhetoric or the conflicting currents of public opinion. But read it we must."

She thanked people for their support during the troubled days after Diana's death, and went on to say, "It is you, if I may now speak to all of you directly, who have seen us through, and helped us to make our duty fun. We are deeply grateful to you, each and every one." Tony Blair used the occasion to affirm his monarchist credentials, calling the Queen "a symbol of unity in a world of insecurity where nothing stays the same." He said that her advice was worth having not just because of her experience but because "she is an extraordinarily shrewd and perceptive observer of the world."

In a recent interview with me Blair said that in his weekly meetings with the Queen he may tell her, "Look, this is what I'm trying to do, and why I'm trying to do it.... There is, partly because of the experience she has, an ability there to give advice and counsel which can be in certain circumstances extremely helpful and to the point." After September 11, he said, "obviously there was a huge focus on the Arab world, and that is something she has immense experience of. She's dealt with many of the ruling families over a long, long period of time, and she has a lot of real insight into how they work, how they operate, how they think, the best way of trying to make sure that we reach out to them. So I mean, that's just one example of where that accumulated experience is important."

Publicly, she was quick to react to the terrorist attacks on the United States. Americans were touched when she ordered the Guard at Buckingham Palace to play "The Star-Spangled Banner." She wrote a letter for the British victims of the attacks that was read at a service in New York. It ended with the memorable phrase "Grief is the price we pay for love."

Bill Clinton, who was in the congrega-

tion, said to me, "It was a stunning sentence, so wise and so true. It somehow made people feel better, making us understand that we were grieving because we had had that love."

Recently, Clinton made a point of seeing her when both of them were in Australia. Afterward he said that he had always liked her, that she was wise, and that whenever he visited her he came away feeling better.

There is an alternative to the Queen if the British people want it—as Prince Philip has often said. It is a republican president, a nominally elected head of state. Perhaps that will arrive. Perhaps the intrusive, prurient, judgmental, and celebrity-obsessed society which we have become cannot sustain a monarchy. It is hard to know whether it is fair to ask Prince William to surrender his life to this particular constitutional system in a country that may no longer be emotionally capable of supporting it.

In the end the survival of the monarchy depends on the importance to public life that people accord history, emotion, and belief as well as reason. The monarchy has been with Britain for a thousand years, and I believe ending it would cause enormous disruption and pain.

Harold Macmillan, the Queen's third prime minister, fantasized about the republican alternative. "Imagine," he once said, "if at this moment, instead of the Queen, we had a gentleman in evening clothes . . . who had been elected by some deal made between the extreme Right and extreme Left! Then we would all have to wait for the next one, another little man, who is it going to be? . . . 'Give it to X, you know he's been such a bad Chancellor of the Exchequer, instead of getting rid of him, let's make him the next President . . . ' Can you imagine it? I mean, it doesn't make sense, that would be the final destruction of colour and life and sense of past in this country, wouldn't it?"

I think it would.

Until a few weeks ago it was fashionable, at least in the London media, to predict that the jubilee would be a damp squib. But the hundreds of thousands of people of all ages who turned out to honor the Queen Mother in early April gave the lie to that. I joined the long lines of people waiting up to six hours to file past the Queen Mother's coffin in Westminster Hall. It was an extraordinary sight as mourners walked quietly through the huge 11th-century hall where Sir Thomas More, Anne Boleyn, and Guy Fawkes had all been tried and condemned, where coronation banquets were held until 1821, and where George VI and Winston Churchill had also lain in state. The procession was part of that continuity which monarchs can bestow. People were quiet but happy; they said they wanted to remember the Queen Mother for her long and cheerful presence in their lives. The Queen herself was applauded by the crowds when she drove away from the hall. It w a wonderful moment, which finally laid rest the ghosts of Diana's death. The Que was hugely touched and said to friends th it was one of the most moving responses s had ever experienced. Publicly, she thank the British people "from my heart for t love you gave [the Queen Mother] duri her life and the honor you now give h in death." A million people turned o to watch the funeral cortège.

Street parties and other celebrations a now being planned all over the count for the jubilee holiday—the first weeke in June. It seems pretty certain that Brita will once more be in the mood to rejoi in our luck in having as head of sta through 50 turbulent years, a woman i spired above all by her sense of humb duty to God and her country. The philos pher Roger Scruton put it well recently: ever the word 'irenic' could be applied to public figure, it must surely be to her, wh has placed herself and her office at the se vice of her country during 50 years of cu tural decline. . . . The emotion that th Queen inspires is one of unbelligerent te derness. . . . She was born to her office an could not avoid it. Her duties were n chosen and she symbolises through h dedicated life the sacrifices upon whic nations depend and of which they becon conscious when threatened." She is and sh should be cherished. □

Cornel West

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 203 E-mail letter expressing solidarity with Afro-Am and imploring its faculty to stay.

But outside Harvard, sympathy was running in the opposite direction: away from West and company. Not that anyone doubted that Summers, famously abrasive, had ruffled West's feathers. "I'm sure Larry did offend Cornel," says an acquaintance of Summers's who spoke with him not long after the incident flared into page-one headlines. Summers is "extremely smart—he loves to argue in a forensic way. He's kind of famous for being at a meeting and rolling his eyes. I'd be surprised if he was capable of expressing [his thoughts] to Cornel West without offending him." O.K.: no style points for Summers. But what about the content of his critique? Was he really being so unreasonable? "From Larry Summers's perspective, 'we have 17 University Professors,'" says sociologist Alan Wolfe, [illegible] vard from his p[illegible] Boston College. "He [illegible] they're doing." Some wh[illegible] bled that *they* would never [illegible] sure Summers as Harvard's black faculty seemingly had done. Others praised Summers for standing up to West, a pampered "academostar" (in the current phraseology) whose high-flying career—the lectures at $12,000 a pop, the six-figure book contracts, the CD—was making a mockery of Harvard traditions and standards. Maybe the real problem was that West and his colleagues were spoiled rotten. "There are lots of people quietly supporting Summers, and wish he would tell [West] to fuck off," a prominent Ivy League professor told me in January, when the controversy was raging. "Mr. Summers seems to have actually wanted excellence from Mr. West," lamented Shelby Steele, the black essayist, on *The Wall Street Journal*'s op-ed page. "His rebuke for failing to deliver excellence was an act of social responsibility."

To many, Summers's mistake had not been in confronting West but in backing down. Accusations such as "racial shakedown," "a feast of victimology," and "maumauing" appeared not only in the predict[illegible] e venues of the right—*The Wall Street* [illegible] *National Review*—but also in liberal [illegible] such as *Slate* and *The Boston Globe*. [illegible] ra-sensitive *New York Times* published a think piece weighing the perils [illegible] "crying race." Some accounts suggeste West was lobbying Summers on affirmati action. In fact, he had never raised the i sue. Nor, for that matter, had Summers.

Such misconceptions are old news West. For nearly a decade now, he has bee a magnet for debate and controversy, som observers convinced he is one of America premier intellectuals, others no less certai he is a fraud, a self-adoring showboat wh epitomizes nearly everything wrong wi academic life in our time. The starkness this either/or is what makes West so con pelling a public figure. But many of his pee were left wondering just why he had seize center stage in this controversy, one th has for months been chipping away at hi reputation.

January 21 is a damp, gray day in Cam bridge. Snowflakes dissolve like paste o the streets around Harvard Square, whic is much more subdued than normal. It i Martin Luther King Jr.'s birthday, and th university is officially closed.

In the lobby of the Charles Hotel, 10 min utes early for a 12:30 appointment, Corn West glides toward me, coatless as alway

d in his signature dark three-piece suit, a
ck scarf wound around his neck. I'm re-
ed—and a little surprised—to see him.
ly yesterday *The Boston Globe* reported
t he had "become reclusive," communi-
ing with the outside world through inter-
diaries. In fact, this rendezvous was ar-
ged only after pleading with his literary
nt, who at last reported, after heart-
ping delay, that West would be available
lunch if I presented myself in Cam-
lge. What she didn't say, and West didn't
er, was that he'd placed a strategic call or
to check on me.

Who could blame him? The dustup with
ry Summers is only one of West's con-
ns. His third marriage, to Elleni Gebre
lak, an Ethiopian AIDS activist, dissolved
year. And just before Thanksgiving, a
ine medical checkup revealed a tumor in
t's prostate. He is scheduled for surgery at
norial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, in
nhattan, a week after our meeting. "That
R.I.? I wouldn't put that on the Ku Klux
n," West says at Henrietta's Table, the
sant restaurant he has chosen. "They put
lloon in, and it stays there for an hour
a half. Next door a woman was hollering
e top of her lungs, almost like Dante's
no. Hour and a half! Whoa! You realize
tein was right." Right about time as a rel-
measure, he means. "Reading Plato's
gues for an hour and a half versus be-
n that thing for an hour and a half. Dif-
nt sense of time in a qualitative sense."
surgery would prove to be a complete
ess, and West is now on leave recuper-
and gradually resuming his schedule.)
Vest splays his fingers across his abdo-
, broadly indicating that the growth
spread. His strong hands hint at inner
s of physical force. So does his lean
sique in its tight casing of vest and
e shirt and softly patterned gray tie. A
e under six feet, he appears taller, ow-
n part to his midsize Afro, a relic of
Black Power days. As an undergradu-
West was co-president of Harvard's
k Students Association. Today it is a
al organization; back then it was a
ant political group. In 1972, when West
19, the B.S.A. staged a major protest
st the administration. "We took over
esident's office," he recalls with un-
rrassed nostalgia.

West one-on-one is very much like the lecture-hall showman who dispenses it written texts, preferring to improvise o his apparently bottomless fund of nowledge. Lunch today, it is clear, will be seminar. Not on the sins of Larry Sum-ers, Harvard, or West's critics, but on an ar of European writers and thinkers, no of them born in the 19th century: Matthew Arnold, Anton Chekhov, Thomas Mann, Bertrand Russell, Alfred North Whitehead—the names tumble forth colloquially, often paired with the publication dates of minor or forgotten works. West is not just erudite; he is besotted with learning. He recommends an obscure biography of Friedrich Nietzsche, explains how he revised his low opinion of Walt Whitman on the basis of arguments put forth by the philosopher George Kateb, relates a conversation he had the year before with the semi-reclusive philosopher John Rawls. On it goes, a dizzying *tour d'horizon* lasting some 90 minutes, during which West's lunch goes untouched, maybe even unnoticed. His antennae seem attuned only to human vibrations, and he has picked up a distress signal: two men, both elderly, both white, hover diffidently near the table, looking for an opening. He springs to his feet and, bending lithely, in a kind of bow, greets one of the two: "How you doin', my man?" Beaming, the visitor introduces his companion, who will be teaching at Harvard next year. "Well, we're glad to have you," West says, gripping his hand. "It's a blessing. Only for a year? It's still a blessing to have you."

"Been active the past couple of weeks?" the first man asks.

"Too active," West says with a laugh. The pair leave, aglow. Seated again, West studies them for a long moment. "I don't know who that guy is," he concludes.

I've seen social tact so developed in only one other person, West's friendly debating opponent William F. Buckley Jr., who like West is trapped in the strange, murky nebula of intellectual celebrity—half despised, half adored. As Buckley's biographer, I've had ample occasion to watch him in public. A cherished elder at 76, he floats through restaurants and hotel lobbies passively accepting the world's devotion with an expression of constant delighted surprise, but his eyes have a fierce roving glitter—they seem able to pick out potential crackpots. West's disarming apparatus, though also on permanent high alert, appears triggered by a different mechanism. "It's frustrating to walk [with him] through Harvard Yard," says Martha Nadell, West's head teaching fellow, who has been with him for five years. "It takes 30 minutes. He talks to everyone, greets them all. Whether it's a homeless person or Professor or Dean So-and-So. He treats them all the same." Some stars endure the public's attention. A few enjoy it. West seems to bask in it.

Not that he is embraced by one and all. News of his cancer brought in a thick batch of correspondence, much of it variations on the theme "I hope you die." Then there are the taxi drivers who whiz by him on the streets of Manhattan, refusing his fare, the run-ins with verbally abusive cops, the man who once stood outside a window of West's house near Harvard and pointed a gun at West's wife. Add to this the assorted minor indignities, sadly comic: West, a newly minted professor, being mistaken for a campus janitor; West removing his jacket on an overheated train only to be asked, in his vest and tie, if he'd be collecting tickets soon.

Our sense of the past has become attenuated, so thinned and flattened by the clutter of events and non-events that recent history blurs into antiquity. Thus it's worth remembering that Cornel West, still in his 40s, belongs to the first generation of blacks to have come of age fully in post–Jim Crow America. Born to striving middle-class parents in Oklahoma one year before the U.S. Supreme Court struck down legal segregation in public schools, he grew up in Sacramento. He was six (soon to be reading the biography of Theodore Roosevelt that filled his head with dreams of Harvard) when students at his parents' alma mater, Fisk University, the all-black school in Nashville, seated themselves at a whites-only lunch counter, asked to be served, and braced themselves for beatings. A month before West turned 14, members of a new militant organization, the Black Panthers, strode into the California state capitol bearing guns. (The governor was Ronald Reagan, who once visited the Wests' home after Cornel's older brother, Clifton, won the mile in a state track meet.) Panther headquarters was down the block from the Shiloh Baptist Church. West spent time in both places.

He arrived at Harvard in 1970, one of the first wave of the Ivy League's "affirmative-action babies," in the coinage of another of them, Yale law professor Stephen Carter. West's father, Clifton, a civilian air-force administrator, traveled east with Cornel to get him settled. Thoroughly intimidated by the forbidding red-brick buildings, the heavy gates, the air of privilege tended carefully over the centuries, Clifton West assured his son that C's and D's were good enough. Instead, West graduated magna cum laude—in three years. At the same time, he held down a campus job, volunteered mornings at a children's breakfast program in the black neighborhood of Jamaica Plain, and revamped the education program at a neighborhood church. The summer following his freshman year he managed the campaign of a black city councilman in Sacramento and wrote a long paper on the experience for Harvard's Institute of Politics.

He was already becoming what he is today—a walking amalgam, or encyclopedia, of modern black America in its myriad overlapping incarnations. The immaculate suit, the delicate gold cuff links, the defiant Afro, the bookworm's thick spectacles, the jazzman's beard, the southern pronuncia-

tion ("steel" for still, "wahl" for while), the preacherly cadences. Each is a clue, or motif, part of the complex identity he has woven—his "layers" and "orbits," as Toni Morrison puts it. So is West's degree in Near Eastern language and literature (he learned Aramaic and Hebrew) and his Ph.D. from Princeton in philosophy. But grabbing so much of the world, assimilating so many ideas and sensations, so many idioms and attitudes, has left him, perhaps, with no single compelling idea of his own. This is the principal criticism of West's scholarship. In his best work, including his book *The American Evasion of Philosophy* and the strongest chapters in *Keeping Faith,* West juxtaposes unexpected figures in arresting combinations: novelists and philosophers, poets and revolutionaries, beboppers and lit-crit theorists, all are pulled into a conversation that can veer off in any number of directions.

But even some of West's admirers concede that he ceased, some years ago, to be a rigorous scholar. The early attempts to fuse Marxism and Baptist theology and to unite pragmatism and "prophecy" have given way to laxer projects: collaborations with Hillary Clinton's onetime guru Michael Lerner and the feminist Bell Hooks; the CD, which is not, in fact, a rap recording, as so many have said, but rather a sermon on black heritage and pride. Larry Summers is quite right: none of these is a typical production for a Harvard professor.

Turbulence surrounds his political choices, too. A plausible case can be made for Bill Bradley, Ralph Nader, even Al Sharpton. But soon, if you're Cornel West, you're theorizing on the innocence of O. J. Simpson, offering support to Sean Combs, and sharing a podium with Louis Farrakhan at the Million Man March (despite having "deep disagreements" with him, as West explained on *The New York Times*'s op-ed page).

One can only imagine how West's worldview looks to Larry Summers, a very different sort of man by any measure. Summers entered the academic empyrean by birthright, destined from childhood for Great Things: his parents were both economics professors at the University of Pennsylvania, and two of his uncles—Kenneth Arrow and Paul Samuelson—each won the Nobel Prize in Economics. Summers, marked for similar glories, was reportedly not accepted at Harvard as an undergrad (he went to M.I.T.), but made up for it by becomin[illegible] of Harvard's graduate econ[illegible] where he got his Ph.D., a jo[illegible] age 28, tenure—making him, fo[illegible] to come, the youngest tenured professo[illegible] Harvard's long history. (A 26-year-old mathematician later overtook him.) His specialty, political economy, launched him beyond the academy: he became the World Bank's chief economist in 1991, and then, with Clinton's election, rapidly ascended in the Treasury Department under the wing of his mentor Robert Rubin. Together, Rubin and Summers blueprinted the global-trade engine that powered Clinton's foreign policy.

If Summers personified Clintonism's "right" wing, its Reagan-influenced belief in market capitalism and high technology, West, the self-styled "radical Democrat," embodied its 1960s legacy of countercultural protest. Not that either man was locked into a rigid agenda. Shortly after being named treasury secretary, Summers ventured to Harlem to announce a new business-mentoring program, while it was West's traditionalist defense of "family values," *The War Against Parents,* written with the economist Sylvia Ann Hewlett, that attracted the attention of Hillary Clinton. In fact, West was close to the administration, and an occasional visitor to the White House, until he broke with the president over welfare reform. Thereafter relations were cool, though Bill Clinton asked West to speak at a ceremony at the Holocaust Memorial Museum in honor of Clinton's second inauguration, and West agreed.

These two versions of liberalism, Summers's and West's, had rubbed each other raw in the realm of governance, sometimes straining the limits of Clinton's triangulating magic. But no such conflict was preordained at Harvard, a laboratory of the mind, where competing philosophies flourish side by side. If West's eclectic social gospel jostled up against Summers's dream of a Massachusetts edition of Silicon Valley, so much the better, at least in theory. Both men might learn something. Neither, in any case, is afraid to mix it up. Whether deploring the "nihilism" of the urban underclass or urging Jews to rethink their stand on the Palestinians, West has been an expert mediator, a broker of untrammeled dialogue. Summers's style is different, less hortative than bitingly direct, marked by prideful certitude. Lobbying Congress for the 1995 bailout of Mexico as treasury undersecretary, he turned lawmakers off with his inflexible lecturer's tone. Rubin, Summers's staunchest backer for the Harvard job, had to make a strong case that his protégé would overcome his tactlessness.

At West's and Summers's second meeting, after their rift became public, an apologetic Summers tried to make amends by saying he'd looked at Richard Posner's new book, *Public Intellectuals: A Study of Decline,* [illegible]d been impressed to see that West's acad[illegible]nic citations—the number of references oth[illegible]olars have made to his writings—more [illegible]d Summers's own. But Summers [illegible]e more than a numbers guy. He went to Harvard plainly bent on arousing the campus to a new ideal. In his inaug[illegible] address he made it clear he wanted the h[illegible] profile faculty back in the classroom, wi[illegible] they belong, and mingling with student[illegible] the campus's libraries and common roo[illegible]

This was the issue on which, in West's [illegible]count, he was first confronted by Summe[illegible] October—mysteriously so, some say, beca[illegible] West is a conspicuously available teacher[illegible]

Many academic stars, able to write t[illegible] own ticket, become semi-mythical figu[illegible] scarcely glimpsed by students. But We[illegible] the opposite. He lingers in the classro[illegible] and posts unheard-of office hours: two [illegible] to nine P.M. "He does more teaching—[illegible] sure of it—than any other University Pro[illegible] sor," says Anthony Appiah. West's Introd[illegible] tion to Afro-American Studies is the sec[illegible] largest course on campus (roughly 75 [illegible] cent of those enrolled are not black). F[illegible] istration was so high in the fall of 200[illegible] nearly 600 students—that no lecture hall[illegible] campus could hold them all. "Thank G[illegible] the Catholic parish put us in the basem[illegible] where they had about 700 seats," says W[illegible]

But either West's reputation was unkno[illegible] to Summers or the new president ch[illegible] to ignore it, because at the outset of [illegible] October meeting, West says, Summers "[illegible] got on a roll, started with all the accu[illegible] tions," principally that West had mis[illegible] three weeks of classes the year before wh[illegible] traveling with the Bradley campaign. We[illegible] reply was equally direct: "That's not tr[illegible] Where'd you hear that lie?" From "th[illegible] independent sources," Summers told h[illegible] West again denied it. "I'm a teacher," [illegible] says now. "As much as I love Bradley[illegible] would never do that."

Still, far less active Harvard professors [illegible] turn over the occasional class to a gradu[illegible] student in order to attend a conference or [illegible] off-campus seminar. Might West have do[illegible] the same? Not according to Martha Nad[illegible] his head teaching fellow. She says he h[illegible] missed a total of two classes in the past f[illegible] years—both when he attended an AIDS co[illegible] ference in Ethiopia sponsored by Harva[illegible] and organized by his then wife, in Novemb[illegible] 1999. Others cite West's conduct followi[illegible] September 11. He had been in Manhatt[illegible] that day for the mayoral primary. (H[illegible] backed Fernando Ferrer.) Fall classes w[illegible] to begin on September 12, and after the [illegible] tack and the subsequent lockdown of Ma[illegible] hattan the city's bridges opened at midnig[illegible] and West drove through the night so as n[illegible] to miss his lecture.

In light of this history, Summers's accu[illegible] tion stung. "I think he was wounded," sa[illegible] Appiah. West is "very close to students. H[illegible] an incredibly serious teacher.... It's a sc[illegible] dal to suggest otherwise.... If Summers sa[illegible] it, it was based on serious misinformation[illegible] Indeed, a source close to Summers told n[illegible]

t in the first meeting with West the presi-
it "did reference rumors" about West's
ing missed classes but had also "expressed
nplete satisfaction with what West said
d deeply regrets the misunderstanding."
Those who know Summers say what trou-
d him wasn't missed classes so much as
sistent reports about West's "extracurric-
rs," in particular his long absences from
rvard during his year off. Neil Rudenstine,
nmers's predecessor, had authorized this
vity, but Summers thought it had kept
st away from the campus too much and
cutting into more serious obligations. "All
mmers] did was urge him to do scholar-
vork," says a source.

According to West, Summers went fur-
than that, laying out guidelines: West
ht consider writing a study that would
onstruct" a philosophical discipline.
st also recalls Summers ending the meet-
by saying, "I look forward to seeing
every two to three months to
e sure you're doing scholarly
k that is in some way com-
surate with your position." I
d several academics I know
t they made of this. "Outra-
us," said a Harvard professor
barely knows West. Another,
e University of Michigan, de-
ed it as "tantamount to saying,
ase start looking for another
–we don't want you here any-
e.'" A third, an Ivy League
essor for two decades, said,
nyone at [my university] made
a suggestion to me, I would
ntly resign. And if that's what
ened with Cornel, the only
rise to me is that he is still at Harvard."

ut did Summers really put the matter
arkly as West remembers? In a brief
versation I had with him in April, Sum-
s declined to comment but seemed mys-
d by West's account. His office told me
that "administrators don't monitor fac-
members at universities. They do try to
in touch. There seems to be a regret-
e misunderstanding." It was a classic
omon moment: two men converse in a
and each comes away with his own
on of what took place. Summers evi-
ly thought the meeting had gone well,
e West says, "Afterward I told Skip,
resigning on the spot.'"

stead, West nursed his wounds, sifted
gh his options, and conferred with a
friends. One confidante, Toni Morri-
had been "trying to re-activate an of-
Princeton had made to West "several
s ago." She sits on a committee—the
members include poet Paul Muldoon
historian Sean Wilentz—that has been
g to lure "superstars" to Princeton.
university had already been talking to Appiah. Now it appeared West might want to make the move, too. Princeton would get two instead of one.

All this was going forward quietly, discreetly, behind closed doors. The October meeting with Summers remained a secret. West "was very careful about" the story, says Morrison. "He said I should not repeat it. He was very hush-hush." Even at Harvard it was known "only to those within the circles of Afro-Am and those of us who orbit around it," one source told me. The widespread impression, inside academia and in the press, that West and company leaked the story to the media in order to pressure Summers is untrue. "It's bunk for anyone to suggest West and Gates were looking for attention," says David Abel, the *Globe* reporter who broke the story after first hearing about it from a friend as a secondhand rumor. "It took almost two months for the story to come out—and even then neither West nor Gates was eager to talk about it."



FIRST ONE OUT THE DOOR
K. Anthony Appiah, at home in Manhattan. His decision to leave Harvard made the front page of *The New York Times*—as did Cornel West's three months later.

Friends and colleagues of West's say this isn't surprising. "Playing the race card [is] something I've never known [West] to do in the 14 years I've known him," says Alan Brinkley, the distinguished Columbia University historian. In fact, West has a history of doing just the opposite, pulling the race card off the table when others have placed it there. In 1994, shortly after he was wooed from Princeton to Harvard, *The Daily Princetonian,* the campus paper, published a crudely drawn cartoon that depicted West as a large Afro and a pair of glasses looming over a lamp that suspiciously resembled the thick lips and tongue of racist lore. Many students and faculty were incensed. But West shrugged it off, saying the caricature was "a bit out of taste," but that the rights of free speech should be paramount. This time, though, the story was much bigger. As the controversy grew, West relied increasingly on the counsel of Harvard law professor Charles Ogletree, who fended off the press and began referring to West, rather melodramatically, as "my client"—which some at Harvard saw as needlessly adversarial. It was Ogletree, according to West, with whom Jesse Jackson first made contact. "I talked to Jesse the night before [his visit] and told him there was no reason to come," West says. Jackson "asked me to appear with him but I said no. It was New Year's Day. I didn't think it would be appropriate for me to be there. It would look like I was on a mission of some kind." Gates, too, renowned for his mastery of academic politics, was unhappy about Jackson's intervention. As for Summers's supposed lack of support for affirmative action, West says, "I would never hold a president hostage over affirmative action. There are principled reasons for opposing it."

After lunch, West and I hop into his 1989 Cadillac and cruise over to Harvard's Barker Center, the $25 million building that houses the Afro-American-studies department and its research arm, the W. E. B. Du Bois Institute. For most of its existence, Afro-Am occupied cramped offices above a pharmacy on the edge of the campus. But with Gates's arrival, in 1991, the transformation began. He rebuilt the department on the back of three key appointments: first Appiah, then West, and finally Wilson. "It was hard to persuade [West] to come here in the first place," says Appiah, because West was so content at Princeton. But Gates had to have him. His presence would ensure that Afro-Am was not simply a gleaming ebony tower but a beacon of solidarity visible in the black community where West ardently practices his "public ministry."

This afternoon the building is empty because of the holiday. West unlocks the door and switches on lights. In the hallway there's a bust of Du Bois, the greatest of all modern black intellectuals, and the first to receive a Harvard Ph.D. (in 1895). West leads me to his office, crammed with books, neatly arranged by author, from Aristotle to Wittgenstein. Next he hunts up a bottle of brandy—a gift, he says—and a pair of drinking glasses and produces a pack of cigarillos. Smoking is prohibited in the building, but we light up anyway, sitting in a handsome faculty lounge and facing a ceiling-high bookcase. The seminar continues. West is on to Kafka, Emerson, and William James.

A graying head appears in the doorway. "Brother Skip!" West exclaims. "How you doin', man?" Gates, 51, afflicted with a hip

Cornel West

ailment since childhood, has just had replacement surgery and is fitted with an enormous platform boot. He leans on a cane. He seems too relaxed to be what many have assured me he is: the most gifted academic entrepreneur in America. His domain extends to PBS (he hosted a series on Africa), Microsoft (CD-ROM), Steven Spielberg (consultant on *Amistad*).

"It was a great thing," Gates tells West. "I'm glad you liked it." He's referring to a recent dinner for West attended by close friends. "Everybody was testifying," Gates tells me. "Lani Guinier compared [West's ordeal] to the persecution of [Paul] Robeson and Du Bois," both of whom came under heavy fire in the 1950s because of their outspoken Communist affiliations.

Gates has dropped by just for a moment. "Listen, open that window before all these fire alarms go off," he tells West.

After Gates walks off, West heaves open the window, and icy air gusts in, dissipating the aromatic fumes of liquor and tobacco. The sun is sinking, night is coming on, and the only light is the burning tips of our cigarillos.

On my walk back to the Charles Hotel the damp, darkened streets send up a whiff of old history. It mingles with the spicy fragrances of Cambridge's ethnic restaurants. Campuses can be forlorn places, especially at exam time, when no one eats or sleeps very well and each undergraduate feels alone in his tiny prison of anxiety.

In my head I keep hearing the pride in Gates's voice as he invoked the great names, Du Bois and Robeson. But the comparison to West's current tribulations is, on its face, a stretch: Du Bois and Robeson were ruined professionally, while Princeton and Harvard are both now vying for West's services. Gates must know there is a difference. So must West. And so, for that matter, must Lani Guinier, who teaches at the Harvard law school. So why exaggerate? Is it self-aggrandizing "victim politics" or the simple desire—we all have it—to dignify a hurt?

I keep hearing, too, the single outburst Cornel West permitted himself after nearly six hours of Matthew Arnold and William James, of Chekhov and Kafka. He was recalling what he saw as Summers's accusation that he'd neglected his students. The memory seemed to flood his complex circuits with rage. "Miss three weeks and sneak around and act like I'm there when I'm not there? I told him, 'That's the biggest attack on my integrity, man. It has nothing to do with politics. None whatsoever. It has to do with what kind of pers[illegible] kind of person do you th[illegible] you think Clifton and Irene raised, ma[illegible] That was my question. I looked him dead in the eye. 'What kind of human being do you think I am?' That's the question I'm talking about. That's disrespect." Later, when I replayed the tape, the rawness of those words, the directness of their protest, was chilling. So was Toni Morrison's response when I asked her if West had told her about Summers's proposal to review West's writing. Yes, she remembered that: "monitoring" West's work, a "periodic review." And what did she make of it? "You don't do that unless you're dealing with an uppity slave. The owner can monitor [academic] papers because he owns you."

Of course the relationship between West and Summers was more complicated than that. It will never be clear who held the upper hand in their strange mano a mano. If it really was Summers's intention to drive West from Harvard—as some there firmly believe—then the announcement of his departure, on April 12, was a clear victory for the president, though a Pyrrhic one since West now says Skip Gates too is leaning strongly toward leaving Harvard. "Skip has been talking to Summers every day, and things haven't been going as well as he hoped," West told me on April 15. "There's an arrogance there that Skip can't take." (Gates himself was guarded on the subject when I spoke with him, saying only that he would make up his mind this summer.)

After the announcement, West gave interviews to others in which he seemed to dwell obsessively on his bruised feelings, even going as far as to equate Summers with Ariel Sharon. As for Summers himself, his reaction to West's departure could hardly be construed as rueful or even disappointed. "All of us in the Harvard community are grateful to Cornel West," Summers told *The New York Times*. He also paid tribute to "the great inspiration [West] provided." But his "we will miss him" sounded like an afterthought.

The signals throughout had been contradictory. West told me that after their January meeting Summers had not once contacted him, not even to inquire about West's health following his surgery. The two had both attended the memorial service in March for the Harvard philosopher Robert Nozick, who died in January, but had not spoken. "I tried to catch Larry's eye," West said, "but I couldn't do it. He wouldn't look at me." Then, in early April, after two months of both public and private silence, Summers suddenly barraged West with phone messages—five in quick succession, West told me. Summers also sent a note saying he had been glad to see West looking so well at the memorial service. "The door is open," the president added, in case West should [illegible] to remain at Harvard. Hardly a plea [illegible] n to stay, especially considering that [illegible] this same period West received almost weekly phone calls from Princeto provost, Amy Gutmann, who had fi dreamed up the plan, following the Oc ber meeting, of luring the "dream team" st en masse.

During a conversation we had a we before he made his decision, West hin very strongly that nothing could keep h at Harvard, despite word from Gates tha lucrative last-minute deal was being put gether. "They don't get it," West said. " never been about money. I never asked w Princeton would pay me. I just assume would be the same as what I was getti The same thing when I went to Harvar never asked about money." And indeed *Times,* in its report, said West's salary a University Professor, "believed to be" ab $200,000, would, if anything, decrease o he made the move.

The truth is West may well earn more fi his off-campus activities than any univer could possibly pay him, which raises ano question: given his speaking fees and b advances, West could easily untether him from academic life. So why doesn't he consider myself foremost a teacher," he s "I'm much more of a public teacher tha public intellectual." This makes sense. very qualities that weaken West as a sys atic thinker—his hunger for new influences unstoppered enthusiasm, his passion for past—exalt him as a teacher. He conveys excitement of learning. Here is West addr ing an audience in Madison, Wisconsin:

Du Bois recognized it was very difficul each and every one of us to want to be so ously questioned and interrogated such tha see the white supremacy and the male premacy and class arrogance, the nati arrogance in us. I always say to my w brothers and sisters, "If there's some whit premacy in me, my hunch is there's son you. Let's have dialogue, see how we struggle against that." ... Du Bois then b his text with a poem by Arthur Symons c "The Crying of Water"—the same Arthu mons who would publish *The Symbolist ment in Literature* in 1899, the same A Symons who would go mad seven years the publication of the poem, the same A Symons who would publish the poetry young Irishman named James Joyce, called *Chamber Music.* That particular [by Symons] echoes the 35th poem in tha text by that young Irishman, Mr. Joyce. Du chooses that poem in part, I think, becau says if we're gonna have a serious discu about race, we're gonna have to begin guttural cries and wrenching moans, vi groans and primal screams, echoes of Africans who jumped off of slave ships o tossed off of slave ships during the cen long transatlantic slave trade. You all rec dedication of Toni Morrison's great clas 1987. *Beloved:* 60 million or more, conse estimate of those who didn't make it, th gotten ones, the unacknowledged ones...

But we know, of course, it sits at the maybe not solely of the black experien

ybe it sits at the center of the human condi-
.... In Book Eight of Homer's *Odyssey,*
re Odysseus, the man of sorrow, moans and
ans as he hears the song sung by the blind
Demodocus about the siege of Troy. He's
ng something about each and every one of
Or recall those moans and groans in those
six pages of Leo Tolstoy's *The Death of*
Ilyich. He confronts himself and his histo-
wrestles with himself and his history. Du
s says yes, that's where the discussion about
begins, with the struggle over the evil in us
in our society and in human history.

he message here isn't complicated. But
the range and exactness of references
n dramatic force because of West's un-
pted delivery; its pacing and inflections
at improvisatory risk. The audience, nev-
quite sure where this is all leading, is
wn into the performance. In one of his
t-known essays, "The Dilemma of the
ck Intellectual," written in 1985, West
s, "There are two *organic* intellectual
litions in Afro-American life: *the black Christian tradition of preaching and the black musical tradition of performance.*" (Italics are West's.) Like other black artists, West unites both forms. And he adds the lecturer's equivalent of footnotes. The crowning irony is that West, "the rapping professor," is probably doing as much as any teacher of his generation to breathe new life into the pantheon of dead white guys, making them part of a "dialogue" that binds ancient and modern, European and American, white and black, male and female, king and slave.

This fusion also represents the best of black studies. Skeptics will never forgive the discipline its origins within the campus protests of the late 60s. To them it seems incurably separatist and thus at odds with the very idea of pure knowledge and the search for truth. They forget, perhaps, that American studies was seen as heretical in its day, too, as its own form of separatism, from the Continental tradition. Purists used to scorn American studies just as they now scorn what Gates and West and company have wrought. But the quest for identity courses through all American history, no less in Whitman and Melville than in Frederick Douglass and Du Bois. Race matters because it is a prism through which the whole of American history can be filtered. Slavery and its aftermath were not simply a stain on the national character but, in some sense, an irreducible feature of the American experience, the "precondition," as West puts it, of the country we are. The black Everyman (or woman) has become—indeed always has been—the Ur-American.

So too with Cornel West, whose "public ministry" is not so very different from the religious ideals of Harvard's founders—17th-century Puritans for whom teaching was a form of spiritual communion. "He's actually a very old-fashioned scholar," says Anthony Appiah. "He spends huge amounts of his time reading, thinking, seminaring, and talking to students at midnight, a group of them gathered around working with a text." Just what Larry Summers once said Harvard needs more of. □

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helsea Clinton

TINUED FROM PAGE 188 a private bar for literary and show-business elite, where Bono of U2 played the piano for Bill. Bill had tea with lemon," says a Groucho b waiter. "Bono was having pink cham-ne. Bill was going around offering to sign ographs and pose for photographs. He , 'Would you like a picture with me?'"

n April, the supermarket tabloid the *be* tried to cause a stir with the headline LSEA ELOPES—but the cover photo would e been enough. Again there was Chelsea—ather there was her tongue, springing into mouth of Ian Klaus, in telephoto detail. hat shot, taken on a trip to Venice, can't he kind of thing the Clintons envision as deal image for the daughter they always d to portray as the epitome of a proper ng lady—serious, smart, once the person-ounselee of the Reverend Jesse Jackson. hen contacted for this article, the Clin- said that as a matter of policy they do comment on Chelsea.)

ut Chelsea is clearly no longer controlled her parents. The stream of steamy pho-aphs has done what no one would have ght possible years ago, when Chelsea a girl with braces in billowing Laura ley dresses: Chelsea Clinton has become x symbol. She's the new J.F.K. Jr.

When Chelsea was a little girl, her father, then governor of Arkansas, kept hall desk in his office where she could her "work." In the age of baby-boomer enting, lots of dads like to include their children in the workplace, but probably none with as heightened a sense of images as Bill Clinton. As a 16-year-old boy who already knew he wanted to be president, Bill made sure to have his photograph taken with President John F. Kennedy on a trip, with the Boys Nation group, to the Rose Garden in 1963—an image he would use to his political advantage later. He no doubt became aware of another shot, snapped that same year, of Kennedy with his son, John junior, scrambling beneath his desk in the Oval Office.

If Chelsea Clinton thinks of herself as a political legacy, it's no wonder. She has watched her mother go from First Lady to senator of New York amid speculation that Hillary Clinton will one day run for president. "Most presidents' children—they sink like stones once their parent leaves office," says Gil Troy, a presidential historian. "But this is a different age." A president's son currently occupies the White House; there are more women in the Senate than ever before—13. If the timing isn't right for Hillary, it just may be for Chelsea.

It was her mother who first compared their family to the Kennedys, in her 1996 best-seller, *It Takes a Village.* Just prior to moving into the White House, Hillary said, she spent time with Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, who offered advice on being the parent of a president's daughter. "She stressed the importance of giving children as normal a life as possible," Hillary wrote, "of granting them the chance to fight their private battles while protecting them from public exposure."

In the book, a tract on children's issues, Hillary can be seen as a sort of sagacious mother figure in the communal Village, using many examples from the life of Chelsea to illustrate healthy methods of child rearing. The most vivid is one in which Bill hurls insults about himself to six-year-old Chelsea at the dinner table, so that the little girl can gain "mastery over her emotions" before encountering attacks on her father during his second campaign for governor of Arkansas.

"She was always obviously very interested in what her parents were doing and in global issues that the president was wrestling with," says P. J. Crowley, former national-security spokesman. At 15, Chelsea surprised her father by asking for a ticket to his State of the Union address. "She certainly is interested in the substance of politics," says former health secretary Donna Shalala.

Particularly in his last year in the White House, Bill Clinton seemed to be rather openly grooming his daughter for a career in politics—something perhaps encouraged by Chelsea herself. In March of 2000, she traveled with the president on a tour of Southeast Asia. That September he sent her as an official U.S. representative to the 2000 Olympic Games in Sydney. At the Olympics, the press—which for eight years had essentially honored the Clintons' insistence on Chelsea's privacy—began to chafe when the First Daughter continued to refuse to answer even the blandest sort of questions. (*Do you like the Opera House?* "I think we all love the Opera House," interjected Shalala, her traveling companion.) "This is all getting weird," said *The Washington Post,* adding that the Games were "financed with taxpayer dollars ... so couldn't

Chelsea Clinton

she do more than stand there and smile?"

The sudden presence of Chelsea in a quasi-official position next to her father was attributed to the post-Monicagate chill between Bill and Hillary, who was now busy campaigning for senator of New York. In the fall of 2000, Chelsea took a semester off from school to campaign alongside her mother. Although she was veritably mute throughout the many stops around New York State, Chelsea's presence proved winning. *The New York Times* described her as a "quiet political force"—as always a support in Hillary's ongoing effort to portray herself as a warm human being.

In 1999, Bill included Chelsea at the table at Camp David for peace talks between Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat and Israeli prime minister Ehud Barak. The Israeli delegation reportedly complained to the president, asking what she was doing there.

When the world changed forever on September 11, so did the world of Chelsea Clinton. In the wake of the disaster, the so-called Greta Garbo of American politics spoke in the December issue of the now defunct *Talk* magazine.

While the fact of the piece was widely noted by the press, the actual content went largely uncommented on. No one picked up on Chelsea's emotional announcement that she was running for president—or something like it, someday.

"Before and After"—billed as a memoir of Chelsea's day in New York on the day the planes hit—reads like a coming-of-age story, an Oprahesque attempt to deal with feelings about terrorism's coming to America's shores, and a campaign speech, all rolled into one. It's very Clintonian.

"I don't know very much these days," Chelsea wrote. "Before September 11 I wouldn't have believed I had many innocences left.... I had mourned with the victims of the USS Cole, seen lives devastated by floods in the Midwest and wrecked by earthquakes in Turkey ... "

This melancholy "I," who never mentions the name of her famous mother and father, takes it for granted that we know which compassionate, globe-trotting public figure we are hearing from. But if we think we know her, she is clearly out to frame a new image. There are many electable Chelseas in the piece.

There is Chelsea, girl of the people: after seeing the news on television, Chelsea said, she ran into the streets (she was in town visiting a friend), where she b[illegible] the tens of thousands of New Y[illegible] feared they were running for their lives. "I was expounding on the detriments of Bush's tax cut as we approached Grand Central Terminal and were met with hordes of people running out of the station ... "

There is Chelsea, champion of the September dead: days after the attacks, Chelsea said, she and her father "walked around and listened to people's stories," during which she started giving interviews, in order to let grieving relatives "stand behind me so that the cameras might light on their loved ones' pictures." There is Chelsea, a devoted daughter: "As he always does, my father made me extremely proud." She is a Christian ("I prayed for my country and my city"), a New Yorker ("I expect now that I'll always be one"), and a friend to the Jews ("That Monday I went to Rosh Hashanah services with family friends ... ").

There is Chelsea, a patriot ("Should I quit [school] and enlist?"), a liberal ("I realize that not all Americans feel the way I do about our current engagement in Afghanistan"), and a closet conservative ("That day Giuliani became my captain").

There is Chelsea, the woman—"I am not immune to loneliness"—and a young lady who knows her fashion. To escape harm's way, she said, she and her friends headed up Madison Avenue. "After all," she asked, "how would blowing up a Roberto Cavalli store resonate across America, much less the world?"

And, finally, there was Chelsea, a future leader of her generation: "I ... feel a new urgency to play a part in America's future. I do not know where my life will take me.... What I do know is that I will somehow serve my country."

With that statement, she stuck her flag in the memory of September 11. It was reminiscent of a speech made 32 years earlier by a Wellesley senior, Hillary Rodham. Hillary's commencement address to her graduating class was seen as a statement of purpose for her generation (and was, by contrast, anti-war). It got Hillary's picture in *Life* magazine. She arrived at Yale Law School already known as a leader.

"One false note to me [in Chelsea's piece] was the part about running with the crowds in the smoky haze of that awful day and ruminating about the tax cut," says Howard Kurtz, media writer for *The Washington Post*. "It had a level of political calculation reminiscent of her parents."

Chelsea Victoria Clinton was born on February 27, 1980, in Little Rock, not Hope like her father.

She was named, as has often been said, for the Joni Mitchell song "Chelsea Morning." Her father was overwhelmed with emotion holding the baby for the first time; he [illegible] never known his own father, William [illegible] the III, who had been killed in [illegible]t in 1946, three months before he was born. By the time of Chelsea's arrival, tensions were already surfacing in the Clin marriage. In his 1995 Clinton biography, *F in His Class,* David Maraniss writes of ho longtime Clinton friend saw the future pr dent singing his one-year-old daughter a laby, substituting the lyrics "I want a div-or-or-orce. I want a div-or-or-or-orce."

Chelsea's first home was the Governo Mansion in Little Rock; at 32 her fat was the youngest governor in Arkansas tory. After he was voted out in 1981, spent the only two years of her life (u now) in a private house, owned by the C tons. This was apparently another dark riod in their marriage, with Bill depres and working as a lawyer while trying to re-elected. He did, and in 1983 the Co back Kid and his family packed up moved back into the mansion.

Chelsea's mother was by then a hi powered attorney with the Rose Law Fi and the breadwinner in the family (Bi salary as governor was $35,000 a yea Chelsea was looked after by "a ready-m village of adults who were willing to pin hit when I needed extra help," Hillary wr in *It Takes a Village,* stressing that her att tiveness to every detail of her daughter's was unwavering. She refused, for example allow Chelsea to wear Velcro-fastened shoe a gift from Chelsea's fun-loving, racetra going paternal grandma, Virginia Kel (whom, in Kelley's youthful photograp Chelsea resembles most of all)—becaus would prevent her from learning how to her laces. But there were signs that Hill like many modern moms, found juggl work and motherhood taxing. On a 1 business trip, she was overheard snapping the phone, "Well, I don't know, Bill. I you feel her forehead? I don't know if has a fever. I'm in Chicago."

Chelsea thrived in Little Rock. She ha tree house, a cat named Socks; she pla soccer and studied ballet. She skipped t grade. At four years old, asked what she would like to give to her mother, replied, "Life insurance." "This tiny c wanted me to live forever," explained Hill affectionately.

Chelsea also took an early interest in stock market. She liked to play cards which she was said to be devilishly go "She tried to cheat, but her parents woul let her," says a photographer who took family's picture at the Governor's Man in 1992. Chelsea went to public schoo Arkansas, which also proved favorable to father's political image.

Bill always said that he made a poin having breakfast with Chelsea every day, as he became more consumed by the mands of his career, he had difficulty f ing time to spend with her. David Mara writes of how Clinton was crushed to that Chelsea wasn't terribly upset to lear

dn't accompany her and her mother on nned family trip in 1987 because he had led to run for president. "Well," Chelsea "then Mom and I will go without you." his anecdote was later played out in the s as a symbol of Chelsea's maturity. But ather found it troubling enough to cause to delay his presidential run by four s. "I need some family time," he said statement (he was also battling the first rts of his extramarital dalliances). hen he finally did make his announce-t, outside Little Rock's Old State House, 91, Chelsea held back tears. She was 11.

s a child, as a teenager, there were ways in which she reminded me of her r," says a former adviser to the presi-"She was very unself-conscious, friend-hysically affectionate, quick to give le a hug. Very open to the world." She reminds me of a com-tion of the two," says Don-halala. "Bright, attractive, ulate, very comfortable in own skin. She gravitated e towards history and po-l science." She] has her mother's char-and her father's energy," Clinton told *The New York s* in 2001.

ot much has been written t Chelsea's White House , largely because of her par-strenuous efforts to shield When the Clintons moved he White House, the "family " of rotating reporters was ced from 14 to 8. "They e it clear she was off-limits," the former adviser. Even Chelsea's language was off-limits. Even com-ts she made about what she had had inner were ordered off the record (like dad, she liked fried chicken), with the ficial threat that wayward reporters d be denied access to the president. rybody knew what it was," the former ser says. "And the press agreed, O.K., ill leave her alone."

he Clintons had the painful experience my Carter to guide them. Amy—nine s old when she moved into the White se in 1977—was mercilessly examined often ridiculed by the media, the most ess example being a report in *The Wash-n Star* calling attention to her "begin-of a bosom, a hint of a waist."

hen Bill was elected in 1992, there was that Chelsea—who, at 12, was going gh what was described as an "awkward "—would meet with the same sort of ment. Fear became panic when right-commentator Rush Limbaugh took his at the First Couple by going after their child, referring to her as "the White House dog." *Saturday Night Live* also did a skit in which Chelsea, played by geek specialist Julia Sweeney, was compared unfavorably with the Ralph Lauren–ish Gore girls. Hillary was said to be furious, and she laid down the law, as far as coverage.

"I really find it hilarious when they make fun of me," Bill said in a post-election interview in *People* magazine. "But I think you gotta be pretty insensitive to make fun of an adolescent child."

But it seemed that the Clintons had a double standard when it came to Chelsea. "They did brilliantly deploy Chelsea when they needed to," says historian Gil Troy. When the news broke, during Bill's 1992 presidential campaign, of his relationship with Little Rock lounge singer Gennifer Flowers, Chelsea suddenly appeared as counterweight to her parents' seemingly



AFTER THE MAKEOVER
Chelsea Clinton, Gwyneth Paltrow, and Madonna in the front row at the Versace fashion show in Paris in January.

rocky marriage. Bill and Hillary went on *60 Minutes* to talk about how they had dealt with the affair; afterward, the press was told that Chelsea had watched the broadcast with her mother and father and had remarked, "I think I'm glad that you're my parents."

But some of Hillary's comments on the show—"I'm not sitting here like some little woman standing by my man like Tammy Wynette"—hadn't helped the Clintons' image as a cold yuppie couple. Soon after, they appeared with Chelsea in a cozy family portrait on the cover of *People*. It was the eve of the Democratic convention. "There's no question they benefited from those *People*-magazine pictures," says Howard Kurtz. "There were people who didn't even know they had a child."

"What I would like America to know about my parents is that they're great people and they're great parents," Chelsea said in the Linda Bloodworth-Thomason and Harry Thomason–produced campaign video that was shown at the convention. But as her parents walked triumphantly up Pennsylvania Avenue on the day of Bill's inauguration, Chelsea was nowhere in sight. She rode alone in the limousine. She didn't get out.

The Sidwell Friends School, where Chelsea matriculated as an eighth-grader in 1993, was a far cry from Little Rock's Forest Park Elementary School. At that time, Sidwell had three athletic fields, eight tennis courts, and two gymnasiums, and cost $10,400 a year.

A photo taken at the time shows Chelsea, her famous curly top blowing about her face, being inspected by three lithe young Sidwell girls literally reaching out to touch her. Over her years at the school, Chelsea would come to resemble some of her more high-maintenance classmates. By her final year at Sidwell, Chelsea had become practically waiflike. "She had these little pin arms," says a Washington society hostess. "It was the whole overachiever, ballet-student thing." Bill Clinton seemed to be addressing a whole culture of women's negative body images when he delivered the commencement address to Chelsea's graduating class in 1997. He cited feminist author Deborah Tannen in exhorting the class not to be "put down" by the "culture of critique."

The president concluded his speech with an anecdote about his own eighth-grade science teacher, Vernon Dokey, who, "to put it charitably, was a very physically unattractive man.... He told us that every morning when he woke up he went to the bathroom and ... looked at himself in the mirror and he said, 'Vernon, you're beautiful.' Well, class of '97, you're beautiful."

Chelsea had had a successful career at Sidwell, where she was known as a brain. She played goalie on the soccer team. After school, she went for snacks at Roy Rogers (she is, however, a vegetarian) and shopped at the Gap, trailed discreetly by Secret Service men. She had a gaggle of girlfriends, whom she often invited for sleepovers at the White House. When they watched movies in the screening room, Chelsea was responsible for sweeping up the popcorn.

Such details of her life were known only because the White House allowed them to be. Reports that came out while her father was in office portrayed Chelsea as almost saintly: "Chelsea has been exposed to the less picturesque side of life: the ravages of

Chelsea Clinton

the war in Bosnia and Kosovo, earthquake ruins in Turkey, and abandoned babies in Mother Teresa's orphanage," said *Ladies' Home Journal* (sounding a lot like the *Talk* piece Chelsea would later write).

Even the *Los Angeles Times* wrote: "Chelsea is intensely serious, keenly intelligent, socially conscious, self-assured, people-oriented.... Although she attended an elite private high school ... she involved herself extensively in volunteer work in Washington."

By the time of her father's second inaugural, Chelsea had started to develop her own following. She'd had her first makeover—her hair smoothed and styled, her outfits now classically monochromatic—and was even put on Mr. Blackwell's best-dressed list along with her future fashion-show seatmate Gwyneth Paltrow.

In 1997, Chelsea made the walk up Pennsylvania Avenue beside her parents, waving to cheering crowds. Her 17th-birthday celebration, in New York—where she got a "Happy Birthday" chorus from the cast of *Rent*—was her media coming-out party. A NEW MORNING FOR CHELSEA, gushed *Newsday,* in one of the many articles to note how the president's daughter had "blossomed." It didn't all seem so different, in a way, from the Amy Carter scrutiny, although put more kindly.

On a trip to Africa with her mother, just a few weeks later, Chelsea surprised reporters by making her first spontaneous public statements ever. In front of a group of African teens in Arusha, Tanzania, she spoke out about violence and drugs among American youth. "There is a lot of hopelessness," she said.

When a teenage girl asked how the United States was handling these concerns, Chelsea said, "I think ... that [the solution] ultimately has to come from the young people themselves. I think that's something we have to work on. We've got to realize we are the future ... and ultimately we have to do it for ourselves."

Hillary Clinton stood by, nodding.

The year Chelsea entered Stanford, her father's popularity was at an all-time high. Her parents—excepting a Whitewater investigation that was by then losing steam—were relatively free from scandal.

The Clintons had wanted Chelsea to attend college somewhere closer to home; they had counted on Georgetown, Bill's alma mater. When Chelsea left for Stanford, Hillary Clinton reportedly experienced an agonizing bout of empty-nest syndrome. "It was an extraordinarily difficult time," says Lisa Caputo, a former spokeswoman for the First Lady. Bill had

As if to somehow

loss of their daughter, the Clintons had taken extreme security measures for Chelsea at Stanford. There was bulletproof glass in her dorm room, Secret Service agents living next door, cameras in the halls.

Two hundred and fifty journalists covered the Clintons' tearful farewell to Chelsea on the day they left her at school. And then after that there was the inevitable silence. The university had a strict policy of not commenting to the media about Chelsea, and students followed suit. A student on the *Stanford Daily,* Jesse Oxfeld, was fired from the paper after refusing to withdraw a piece that questioned the *Daily*'s very policy of not covering her.

Chelsea seemed to love Stanford. With her Secret Service agents, dressed like students, trying to keep up with her on mountain bikes, she zoomed through the streets of Palo Alto, once crashing her bike.

Saying she wanted to become a pediatric cardiologist, Chelsea considered a pre-med major; she later declared history, writing a 150-page thesis on the 1998 Irish peace process that quoted from personal interviews with President Bill Clinton. (She got an A.)

She took swing dancing. Reportedly, a photograph of her with skirt flying up as she did a cartwheel circulated around the university at one time, but it never appeared elsewhere. Students seemed to take Chelsea's privacy as seriously as her parents did.

Life at college was as normal as possible for Chelsea—except for the occasional, conspicuous segue back into First Daughterdom, like her 18th-birthday party at Jeffrey Katzenberg's Utah ski retreat. And then there were her boyfriends, all of whom seemed to have a ready-for-*90210*-ish quality. The first was Matthew Pierce, a religion major and buff star of the Stanford swim team; Chelsea took him to church services when her parents came for a visit in early 1998, and Bill posed for a picture with the boy, affably draping an arm around him.

But Bill was perhaps less relaxed about the whole idea of Chelsea's being away at college, dating, than the image seemed to suggest. Another young man who happened to go out with Chelsea while she was at Stanford says that, prior to their one and only date, he actually heard from the president. Bill contacted the young man via E-mail, asking him to refrain from saying anything to the media about his (uneventful) evening with Chelsea. The young man agreed, even offering to sign something. But the president said that would not be necessary. "Bill doesn't like documentation," the young man explained.

Like the rest of America, Chelsea learned fro[illegible] the media that her father had been [illegible] relationship (or, in Bill's version, [illegible] relationship) with a 22-year-old White House intern named Monica [illegible] sky. It was January of 1998, during sea's second semester at Stanford. In ad to the many other issues the adminis suddenly had to deal with in the new dal, there was the thorny question of C How was it all affecting Chelsea? "N however he feels about the presiden toned *The Washington Post,* "can forg he is also the father of a teenage gi adores him."

The White House issued reports of sea's strength and well-being. "She's said Marsha Berry, a spokeswoman f First Lady. Jesse Jackson was called White House to attend a Super Bowl after which he prayed with Chelsea ar lary (who are Methodists; Bill is a Ba

Jackson's *Newsweek* account of the session is classic Chelsea spin. "Che both tough-minded and tender-hea Jackson wrote. "She has said, 'I lo dad. I understand. I can cope.'"

The *People*-magazine cover story on sea that appeared in February 1998 t sentially the same story, that of a nob who "has kept her head high." But the tons were said to be so angry abou piece that they "went to the highest lev Time Warner" to appeal for it to be according to a former White House er. "It was not a good day" when the broke, says Lisa Caputo.

The Clintons issued a joint statem their first in years—condemning the again on the grounds that the medi no right to invade their daughter's pr but there was a rumor at the time, pro spread by Republican Party operatives the White House actually welcomed the tive coverage. "They had plausible d bility," says Lucienne Goldberg, the Clinton power broker.

As the Lewinsky debacle spun out o trol, so did White House control over coverage of Chelsea. In November of Chelsea appeared on the cover of the *York Post* with the headline CHELSEA'S H ACHE—ROMANCE ENDS FOR 'STRESSED' DAUGHTER. The tabloid reported that sea had turned up at Stanford's medica ter "complaining of shortness of breat clutching her forehead." "I wouldn't co the *New York Post* part of the media," House spokesman Joe Lockhart respon

It was reported elsewhere, however Chelsea had been treated for "stomach lems." The *Post* suggested that Chelse been overcome with stress because of h cent breakup with Matthew Pierce, w legedly couldn't take the problems that along with having a girlfriend whose f was facing impeachment. "[Chelsea kept saying, 'I'm not adjusting well,' and over," said the paper.

But on August 18, 1998, the day aft

er's grand-jury testimony in the Lewin- affair, Chelsea made what became the ral gesture of her tenure as First Daugh- As her father and mother made their ber walk from the White House to a copter waiting to take them to Martha's eyard for a much-needed vacation, Chel- walking between them, grabbed their ds. She was seen as literally holding her nts together, the bridge that made them, tever happened, a family.

The moment has been taken up as an mple of her parents' seemingly cynical of Chelsea in what conservative colum- George Will called "the grotesque pan- ime of domesticity that the Clintons orm in public." But Chelsea's own polit- instincts were by now too sophisticated hat alone to satisfy as an explanation.

When the helicopter alighted on Mar- s Vineyard that day, Chelsea lingered sually long before the cameras. She led, chatting easily with well-wishers as parents stood in the background, mut- by scandal.

"The Monica thing hurt her relationship h Bill a lot," says a friend of the family's.

Both Bill's and Hillary's positions in the world had changed dramatically by the Chelsea entered Oxford, in October of 1, as a graduate student in international tions. Bill was no longer president. For first time in his life, he had become in- on making money, traveling the world delivering speeches—one almost every r day—at up to $300,000 a shot.

Meanwhile, Hillary, who had always been nsely focused on Chelsea, was now pre- upied with learning the ropes of being junior senator from New York. Hillary enjoying a kind of midlife liberation, fi- y free from the shadow of her husband the constrictions of her former ceremo- office. She and Bill were no longer living ther, strictly speaking. (When not travel- , he spends most nights at home in Chap- ua, New York, and she in Washington, ough they say they meet for dinner three our times a week.)

Then September 11 came. It was a scary e in the world, and in its aftermath Chel- was in a place where very little was fa- iar to her. "When [Chelsea] first got e," says an Oxford student, "she wore sun- sses—no one in Oxford wears sunglass- and hats pulled down over her ears like was a celebrity hiding out from the ss, but no one noticed."

Far from her parents, released from the fare that had followed her most of her and finding it hard to find friends among British classmates, Chelsea was miser- . Ensconced in the same lodgings in Ox- l's University College where her father reportedly lived as a Rhodes scholar (between 1968 and 1970), she began to write her *Talk* piece. She had been at Oxford only a couple of weeks.

It's hard to be abroad right now, not only because of the inescapable sense of dislocation but also because of the protectiveness, defensiveness, and pride I feel for my country. Every day at some point I encounter some sort of anti-American feeling. Sometimes it's from other students, sometimes it's from a newspaper columnist, sometimes it's from "peace" demonstrators only a few blocks from where I live. Many question whether the evidence pointing to Osama bin Laden is accurate and conclusive. Others wonder whether America has any genuine concern for the plight of the Afghan people. I bristle at these suggestions.

It was strange to hear this characterization of British sentiment when Prime Minister Tony Blair was on the news nearly every day pledging his support, and British troops, to the American war effort. The British press reeled at Chelsea's comments; as international relations go, it was a disaster. "Turn down the volume," advised *The Times* of London.

Oxford students, for their part, were bewildered by what they saw as a misreading of what it had been like at the university in the weeks after the September attacks. "We thought the *Talk* piece was rather peculiar," says Marcus Edwards, former editor of *Cherwell,* a student newspaper. "There were people, not just Americans, who were very supportive of the war. [The protests] were a vocal minority."

"[The *Talk* piece] was a bit much, a bit showy," says Igor Toronyi-Lalic, a member of the Oxford Union, a debating society. "The general reaction [on campus] was not hugely anti-American. There was a debate going on, but it was very somber. There were a lot of arguments about what should happen . . . but that is as it should be at a university."

"People thought she was speaking rubbish," says Mark Hodgkinson, a former *Cherwell* editor who did campus reporting for London papers on Chelsea's article. "I must have talked to 100 people, and I didn't find one person who agreed with her."

Still, Chelsea found her way to an antiwar demonstration that took place in November at the medieval city's town hall. As a Labour M.P., Jeremy Corbyn, spoke, a group of American boys unfurled a large American flag. Chelsea was with them. "Remember the September dead!" one of them screamed. They were asked to leave.

One of the boys was Ian Klaus. It must have been a heady moment for the beginning of a romance. "Oxford is the capital of romance," Oscar Wilde, an alum, once said.

The town of Oxford gives every impression of being fully swept up in globalization; Cornmarket and High Streets—the main student drags—offer a Gap and two Starbucks within a block of one another. All around, however, there are the looming spires of the college, reminding students that for the better part of 1,100 years the place has churned out thinkers, prime ministers, and Kings. A 10-foot-high portrait of Henry VIII, who founded Christ Church College, glares down at students in its dazzlingly august dining hall (where scenes from *Harry Potter* were filmed).

So there wasn't much of a chance, when Chelsea Clinton came to Oxford, that her presence there was going to impress anyone, or at least not that anyone would let on. This was made abundantly clear one afternoon at the King's Arms, a snug bar with a rowing theme in the center of town.

There was a telltale pink pashmina thrown carelessly on the floor; the girls were Sloanes. The boys were nursing hangovers, having spent the night before at a party where someone had set a bamboo chair on fire; it's chic to be louche, among a certain set at Oxford. ("Everyone hates them," says one undergraduate about that crowd. "They're quite stupid," says another.)

The group was drinking Bloody Marys. Over the course of an hour-long free-for-all, they offered their thoughts on Chelsea Clinton and Americans in general:

"To be bluntly rude," said Sophie Crichton, 20, "[we] think Americans are quite uncouth."

"Not to be rude at all," said Erik Hannikainen, 22, "but here, Chelsea's just an American. She doesn't realize that. We have Percys and Howards—people whose families came over with the Conqueror, really. The whole of English society. O.K., she's a president's daughter—brilliant."

"He's not president anymore," Sophie said.

"And compared to people like the Duke of Northampton," said Erik.

"Or even an Astor," said Sophie.

Their friend Jake Astor was sitting nearby. I asked him whether he still had family in Manhattan. He laughed. "We own Manhattan," he said.

"It's not like, You're American, we're not going to talk to you," said Sophie. "It's like, You're American—but you have to slightly have the right attitude.... It was all over the Sunday papers Chelsea hates us."

"[The *Talk* piece] was fairly ill-advised," Erik said.

"She's a very nice girl, an incredibly nice girl," said another girl, Mouse Allen, 20. "I met her at a party.... I really liked her."

"She's been doing a lot of snogging lately," said Jake, using the British slang for kissing.

"No, she's really lively," said Mouse. "I don't know her boyfriend, but I'm sure he is, too."

"I think probably it's rather a trophy

Chelsea Clinton

thing, wouldn't you think?" said Erik.

"It may or may not be. That's so harsh," said Sophie.

"I mean, good Lord," said Erik.

They regaled me with a bit of Oxford slang:

"M.P.S.I.A.: 'Minor public school, I'm afraid.'"

"N.Q.O.C.D.: 'Not quite our class, darling.'"

They laughed.

"I've got a very good American joke," said Mouse. "What's the difference between an American and a pot of yogurt? After a hundred years, the pot of yogurt will grow culture!"

They roared.

They continued:

"H.K.L.P.: 'Holds knife like pen.'"

"N.F.I.: 'Not fucking invited.'"

They said that Chelsea never showed up at their sort of party—at Oxford eating clubs and debutante affairs in London—which they couldn't understand because, after all, "she *would* be invited," Sophie admitted. On the other hand, none of them had partied with Puff Daddy in New York, as Chelsea did recently.

"It's a Henry James story," says Audrey Li, an American graduate student in religious studies. "Chelsea came here and had to confront her own Americanness. Everyone is miserable when they first get here. Suddenly, you don't know who you are."

"When Chelsea wrote she was miserable in *Talk,* I was like, Join the club," says Madhavi Nevader, an American graduate student of the Old Testament. "When you first get here, for six months you don't have anybody—and then something happens, and you have a social life."

For Chelsea, the "something" happened at a get-together of American Rhodes scholars who found themselves clinging to one another in the weeks after September 11. His name was Ian Klaus; add a touch of James Spader and he looked like her father.

Ian cut an impressive figure: At Washington University, in St. Louis, he had been the recipient of numerous awards, including one for an essay on homophobia in African-American literature. He had a commitment to public service, having organized on campus a group called Bears and Cubs that encouraged student athletes to become involved in tutoring young people from low-income neighborhoods in St. Louis. His father, Robin Klaus, a California fitness-equipment tycoon, was a prominent Republican; his mother, Patricia, owned a horse-breeding farm. Immediately on entering Oxford, where he is studying English literature, Ian was signed up to play for "the Blues," the school's varsity soccer team.

"He has ridiculous, floppy hair," says an Oxford boy.

Despite his good looks and stunning record as an undergraduate, Ian, like Chelsea, seemed to have some trouble winning over his British classmates. His own Americanness took the form of a certain national swagger very unpopular at the university.

"He's a really loud character," says an undergraduate. "Very self-aware, shouting around in the sandwich shop like he rules the world."

He also lost points for his wardrobe, which tended toward conspicuous designer labels. "He wears Prada sports shoes," clucks another Oxford boy.

"He did seem a touch arrogant—but in fairness, he's entitled to be," says one of Klaus's soccer teammates. "He's a very good footballer. He works really hard, he runs around a lot. The other thing is he always helps you out, he always shouts to you, 'I'm here, I'm here!' He'll run so that you can pass to him if you're in trouble.

"But he does try and run the show a bit—he tries to be, like, quarterback. He tries to be the main man all the time."

Ian's American alpha-maleness proved popular with the ladies. "A lot of girls said he seemed like a very all-American guy. He's quite muscular, you know," says the teammate. "People who do his subject say, 'This guy is, like, very, very intelligent.' He's quite intellectual."

Chelsea has an estimated six or seven bodyguards living in Oxford. Presidents' children usually lose their Secret Service detail once their parents leave the White House; terrorism is said to be the reason for Chelsea's continued protection. (A Secret Service spokesman contacted for this story would say only that Chelsea has "Secret Service–type" protection.)

At the London premiere of *The Shipping News,* in March, Miramax chairman Harvey Weinstein marveled to the crowd about Chelsea's level of protection. "So I'm warning you," he told Ian Klaus. Then Weinstein led Chelsea around the after-party as he would a star.

Of late, Chelsea's bodyguards' job has involved watching, or perhaps trying not to watch, Chelsea's blossoming romance. Chelsea and Ian have been seen kissing in the Quod, a stylish restaurant in the center of town, in Merton's Bar, a favorite ale stop of Sloanes, and at "Code Red," a weekly party at the Bridge, a nightclub.

"She stands there snogging her boyfriend surrounded by her two bodyguards. The whole thing just looks absolutely ridiculous," says student reporter Mark Hodgkinson.

"They were getting down to it in a sink" at a house party on Cowley Road, wh many students live in private residen says an Oxford undergraduate. "Some opened the bathroom door. They clothes on. They were snogging. Her b guards were standing under a streetla outside, and someone was going to call police, saying, 'Who are these dodgy guy

But if the displays of affection strike tain classmates as excessive, the roma seems like the real thing, most stud agree. "They had their hands all over other," says a student who saw Chelsea Ian at Oxford's Garden of Eden Ball. " seemed quite happy around him. She dancing, screaming quite loudly with jo

"I'm very happy . . . and really, I an grateful to be at Oxford," Chelsea said charity benefit in London in Novem "People have been coming up to me saying 'I hear you're really unhappy h and it's not true at all." It was the s month her *Talk* piece was on the n stands, but it was as if she had never ten it.

"I'm so incredibly happy," Chelsea the London *Mirror.* "[Ian's] the nicest ever. He makes me laugh all the time."

According to people who have b around them, what Chelsea and Ian m do is talk about politics. The basis of t attraction seems to be very similar to brought Bill Clinton and Hillary Rodh together, three decades earlier: political sion, social commitment, and ambition

"Chelsea only likes to talk about poli It's quite dull," says an Oxford student.

It was a birthday party for an Oxford g luate student at Du Liban, a Leba restaurant in Oxford. The graduate stu was a black man in his 30s from Peckh London's equivalent of Harlem. He saved the seat next to him for Chelsea ton. She and Ian Klaus were late. When finally came in, a ripple went through group of about 60 people.

"It must have been hard for him," someone who was there, seated next to "He had to deal with this successio good-looking, charismatic Rhodes scho and other people coming over to tal Chelsea. He was visibly put out and c petitive. He was sawing his food. He wa overprotective boyfriend, constantly to ing her, marking her.

"[He said], 'So what degree are you ing for?,' and I told him my degree, an said, 'What are you going to do with th When I mentioned the name of the pressive bank I was going to, he sudd became much more interested in me. it was this constant tussle of wanting to to me and wanting to check on Che One moment of tension was when our said, 'Perhaps people would like to s

es.' Ian changed places with reluctance. n Chelsea was full-on next to me—she full-on. I thought, She's either quite keen he's just someone who really makes it a nt of looking you in the eye. There's a or she's political in the extreme and s this great operator."

She has a better grasp of the way the ld functions than most graduate stu- ts in the world," says P. J. Crowley.

One day in Oxford, I went to a café called Georgina's, where I'd been told elsea and Ian hang out. There they were. elsea was dressed all in black and had hair tied back in a ponytail. She had large glasses with square, black frames. looked serious, preoccupied by some- g. Ian Klaus was sitting beside her. The of them looked so much like pictures Bill and Hillary in their Yale Law School s it seemed almost impossible.

sat down. I was waiting for a photogra- r from *Vanity Fair* to arrive so that he ld talk to Chelsea. Ian never took his ds off her. He touched her hair, her , stroked her shoulder, her leg. Chelsea not reciprocating that morning, and Ian irmed in his seat.

Harry Benson, the photographer, arrived sat down. He wasn't sure what Chelsea going to say, because her mother's of- was against her doing a story just now. Harry's surprise, and relief, Chelsea agreed to pose for him. It was 12:30; she said she would meet him at 2. "If you tell Hillary, she'll tell you not to do it," Harry said in his Scottish accent.

"I'm a big girl now," Chelsea said, laughing.

Chelsea and Ian left the café and walked back to Chelsea's college. As they went down the street, Ian had his arm clutched around Chelsea's waist; it fluttered up to her hair, her neck, down to her back. He looked around a few times, in a protective way, or as if to see if anyone was watching. He was wearing purple-tinted sunglasses.

A little after two, Chelsea came out of University College to meet Harry. She had changed her clothes. She was now wearing a smart, blue jacket that looked like the kind of thing you would wear to a State of the Union address. She had put on makeup, especially around the eyes. It had the careful look of someone who has been watching makeup artists. Two bodyguards followed behind as we walked along, and their guns bulged from their backs (there had been controversy, when Chelsea came to Oxford, over whether they would be allowed to carry them).

Harry wanted to pose Chelsea by the elegant Christ Church College or in the Oxford meadows. But Chelsea said she would like to be photographed outside a library. She carried a large bag of books.

Some tourists from Spain—a group of three young women and a man—passed by and started saying in Spanish, "There goes Chelsea Clinton." They got very excited and chased after her; Chelsea stopped and offered to pose for a picture with them. One of the girls ran away waving the camera like a trophy, screaming, "Chelsea *Cleen-tone!*"

Behind the Bodleian Library, the most famous library at Oxford (and favorite study hall of the Sloanes), Chelsea posed for Harry. When the camera was on her, her face was transformed. She tilted her chin up into the light; her eyes went expectant and blank. It was a naïve face. When she's relaxed, her expression is canny and intelligent. She posed for about half an hour.

"I need to go read," Chelsea finally told Harry.

I asked her if she would answer a few questions.

She sighed. "You've been told," she said, "by my mother's office, that I can't talk to you."

I said people wanted to know about her.

"Yes," she said, "I grew up with everybody . . . "

I asked her if she planned on going into politics.

She wavered a moment.

But she begged off.

"I'm just trying to be a student," she said. And with that, she went into the library. □

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avid Letterman

TINUED FROM PAGE 195 then ABC's chief grammer, in the Team Disney building Burbank—the one with the statues of the en Dwarfs on the façade—Braun first ached going after Letterman. "I think r jaws dropped a little," he recalls. "They ught, How can CBS possibly let this go out on the open market?" Iger, 51, among the skeptics, largely because of respect for Moonves. "Even though there detractors in town who believe that Les an ego that's larger than most of the dio lots," Iger says, "I actually believe not only is Les talented but Les is very nted at managing talent."

But if Disney was ready to move Koppel off 11:35, another crucial player wasn't, or least said he wasn't: Letterman. Long be- Disney tied their fates together, Letter- n and Koppel knew and liked each oth- if Letterman brought out Koppel's latent kiness (Koppel had appeared on the *Late w* Rollerblading with Letterman down d Street and having his aged dog do a pid pet trick"), Koppel appealed to Letterman's latent seriousness. Letterman, after all, is someone who gets his news from the BBC.

Letterman's representatives said he would move only if ABC independently decided to kill *Nightline.* And they got that assurance, they say. ABC maintains that it told them only that the show's status was under review, and that it would not be aired forever. There *was* unhappiness at ABC about *Nightline,* which some believed had lost its edge and was certainly not nearly as profitable as it had once been. But in December 2000 both Koppel and his executive producer Tom Bettag had signed up for an additional five years. Koppel's contract provided for three-day workweeks, prompting unflattering comparisons to Johnny Carson in his late-night dotage.

"I was told by Lloyd that we had to be careful here," Iger recalls, "that we were walking a fine line, that we didn't create the appearance that *Nightline*'s death was solely due to David Letterman, and I kind of said, 'Well, good luck. How the hell do we do that?'" At one point, Iger says, the Letterman people asked for written assurances that Letterman wasn't killing *Nightline.* "I said, 'If that's the case, just let's forget it,'" Iger says. "And they backed way down on that."

Knowing that their plan could succeed only by stealth—that is, without alerting CBS to its interest—Braun and his colleagues proceeded clandestinely on what Iger code-named "Project Gap-Tooth." Discussions were confined to a handful of Disney executives. There was to be no paperwork, no E-mail, no conference calls, no cell-phone discussions. And, insulting as it might seem, nothing was to be said to the two people most directly affected—Koppel and his immediate boss, David Westin, head of ABC News—not because they are blabbermouths, Iger insists, but because each would feel bound, and rightly so, to tell his colleagues.

For Westin, being left out of the loop was the latest of several humiliations that compounded skepticism about his lack of news experience: not being consulted by his Disney superiors about scheduling changes favoring the entertainment division over his news division; being opposed by them in contractual matters involving the talent; being asked to fire veteran newsmen at a time when he was trying to establish trust among the staff. He had largely rebounded from these with his deft handling of the terrorist and anthrax attacks and support for investigative journalism. But not knowing about his bosses' pursuit of Letterman was a real setback. Still,

David Letterman

Iger could deal with Westin, a refugee from corporate law, who had nowhere as sexy to go. "They treat him very, very badly, but it's not a job people walk away from," said one veteran ABC newsman. "You can take a lot of shit at these prices."

With Koppel, things would be much trickier for Iger, both because of the man's star power and their long ties. Koppel liked Iger; as with Moonves, it's hard not to. Neither Iger nor Moonves is the kind of pointy-headed grind your parents wanted you to emulate; each is the more intuitive sort who probably cut classes, watched lots of schlock television, took chances, cultivated friends—all, it turned out, better preparation for Hollywood jobs than holing up in some library.

Iger liked and respected Koppel, even held him in a kind of awe—the awe, as one ABC colleague puts it, "of an Ithaca College graduate for someone like Koppel who thought he was secretary of state." Periodically, Iger had sought out Koppel for career advice. They liked to talk technology. Koppel had narrated the satirical video prepared when Iger married the newscaster Willow Bay in 1995; the same video features David Letterman doing a "Top 10 Reasons Why Willow Bay Is Marrying Bob Iger." ("It's hilarious. *Hilarious,*" Iger says.)

At the same time, Iger knew that Koppel could sometimes get on his high horse. That much was clear a year ago, when Iger, Eisner, and Westin visited ABC News's Washington bureau. Seeking to spare the news division from the companywide budget cuts Disney had mandated, Koppel asked Eisner if he had ever heard of several ABC News hands killed in action. His message: News was different, so treat it differently. Some applauded Koppel's courage, Iger was infuriated. "I thought the manner in which he manipulated or exploited those names was really unfortunate and improper," he recalls. "I said, 'Ted, news *isn't* different. Do we like news? Yes. Do we respect it? Of course. Do we want it to succeed? Absolutely. But we also need it to work economically.' The room was silent. *Silent.* I was really angry. I had steam coming out of my ears." But Iger maintains that the contretemps quickly passed, and calls speculation that it poisoned the well for Koppel at Disney "just silly."

When Letterman's contract came up for renewal, CBS had exclusive negotiating rights for 45 days; then others could come in. Braun prodded CAA to start the clock as soon as possible so that if ABC did land Letterman it would have time to buy and renovate a Manhattan theater for him before the next television season started. As it turned out, [illegible] December 5, which from ABC's standpoint had another advantage: the holidays were coming, and CBS might just be distracted enough to let things lapse.

The negotiations went badly from the beginning. CBS, the Letterman camp surmised, felt it could play hardball because Letterman had no alternatives. And even if he strayed, CBS believed, it would have the right to make a last offer, a point ABC disputes. At first, according to Worldwide Pants, Moonves actually tried to cut Letterman's budget. According to CBS sources, Worldwide Pants demanded control of the 11:35 time slot for 10 years after Letterman's retirement, an annuity worth tens of millions, plus fines whenever the *Late Show* was delayed for any reason. Nothing moved quickly. Moonves "just sat on it and sat on it and sat on it," a Letterman representative said.

Monitoring the situation as best he could, mindful to avoid charges of tampering, was Braun, who lent his name to the character of George Costanza's occasional nemesis on *Seinfeld.* He'd make vague inquiries of CAA, careful never to mention Letterman by name so that even if the phones were bugged he'd be clean. He took other precautions; for one thing, he shelved all talks about the fate of the troubled *Politically Incorrect,* lest the press report that ABC was reexamining its entire late-night lineup. In December and January, ABC put together a package for Letterman, all under elaborate cover. When Braun came east to scout theater locations, it was supposedly to attend a trustees' meeting at his alma mater, Vassar College. When he visited the sites, it was ostensibly for a Saturday-night sketch show.

Moonves, though, says ABC might have saved itself the trouble. He claims he always thought ABC might enter the fray, simply because it was in such sorry shape and needed to make a splash. He says he's not even sure when he learned ABC was in the picture, nor could he have ever headed it off; Letterman was determined to dicker. "I would have done exactly what [the Letterman people] did," he says. "You ask for the moon. 'Oh, you're not going to give me the moon? Well, I'll talk to somebody else who may want to give me the moon.'"

Throughout February the sides put together essentially identical offers. Letterman dealt strictly through surrogates, refusing to meet with his pursuers personally. On the morning of February 27, a Wednesday, Gabler told Braun that Letterman would decide soon, maybe as early as that evening, but surely before he left for his vacation house on St. Barts that weekend. Braun was dumbfounded: how, he asked himself, could Letterman decide something so momentous without even *meeting* the Disney people, without looking them in the eye?

"I have one question to ask you," he to Gabler. "Underneath whatever mishe [Yiddish for personal baggage, neur there may be, is David Letterman a g guy or a bad guy?"

"He's a good guy."

"Then I'm coming to New York. I'm c ing today."

"Lloyd, I cannot have you do that,' sisted Gabler, who said there was no g antee Letterman would see him.

"It's worse, because I'm going to call Iger, and I'm sure he's going to want to c with me," Braun replied. No "good g he insisted, would ever let them fly 3, miles and then bar them at the door. Br told Gabler he'd call him from outside Ed Sullivan Theater.

The two got their meeting. As Gal Jackoway, Braun, Burnett, and oti sat silently, Iger went to work on Le man, milking their every overlapping e rience: their early days as weathern their interest in auto racing, even the ca ologist who had performed bypass sur on both Letterman and, it turned Iger's mother. "I was there to sell me," recalls. Once Iger had sold himself, Br tried selling Disney, suggesting it woul compulsively attentive to his needs.

To meet Letterman, Iger had had to p pone for a day a short Mexican geta he'd planned with his pregnant wife, b was all worth it. The following mornin Thursday, Iger and Braun flew back to fornia triumphantly. But time was a p lem: Bill Carter of *The New York Times* onto the story. Iger had urged giving Le man a deadline. Braun disagreed; put p sure on the guy, he warned, and he'd ru the other direction. Unfortunately for A Letterman didn't decide that night, or the next day. He needed more time.

Carter's story appeared on the front p of the *Times* on Friday, March 1. It pron ed panic among ABC's spinmeisters moving Barbara Walters off Friday ni last year for a doomed Disney drama ca *Once and Again* was a 1 on the Richter s of public-relations disasters, one told anot this was a 15. Immediately, the story pron ed two questions: Who gave it to Car And who was the anonymous executive q ed in the story, saying that "the relevanc 'Nightline' just is not there anymore"?

On the leak, there was an orgy of fin pointing. The Letterman camp blamed C the ensuing brouhaha would surely give terman cold feet about changing chann Moonves's deputy, executive vice presi for communications Gil Schwartz, ang blamed Burnett of Worldwide Pants. Bur convinced that CBS was covering its tracks, heatedly denied it, noting that he'd tually urged Carter to hold the story. A

, initially suspected CBS, but over time ame convinced that the Letterman camp to blame: how better to gauge how ve's move would be perceived than to dy it about beforehand? "It's funny to me ear them going at each other, and know- that they're all wrong," says Carter. The , he says, "came from left field, really."

s for the anonymous remark about rel- evancy, which ABC instantly disowned, author has understandably never stepped ward. Most fingers point to Zenia Mucha, ney's senior vice president for communi- ons, a legendarily pugnacious former aide rmer New York senator Alfonse D'Amato New York governor George Pataki. Her tions with the press have always been my, and she was new enough at ABC— d arrived only one year before—to flub gs. As further evidence of her guilt, some ted to the statement's peculiar syntax, noted that Mucha had been born in nd. Then there was the attribution. "The es does its anonymous sources a disfavor: are called 'he,' women are called 'execu- s,'" one ABC newsman observes.

Mucha denies ever having uttered what admitted was "an unfortunate choice of ds." But according to an ABC News rce, when two executives asked her nt-blank whether she'd committed the pas, she said nothing in reply. ("No- y asked me anything," says Mucha.) it seems clear that whoever made the ement was saying something, however nsily, that one of his or her higher-ups, arently eager to ease Letterman's con- nce, had wanted him or her to say.

The *Times* story jolted Moonves into drive. The next day he pulled his Jaguar vertible off to the side of the road near home in Brentwood, dialed Rob Bur- , a man he had groused about to associ- , and spent the next 90 minutes lavish- him with love. "Maybe I stayed off it er than I should have, and they didn't my passion for them," Moonves recalls. at's why it was so emotional: 'Rob, I y am passionate, I really do like you s, I really do want you to stay here. at do you need? What's missing?' He me X, Y, and Z, and you know, right he spot there I gave him X and Y, and I , 'I'll work on Z.' It was about an hour, r and a half. And, by the way, it was human contact."

ensions between CBS and Worldwide ts calmed down; Burnett began telling rters that accounts of a Letterman- nves feud had been greatly exaggerated. kly, the coverage turned; stories began esting that Letterman, a man known to changing the kinds of candy bars he or the sorts of socks he wears, let alone ios or networks, would likely stay put. But within a few days the rapprochement had broken down: anti-Letterman items—that the *Late Show* was not all that profitable, that Letterman was impossible to please, that Burnett favored ABC because CBS had passed on *Ed,* a sitcom he'd produced—began popping up. Burnett blamed Gil Schwartz, believing he was building an alibi for CBS should Letterman bolt. The two had another shouting match, during which Burnett was overheard to scream, "While Les is being a gentleman, if this deal goes to ABC it's because of you and your department." (Schwartz, who doubles as *Fortune*-magazine columnist Stanley Bing, is the author of a newly published parody of a management primer, *What Would Machiavelli Do?*)



SUIT YOURSELF

Clockwise from top left: CBS Television president Les Moonves; Disney president Robert Iger; Rob Burnett, president of Letterman's production company, Worldwide Pants, and executive producer of the *Late Show with David Letterman;* Lloyd Braun, ABC Entertainment chairman.

Cut back to ABC, where the *Times*'s Carter had called various people to tell them his story was about to appear and what it would say, and to get their comments. That forced Iger to tell Westin about the Letterman chase, though not that he had just flown in to see the guy. ("If Les found out, he might have been inclined to fly in and see him, too," Iger explains. "And I knew Letterman was getting on a plane the next day to go to St. Barts, and I wanted him to leave the country.") Westin, stunned by the news, agreed to call Koppel, then at his vacation home on Captiva Island, Florida. Word was spreading: one of *Nightline*'s executive producers, Leroy Sievers, promptly beeped the other, Tom Bettag. And Iger, facing the music, attempted to reach Koppel. First, he was told Koppel was out. Then he was told that Koppel didn't want to talk to him and had gone to bed.

To staffers, the thought that *Nightline* was endangered was implausible enough; that it was disrespected was almost unfathomable. Even as ABC was conspiring to replace it, Bettag had blithely been trying to get it expanded to an hour. Bettag and Sievers began calling colleagues at home, telling them to phone in at 10 o'clock for an extraordinary announcement. Perhaps members of a *Nightline* team in Kazakhstan had been killed, some worried. Once everyone was on the conference call, Westin spoke, then Koppel himself, then Bettag. When Carter's story hit the newspaper's Web site, Bettag began reading it aloud. When he got to "the relevancy of 'Nightline' is just not there anymore," he stopped. "Well, I guess we know everything we have to know," he said, his voice shaking.

Koppel was flying back to Washington early the next morning when Iger, en route to Mexico, tried and failed again to reach him. The next time Iger tried, Koppel was in a staff meeting. Meanwhile, Sievers E-mailed his daily bulletin to *Nightline* viewers, in this instance reporting not just on the topic of that night's broadcast but the show's troubles as well. "Ted has returned from what was to have been a long weekend, but to this point, no executive from ABC or Disney has spoken to him," it said. "It really pissed me off," Iger recalls. "It completely ignored the fact that someone from the Walt Disney Company—namely the president, me—had tried to reach Ted from the night before."

Iger finally did get hold of Koppel that day. Their conversation, he says, was "frosty." Koppel, irate about the "relevance" quote, demanded a retraction. This Iger agreed to do—"against the will of a lot of people in the company, by the way," Iger says—not in his name, but in that of network chief Alex Wallau. The statement, expressing the hope "that *Nightline* and Ted will continue to make significant contributions to ABC in the years ahead," placated no one. "I probably should have been a bit more aggressive in our defense of *Nightline* initially," Iger concedes.

On Monday morning Iger flew to Washington and met with Koppel personally. "He had obviously been simmering all weekend," he recalls. "It didn't change the mood, but I felt I gave him what he deserved, which is the respect a face-to-face meeting suggests." The next day, Koppel had a mild op-ed article in the *Times,* in which he acknowledged that Disney had "excellent business reasons" for doing what it had done, but called the anonymous swipe "at best, inappropriate and, at worst, malicious."

Around the news division, word of *Nightline*'s and Koppel's travails generated surprisingly mixed emotions. There was worry:

David Letterman

people saw in them more ominous portents about Disney and its attitude toward news. Already, Disney had cut budgets, jerked *20/20* around, attempted to subcontract much of its newsgathering to CNN, and hired *Pearl Harbor* producer Jerry Bruckheimer to do a series of patriotic pseudo-documentaries. There was some sadness too. Many ABC correspondents consider *Nightline* a haven—a place where, in contrast to the more straitened, less collegial evening news, their work could breathe and was always appreciated. "There wasn't a person in the building who preferred working on *World News Tonight* to *Nightline,*" says one ABC News alumnus. "Peter [Jennings] is impossible, and Ted is embracing."

But like any elite enclave, "the Principality of *Nightline*"—as some call it—has also spawned enormous resentment within the larger organization. People resent its fancier facilities: the ergonomic chairs, the wooden floors. They resent how it has largely avoided Disney's budgetary ax. They resent what they see as its self-righteousness, and its unwillingness to take on the same tacky topics they now must. "I don't like doing Gary Condit, but 25 million people are watching that," says one newsman. "We all have to do shit these days."

And they resent Koppel: his short workweek, his unwillingness to pitch in for ABC News, his privileged position with Iger. Periodically, efforts were made by Westin and others to change *Nightline,* to liven it up and wean it off so many taped reports, but they were always rebuffed. "I've let *Nightline* get away with everything for years," Westin told one colleague. "No one tells them what to do," says one executive. "They get dismissed by his Tedness."

One veteran *Nightline* staff member concedes the ill will. "It's a combination of envy that we continue to hold standards and the belief that *Nightline* people think their shit smells better than others', so that people here are called 'radical fundamentalists' or 'the Cult' or just 'those assholes in Washington,'" he says. To him, the notion that Koppel is loafing—mailing it in, as CNBC's Chris Matthews suggested—borders on blasphemy; Koppel's work on various primetime documentaries and multi-part series, he notes, means he puts in far more than three days a week. (Matthews has literally mailed in an apology to Koppel.)

Good Morning America's Charles Gibson and Diane Sawyer remained publicly mum on their network's Letterman flirtation, though Sawyer did cancel an appearance on the *Late Show.* Perhaps they were following the corporate edict to keep quiet; perhaps they relished the prospect of Letterman ice-

gions waking up to *Good Morning America.* Sam Donaldson spoke out on *Nightline*'s behalf; so did Peter Jennings, despite a long and complex relationship with Koppel. (Jennings, whose soon-to-expire contract guarantees him $1 more than anyone else at ABC News, once was heard grumbling that Koppel was "so goddamn secure.")

But the most fervent support came from Barbara Walters, who complained on *The View* that by springing surprises on both of them Disney had treated her, Koppel, and the news itself shabbily. Her choice of soapboxes angered Iger. "Go on any street corner and say what you like, even if it's about the company you work for," Iger says. "Write an op-ed in *The New York Times,* appear on *Larry King* if you want. But to use one of our *own programs* to do that? That was, in my opinion, far worse than what was done to her on Friday night."

"Barbara and Sam could not have been more supportive, perhaps even to their own detriment," says Koppel. Among the many weighing in privately, he adds, was Sawyer, "not once but several times."

After the *Times* story broke, Braun says, "we were swimming even more upstream." ABC made one last push. Eisner called Letterman from Europe; Braun continued to dangle a state-of-the-art studio on West 66th Street; Braun's 14-year-old daughter baked Letterman a low-fat cake, which Braun carried cross-country and personally delivered to Letterman's office on March 11, the day Dave returned from vacation. "Late Show + ABC = #1," she'd written on ABC-yellow frosting.

But that afternoon, only minutes before Letterman began taping that night's show, Braun and Iger got their "Dear John" call. And Moonves heard what he said he had always expected. Sure, at one point during the drama he'd checked on the availability of Conan O'Brien, but that was prudence, not panic. "I have contingency plans for every show on my schedule," he says. "I have Sunday afternoons planned in 2010."

For several more years, then, Moonves can see Letterman on CBS, either by live feed from New York early every afternoon or later on, like the rest of us. "A lot of times I'm asleep by 11:30, but when I'm up I don't watch anything but," he said. "Unless maybe there's a great *Nightline* story on. If there's a big world event, I'll probably watch Ted Koppel."

Lying in his bed in the Regency Hotel on the night of March 11, Braun heard Letterman express amazement that two networks had actually been "fighting over this crap," then praise Koppel and say he hoped ABC would now leave him where he was "for as long as that guy would like to have

that job, because that's just the way it c to be." Braun could not be blame thinking that it was the height of hypo for Letterman to have allowed the cour with ABC to proceed nearly to consun tion, only to leave the network at the and then use his show to tell it how tc its business. But Koppel was gratifie later called Letterman to thank him.

Following Letterman's announcement, lau put out another statement, this one ing that *Nightline* would remain in its period and Koppel would continue to "a significant presence at ABC News. Koppel, Bettag, and Sievers, this was bu other slice of Disney Milquetoast. Two l later they issued a statement of their demanding "a clear and unmistakable si of corporate backing.

Disney officials found the statement presumptuous and surprising: Koppel an cohorts were not only demanding some no network ever gives any show, but spending all their ammunition at once leaving the Disney executives in control. just that in mind, Westin had urged Kc not to make the statement, or at least to it down. That the two sides would event work something out seemed obvious. tractually, Koppel could leave ABC in cember, and he had feelers from CNN PBS, but he was unlikely to earn as mu reportedly $8 million a year—elsewhere could not bring along his staff. As for Di it still had nothing to put in *Nightline*'s p

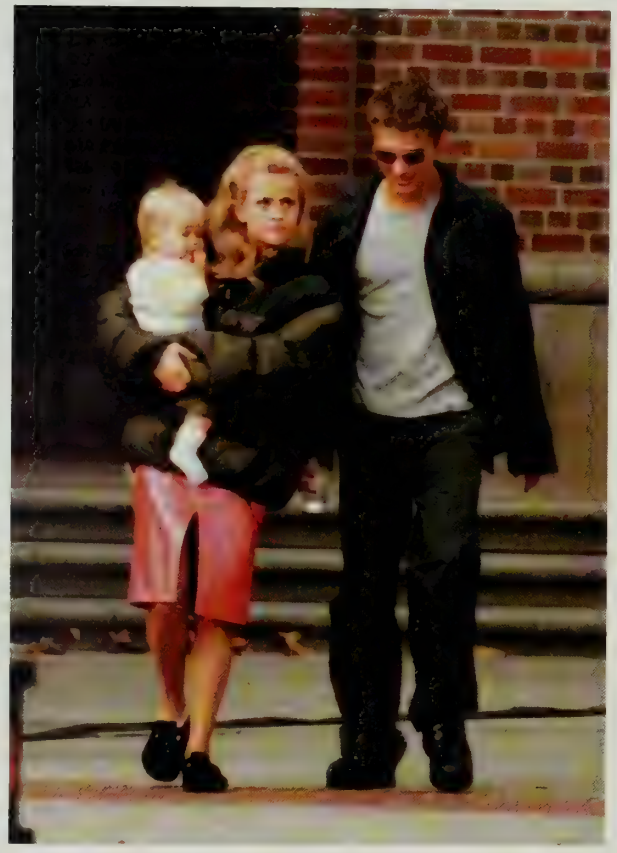
Disney took its sweet time in respon maybe weighing other options, maybe t to humble *Nightline* a bit. For more three weeks, during which time the pro won a Peabody Award, the *Nightline* awaited its fate. The gallows humor someone set the clock in the confer room to three minutes to midnight, framed the *New York Post* for Marc SHAF-TED, it shrieked. On April 8, Disn nally announced, in Iger's name, tha show would continue to set high journa standards "for years to come." Unmenti was a private memorandum, which evid said that those "years" numbered ar two. "Neither of us got everything we ed, but we all have something we're cor able with," Koppel says of the agreeme

The rapprochement was celebrated dinner at Eisner's house a few days b the announcement. It was a boys-onl fair, with Eisner, Iger, Koppel, and B on hand. Iger would not discuss it; all Koppel would say is that the cuisine Chinese. I asked him if fortune cookie been served, and he said they had not. a good thing that may have been, for knows what message, about the futu Disney or Koppel or Iger or Eisner or *line* or ABC News or even television might have been inside? □

eese Witherspoon

NTINUED FROM PAGE 178 moved to Los geles, I went to see a doctor, and he said, ese Witherspoon? Well, that's a name 'll never see in lights.'"

Reese took her last acting class when she s seven. "My parents were always incredi- supportive," she says. "They thought it s a hobby for the first four years." In s 0, Robert Mulligan, the director of *To Kill Mockingbird,* arrived in Nashville to film *Man in the Moon,* about a girl coming age in the South in the 1950s, and Reese d up with all the other town- to land a part as an extra. In rt order she landed the lead. n after that she got an agent, e Dontanville, who still repre- ts her at William Morris, and acted in small films such as *k the Bear* and *A Far Off Place* he same time she was going to prom and beginning classes at nford University. Two roles—



BRINGING UP BABY
Reese Witherspoon is visited by Ryan Phillippe and their daughter, Ava, on the *Legally Blonde* set in Los Angeles, 2000.

essa, a tough-talking welfare nager, in the cult hit *Freeway,* l Mel, a privileged Hollywood ghter, in the *noir* thriller *Twi-t*—made her decide to quit col- e and concentrate totally on a career.

Witherspoon reminds me of girl in high school all the rest s were a little scared of but at same time in awe of—so pretty, mart, so together that it made r day if she just said hi as she sed you in the hall. Then n you run into her 10 years r, you realize that she was y a normal girl with insecuri- just like yours. "I feel really nfortable in my skin now and nfortable with the choices I've e in my career," she says. "I 't feel locked in to anything." I ask her if e was ever a period when she *didn't* feel nfortable in her skin. "Yeah," she replies, st of my life."

ou have to drive up slowly to Reese Witherspoon. Having started out as a d actor and been burned a couple of es in a tough business, she has learned eep her cards close to the vest. "My na- is to be really super nice, open, and ng. I'm an I'll-tell-you-all-my-secrets-in- conversation type of person," she says. t I've learned to be more reserved, which sn't come naturally. I know sometimes not fun being friends with someone who s what I do for a living."

She is the most capable friend I have," Selma Blair, who met Reese in 1998, on the set of *Cruel Intentions,* Roger Kumble's teenage version of *Les Liaisons Dangereuses.* "When I got my pictures back from my Outward Bound trip, Reese was the first person I called. First, because she was my only friend who would at least pretend to be interested. And second, she even asked me questions about them. She is really interested in things beyond the business."

Witherspoon admits that she has few close friends, but most of the ones she does have she has had for a long time and is fiercely loyal to. "I'm really discerning about whom I let into my life," she says. After *Election* was released, she recalls, "people were really scared of me and would walk around me because they thought I was Tracy Flick. And part of me is like that character. I think there is no way to hide parts of yourself. There is a reason you're attracted to roles." She seems to make even the most controversial characters she plays sympathetic, and she isn't afraid to play unlikable characters. "She's got no attitude, which is, you know, unfortunately, rare," observes her *Pleasantville* co-star and friend Tobey Maguire. "She's just a really good actress, and she's really funny. Reese is one of those people that whenever I bump into her it brightens my day. It's not about her vanity. She's here to stay. Slow and steady wins the race."

Most people at Witherspoon's age are still trying to figure out what they want to do when they grow up. I ask her if you pay a price for having the drive to arrive where you want to be when you're so young. "My parents used to call me Little Type A," she says. (Her production company is called Type A Films.) "I was always very busy and driven. Part of that is great, and part of that can tear you up.... Why, at the age of 14, did I decide to become a professional? I was so driven to balance my own checkbook. It seems bizarre to me if I think about a 14-year-old doing the things I did. I'm starting to learn that the pace at which I run is not conducive to a healthy life. I've worked hard and pushed myself hard, and ... in the end something is going to crack. I don't know what it is yet. I am just figuring this out about myself ... and I am starting to learn to pull back. I'm trying to take those moments where everything is going well and enjoy them. That's why I thank God that Ryan and I got married. There are times when you think, Are these the right decisions that I'm making? Ultimately, I think it has been really helpful to have the person who knows me so well for a husband, who experiences the same kind of frustrations and lives the same lifestyle."

It takes courage for a rapidly rising young starlet to get married and have a baby, but Reese Witherspoon is happy she made the choice. She met Ryan Phillippe on her 21st birthday and married him two and a half years later, when she was six months pregnant. Ava Elizabeth Phillippe, who was born on September 9, 1999, is named after Ryan's grandmother.

I ask Phillippe what first attracted him to his wife. "We would have conversations on the phone before we even had our first date. We would cover every subject imaginable. She would challenge me, and I would challenge her. What struck me most about her was her mind, although she was also adorable and sexy. I was struck by her individuality—a self-possessed woman with her own ideas about things," he says. Today he even concedes to her obsession with monogramming—sheets, towels, stationery—saying, "She is very southern, endearingly southern."

Ryan Phillippe is a Yank from Delaware, an only boy with three sisters. After spending six months on a soap, he exploded onto the screen as a teen heartthrob in *White*

Reese Witherspoon

Squall and *I Know What You Did Last Summer,* then proved himself as an actor in *Cruel Intentions,* a film he had to talk his wife into doing. As the American posing as a valet in Robert Altman's *Gosford Park* last year, he showed critics he could hold his own in the greatest assembly of English actors in memory.

One gets the feeling that this young couple is capable of anything. "Reese had never held a baby until our own, whereas I grew up taking care of kids, so it was a much more natural transition for me," Phillippe says. "What impresses me most is her ability as a mother. She constantly keeps me excited and engaged, and I'm always interested to hear what's on her mind. We try to be as mutually supportive as possible, but it is incredibly taxing because of our schedules and all the obstacles inherent in living out a relationship in the public eye. Our lives are complicated, but we make the effort. We have both matured so much in five years; 21 is so much younger than 26."

They don't go out much publicly, and certainly are not seen at every event getting photographed. They like to stay home with their daughter and their English bulldog, Frank Sinatra. "We both cook and enjoy doing that together. Reese didn't know how to cook very well when we met," Phillippe tells me. "I remember the first meal she tried to make me was Hamburger Helper. She has come a long way."

After Ava was born, they made a decision not to spend more than a week or two apart from each other or the baby. "No movie is so important that it would be worth sacrificing our family life," Phillippe says. The actress Jennifer Coolidge confirms this with a funny incident that happened on the set of *Legally Blonde.* "I remember Ryan was leaving to go somewhere, and Reese was crying in the driveway. Ryan said, 'What are you crying for? You're going to see me for the rest of your life.' I mean, what girl wouldn't want to hear that?"

The pair involve themselves in a number of charities. They're both supporters of the Fulfillment Fund's College Pathways Project. As Witherspoon explains, "Education is big thing for us. I have a couple of schol ships that I've started on my own wi schools back in Tennessee. Ryan and I wa to create opportunities for kids who rea work hard but don't necessarily have t monetary means of financing an educatio

Reese Witherspoon and Ryan Phillip stunned viewers across the country when th walked onto the stage at the Kodak Thea during the Oscars in March—the mo breathtaking acting couple since Paul Ne man and Joanne Woodward. And when s asked to read the winner of the award best makeup, he replied, "You make mo money than I do. Go ahead." Not only we they great-looking and talented, but th managed to crack the best joke of the nig

When I ask Witherspoon what she wou like to be doing in the next 10 years, s talks about having more children and th adds, "I'd like to direct." And when Ree Witherspoon says it, you know she means Alexander Payne responds by saying, "Tha news to me. Yeah, she can do anything. B it kind of scares me that she wants to dire because she'll push all the rest of us off."

Carly Fiorina

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 185 the doubts in people's minds: the S.E.C. began an investigation of Lucent, after the company informed it of previously misreported earnings. That year its stock price had fallen by 76 percent from $75 to $18. In an alarming foreshadowing of the Enron debacle, it was mostly the company's smaller shareholders who suffered. Many of its corporate executives—for whom a $40 million golf course in Gladstone, New Jersey, had been built at the behest of C.E.O. Rich McGinn—had sold their stock the previous year. (Fiorina had appropriately swapped her options for $65.6 million of H-P stock in 1999.)

Some on the H-P board started to wonder openly about their so-called prodigy. The former H-P C.E.O. John Young, now on the Lucent board, told a friend that he and the board attended a two-day, off-site meeting to analyze step-by-step what had gone wrong at Lucent. Apparently, Young said, after six or seven hours of this he had an epiphany. "It was like, 'Oh my God, this is chapter and verse of what's happening at H-P.'"

Fiorina joined AT&T's Network Systems division—now Lucent—in the late 80s, when she was in her early 30s. "It wasn't the most visible arm of the business," says Bill Marx, an executive vice president of AT&T at the time. "It was predominantly male; I was lookin

"Most people thought she'd take a job in telecom services, because that was what was visible and political," says Kathy Fitzgerald, now Lucent's senior vice president of communications.

Fiorina's path to AT&T had been just as unorthodox. After leaving Stanford, where she'd majored in medieval history and philosophy, she toiled at U.C.L.A. Law School for a few months to please her father, Joseph Sneed, now a senior court-of-appeals judge in San Francisco. She hated it and quit, flying to San Francisco to explain to her father, who told her he was worried she would never "amount to anything."

Back then, according to her first husband and fellow Stanford graduate, Todd Bartlem, 48, now a computer consultant in the hospitality industry, Fiorina was not yet fixated on a high-flying career. The couple soon headed to Italy, where Fiorina taught English, and Bartlem went to graduate school. Then Fiorina was a "tagalong," according to Bartlem.

"We had great friends. And we did all sorts of fun things. And we were poor as church mice," Bartlem says.

The Sneed family, which hailed from Texas, Bartlem recalls, was not particularly wealthy, but they had a beautiful house in San Francisco, of which Fiorina's mother, the late Madelon Sneed, a housewife who painted in her spare time, was extremely proud. There were three children: Joseph; Carly, whose real name is Cara Carleton, so called because every Sneed generation, going back to the il War, had had a Carleton; and Clara, who later wrote an article for a historical jo nal about John Beale Sneed, a great-un who became a local Texas legend by virt of having shot his wife's lover and the love father.

According to Bartlem, some of this gressive energy remains a family characte tic. "You just couldn't get through the d ner before somebody had gotten mad a stomped out of the room," he says.

Bartlem and Fiorina were married for most seven years. After Italy they return to Washington, D.C. She went to busin school in Maryland and then to work AT&T. He says that as she flung herself i the job, working around the clock, he noti that on weekends she was tired, depress rather like a "wounded animal." He kn that he was losing her, that she'd deci upon a fast-track career—not for the mor but for "the power," he says. Not the cor rate type himself, he took a job at the Wo Bank and started to travel. A few times wh he called home at night, there was no answ

The reason, according to Bartlem, w that Carly had begun an affair with Fra Fiorina, a divorced man with two childr She moved out and filed for a divor Bartlem says he asked her to go for co seling; she refused. She ceased all cont About a year later, just after the divo went through, he says, she pulled up the driveway of their home and calle said, "'I will never see you again.' I sa 'Isn't that a little' . . . how would I s

'extreme?' Given, you know, we'd had battles. There was no animosity.

"She had found out from business school t you . . . weigh your decisions, and then n make the hard choice. And she has ex-ded that to her entire being, and that in-des work, that includes play, that includes rriage. If you don't fit in the plan, you n't fit," says Bartlem.

Frank Fiorina, now 52, however, did fit. echnician at AT&T who rose to vice-sident level, he was willing to have a nmuter marriage when Carly accepted job with Bill Marx, which was in New sey. Frank told her that he could see she uld run a company one day, and he want-to be there to support her. It must have n music to her ears. He could not get nsferred out of D.C. for four years, but, parently, this did not matter.

"A large part of the job was on the road, eling," Marx explains, so employees didn't e much of a home life during the week way. Contrary to what many people be-e, Carly and Frank did want to have chil-n of their own, says a close friend: "When was named C.E.O. of H-P . . . people ted talking about why she didn't have dren, which was horrible. Because there obody who likes children better than Car-nd wanted to have children more."

ery quickly Fiorina rose up the ranks at AT&T. "She just had leadership quali-–that was very obvious," says Marx. "She n people over very quickly, and she was outstanding salesperson."

Fiorina was so enmeshed in the corpo-culture that even on casual Fridays she e her dark suits—which, as all H-P em-ees know by now, are generally Armani ersace. At 35 she was Network Systems' -ever female officer; at 40 she was head-sales for North America. "She seemed e about three inches above others in be-recognized as politely, quietly ambi-s," says a former president of Bell At-ic, Jim Cullen.

As a strategist, she achieved a coup—or seemed then—in 1996 when the global working marketplace opened up and and Rich McGinn, a colleague in Net-k Systems, presided over the highly suc-ful spin-off and renaming of the network sion—now Lucent. Fiorina selected the —a ring of red brushstrokes—saying it inded her of one of her mother's ab-t paintings. Even when she stumbled—or instance, when she orchestrated a joint ure with Philips Electronics N.V., which ed into a fiasco because the Philips man-nent was viewed as weak and also be-se, says a former colleague, "she didn't s on it, she went on to the next thing"—got away with it.

eople in the industry started to talk about a fiercely analytical mind, a photographic memory, a persona that never wavered from being "on message." Analysts were at once impressed and intimidated by the energy. "She can't sit still. She's always walking around the room," says one. When Cisco president and C.E.O. John Chambers later put her on his board, it was, he reportedly told friends, because she beat him in every sales pitch she made.

Fiorina was also popular among her colleagues. At office gatherings she was the life of the party. "Carly is very funny," says Fitzgerald. Even her former hairdresser Marlo Ricciardelli, now of the Bloom Studio in Morristown, New Jersey, remembers Carly always had time to chat about her dogs, her stepgrandchild, her boat, and her life with Frank. After the first *Fortune* article, however, coworkers noticed that she grew "aloof." "You had a hard time getting to see her," says one.

Amra Tareen, the former director of product marketing for Access Networks at Lucent, says that everyone thought Fiorina might be C.E.O. one day, but that day seemed very far off, since McGinn was only in his early 50s. "Rich . . . had no intention of going anywhere," says Fitzgerald.

Enter executive-search consultant Jeffrey Christian, who'd read the *Fortune* article and who approached Fiorina about the H-P job. What he—or indeed anyone outside Lucent—could not have known was that Lucent's finances had been stretched perilously thin by a series of measures adopted to reach increasingly ambitious projected earnings. Says Lehman Brothers equity research analyst Steve Levy, "They started to do things that . . . were showing up on the company's balance sheet, but weren't necessarily showing up on the income statement. . . . They were trying to meet some fairly aggressive sales goals. And when you try to grow a company a little faster than it's capable of doing, you ask people to do unnatural acts. So they started giving out things like vendor financing [i.e., lending customers the money to buy Lucent's products]. Now, if your product was good enough, they would buy it. . . . Rich McGinn, without any question in my mind, should take the majority of the responsibility. However, Carly was right there with him, and, in my view, whenever she was asked a difficult question, certainly by me, there was always some smooth, slick answer."

An example of the pressure applied by McGinn on his staff was revealed when Nina Aversano, a former president of Lucent's North American operations, alleged that in 2000—the year after Fiorina left—she was forcibly "retired" because she had told McGinn his revenue target for the fiscal year 2001, 20 percent growth, was hopelessly unrealistic. She is suing Lucent for wrongful dismissal; among other episodes, the court papers cite an instance on August 15, 2000, when in an internal conference call McGinn yelled that she would "take down the whole business if she didn't 'make the numbers.'"

Thanks to McGinn's excesses, it is tempting to bracket Fiorina with the other Lucent executives of that era and see her as greedy. Yet Fiorina, say colleagues, was never after personal wealth per se.

Larry Sonsini adds that when she was offered the H-P job she never haggled about the terms, leaving it to her husband and her representatives. "What she wanted to do was start acting like a C.E.O.," he says.

And, indeed, her house in Atherton, purchased for $1.3 million, though large and pleasant, is not outstandingly large and pleasant. It sits at the end of a row of others just like it; it's gated, the driveway is gravel, and an S.U.V. is parked in front.

"If Carly was greedy," says a friend, "she could have cashed out years ago."

Which invites the question: How could someone so respected on one coast turn into the wicked witch of the East on the other? One answer, which is perhaps what John Young saw when he analyzed what had happened at Lucent, was that at both companies Fiorina overpromised and underdelivered.

Walter Hewlett surely never expected to be anyone's nemesis—least of all that of the management of the firm his father had co-founded. Quiet, like his younger brothers, Jim and William junior, and two sisters, Eleanor Hewlett-Gimon and Mary Hewlett-Jaffe, Walter has sought most of his life to focus on his chief passions: music, technology, and athletics. He may have inherited $25 million in H-P and Agilent stock, but he drives a $17,000 red EV1 electric car and a Ford minivan; one of his friends says, "Walter wears clothes that you think you probably saw in somebody's closet 5 or 10 years ago." He plays 10 instruments, his favorite being the cello.

Each year Hewlett puts himself and friends through a punishing 129-mile, one-day bike tour known as the Death Ride—in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The event takes place in July, and Hewlett's family co-sponsors any H-P or Agilent employees who wish to participate (last summer there were 120). There is a party for them at his family's estate on Lake Tahoe. Hewlett doesn't hire caterers or outside help; he is the first one to leap into his car and drive to the supermarket to get the provisions.

Though at college Hewlett majored in physics and got advanced degrees in music, operations research, and engineering from Stanford, he, like his siblings, chose not to work at H-P; instead he formed a music-technology company—the Center for Computer Assisted Research in the Humanities.

The decision not to join H-P was not made because of lack of interest. Rather, says his niece, Nathalie Farman-Farma, the younger generation "would bend over backwards to avoid the perception of nepotism."

Bill Hewlett took special care not to spoil his children. When as a student Jim Hewlett took a summer job at H-P, a former executive assistant remembers, he asked for an advance on his salary. She recalls, "He told me, 'My father pays for my education, he pays for my library, and he pays for family travel. And I'm responsible for everything else.'"

"As children, it was one outfit, one pair of shoes per year," says Farman-Farma. When Bill Hewlett finally did start to hand out his billions, his children were well into adulthood, and then it was done largely to teach them—as they in turn taught their children—how to deal with charitable giving. The family's main charitable trust, on whose board Walter and two of his siblings sit, is the Hewlett Foundation, the sixth-largest private foundation in the U.S. It owns 5.6 percent of H-P's stock—worth $3.4 billion last June, $2.2 billion in April 2002. Significantly, however, Walter is not on the stock committee, since Bill Hewlett intended to keep the board independent of familial interests.

But it was not some sentimental attachment to his father's memory that drove Walter Hewlett to fight the H-P/Compaq merger so much as the opposition of H-P employees and shareholders—and the thousands of people who receive grants from the Hewlett Foundation. A friend says, "There is probably no one in the entire region of Santa Clara County who does not benefit in some way from the Hewlett and Packard foundations." As Walter would say time and again as he conducted his campaign, "I don't take the criticism personally, but I do take the fall of the stock personally."

Relations between Fiorina and Hewlett started to get tricky in May of 2001, when, according to one colleague, Michael Capellas, chairman and C.E.O. of Compaq, telephoned her and suggested that their two companies merge. (Capellas is more cryptic, saying, "You will never know" whose idea it was originally.) From Capellas's point of view, it was probably a no-brainer: Compaq, primarily a personal-computer company, had been struggling since its disastrous merger with the computer-technology firm D.E.C. in 1998; given Dell's supremacy in the computer-systems market, Capellas was running out of options.

Fiorina saw the idea as a potential godsend, something that would turn around her [illegible] sluggish performance. Yes, [illegible] but she feared that standing still was worse. The merger fitted into her beliefs that the future of H-P lay in being not a hardware company but a "solutions business." Inevitably H-P jobs would be lost—15,000, Fiorina suggested—and there would be a revenue dip in the short term—5 percent, H-P said—but if she could pull it off, she would revolutionize H-P, making it into a market leader for the future. As Dan Niles, a senior Lehman Brothers electronics analyst who was originally skeptical but is now a fan, puts it, "I came to see that if it worked it could be huge."

First, though, Fiorina had to win over her board. Between May and the deal's announcement on September 4, the H-P board held nine meetings. Walter Hewlett, who of all the board members was the largest shareholder—he owns 109 million (or 6.8 percent of the voting) shares personally—said right from the start he was against the merger. It wasn't just the job losses—which were unprecedented at H-P—but also that Compaq's main business—P.C.'s—was a losing venture that could dilute H-P's printer business, he believed. The rest of the board, including Richard Hackborn, to whom many looked for guidance on this issue, was also leery. But over the course of the summer Hackborn seemed increasingly to move in favor; if he had reservations, he also had a duty to support Fiorina, who, after all, had been his choice for C.E.O.

The same went for Sam Ginn, the retired chairman of Vodafone AirTouch. And the others came around: Boeing's Phil Condit, Patricia Dunn of Barclay's, former White House science adviser George A. "Jay" Keyworth II, chairman of Internet Access Technologies Robert E. Knowling Jr., and H-P C.F.O. Robert P. Wayman. It was an impressive lineup, and that they were in favor ought to have assuaged Walter Hewlett's fears.

But like all Hewlett and Packard children, Walter was raised to be an independent thinker. He was not afraid to admit that he still felt uncomfortable—and increasingly out of the loop. "You can easily see," says a friend of Hewlett's, "that Carly probably didn't pay a dime's worth of attention to Walter. And said, 'This guy has no business experience, wouldn't be on the board if his name wasn't Hewlett, and doesn't really have much to offer.'"

On July 12 he was preparing for the annual Death Ride, telling H-P to conference him in for a planned board meeting; he says the call never came. (H-P says a board assistant made numerous attempts to reach him.) Hewlett also claims that after giving months of warning that he'd be playing the cello on July 19 at the Bohemian Grove—a summer retreat for the Bohemian Club, a social fraternity for the rich and powerful which has such august members as former president George Bush and Henry Kissinger—H-P scheduled a two-day board meeting to begin that day.

It was later reported that when he [illegible] down on the second day and said, "I d[illegible] know why you guys want to make a c[illegible] out of [H-P's situation]," various memb[illegible] of the board rolled their eyes.

On the last day of August, a hot Fri[illegible] afternoon, the board gathered in Larry So[illegible] ni's gleaming offices in Palo Alto. The d[illegible] Sonsini said, was going to go through. T[illegible] meant that either Hewlett would have to re[illegible] or the clause that the board needed un[illegible] mously to support the deal would trigger r[illegible] gotiations that could hurt H-P. Hewlett saic[illegible] was in a fix. Given that the only other t[illegible] left to debate was price, it was fair to assu[illegible] that if Hewlett did not resign Compaq wo[illegible] use the lack of unanimity as a bargaining c[illegible] to make the deal more beneficial for its[illegible] Sonsini asked Hewlett to step outside. So[illegible] ni told him that he would be within his rig[illegible] to vote one way as a board director and[illegible] other as a shareholder. Hewlett said he w[illegible] ed to take the weekend to think it over.

On Tuesday, Hewlett came back and, [illegible] luctantly, said he would vote for the d[illegible] his reasoning was that he did not want l[illegible] shareholders to lose out financially—anc[illegible] did not want to resign. At this point Fiori[illegible] focus was on Wall Street; she knew it wo[illegible] react skeptically to the merger—but even [illegible] underestimated just how skeptically. The [illegible] of the announcement, September 4, [illegible] stock price went from $23.21 to $18.8[illegible] decrease of 18.7 percent. But she recko[illegible] she'd have plenty of time to sell the deal[illegible] ter all, sales were what Fiorina excelled a[illegible]

What she could not have foreseen w[illegible] three enormous obstacles looming ahea[illegible] her: the terrorist attacks of September[illegible] which, Fiorina says, delayed her pitch to W[illegible] Street for a month; the collapse of Enr[illegible] and the determination of Walter Hewlet[illegible]

On September 14, Fiorina and C.F.O. [illegible] Wayman visited the Los Altos offi[illegible] of the David and Lucile Packard Foun[illegible] tion, a trust on whose board Dave Packa[illegible] three daughters sit. Since Susan Packard [illegible] was a noted fan of Fiorina's, and one of[illegible] board members who had been on the [illegible] committee that had hired her, Fiorina [illegible] optimistic that the foundation would [illegible] her way. It hired the consulting firm B[illegible] Allen Hamilton to produce an indepen[illegible] report on the proposed merger.

What Fiorina did not know was [illegible] David Woodley Packard, who had left [illegible] Packard Foundation in 1999 to devote h[illegible] self to the Packard Humanities Institut[illegible] nonprofit organization which has 1.3 [illegible] cent of H-P's voting shares), was recei[illegible] hundreds of letters from employees outra[illegible] about the merger. The most private m[illegible] ber of all the Hewlett and Packard fami[illegible] David Woodley, as he is known by the H[illegible] lett family, has also been the most op[illegible]

ssionate about what he sees as the heart ng ripped out of H-P. Bill Taylor, the or- ist who plays twice a week at David odley's beloved Palo Alto movie theater, s let go from H-P last summer.

On November 6, David Woodley an- nced that he was against the deal; earlier in day the Hewlett Foundation—whose stock mmittee had also commissioned an inde- ndent report—had come out against it as l. H-P stock went up 17 percent as a result. ew weeks later, before the Packard Founda- n met to review Booz Allen Hamilton's re- t, David Woodley sent the letters to its of- s. On December 7, the Packard Founda- n announced that it, like the Hewlett Foun- ion, would be voting against the merger.

Fiorina realized that with both foundations inst her she was minus 18 percent of the es she needed to get the deal done. On De- nber 12, Walter Hewlett wrote her and the rd a letter asking them to reconsider the rger; he described "enormous unhappiness" the part of analysts and shareholders.

Fiorina turned again to Sonsini for help. e knew now that it wasn't just a race to o investors but also a public-relations bat- Sonsini called corporate-P.R. specialist le Frank. Petite, with short, jet-black hair, nk had the pit-bull reputation you want en things get rough. He was too late. nk said she appreciated the call, but she already been hired by Walter Hewlett.

It was at this point, Sonsini says, that he w things were going to get ugly: "I knew t away, having been in proxy contests, ere they could go. And there is a little bit abloidism in the world today. And I think t this thing unfortunately had some of se elements."

But it was Fiorina who fired the first salvo, in January, when she sent a letter to share- lders calling Walter Hewlett a "musician d academic." The implication was that he not have the business acumen to give ad- e to a board which, as Fiorina liked to re- t, had more than 300 cumulative years of cutive experience among its members.

"Oh, the mud is flying," Hewlett reportedly l to his family that weekend. Meanwhile, vid Woodley Packard entered the fray, ng out ads in *The Wall Street Journal,* one which concluded with the phrase "There ow a real danger that H-P will die of a ken heart." He also commissioned three pendent telephone polls of current and ner H-P employees in Corvallis, Oregon, se, Idaho, and Fort Collins, Colorado; results were more than two to one inst the merger.

Hewlett-Packard branded the polls unsci- fic. Board members, including Richard kborn and George Keyworth, announced the board would resign if the deal did not through (a position they later reversed). Most troubling personally to Hewlett was that Keyworth, presumably under pressure from Fiorina, had allegedly misled *The Wall Street Journal* about what had gone on in a special executive-board meeting called in January, in which the outside directors had graded Fiorina's performance as C.E.O., giving her A's and A-pluses, but Hewlett had abstained. Keyworth insisted to the paper, which decided not to run the story, that Hewlett had participated in the grading process. (H-P and Keyworth say the account is absurd.) "Walter felt that George and Richard were being manipulated," says Joele Frank. "That was personally upsetting to him."

Fiorina called on her celebrity acquaintances to endorse her position: Citigroup's Sanford Weill, AOL Time Warner's Steve Case, DreamWorks' Jeffrey Katzenberg, and the New York Stock Exchange's Richard Grasso appeared in a promotional video for the merger. H-P's spokespeople repeatedly quoted then G.E. head Jack Welch, who had said that it was "unpardonable" for a board director to vote for the merger and then lead the opposition.

E-mails flew back and forth among merger opponents, speculating that H-P had hired a private investigator to compile a file on Hewlett. (Two P.I. sources confirm they'd been retained by H-P.) Reporters were told by H-P's media department that Hewlett had a shortlist of who should go and who should remain if the deal collapsed, and that not a single woman would be left at the executive level. Hewlett, when asked about this by an analyst, brushed it off in a monotone. "I don't take any of that personally."

At a lunch in Manhattan, the family—Walter Hewlett's brother-in-law Jean-Paul Gimon, his eldest daughter, Nathalie, 34, a former *New Yorker* editorial assistant, and his son Eric, 31, a physicist at the Institute for Advanced Studies in Princeton—was aghast at how their relative was being portrayed. "Either Carly Fiorina has not read those ads, in which case she is not managing the company as closely as she should, or she has read them, in which case she is much, much worse than we had ever expected," said Gimon. (H-P's Rebeca Robboy later confirmed that Fiorina had approved all the proxy-related ads.)

To the frustration of both Joele Frank and Hewlett's lawyer, Steve Neal, Walter Hewlett would not reciprocate in kind. "If we could have used all the tools at our disposal, we would have won by miles," says Neal, "but Walter said, 'We either win by the high road or not at all.'" He adds, "Come back and see me in two years' time and I'll tell you what his options really were."

On February 19, Hewlett introduced his plan for H-P, a strategy that would focus on the company's imaging and printing business—maybe even spinning it off—and would build up the corporate computer business with niche-filling acquisitions. Fiorina breezily dismissed it as a "press release"—but then Hewlett delivered his most wounding assault yet. The night preceding H-P's analyst meeting in New York, he released details of a proposed compensation package for Fiorina and Capellas—totaling $117.4 million in salary, bonuses, and stock options, with $69.8 million of it for Fiorina—should the merger go through. Fiorina was visibly angry as she leaned over the lectern at the New York Hilton and told analysts that "shareholders have every right to know" what the compensation of the C.E.O. would be, and that the figures had not been released earlier because the conversations had been only preliminary, and the amounts would need to be adjusted to the market when the time came.

Nonetheless, the information affected Institutional Shareholder Services (I.S.S.), which was preparing a report on the merger and which both sides were fiercely lobbying, since it was estimated the report could sway more than 20 percent of the shares held by large investors. Though I.S.S. came out in support of the merger in March, its report stated that to have omitted the details of discussions on compensation "falls far short of the good governance ideal." With Enron's cloud looming overhead, this was exactly the kind of P.R. Fiorina did not need.

By March, no matter how much Fiorina declared, "This is not a sport," the contest was looking more and more like one—a blood sport. Each day a new institution came out and announced whom it was voting for. TALLY IN THE VALLEY, ran a local headline. By March 19, the day of the special shareholder meeting, it was, everyone knew, too close to call.

The morning of the vote, Walter Hewlett, Joele Frank, and Steve Neal knew that Deutsche Bank was being lobbied by H-P. "We knew a little before seven that starting at seven Deutsche Bank was going to be talking to the company. They told us that," says Neal. Still, when the anti-merger team, accompanied by Hewlett's wife, Esther, his son Ben, his brother Jim, and Pam Packard, David Woodley's wife, arrived at the meeting, any feelings of anxiety were momentarily overcome by the rush that greeted them.

"It was like a wave," said one H-P employee. Inside the auditorium, people ran to shake Walter's hand and thank him.

From the second it was announced the meeting would be delayed, Hewlett's camp says, they knew it was because H-P was negotiating with Deutsche Bank. "A little after 10, we received word from our proxy solicitors that Deutsche Bank was changing its vote, for the merger," says Neal.

When it was all over, Fiorina closed the meeting, later saying that no one would know for sure for a few weeks while the

votes were counted in Delaware, but that H-P had won by a "slim but sufficient" margin. Walter Hewlett did not look dismayed—far from it. At a press conference he read—awkwardly—from his notes and joked that he would now be returning to his life as "an academic and a musician."

The board knew it needed to mend fences; in the next few days Sam Ginn met with Walter Hewlett to discuss the possibility of his renomination to the board. Hewlett, he thought, was amenable to the idea. The following Monday, Hewlett gave a speech to the Council of Institutional Investors, advocating that, in the future, boards across America retain legal and financial counsel independent of company management; Fiorina had been scheduled to speak the next day but canceled, citing fatigue.

Then, on March 28, Hewlett sued H-P for both using improper coercion of Deutsche Bank and misrepresenting expected job losses and the levels of revenue gain. H-P claimed that his arguments were "baseless," but some analysts and lawyers were not so sure. Jesse Choper, a law professor at the University of California, Berkeley, says, "Even the judge has said that if Hewlett can prove what he alleges, there's a possible course of action." The board said it was "shocked" by the lawsuit and decided not to renominate Hewlett after all. A court date was set for April 23.

Fiorina's colleagues say that she is unrattled—that she is at her very best with h back against the wall. "She is so calm an decisive," says one. "She thrives on this says Lucent's Kathy Fitzgerald.

Meanwhile, dissent grew within H-P. The were leaks from the so-called "clean team" the integration body preparing the merger that no way could as few as 15,000 jobs b lost and that Fiorina's targets were way o base. An E-mail went around the H-P alum Web site suggesting that H-P would potentia ly spend $727 million on the merger ad cam paign and the compensation packages, a most as much as it hoped to save with the la offs. A memo surfaced from Ann Livermore Services department saying that targets ha been missed for H-P's second fiscal quarte due in part to the disruption caused by th

CREDITS

FASHION



Cover: Reese Witherspoon's Philosophy di Alberta Ferretti shirt from the Philosophy di Alberta Ferretti boutique, N.Y.C.; Sarajane Hoare for Vernon Jolly.
Page 42: Sportmax top and skirt from Max Mara, N.Y.C.
Page 52: Lisa Kennedy styled by Christine Hahn; dress by Diane Von Furstenberg, from Diane Von Furstenberg the Shop, N.Y.C.
Page 72: Laura Jacobs styled by John Olson.
Pages 76 and 84: John Edwards and family styled by Barbara Zatcoff for T.H.E. Artist Agency.
Page 131: Marie Colvin styled by Paula Moore for Carol Hayes; suit by Bella Freud for Jaeger, from Jaeger, N.Y.C. and San Francisco; vest by La Perla Prêt à Porter, from La Perla boutiques nationwide, or call 866-LAPERLA.



Page 132: Janine di Giovanni styled by Paula Moore for Carol Hayes; dress by Dolce & Gabbana.
Page 133: Jacky Rowland styled by Paula Moore for Carol Hayes; vintage jeans by Levi's; sweater by Sportmax, from selected Max Mara boutiques, or call 800-206-6872.
Page 163: Ryan Gosling's Maison Martin Margiela–Line 10 shirt from Barneys New York stores nationwide; Helmut Lang jeans from Helmut Lang, N.Y.C., and Barneys New York stores nationwide; Janine Israel for Célestine.
Page 166: Tony Curtis styled by Vincent Boucher for Célestine; vintage robe from Golyester, L.A.; boxer shorts and sock garters by Brooks Brothers, from Brooks Brothers stores nationwide; walking stick from David Orgell, Beverly Hills.
Pages 172–73: Reese Witherspoon's Chloé shirt from the Chloé boutique, N.Y.C.
Pages [illegible] Angeles; [illegible]

Page 175: Miu Miu shirt from Miu Miu, N.Y.C.
Page 176: Club Monaco shirt from Club Monaco, N.Y.C.
Pages 178–79: See credits for page 42.

BEAUTY AND GROOMING

Cover: Reese Witherspoon's hair styled with L'Oréal Studio Line Volumatic Full-Up Mousse, Volumatic Root-Lift Spray Gel, Toss Lotion (for Instant Texture), and Fast-Forward Quick Dry Hairspray (with Flexible Hold), all from selected drugstores. Makeup products by Clarins; go to www.gloss.com. On her body, Sun Care Cream S.P.F. 20; on her face, Eclat du Jour Energizing Morning Cream and Sun Wrinkle Control Cream Very High Protection S.P.F. 15; on her eyes, Eye Colour Trio in Renaissance, Eye Liner Pencil in Brown, and Pure Volume Mascara in Pure Brown; on her cheeks, Multi Blush in Tender Chestnut; on her lips, Le Rouge Lipstick in Illusion 220; on her nails, L'Oréal Shock Proof in Sheer Beige, from drugstores nationwide. Paul Starr for Magnet; Lisa Jachno for Cloutier/L'Oréal.



Page 52: Lisa Kennedy's hair and makeup by André Drykin for Halley Resources.
Page 72: Laura Jacobs's hair and makeup by André Drykin for Halley Resources.
Page 74: Bobbi Brown products from Nordstrom, Bloomingdale's, Neiman Marcus, Saks Fifth Avenue, and Barneys New York stores nationwide, or go to www.bobbibrown.com. Calvin Klein products from selected Sephora, Nordstrom, and Marshall Field's stores, or go to www.sephora.com, or call 800-715-4023. Chanel products from fine department stores, or go to www.gloss.com, or call 800-550-0005. Christian Dior products from Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide. For Clarins products, go to www.gloss.com. Estée Lauder products from fine department stores, or go to www.esteelauder.com, or call 888-731-6024.



Geomér products from Henri Bendel, N.Y.C., and Warren-Tricomi Salons, N.Y.C. Kiehl's products from Kiehl's stores, N.Y.C. and San Francisco, and Neiman Marcus stores nationwide, or call 800-KIEHLS-1. Lancôme products from fine department stores, or go to www.lancome.com. MAC Bronzing Powder from MAC stores nationwide, or go to www.maccosmetics.com, or call 800-387-6707. Trucco products from www.sebastian-intl.com, or call 800-829-7322. Versace products from Versace boutiques and Neiman Marcus stores nationwide. Yves Saint Laurent Bronzing Powder from Bloomingdale's, Neiman Marcus, and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide.
Pages 76 and 84: John Edwards's and his family's grooming by Lori Celedonia-Pressman for T.H.E. Artist Agency.
Page 128: Christiane Amanpour's hair styled by Colin Gold; makeup by Sharon Ive for Carol Hayes. Makeup products from Chanel, available at fine department stores and boutiques, or go to www.gloss.com, or call 800-550-0005. On her face, Double Perfection Fluide S.P.F. 15 in Beige; on her eyes, Lumières Polychromes and Drama Lash Mascara in Onyx; on her cheeks, Joues Contraste in Fantasia; on her lips, Hydrasoleil Sheer Lipstick in Santa Fe.
Page 131: Marie Colvin's hair styled by Colin Gold; makeup by Sharon Ive for Carol Hayes. Makeup products from Chanel, available at fine department stores and boutiques, or go to www.gloss.com, or call 800-550-0005. On her face, Double Perfection Fluide S.P.F. 15 in Nude; on her eyes, Lumières Polychromes and Drama Lash Mascara in Onyx; on her cheeks, Joues Contraste in Fantasia; on her lips, Hydrabase Creme Lipstick in Salsa.
Page 132: Janine di Giovanni's hair styled by Colin Gold; makeup by Sharon Ive for Carol Hayes. Makeup products from Chanel, available at fine department stores and boutiques, or go to www.gloss.com, or call 800-550-0005. On her face, Double Perfection Fluide S.P.F. 15 in Shell; on her eyes, Sculpting Mascara Extreme Length in Black; on her cheeks, Bronze Perfection Face Palette; on her lips, Hydrabase Creme Lipstick in Salsa.
Page 133: Jacky Rowland's hair styled by Colin Gold; makeup by Jemma Kidd for Premier.

y fight. A voice-mail message of March 17 sent to the *San Jose Mercury News;* on it ina could be heard telling Bob Wayman they may need to do "something extra- nary" to persuade Deutsche Bank and thern Trust Corp. to switch their votes. turmoil was enough to cause the S.E.C. tart investigating whether Fiorina had improper methods to influence institu- al shareholders to vote for the merger.

n April 17, H-P announced that the vote count by an independent company had completed, determining that the merg- d passed by 45 million votes—a margin 8 percent. This meant that even without 7 million Deutsche Bank votes, Fiorina d have won. However, if the court finds that improper tactics were used to sway shareholders, it could order a re-vote.

Meanwhile, Fiorina launched a hunt to find the employees who had given memos and E-mails to the press; one who admitted to leaking two memos was fired by her. Her voice mail seeking "something extraordinary," she concluded, had been intercepted from Bob Wayman's cell or home phone or obtained by someone using his voice-mail password. "We will continue to investigate these instances fully and pursue all violations of H-P's confidentiality policy," she sternly warned in a memo. One has to wonder how this investigation is playing with those disenchanted employees all too eager to regard her as a vengeful witch.

The irony is that winning could prove just as daunting as losing—considering the extreme hostility toward Fiorina that remains among so many H-P employees. Shortly after the vote, on a beautiful spring day, H-P's Rebeca Robboy took me on a tour of some H-P labs, the site of Bill's and Dave's old offices. "Carly comes here often, once a month," she said in the foyer.

A lab woman shook her head. "Much less," she corrected.

The founders' offices sat empty and fairly spartan, save for the cork floor, their lone extravagance. Outside sat a neat, dark-haired 50-ish woman. To Robboy's obvious chagrin, the woman wanted to speak "for the record." "They *were* happy days," she said with emphasis. Out of earshot, Robboy quickly whispered, "She works for the Hewletts, *not* for the company." □



ge 163: Ryan Gosling's hair ed with Bumble and Bumble ooming Creme; call 800-7- MBLE. On his face, Kiehl's Ultra ial Moisturizer and Benefit Get n; on his lips, Kiehl's Lip Balm l. Benefit products available at hora stores nationwide, or go www.benefitcosmetics.com; l's products available at Neiman Marcus stores ionwide, or call 800-KIEHLS-1. Diana Schmidtke Célestine.
ge 166: Tony Curtis's grooming by Brad Bowman Célestine.
ges 172–79: See credits for cover.

HOTOGRAPHS AND MISCELLANY

ver: Production by David Radin for SoCal ductions; Di Wood for the Rappaport Agency.
ge 54: From A.P. Wide World Photos.
ge 60: From MPTV.
ge 63: Courtesy of Umbrage/Magnum Photos.
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ge 72: From Dover Books (airplane).
ge 74: By Edward Holub/Corbis (eye).
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Michael Lutin tells Geminis to take a good look in the mirror



GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

Paul Gauguin

If you weren't always quite so eager to hand over your power to fast-talking charlatans and fools, you wouldn't wind up quite so often in loser situations you have to spend time rectifying. That would require you, however, to be willing to give up your desire to be saved, and at the same time overcome the temptation to surrender so readily to Pluto in your 7th house. The only person who can really save you in the end is you, so once you start taking some responsibility for all the crap that has been coming down lately, you'll be well on the road to recovery.



Josh Hartnett

CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22

Despite all your moaning that the universe has been blowing you around more ferociously than Odysseus ever was by the gods, thanks to an exalted Jupiter you've been blessed recently and you know it. As the Saturn-Pluto opposition culminates this month, however, don't push your luck by getting sloppy or uppity. Remember, the thoughts passing through that brain of yours fuel the events, situations, and circumstances surrounding your life. The rest of your brain serves as the engine that drives your body to fulfillment or distraction.



Amelia Earhart

LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

You've got to force yourself to rise above your current situation—which, granted, may be a major melodrama—follow the dragon's head in your solar 11th house, and go bravely forward, with your chest out and your shoulders straight, into an unknown future. As gratifying as it would be to revel in ongoing turbulent affairs and lament lost loves, a 5th-house transit of the dragon's tail is eventually going to lead you right back into the 1930s soap opera you've been living. Besides being boring to everyone but yourself, all that is so—face it—last-century.



Mike Piazza

VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

As Jupiter continues to pass through your 11th house, well-meaning friends are always there to turn down your bed and place a piece of chocolate on the pillow. But that doesn't alleviate the anxiety, frustration, and anger you feel over your family's failure to provide some support. As the ruler of your 5th house meets the north node in your midheaven, you'll get the saving grace you need not at home but in your office. If you care to know the secret antidote to all the ills confronting you, here it is in black and white: Drag yourself out of bed and face the world.



Naomi Watts

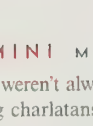
LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

As Saturn approaches the north node in your solar 9th house, some insight into your behavior could prove to be exhilarating and liberating. You will gain a terrific perspective on your life as old childhood hurts rise to the surface, and you will doubtless understand your parents better, even if you can't totally forgive them. And here's the amusing part: with Pluto and the south node opposing that 9th-house conjunction, no matter how enlightened you become, you will still find yourself acting out in the same old ways and hung up on the same old people.



SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21

[illegible] we all seek to develop, but when your 2nd house [illegible] you'll find yourself torn between the [illegible] ithfulness engenders and an overwhelming desire to step away from the campfire and see what awaits you in the dark part of the forest. With so much financial garbage hanging over your head, are you really in a position where you can chuck the status quo and go off and be an artist? On the other hand, can you survive much longer without finding [illegible]



Amy Grant

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

If you are serious about getting yourself together, returning to the land of the living, and functioning once again as a complete person, crawling into your little foxhole and rolling yourself up into a ball of self-absorption is *not* the way to accomplish it. On the co While transits to your 1st house demand a certain amount of downti introspection and self-pity, a more lasting and genuine solution to your lems can be found in the 7th house—even though it may mean dealin people you'd hoped to escape from.



Syd Barrett

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JA

Squirreling yourself away in a country cottage with a cache wine and whipped cream could give you just the self-indulgen from society you need. But make sure you don't totally disappear from tempting as that might be when nodes and planets pile up in your sola house. Although it may not be as much fun, a more mature path wi you straight to your solar 6th house, where you will find the courage sober, cut down on fat, and complete whatever needs to get done. doubtless thinking, Another boring Capricorn message.



Vanessa Redgrave

AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

It's comforting to remember that everybody always has options. As long as your solar 11th house is operating, you are usually able to crawl out of any tough spot, provided you have been smart enou keep at least one window open just a crack. During major planetary tions such as the one now occurring between Saturn and Pluto, howev are likely to get caught in a breathless squeeze of your own making, n ter how clever you have been to take care that no one in the whole w in charge of your heart.



Ron Howard

PISCES FEB. 19–MAR

Because you can usually find some way to escape the grin also because your tolerance for pain is so high, it takes you long most people to get your fill of painful sexual politics and then throw towel. Once you have been drained of nearly all your energy, howev your 11th-house ruler opposes your midheaven, you will see how fruitl to beat your head against a wall. Your true calling right now lies a with your family. In other words, you need the very people you ha trying to avoid.



Kofi Annan

ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

Unencumbered as they are by the hypocrisies of religion, society, and morality, wild animals have it made, don't they? Other than keeping an eye out for predators and playing nature's game of survi are free to roam the plains and jungles and take whatever they need fear of reprisal. As a member of the human race, however, you are su quite a different set of rules, especially now, during the height of the Pluto opposition. Not only can you not use your fangs, but with Sa your 3rd house you'd also better watch your tongue.



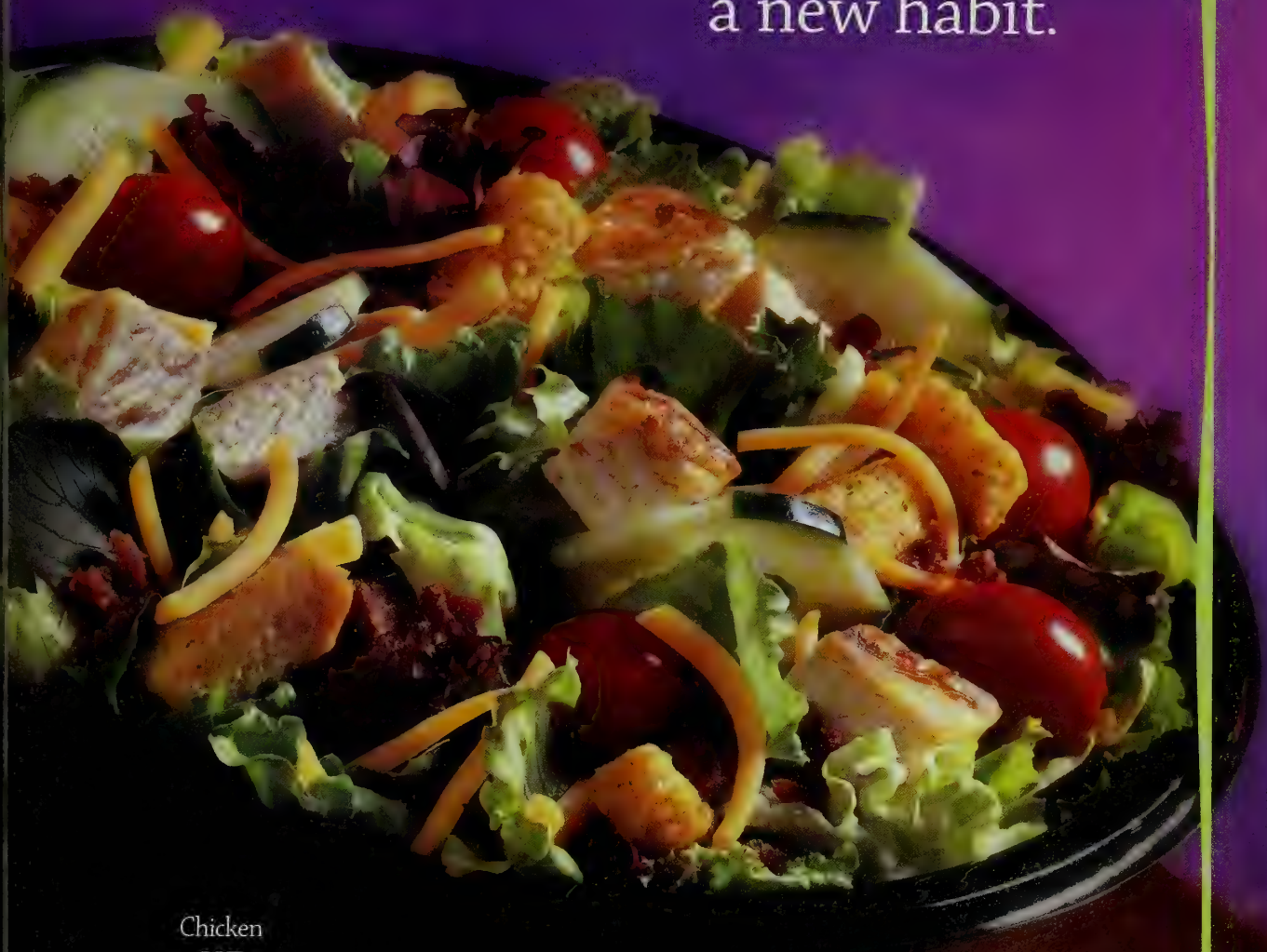
Catherine the Great

TAURUS APRIL 20–M

Tauruses the world over continue to struggle with the age-old ma of art versus business. With your 2nd and 8th solar houses it out for supremacy, how could it be otherwise at the present time? O of you is a starving artist, hungry for creative fulfillment and emotional not to mention sexual gratification. But while the melodrama may be sa there are still all those unpaid bills—for mortgages, clothes, school tuiti everything else that costs a fortune these days. Growing up doesn't mean selling out.

To hear more about what [illegible] horoscope—and everyone else's—listen to Michael Lutin weekly by calling 1-900-28V-FAI on a tou [illegible] $1.95 per minute. If you are under 18, you need parental permission.

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a new habit.



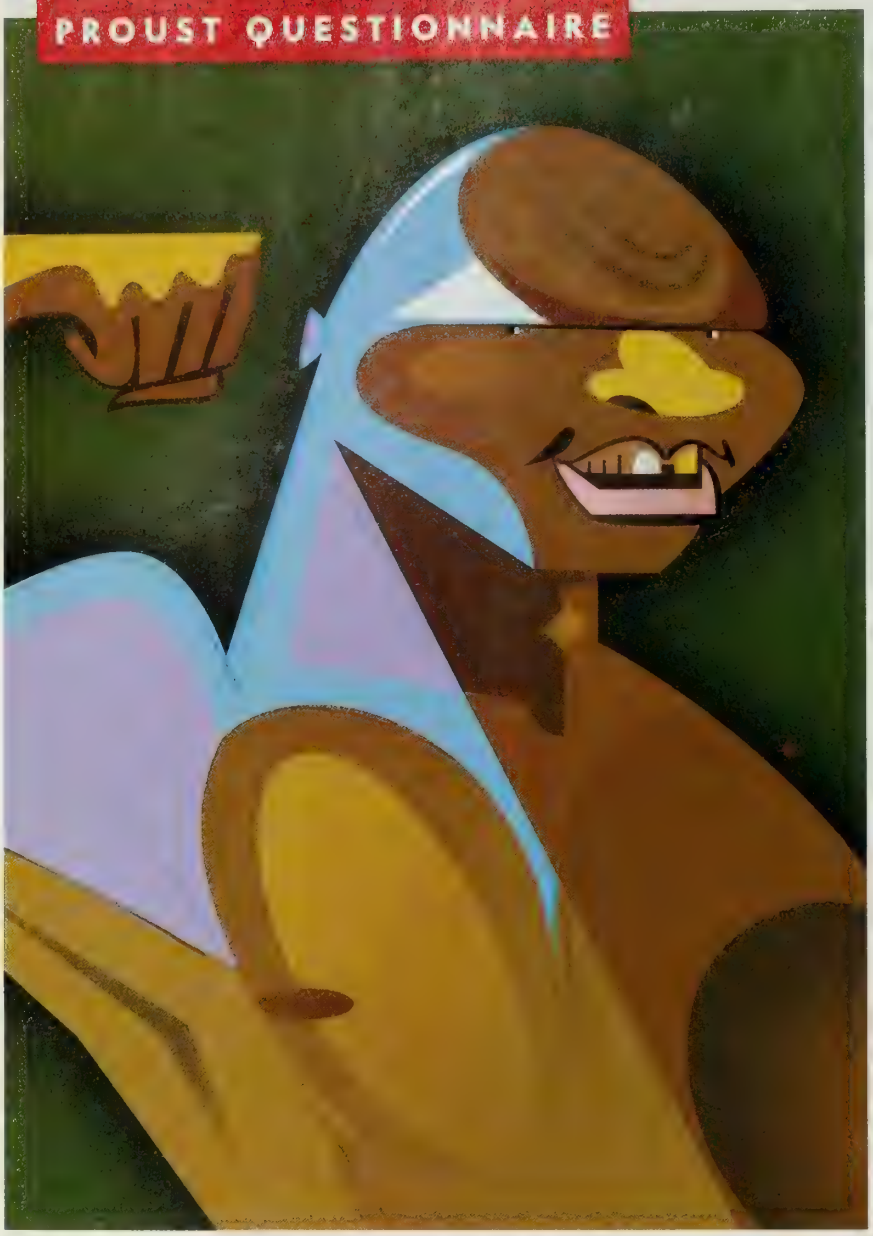
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MIKE TYSON

In a crowded field, Mike Tyson–the youngest heavyweight champion in history–might be boxing's most controversial character ever, as his run-ins with the law and his opponents' ears will attest. As he prepares to challenge Lennox Lewis for the heavyweight title in Memphis this month (Lewis is promising to end Tyson's career with the fight), he sounds off on the Greek warrior Achilles, famed trainer Cus D'Amato, and his secret desire [illegible]haeologist

What is your greatest fear?
My kids' not liking me.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Alexander the Great.

Which living person do you most admire?
Sidney Poitier.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
Sometimes I act like a prima donna.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Selfishness.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Women.

What is your favorite journey?
Going to London.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
Everything, when I am out of shape.

What is your greatest regret?
That I am not 15 years younger, so that I could go out with a girl from Kansas that I really like. (But she probably wouldn't go out with me, because I am a rogue.)

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
My kids.

When and where were you happiest?
Alone with Cus D'Amato when he was telling stories.

Which talent would you most like to have?
I would like to be an archaeologist.

What is your current state of mind?
Focused and ready.

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
I would like to do a better job of controlling my temper.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
Being a father to my children.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
Paul Robeson.

If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?
Achilles.

Where would you like to live?
London.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
Honesty.

What do you most value in your friends?
Loyalty.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Achilles.

What is it that you most dislike?
Cowardice.

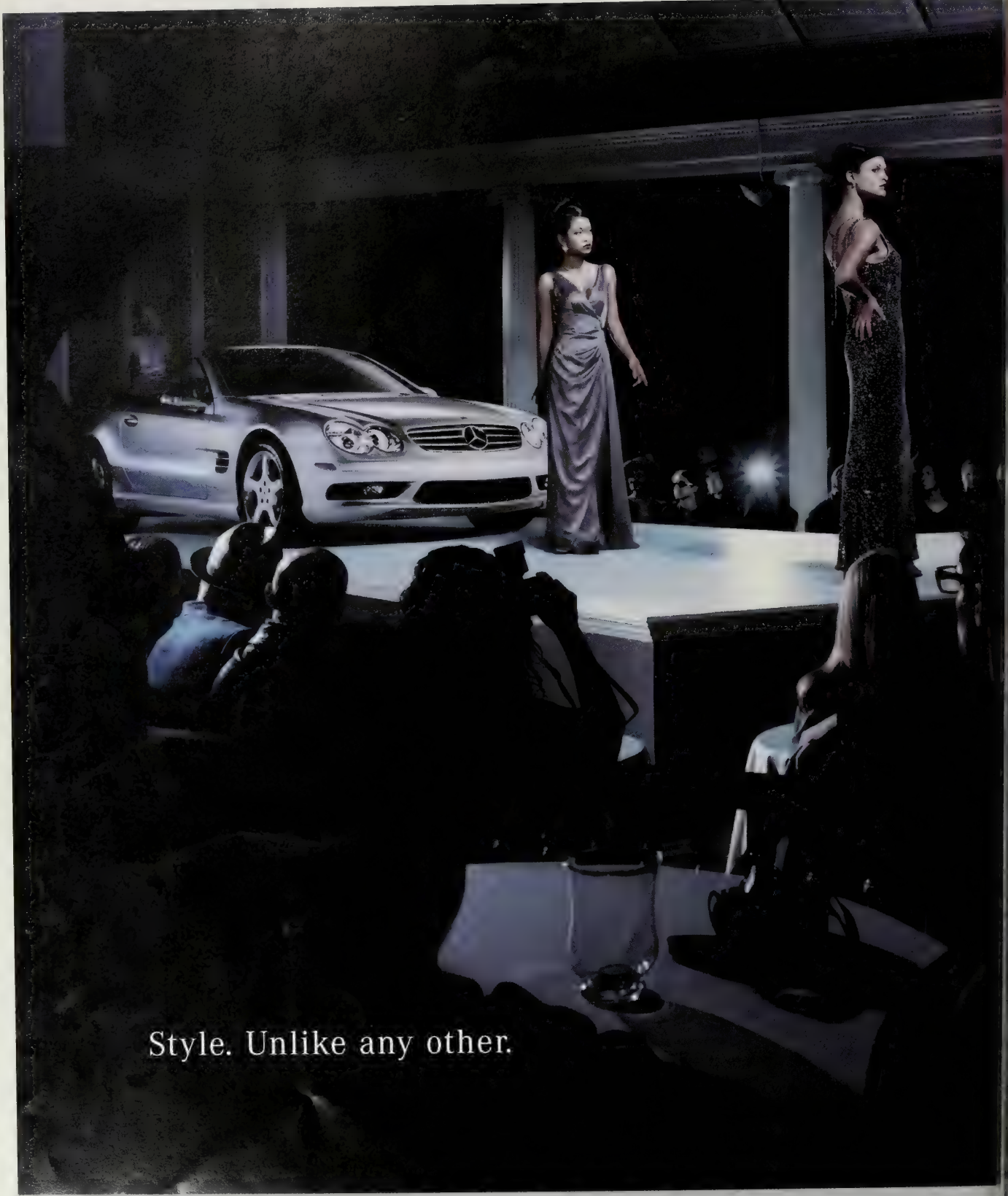
How would you like to die?
I wouldn't.

What is your motto?
"Be real."

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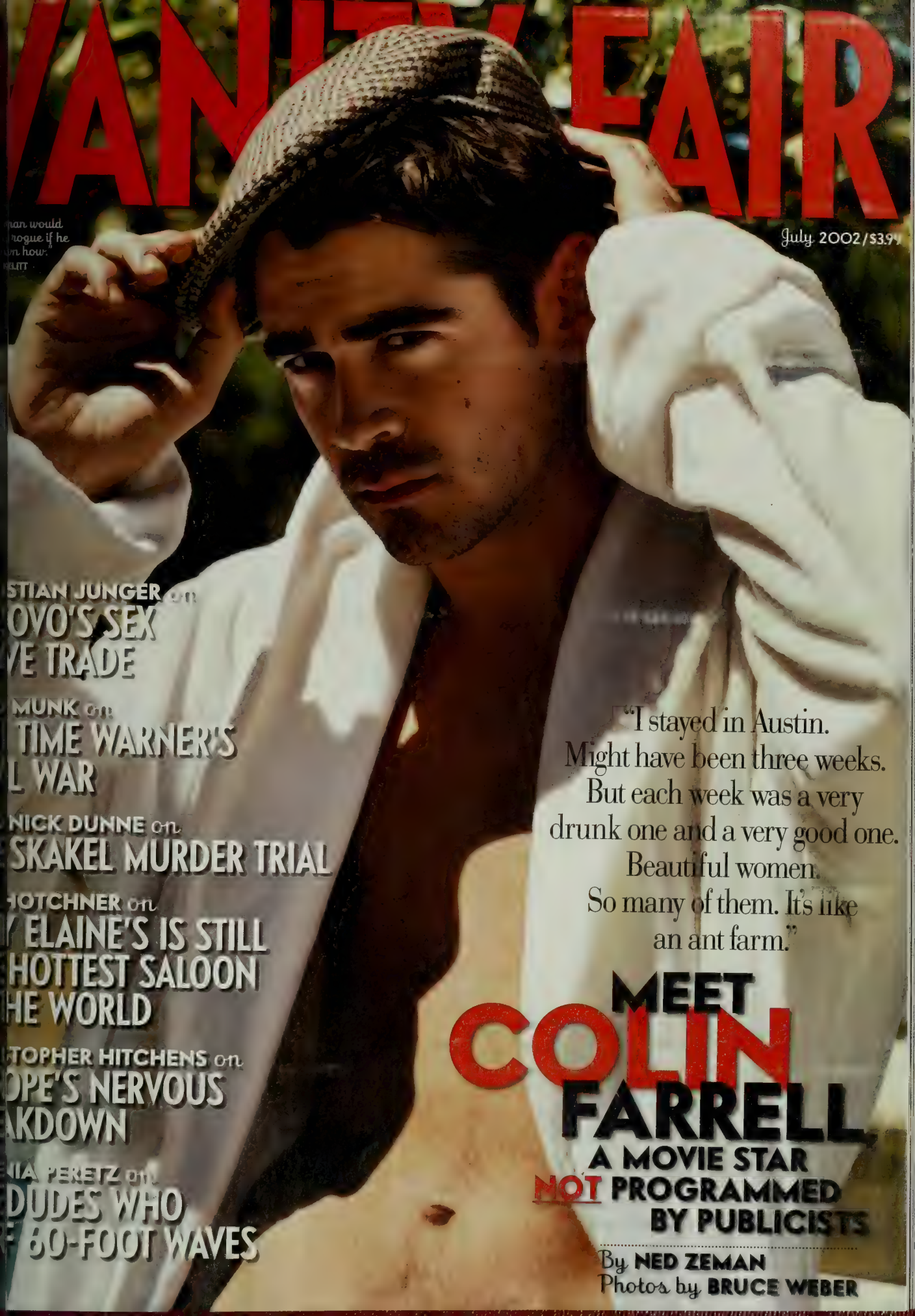
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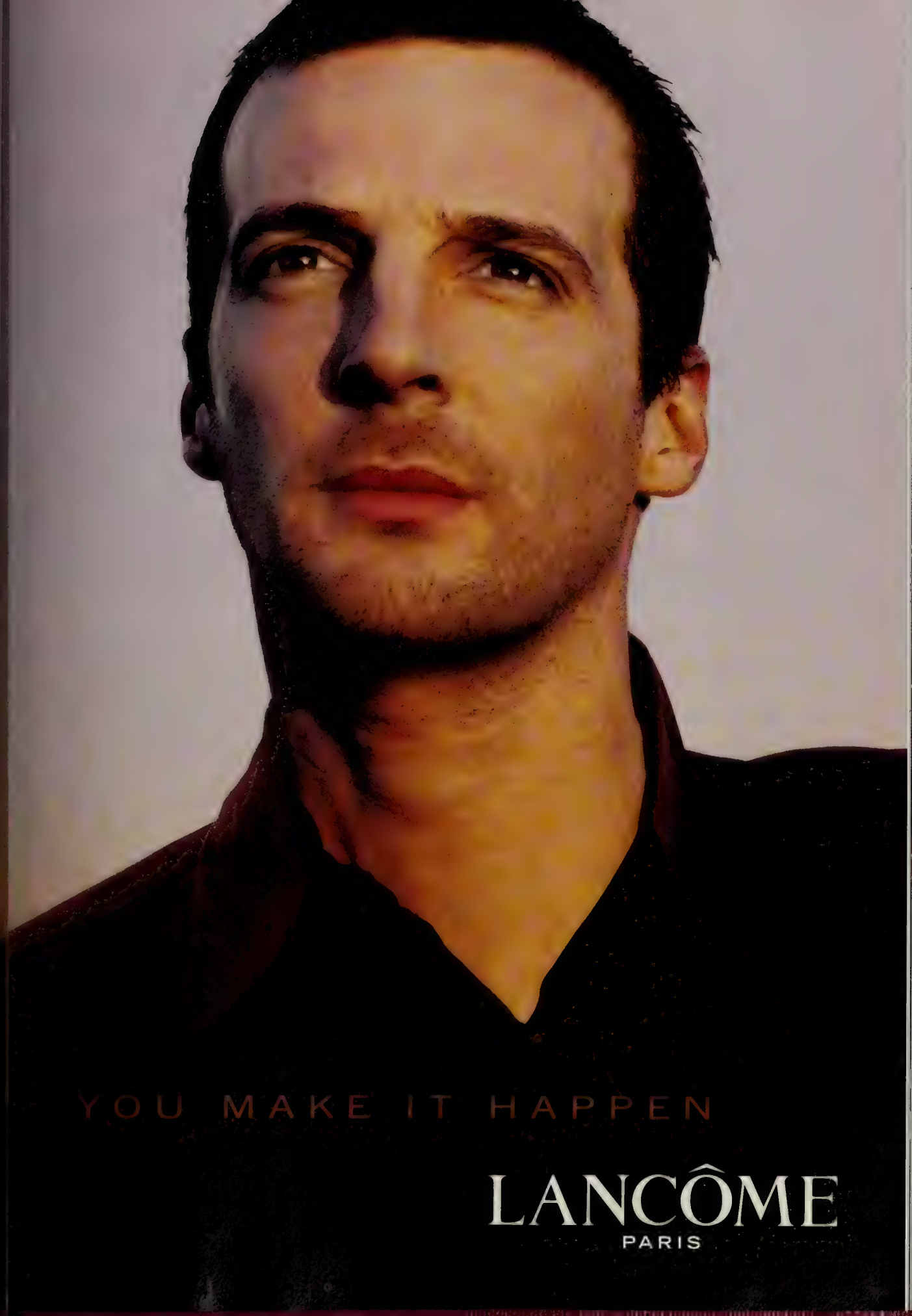
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-Bob Levitus, in The Houston Chronicle

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-David Pogue, The New York Times

"...the new iMac proves a sequel can be better than the original."

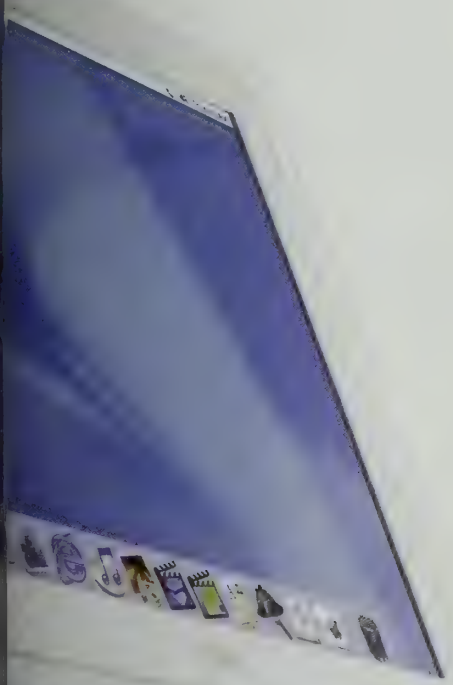
-Matthew Fordahl, The Associated Press

"I've been seduced by a computer. Not just any computer, but the new iMac from Apple, the sleekest computer I've ever seen."

-Mike Wendland, The Detroit Free Press



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-Steven Levy, Newsweek

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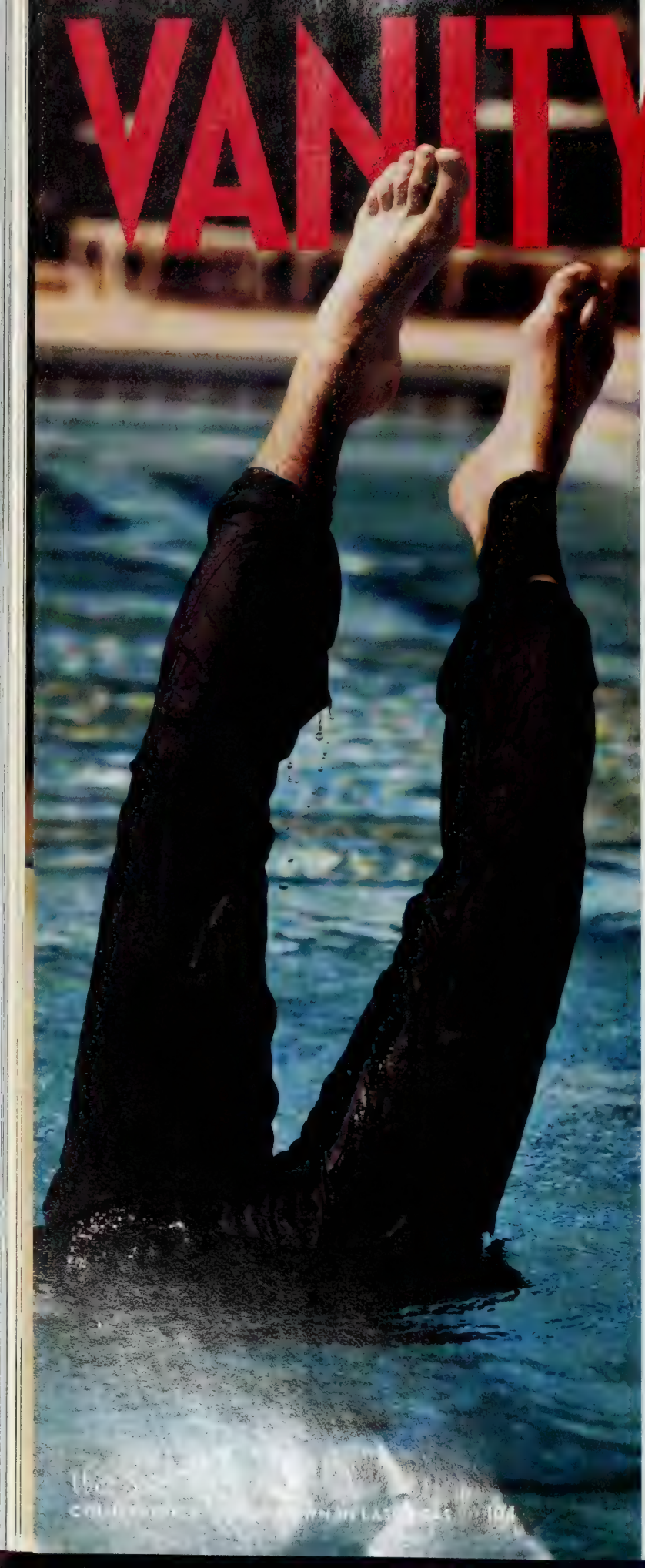

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Features

THE ROGUE'S PROGRESS Despite being hyped as "the Irish Brad Pitt," with plum roles in *The Recruit, Phone Booth,* and *Minority Report,* Colin Farrell doesn't behave like your standard rising star. In Dublin, Ned Zeman hoists a few pints with Hollywood's refreshingly subversive new import. Photographs by Bruce Weber 10

SLAVES OF THE BROTHEL Every year, hundreds of thousands of desperate women from Eastern Europe and Central Asia are sold into a violent, Mafia-controlled life of prostitution, many ending up in the brothels of postwar Kosovo, a new hub of the sexual underworld. Following the trail of one young woman, Sebastian Junger discovers how cruel the trap can be. Photographs by Teun Voeten 1

BIG BLUE Extreme surfers live to ride the tallest wave with boats and boards that take risk to new levels. Evgenia Peretz hangs with suntanned warriors named Snips, Flea, and Skindog. Photographs by Mark Seliger 1

POWER FAILURE After the 2001 merger that made it the world's largest media company, AOL Time Warner went into a tailspin, with stock prices plummeting, battle lines drawn and C.E.O. Gerald Levin taking "early retirement." Nina Munk dissects a corporate marriage that some whisper is headed for divorce 1

TUSCAN SANCTUARY Beatrice Monti della Corte has turned the 15th-century stone barn she shared with her late husband, novelist Gregor von Rezzori, into a writers' colony. Edmund White reveals why literature owes a debt to this tiny patch of Tuscany. Photographs by Alexandre Bailhache 1

ARMED AND SHAGADELIC Mark Seliger and Evgenia Peretz spotlight the women of three Austin Powers movies as the latest, *Goldmember,* opens this month 1

QUEEN OF THE NIGHT Nearly 40 years ago, a group of writers including George Plimpton and Norman Mailer discovered an uptown saloon where the proprietress welcomed regulars who paid erratically and occupied tables indefinitely. Eventually, recounts A. E. Hotchner, those writers did more than settle their tabs; they turned Elaine and Elaine Kaufman into New York legends. Portraits by Jonathan Becker 1

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31 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE Hats Amore—Tamasin Day-Lewis on Isabella Blow and Philip Trea Hot Reels: Bruce Handy on *Happy Times;* Anderson Tepper on *The Believer;* Coming Attractions—Walter Kirn bra a *Reign of Fire.* A. M. Homes on must-see L.A. Nan Darien loves her *Hairspray;* Hot Looks—beauty with a cause; Emma Forrest on Mary Timony 1

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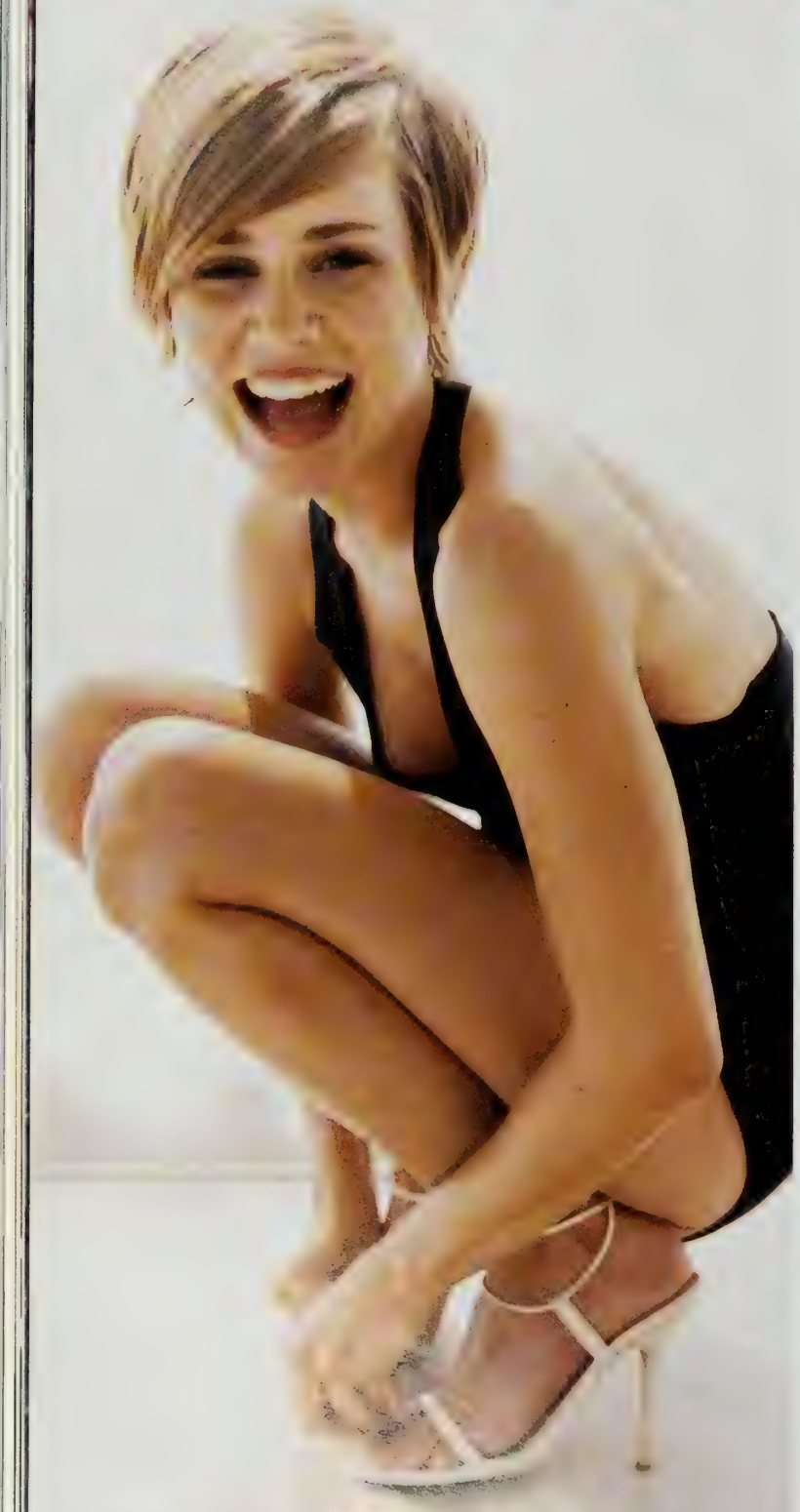
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HALL OF FAME Buzz Bissinger nominates author and journalist W. C. Heinz. Photograph by Gasper Tringale 88

THE RICH AND THE DAMNED After attending the sentencings of Sotheby's Alfred Taubman and Diana Brooks, Dominick Dunne then took his diary to the chilling first chapter of the Skakel murder trial. Portrait by Harry Benson 90

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An Insult by Any Other Name



I was having dinner with a colleague in London last month when she mentioned that she had recently been described in a local broadsheet as being "frisky." With a smile she said, "That's a code word for slut, isn't it?" I thought for a moment and replied, "Uh-huh." The woman in question is nothing of the kind, and she made the comment in a delightfully self-deprecating way. Still, journalists do use code words and euphemisms to dress up points that they want to make about someone they're writing about but that they anticipate their editors would take out if made more frankly. Leading the scholarship on this practice is John Leo, the celebrated columnist for *U.S. News & World Report.* Like one of those mathematicians who worked at Bletchley Park trying to break the German Enigma code during the Second World War, Leo has been parsing the code words of journalese, as he calls it, for more than 15 years.

For instance, to Leo, when a journalist writes that a politician is "constantly growing," what he really means to say is that the person is a moron; someone who is "most effective in front of small groups" is incapable of giving a decent speech; a person described as being "experienced" is over the hill; "perky" is shorthand for hyperactive; "soft-spoken" means mousy; and "multi-talented" means untalented. In journalese, "militant" is a nice way of saying fanatic, and "steadfast" is polite language to describe someone who is pigheaded.

It has been a longtime practice for the scriveners of the obituary pages to charitably detour around the recently deceased's personality quirks and shortcomings. As Euan Ferguson recently noted in Britain's *The Observer,* it is not difficult to figure out the writer's intent. So, in obit-speak, "tireless raconteur" is code for bore; someone who "tended to become overattached to certain ideas and theories" was a fascist; a man who "gave colorful accounts of his exploits" was of course a liar; and a woman described as someone who "did not suffer fools gladly" was a shrew.

The English satirical fortnightly *vate Eye* has virtually institutionali its own bag of tricks for getting arou libel land mines. "Discussing Ug dan affairs" refers to having sex—ge ally with someone other than the s ject's established partner; "tired emotional" is code for drunk. (As in other publications, "ruddy-faced" men and "vivacious" for women.) *Private Eye,* "bachelor" means the man is gay. "Confirmed ba elor" means that he's gay and out of the closet.

Even glossy, award-winning monthlies sometimes use language ways George Orwell might frown on. "Exclusive," for instance, kind of magazine shorthand, eliminating the qualifier "... only *The New Yorker* comes out on Monday." "Special Report" often tra lates as "That piece on the senator's mistress didn't pan out at the minute, so we had to run this story on baling wire twice as lon Writers and editors have been known to shovel the word "alleged" front of things they believe to be true, and that have been expres by others, but that they cannot prove absolutely. If the allegations h appeared in the tabloids, then the word "reportedly" often prece them. And watch out for the phrase "masterful job of writing and porting" in an editor's letter—it's less heartfelt praise than a sure sig contributor is getting strokes in lieu of the raise he or she really want

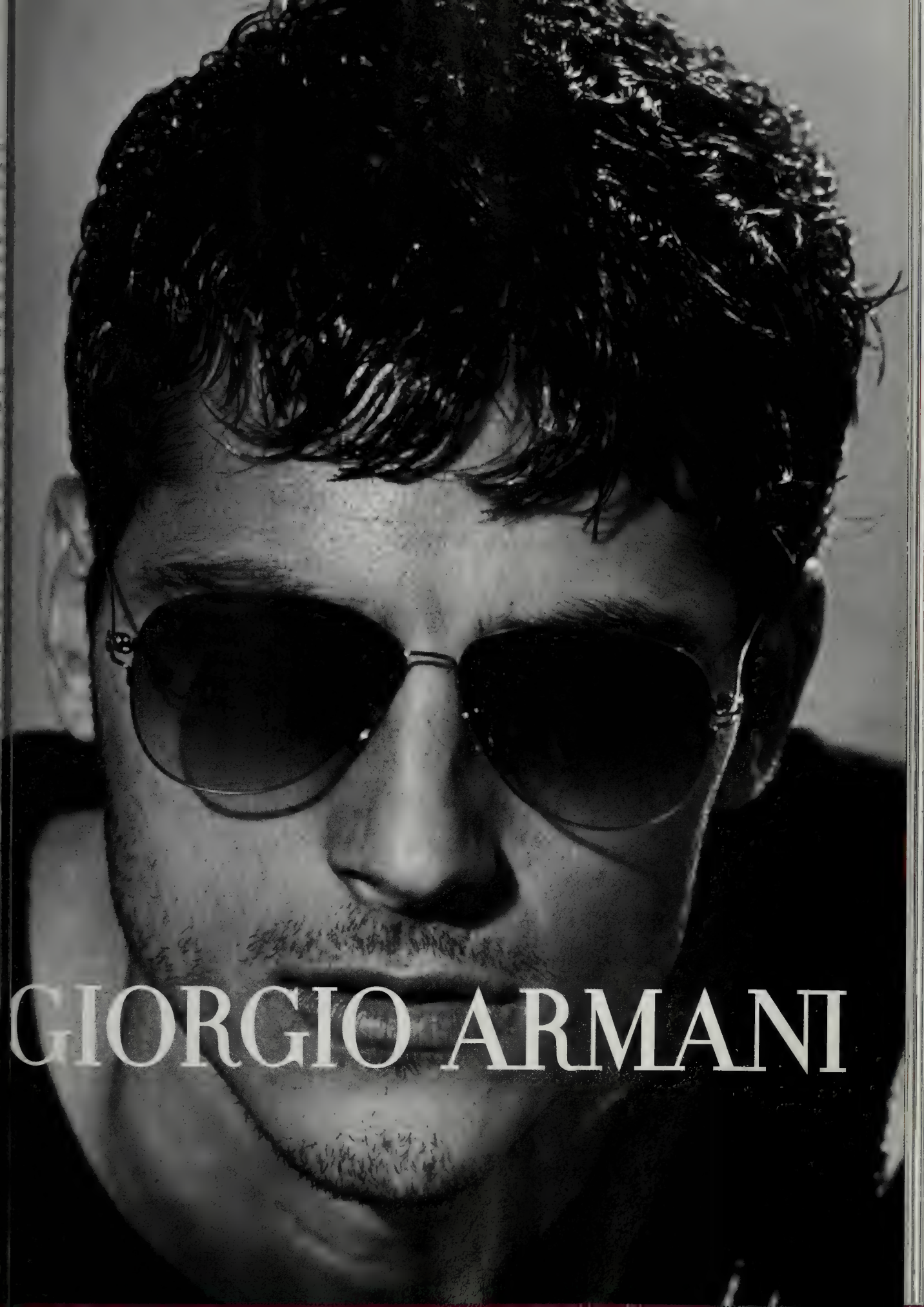
The Catholic church, which, it could fairly be said, is having off year, has proved itself more than up to the task of obfuscat and creative euphemism. As *The Wall Street Journal* noted, church has been scrambling to shelter its assets in the face of cou less sexual-abuse lawsuits. Dennis Sullivan, a lawyer for the Dal diocese, made a valiant attempt at refuting plaintiffs' complai that the church was shuffling assets back to individual parish where they would be protected from legal claims. "We did it clarification," he said. Checkmate. When it comes to having a with the English language, you really can't beat those frisky Catholic priests.

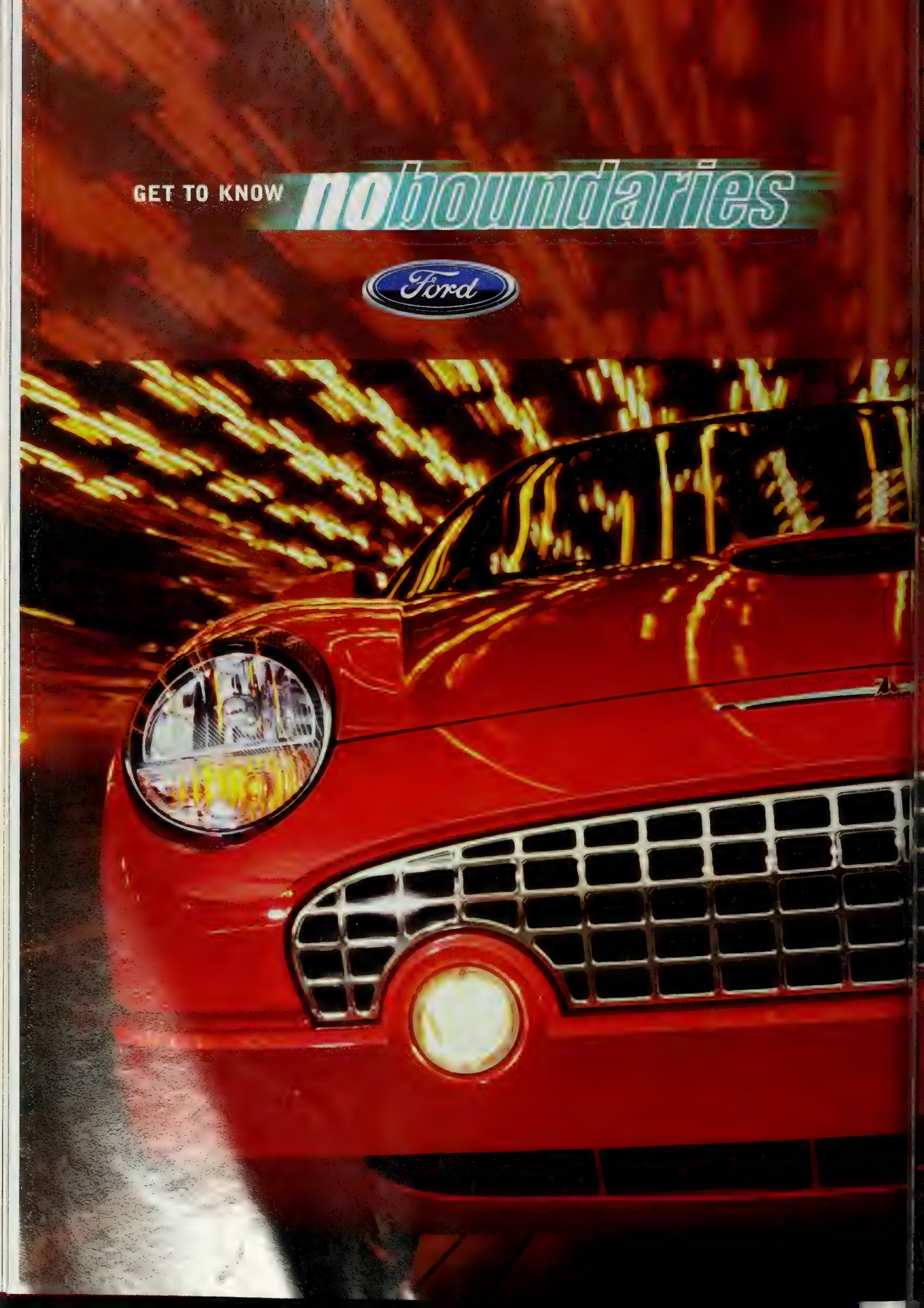
—GRAYDON CART



ON THE COV

Colin Farrell wears a Tommy Hilfiger robe and a hat by Dolc Gabbana. Hair and grooming products from Clinique. Hair by How Fugler. Grooming by Regine Thorre. Props styled by Dimitri Le Styled by Deborah Schacht. Photographed exclusively for *V.F* Bruce Weber at the Bellagio Hotel in Las Vegas on March 15, 20 *This page,* Farrell at the Las Vegas Tropicana on March


GIORGIO ARMANI


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The author of eight *V.F.* cover profiles, contributing editor **Ned Zeman** says this month's subject, Colin Farrell, "is the first and probably the last celebrity who never seemed to want the interview to end." After two days of pub-crawling through Farrell's hometown of Dublin, Ireland, Zeman turned off his tape recorder and said, "O.K., we're done," only to have Farrell respond, "No, we're not. We'll swing by later and go for a gargle or two." Zeman adds that he would like his mother, Evelyn, to know he really tried to remove all profanity from Farrell's quotes, but when he did so "the story was half its length."



JEREMY DAWSON

Writing about big-wave surfers reminded contributing editor **Evgenia Peretz** how surreal the job of a reporter can be. In Santa Cr this March, she walked into the house of someone named Flea, and about 10 bleary-eyed guys, with nar such as P-Dog, Skindog, and Barne emerged from a cloud of pot smoke. "I admit I was frightened," says Per who knew zero about surfing befor being assigned the story. But after drinking a few beers and enduring critiques of her wardrobe and name-calling ("late-night-in-the-libra latte girl" being a favorite), she became friends with them. "Now Barney and I chat on the phone an plan visits," says Peretz. "One day he may even get my name right."



The author of 15 books, including last year's *Flâneur: A Stroll Through the Paradoxes of Paris,* **Edmund White** first met Beatrice Monti della Corte when they worked together on a 1997 *V.F.* article on the artist Cy Twombly. White then visited her and her husband, author Gregor von Rezzori, at their home in Tuscany and was enchanted by both the landscape and the couple. He returned in 2000, after von Rezzori died, to take part in the writers' retreat there. "They were very different as a couple, because he was dreamy and she is very practical and goal-oriented," says White, whose article on the retreat begins on page 132. "There is a French expression that fits her: *Elle ne perd pas le nord,* which means she never loses sight of the north."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

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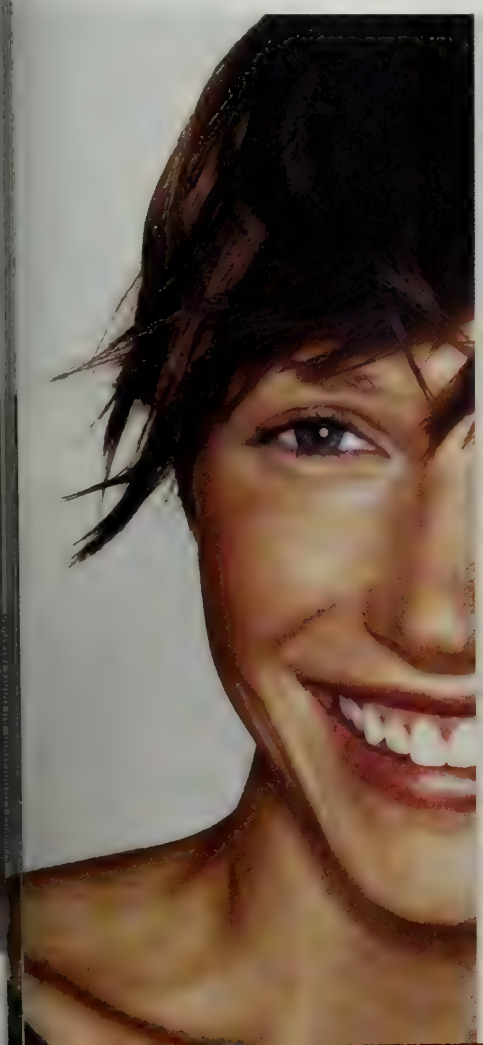
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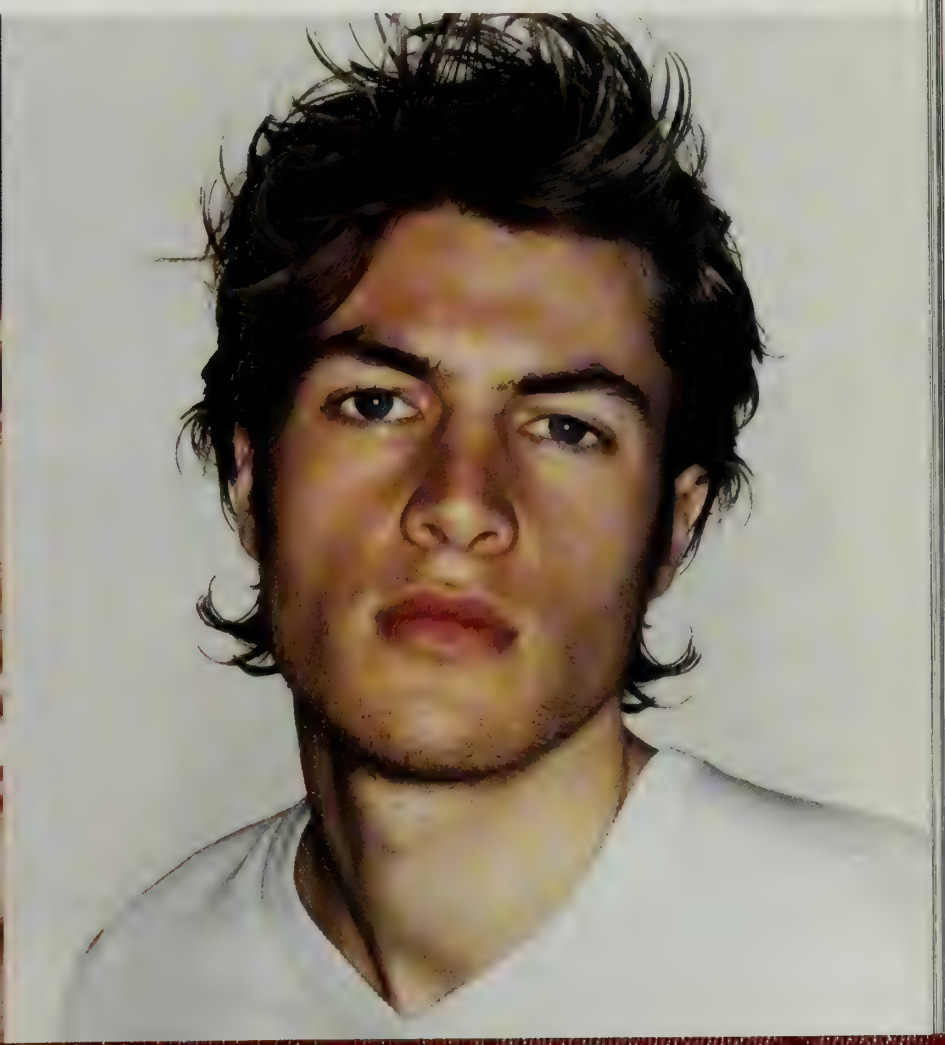
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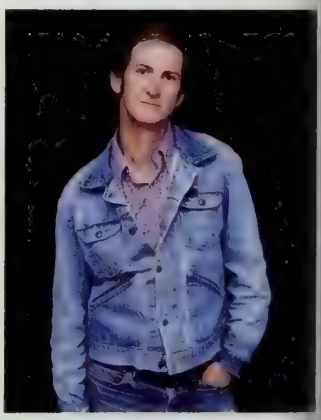


The first time **A. E. Hotchner** went to Elaine Kaufman's famous Manhattan saloon, Elaine's, he was with Nan and Gay Talese. "Arriving with them gave me a nod of the head," Hotchner says, referring to one of the four stages of greetings Kaufman gives her notable clientele. "It wasn't until the publication of *Papa Hemingway* in 1966 that I graduated to the peck on the cheek, which was a great honor. Now I'm a great big hug and kiss." On page 140, Hotchner honors her nearly 40 years of operation.



TEUN VOETEN

He has covered wars in Afghanistan, Kosovo, Macedonia, and Sierra Leone, but contributing editor **Sebastian Junger,** with photographer **Teun Voeten** (far left) in Albania, says his story about the trafficking of women from the former Soviet republics was the most frightening article he has ever reported. "The dangers of war are very identifiable," Junger explains, "but organized crime is a threat anywhere at any time." This is the fifth *V.F.* article that Junger and Voeten have worked on together.



Contributing photographer **Mark Seliger,** who shot 134 covers for *Rolling Stone* since 1987, makes his first appearance in *V.F.* this month with a spotlight on the Austin Powers girls and a story on big-wave surfers. "You're hanging out with extremely passionate but supercool athletes," Seliger says of the surfers. "They're like the guys from Ridgemont High grown up and sophisticated." Seliger's books include *Physiognomy, Lenny Kravitz,* and *When They Came to Take My Father: Voices of the Holocaust.* He is currently working on a book of portraits of artists, all photographed in the stairwell of his Greenwich Village apartment.



KATHRYN M. LEOD

With the death of makeup artist **Kevyn Aucoin,** the world of fashion and beauty has lost a great innovator and friend. Naomi and Linda, Cher and Liza, Gwyneth and Julia—all trusted Kevyn to transform them into swans. Sometimes, if he wasn't available, the shoot wouldn't happen. When *V.F.* assembled some of today's most glamorous actresses—including Catherine Deneuve, Sophia Loren, and Nicole Kidman—for the 2001 Hollywood-issue cover, pandemonium nearly broke out in the quest for his attention. "He was a confidence giver in a world filled with insecure beauties," says *V.F.* fashion director Elizabeth Saltzman. "And he was just a damned good guy."

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SALGADO'S FOCUS

In awe of Sebastião Salgado; the depth and surface of John Kennedy Jr.; Gore v. Dominick, Part Two



CAMERA WITH A CAU
Nomads near Absom
Village, Somalia, coming to g
water from the Juba Ri
and to get immunized aga
polio, in March 20

This letter is to salute the artistic sense showcased and the wisdom displayed in your article "Planet Salgado" [by Christopher Hitchens, May]. The fact that your magazine—which already has one of the highest standards in glamour photography—also recognizes the stark beauty of the not-as-beautiful people is an encouraging sign for the disappearing art form of photojournalism. My foremost praise goes to the master Salgado for his transcendent eye and his sense of composition. "How does he do it?" is a tempting question, but I choose to remain silent and enjoy.

MATHIEU LAMARRE
Montreal, Quebec

YOUR ARTICLE on the global effort to eradicate polio comes at an appropriate time, as the Family of Nations gathers for the Special Session on Children. It will make a valuable contribution to the ongoing discussions and policy formation on children's health issues.

ARCHBISHOP RENATO R. MARTINO
Apostolic nuncio, permanent observer of the Holy See to the United Nations

A SEPARATE KENNEDY

RICHARD BLOW'S moving retrospective ["Camelot's Son," May] reinforced my sense that J.F.K. Jr. may have been a monumental work in progress—a man whose deeply rooted talent, energy, and integrity conceivably could have changed history had he lived. Perhaps his death was a more grievous loss to the nation than most of us ever imagined.

RAYMOND C. FINCH
Lake Worth, Florida

HE WROTE TO PRAISE J.F.K. Jr. Instead, Richard Blow buried him. Nowhere in the entire article is there the mention of a major achievement. Mr. Kennedy does not want to use his name to advance the magazine, but what, if not his name, gave him the opportunity to launch the magazine in the first place? We hear no wit and no insight from Mr. Kennedy, and yet Mr. Blow felt that at dinner with his boss "everything we said had to be witty and scintillating." This is a portrait of a man of no substance.

RAMBOD BEHBOODI
Ottawa, Ontario

BLOW WRITES ASTUTELY that John "would sense our unease [during awkward moments] and try to alleviate it, usually with humor." Yet who alleviated *his* unease? Certainly not the press. Blow hits it on the nose when he writes, "The press did not want [John] to succeed, John said, because the press did not want him to grow up."

LOIS ANN DEMKO
Hyannis, Massachusetts

BLOW'S DESCRIPTION of the dinner that John Kennedy had with Oliver Stone is simply wrong. I was the fourth person at that dinner, and the one who set it up. The subject of President Kennedy's death was not raised by Oliver (or anyone else). The dinner was a friendly, get-acquainted one that focused on the start-up of *George* magazine, Oliver's upcoming film, *Nixon,* and the idea of some coverage of the film in the magazine. The dinner ended on a positive note, and Oliver wrote a column for *George* a year later.

STEPHEN RIVERS
Santa Monica, California

RICHARD BLOW REPLIES: Stephen Rivers is correct that Oliver Stone wrote a short piece

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for George *(in October 1998, three years after he and John had dined, not one). But I stand by my story. In all probability, John handled the situation so gracefully that Rivers never noticed any awkwardness. Didn't he wonder why a brand-new magazine about politics and popular culture never published a single article about Oliver Stone's* Nixon*?*

V.F. FAMILY FEUD

WHO NEEDS the fictional correspondence between Ed Coaster and Graydon Carter when you've got the real stuff? I'm referring to the "Your mama" exchange between Gore Vidal and Dominick Dunne tucked into the May "Letters" section. If the pen is mightier than the sword, then the clash of two pens creates a battle royal.

JAY SORENSEN
Shorewood, Wisconsin

WATCHING MR. DUNNE compete with Mr. Vidal for "the attention of the table" must have been like watching Joan Crawford compete with Bette Davis to see who could chew up more scenery in *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?*

SCOTT SCHUELE
Los Angeles, California

GORE VIDAL, with his usual acuity and courage, has defrocked the Emperor of Gossip! And, in a triumph of spite over self-preservation, Dominick Dunne exposed himself totally in his reply.

To your Merriam-Webster's, *V.F.*! A "diarist" keeps a daily record of personal activities, reflections, or feelings. A "gossip" is a person who habitually reveals personal or sensational facts about others. One sees D.D. running to the bathroom (an image too delicious for words), frantically leafing through piles of tittle-tattle. And what dirt does he have on Mr. Vidal? The shocking truth: that he said something to somebody about someone at some dinner party some time ago.

ELIZABETH WOODSMALL
Tallahassee, Florida

GORE VIDAL'S POMPOUS, petulant, and petty diatribe against Dominick Dunne has proved once again that Mr. Vidal's most virulent affliction continues to be one of the seven deadly sins: envy.

Dominick Dunne is a dedicated activist and compassionate advocate for victims of crime and their often forgotten families. His vigilance at many famous, and not-so-famous, trials and his subsequent books and [illegible] given the public and his readers a ringside seat for what really does go on [illegible] courts.

LOIS FISHER-CORCORAN
Chicago, Illinois

GORE VIDAL is one of the modern heroes of the English language. That said, I was very embarrassed for him, and annoyed, reading his letter to the editor about Dominick Dunne. Why does such an extraordinarily talented man continually feel the need to shriek in public about other talented writers? Evidently Gore is the last to know how amazing his own life has been, and his sniping only diminishes him.

KALIA MUSSETTER
Santa Rosa, California

WHEN DUNNE ACCUSED Vidal of being "in a mean and miserable mood" over his supposed reference to Timothy McVeigh as a patriot, and said that Vidal's piece had been a miserable flop, I began to search out that particular article ["The Meaning of Timothy McVeigh," September 2001]. I remember making notes on that piece with the intent of writing to *Vanity Fair* in praise of Vidal's courage for having written it. I applauded him for actually having the guts to ask the question that none of us really seemed to want to know the answer to: Why?

LINDA KIRBY
Boise, Idaho

NEVER MIND the peanut gallery, Dominick. Continue the nice job of chatting up, then mule-kicking, the social applecart.

WALLY NICHOLS
New York, New York

YOUR DIARIST (a.k.a. Direst), with characteristic recklessness, wrote [in May] that I had called Timothy McVeigh "a patriot" for what he may or may not have done at Oklahoma City on April 19, 1995, when other parties—thus far still at large, as a federal court acknowledged—blew up a federal building. Perhaps Diarist was confused when I wrote in these pages, September 2001, that McVeigh was not a member of the self-styled "Patriot" movement of disaffected heartland Americans, numbering, perhaps, four million souls. Since none, apparently, is rich or super-rich, these "Patriots" are not apt to attract Direst's beady-eyed attention.

GORE VIDAL
Ravello, Italy

OH, PUH-LEEZE.

DOMINICK DUNNE
New York, New York

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July 2002



Head Games

Hat designer Philip Treacy with his muse, Isabella Blow (top left), her niece, Charity Verney (bottom left), their friend Xander Slager, and Treacy's dog, Mr. Pig, photographed in London, May 7, 2002. "When Philip Met Isabella" opens at London's Design Museum this month. See story on page 46.

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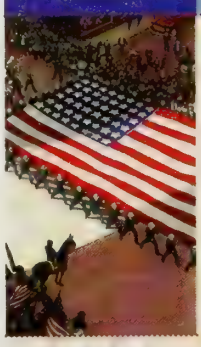
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FANFAIR

July

THE LIGHTS OF LONDON, THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE, AND A SOUTH PACIFIC MOMENT ON WILSHIRE BOULEVARD

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY

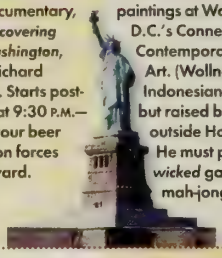


1
"Of Men and Their Elegance" is an art show at Kent State University Museum in Kent, Ohio—not, as you might think, a GQ special theme issue.

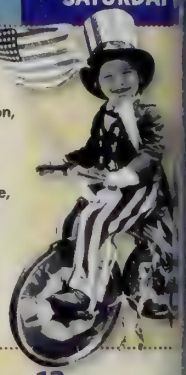
2
Boston Harborfest: the event that proves that Boston Harbor and good, clean fun are not mutually exclusive concepts.

3
Asia's leading contemporary dance theater, the Cloud Gate Dance Theatre of Taiwan, performs at Becket, Massachusetts's Jacob's Pillow. Hit the Pillow, baby!

4
PBS: documentary, *Rediscovering George Washington*, with host Richard Brookhiser. Starts post-fireworks, at 9:30 P.M.—just when your beer consumption forces you chairward.

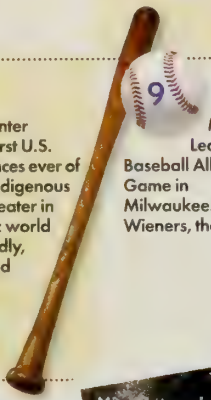


5
Andrew Wollner paintings at Washington, D.C.'s Conner Contemporary Art. (Wollner: Indonesian-Chinese, but raised by Jews outside Houston. He must play a *wicked* game of mah-jongg.)





8
Lincoln Center Festival. First U.S. performances ever of the only indigenous musical theater in the Islamic world (which, sadly, is not called *Muezzin with a Z!*).



9
Major League Baseball All-Star Game in Milwaukee. Wieners, the wave.

10
South Pacific, with Robert Goulet, opens this week at L.A.'s Wilshire Theatre. *Love* an onstage shower scene.

11
Twentieth anniversary of the gay-film powwow Outfest, in L.A. There's more to gay cinema than just the Tony Randall character in Doris Day movies.

12
Albuquerque: film festival, Flicks on 66 Wild West Digital Shootout. Production designer to cinematographer: "Hey, li'l pardner—didn' I see you over to Outfest yesterday?"

OUTFEST 2002
L.A. GAY & LESBIAN FILM FESTIVAL



13
Chilean artist Rober Sebastián Matta at Chicago's Museum Contemporary Art. (Matta: link betwee European Surreal and younger Americans who became Abstrac Expressionists.)

14
Cincinnati Art Museum: "Weegee's World." (Let's hope Weegee goes over better in Cincinnati than Mapplethorpe did.)



15
Petty Delusions and Grand Obsessions at Chicago's Steppenwolf Theatre, that springbed of character actors whose names begin with *M* (Malkovich, Metcalf, Mahoney).



17
Philadelphia's Forrest Theatre presents *Blast!* Theater: the only artistic medium regularly to saddle the titles of its offerings with an exclamation point.

18
London's National Gallery mounts a show called "Light." Curators consider opening sculpture garden, "Bulb."

19
Verbier Festival & Academy. Greats of classical-music world assemble in Swiss Alps. Workshopping, dirndls.

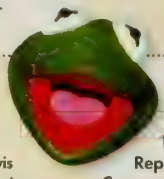
20
"Taken by Design Photographs from Institute of Design 1937–1971" at th San Francisco Museum of Mode Art. ("Plaid: The B Modeling Shots.".

21
Johannesburg artist William Kentridge's politicized works inject that sunny L.A. institution, LACMA, with gravitas, grit.



23
N.Y.C.'s Roundabout: *The Boys from Syracuse*, Shakespeare's *The Comedy of Errors* with music by Richard Rodgers. For those who want to get in on the Rodgers moment.

24
London: the National Gallery's Puvis de Chavannes's *Beheading of Saint John the Baptist* is joined by the Barber Art Institute's version of same. Heads will roll.



25
At N.Y.C.'s 13th Street Repertory Company: *Straight-Jacket*, a satire re a gay movie star who falls in love with his screenwriter. (Oh, sort of a Kermit–Frank Oz thing.)



27
Print artist Munakata Sh receives first comprehensi retrospective outside Japa the Philadelp Museum of A woodcut community st kvelling.

28
Last day of the Tour de France. Sweatbands, regional wines.

29
Day 3 of the Woods Hole Film Festival, in Woods Hole, Massachusetts. Projectionists and fishermen agree: to live is to unspool.



31
Dominic Cooke directs *The Malcontent* at Stratford-upon-Avon's Swan Theatre. (This play should be performed in repertory with *The Most Happy Fella*. For balance.)



—BY HENRY A



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From Chaplin to China

ZHANG YIMOU'S BITTERSWEET *HAPPY TIMES*

A beautiful blind girl. A kindly fellow, down on his luck, who tricks her into thinking he's wealthy. The hope of an operation that may or may not restore her sight . . . That would be **Charlie Chaplin's** *City Lights*, yes? And 71 years later it also serves as the plot for *Happy Times*, directed by **Zhang Yimou,** the Chinese filmmaker who is best known in this country for historical dramas such as *Raise the Red Lantern* and also for having discovered **Gong Li,** the most beautiful actress in the whole wide world. (He used to date her, too—and come to think of it, where's she been the last few years?) Strictly speaking, *Happy Times* is based not on Chaplin but on a Chinese novella, *Shifu, You'll Do Anything for a Laugh*. Zhang tells the soggy old story without sentimentality, or not much; it would probably be easier to make *Moby Dick* without water, but Zhang is aided by his precise style and by a low-key, unself-conscious performance from **Dong Jie,** another discovery, as the blind girl. Groping her skinny way around her living quarters, she looks like a stork in oversize panties; she is awkward and graceful in equal measure, her queer physicality a language unto itself. (If Dong were American or British she'd have next year's Oscar in the bag.) I must warn you that her character is known as Little Wu, but that's really the extent of the Chaplinesque heart tugging. Does it all end badly for Little Wu? Yes (there's a touch of Fassbinder here, too) and no. That the title is both ironic and not is testament to Zhang's rigor as well as his generosity of spirit. That the closing image has something of the iconic impact of *City Lights*' famous final close-up, moving in ways explicable and not, is testament to Zhang's skill as a poet of sight and sound. **(Rating: ★★★½)** —BRUCE HANDY



C'MON, GET HAPPY
Dong Lihua and Zhao Benshan in *Happy Times*.

HOT REELS

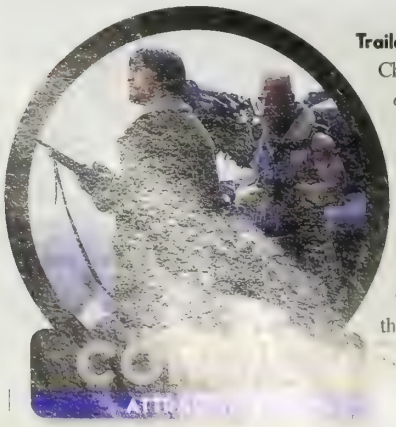
Holy Terror

RYAN GOSLING'S HAUNTING TURN IN *THE BELIEVER*

As conflicted characters go, *The Believer*'s Danny Balint is a doozy. Played with edgy vulnerability by **Ryan Gosling,** he is a ticking time bomb from the very start. Balint, unbeknownst to his neo-Nazi gang of hooligans, is actually Jewish. How he has come to this point—tormenting Jewish students with steel-toed menace, whipping up an aboveground Fascist movement with his shocking rhetoric, even planting bombs in synagogues—is the movie's thorny riddle (the script, by director **Henry Bean,** is based on a true story). Balint, a precocious yeshiva student as an adolescent, has clearly made himself sick with questions—about faith, about Jewish suffering, about the lessons of the Holocaust. But his illness resonates beyond just religious or spiritual paradoxes: his self-hatred is so dangerously twisted it has become pathological. (His masochistic girlfriend, Carla Moebius, played by the sulky **Summer Phoenix,** is equally screwed up, so no help there.) Even if there are gaps in the story that require leaps of faith, this is a powerful, troubling film that by the end is bound to leave you completely shattered. **(Rating: ★★★)** —ANDERSON TEPPER



SACRED AND PROFANE
Ryan Gosling in *The Believer*.



Trailer of the month: *Reign of Fire.* **Directed by:** Rob Bowman. **Starring:** Matthew McConaughey, Christian Bale. **Coming to a theater near you:** July 12. **The lowdown:** It's *Mad Max* meets *The Lord of the Rings* meets *Le Morte d'Arthur* as greasy American G.I.'s with bristly chins slay digitized flying dragons in Great Britain, A.D. 2084. **What's different about 2084?** Practically nothing, curiously enough. Same motorcycles, same helicopters, same tanks, same uniform on British schoolboys, same battlefield slang ("Get ready to rock 'n' roll!"). **And the seasons, they go round and round:** Monsters gestate in translucent eggs (*Alien*). It's up to American rednecks to save the world because they don't fall for others' defeatist crap (*The Green Berets*). Fearsome winged creatures fly slightly out of sync with semi-convincing realistic backdrops (*Mothra*). **Ancient magic that needs no explaining, yet is explained:** Dragons breathe fire due to "two glands in the mouth secreting separate chemicals" that, when mixed, generate "natural napalm." It's complicated. **(Rating: ★★★½)** —WALTER KIRN

...ale and Matthew McConaughey in *Reign of Fire*.


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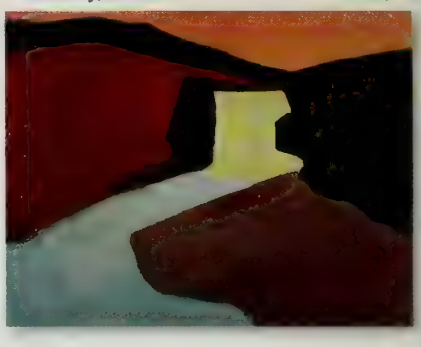


MUST SEE

DISPATCHES FROM THE ART WORLD

COLLECTORS' CALLING Maria Hummer and Bob Tuttle in front of an Andy Warhol self-portrait. *Right,* Milton Avery's *Red Rock Falls,* 1947.

In a place obsessed with being seen, **Maria Hummer** and her husband, **Bob Tuttle,** both California natives, work behind the scenes to make Los Angeles the city for the 21st century. She has been practicing law for more than 25 years, and he is among the kings of car dealers. She is on the boards of the Music Center of Los Angeles County—currently building **Frank Gehry's** Disney Hall—and U.C.L.A.'s Hammer Museum. He is chairman of the board of the Los Angeles Museum of Contemporary Art. They are the consummate power couple, sharing a passion for contemporary art. Her taste runs to the traditional—**Agnes Martin**—his toward the adventurous—**Francis Bacon.** "We made a pact that we would not buy anything unless we both loved it," Hummer tells me. "We each have veto power," Tuttle adds. This summer they'll travel to Documenta in Germany, the Basel art fair in Switzerland, and the **Matisse** and **Picasso** show at London's Tate Modern, but Tuttle is most excited about the **Andy Warhol** retrospective opening at MOCA. "It's fitting for the Warhol show to be here; he had his first gallery show in Los Angeles, at the Ferus Gallery," Tuttle says. Across town, the Hammer Museum will feature **Milton Avery.** "The first painting Bob and I bought together was a Milton Avery," Hummer confesses. Her warmth and enthusiasm are infectious. —A. M. HOMES



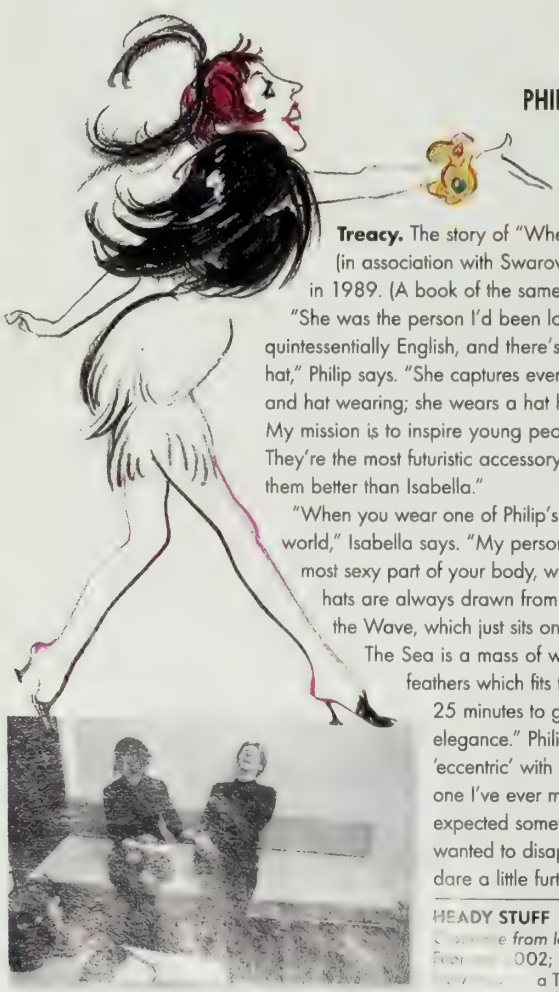
TOP: BY ROBERT THOMPSON; BOTTOM: LEFT BY KEVIN DAVIES

WORLD BEAT In **Paris,** Whisky à Go Go has been transformed into Le Wagg (62 Rue Mazarine).... The buzz on **Sydney** hot spot Wildfire (Overseas Passenger Terminal, West Circular Quay) is spreading like, well, wildfire.... The latest place to be seen in **Cannes** is Le Fouquet (10 La Croisette), designed by Jacques Garcia.



Mad Hats and Englishmen

PHILIP TREACY AND ISABELLA BLOW ARE PARTNERS IN STYLE



"It's like having a **Dalí** in your hands—each hat is a one-off, surreal, sculptural, a fantasy," says creative director *extraordinaire* **Isabella Blow,** the muse of master milliner **Philip Treacy.** The story of "When Philip Met Isabella" will be told this summer at an exhibition at London's Design Museum (in association with Swarovski) that will feature about 20 of the hats Philip has created for Isabella since they met in 1989. (A book of the same name will be published by Assouline.)

"She was the person I'd been looking for. She's my muse, quintessentially English, and there's nothing more English than a hat," Philip says. "She captures everything about English women and hat wearing; she wears a hat like she's not wearing it. My mission is to inspire young people to wear hats again. They're the most futuristic accessory, and no one wears them better than Isabella."

"When you wear one of Philip's hats, you're in your own world," Isabella says. "My personal thing is it covers the most sexy part of your body, which is your brain. Philip's hats are always drawn from nature; there's one called the Wave, which just sits on your head like a wave. The Sea is a mass of white waves made with curled feathers which fits tightly onto your face and takes 25 minutes to get on. Hats are about strictness and elegance." Philip declares, "She hates the word 'eccentric' with a passion, but she's the only genuine one I've ever met. She clears the board. She's always expected something else from a hat, and I've never wanted to disappoint her. She's always made me dare a little further." —TAMASIN DAY-LEWIS



HEADY STUFF *From left:* Isabella Blow and Philip Treacy, [illegible] 002; Blow as captured by Hilary Knight; a Treacy hat.

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DIVINE COMEDY John Waters and cast members of the musical *Hairspray*, including, counterclockwise from top right: Marissa Jaret Winokur, James Carpinello, Harvey Fierstein, Corey Reynolds, and Kerry Bu

Heaven in a Can

HAIRSPRAY HEADS TO BROADWAY

Utter the words "family entertainment" and "**John Waters**" in the same sentence and your listeners will probably launch into muffled coughing. So, before that happens, mention all the attractive young cast members who'll be Mashed Potato-ing and Madison-ing the night away, and then add that these kids' hairdos will have an implacability and height bespeaking the presence of pylons. Yes, *Hairspray* is soon to be a Broadway musical! This brightly colored tribute to the overapplication of Aqua Net—it's a bouffantasia, really—will have a run in Seattle in June and then open on the Great White Way in August. The plot, you may remember, concerns the teenage dance fiend Tracy Turnblad's 1962 attempts both to win over heartthrob Link Larkin and to integrate an *American Bandstand*–like TV show; Tracy was multi-tasking before anyone had even heard of that term. The production team is illustrious: the music is by **Marc Shaiman,** whose former forays into the outré include the *South Park* movie and work with **Bette Midler;** the book is by gentle but screwy comedy avatars **Mark O'Donnell** and **Thomas Meehan;** and the sets are by architect **David Rockwell,** whose design of the Kodak Theatre, the new home of the Academy Awards, also highlighted his ability to showcase competitiveness and gushing. Of course, no one could ever replace the thunderous stolidity of **Divine,** who played stage mother Edna Turnblad in the film. But **Harvey Weinstein**—I mean, **Harvey Fierstein**—will try, unencumbered by subtlety. —NAN DARIEN ➤





HOT LOOKS

This summer, beauty moves from the eye (and purse) of the beholder into the hands of the needy. **Jo Malone** offers White Tie & Tiara cologne at selected stores in July, donating all proceeds to the Elton John AIDS Foundation.... **Kiehl's** will give all profits from the Eucalyptus Bath & Shower cleanser to YouthAIDS.... Five percent of profits from **Revlon's** new Color America Beautiful collection will go to the Revlon Cares Fund.... Five dollars from the sale of each **Fresh** Mukki Gift Box (packed with products from their Milk line) goes straight to the Horizons Initiative for homeless children and their families.... Skin-deep? Maybe, but with pockets like these, who cares!

Magic Touch

MARY TIMONY RELEASES *THE GOLDEN DOVE*

Mary Timony makes what stoners like to call "wizard rock." By the fourth track of *The Golden Dove,* she has sung "songs to the fruitless moon," wondered, "Where's the peacock? Does he want me?," and hidden "when the Black Raven knocked at my door." With spiderweb-delicate melodies and instruments that conjure medieval England, her sophomore solo record is, as the English say, "away with the fairies." "I tend to use a certain set of images," she concedes in a surprisingly untormented giggle, "so I can see how it would seem that way." Though one visualizes the woman behind *The Golden Dove* as the **John Everett Millais** painting *Ophelia* become flesh, Timony is actually a robust feminist who has had a devout male following since her days fronting the mid-90s lo-fi band Helium. Has the mistress of mysticism ever thought of writing a "Hey, baby baby" record? "That thought does occur to me. When people call my lyrics fantastical or silly, I do have thoughts of 'Well, what should I be doing?' I make the music that comes most naturally to me." Ideal listening for the wait between *Lord of the Rings* movies, *The Golden Dove* is melancholy, erotic, and unsettling. In "Musik and Charming Melodee" Timony even has a rock freak-out (accompanied by a harpsichord, naturally). —EMMA FORREST



BEWITCHED Singer-songwriter Mary Timony.



Two women apply for jobs. They look exactly alike. On their applications they list the same last name, address and phone number. They were born to the same parents, on the same day, same month, same year. Everything is identical. The receptionist says, "You must be twins." They say, "No."

How is that possible?

>03/123<

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DO THE RIGHT THING
Jörg Haider, leader of Austria's increasingly popular, far-right Freedom Party, at a party conference in Vienna, January 21, 2001.

EUROPE, LIGHT AND DARK

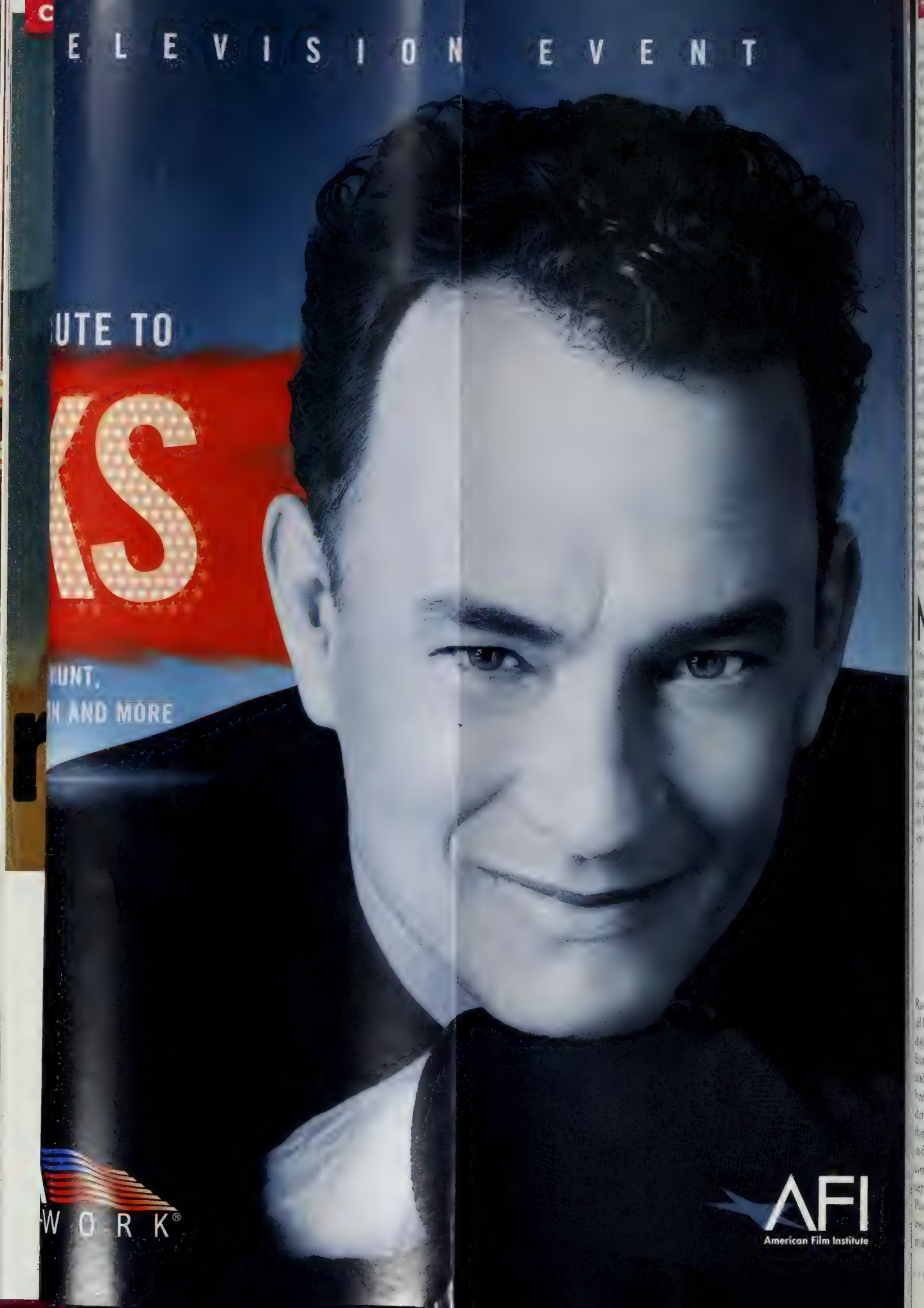
For all the signs of a growing European Union–a single currency, the polyglot sophistication of Berlin and Prague–the promise is threatened by state corruption, xenophobic nationalism, and a resentment of immigrants. Plus, on his latest Continental tour, the author kept bumping into the ghosts of world war

The new moment in European politics opened a few years ago, when an Austrian politician of the unembarrassed right suddenly started getting a lot of votes. I have now met Jörg Haider twice, and the second time was a few days after the broad-daylight murder of Pim Fortuyn, a conservative-libertarian-populist who had achieved astonishing results on his very first run for office in Holland. The slaying of Fortuyn may or may not provide a new Continental movement with its first martyr—you could not prove this by talking to Haider, who was careful to seem indifferent. "What was said by Pim Fortuyn about asylum seekers and immigrants," he shrugged, "is now being said even by socialist leaders from Portugal to Germany." Fortuyn was openly gay and shaven-headed and countercultural, while Haider (who denied to me the repeated rumor that he is himself homosexual) is groomed and respectable and media-savvy and presentable in a ski-instructor kind of way. This is a variant form of a new (or perhaps old) breed in Europe. They don't like globalization, they don't like Americanization, they don't care for the dissolution of ancient European countries into a mongrelized superstate, and they don't like Islam. For some bizarre reason, they seem to take extreme positions on the Middle East but not always the position one would predict. Jean-Marie Le Pen, of France's National Front party, for instance, is anti-Semitic as well as anti-Muslim but loudly approves of General Sharon. Haider says his name is originally Arabic—he refuses to confirm that it is Bosnian Muslim—and comes from the Arab word for "lionheart." He does not want Arabs or Turks making their homes in Vienna, but he has made visits to Iraq and, on the evening when we last met, strongly endorsed Saddam Hussein's policy of paying a $25,000 bounty to the families of Palestinian suicide-bombers. Throughout, he gave an impression of extraordinary confidence, as if he knew the way things were going.

The European politicians of the center are not even trying to hide their fear and shock. They thought they had produced a winning compromise: a synthesis of American enterprise culture with European welfare and social democracy. They thought people would be glad to see immigrants arrive—to work hard and to do the dirty jobs that no locals wanted anymore. They thought that reason and self-interest would act as a solvent on played-out nationalist emotions.

Whether you hope that Europe is moving into an epoch of prosperity and light, or fear that it is reverting to a time of meanness and darkness, the place to begin is Potsdam. Situated in the shimmering lakeland that surrounds the outer limits of Berlin, it is the second stop on the train, after Wannsee, the agreeable sailing and boating resort where in 1942 SS security chief Reinhard Heydrich convened his frigid "details men" for the planning summit of the Final Solution. Until 1989, Potsdam


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was in East Germany, and thus its old streets and squares largely escaped the "Euro Disney" effect that has overtaken so many other cultural and historical sites. You can visit the magnificent park laid out by Frederick the Great in 1744, which he called Sans Souci, and see the landscaping of its mansions among the vines without suffering too many reminders of modernization. One inherent reason for the name is ascribed to the friendship between the king and Voltaire, who was his French guest and court philosopher for several years. The core ideal of the European idea was and is that there shall never again be hostility between France and Germany. This ideal was more than a dream even in the mid–18th century. It just took rather a long and arduous time to become a practical, commercial reality. I must say that I briefly thought I was basking in the vindication of that vision as I relaxed in a Potsdam restaurant run by two beautiful young German women, both speaking at least three languages and producing a wine list to please several more tongues, while a discreet CD player provided background from the Buena Vista Social Club. The upside of globalization.



VIVE LA FRANCE
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DO THE RIGHT THING
Jörg Haider, leader of Austria's increasingly popular, far-right Freedom Party, at a party conference in Vienna, January 21, 2001.

EUROPE, LIGHT AND DARK

For all the signs of a growing European Union–a single currency, the polyglot sophistication of Berlin and Prague–the promise is threatened by state corruption, xenophobic nationalism, and a resentment of immigrants. Plus, on his latest Continental tour, the author kept bumping into the ghosts of world war

The new moment in European politics opened a few years ago, when an Austrian politician of the unembarrassed right suddenly started getting a lot of votes. I have now met Jörg Haider twice, and the second time was a few days after the broad-daylight murder of Pim Fortuyn, a conservative-libertarian-populist who had achieved astonishing results on his very first run for office in Holland. The slaying of Fortuyn may or may not provide a new Continental movement with its first martyr—you could not prove this by talking to Haider, who was careful to seem indifferent. "What was said by Pim Fortuyn about asylum seekers and immigrants," he shrugged, "is now being said even by socialist leaders from Portugal to Germany." Fortuyn was openly gay and shaven-headed and countercultural, while Haider (who denied to me the repeated rumor that he is himself homosexual) is groomed and respectable and media-savvy and presentable in a ski-instructor kind of way. This is a variant form of a new (or perhaps old) breed in Europe. They don't like globalization, they don't like Americanization, they don't care for the dissolution of ancient European countries into a mongrelized superstate, and they don't like Islam. For some bizarre reason, they seem to take extreme positions on the Middle East but not always the position one would predict. Jean-Marie Le Pen, of France's National Front party, for instance, is anti-Semitic as well as anti-Muslim but loudly approves of General Sharon. Haider says his name is originally Arabic—he refuses to confirm that it is Bosnian Muslim—and comes from the Arab word for "lionheart." He does not want Arabs or Turks making their homes in Vienna, but he has made visits to Iraq and, on the evening when we last met, strongly endorsed Saddam Hussein's policy of paying a $25,000 bounty to the families of Palestinian suicide-bombers. Throughout, he gave an impression of extraordinary confidence, as if he knew the way things were going.

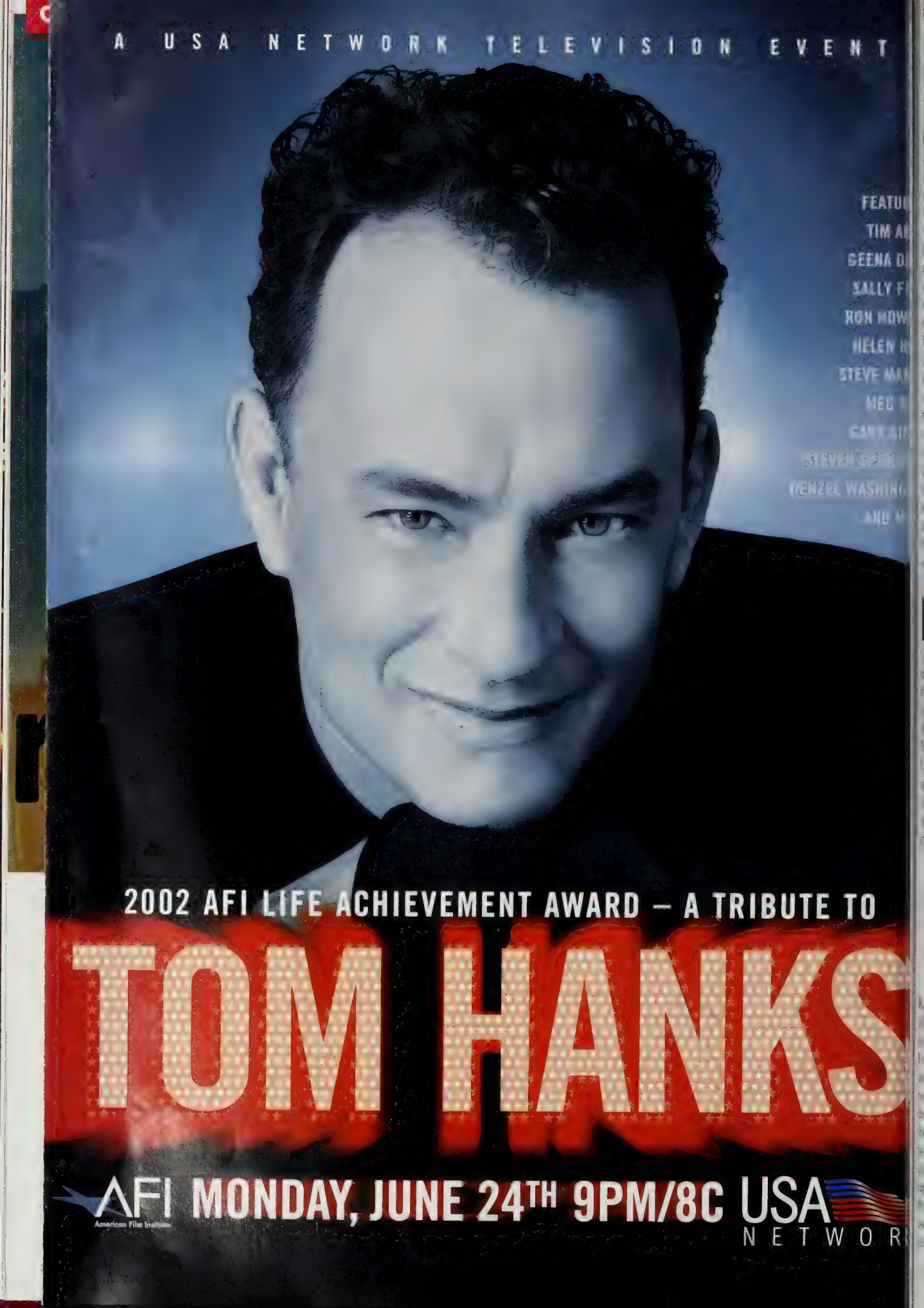
The European politicians of the center are not even trying to hide their fear and shock. They thought they had produced a winning compromise: a synthesis of American enterprise culture with European welfare and social democracy. They thought people would be glad to see immigrants arrive—to work hard and to do the dirty jobs that no locals wanted anymore. They thought that reason and self-interest would act as a solvent on played-out nationalist emotions.

Whether you hope that Europe is moving into an epoch of prosperity and light, or fear that it is reverting to a time of meanness and darkness, the place to begin is Potsdam. Situated in the shimmering lakeland that surrounds the outer limits of Berlin, it is the second stop on the train, after Wannsee, the agreeable sailing and boating resort where in 1942 SS security chief Reinhard Heydrich convened his frigid "details men" for the planning summit of the Final Solution. Until 1989, Potsdam

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attempts by whole groups that remind one of suicide tactics in wartime, where at least a few survivors will get through. And the Channel is not the only front line. Every day, Spanish police at the Straits of Gibraltar compete with Greek coastguards near the island of Rhodes to see who nets the most half-drowned and famished refugees from the misery of North Africa and Kurdistan. The Mediterranean itself is becoming a frontier. (If Algeria had fallen to the feral Islamic fundamentalists a few years ago, and thus generated a multimillion-person exodus of panicked fugitives to its former colonial metropolis, Monsieur Jean-Marie Le Pen would quite possibly have become president of France already.)

European prosperity and integration still provide a series of "highs," but European history never leaves us alone to enjoy them. Round every corner, one can find oneself in a suddenly dark place, or confronting a skeleton from the past. There are three oddly interrelated issues which seriously challenge the tranquillity of Europe today: state-level corruption, mass immigration and the reaction to it, and the revival of buried national atavism. In combination, these issues militate against the entire European project. The first warning of this new synthesis came with the rise of Jörg Haider and his Austrian "Freedom Party," which in 1999 won 27 percent of the vote and, with it, the right to a place in a coalition government.

Haider's movement made its first tremendous impact with a skillful attack on the system known locally as *proporz*—a "bipartisan" racket which allocated tens of thousands of state and municipal jobs to loyal cardholders from the socialist and conservative parties. Today, Haider complains loudly about the expulsion from Czechoslovakia, in 1945 and 1946, of millions of ethnic Germans and Austrians and Hungarians. This latter controversy, a dark and odious specter which explicitly challenges the very outcome of the Second World War, is the next Big Thing in European politics: just exactly what the smooth-talking multinational bureaucrats in Brussels and Strasbourg do not need.

The laws of the European Union state that the movement of people and capital must be unregulated, and that any citizen of any member state is free to reside in any member country. This noble principle means that, when or if the Czech Republic joins, all the expelled Sudeten Germans and others will in theory be free to "go home." In February of this year, the right-wing Hungarian prime minister, Viktor Orban, made an electrifying speech to the European Parliament. He demanded that the Czech laws on the original expulsion, issued by then Czech president Edvard Benes and known as the Benes decrees, be repealed and declared null and void. (The specter of the late Mr. Benes is still vaguely present in American politics, too: his great-niece is married to our beloved national-security watchdog Zbigniew Brzezinski.) The lower house of the Czech Parliament in late April passed a unanimous resolution refusing even to discuss reopening the matter. But several German and Austrian politicians have taken Viktor Orban's side, among them Edmund Stoiber, who may well beat Gerhard Schröder for the German chancellorship this fall. (Herr Stoiber is from Bavaria, where many of those Germans deported from the Czech lands made their homes. It's a conservative power base.) But now Günter Grass, Germany's self-appointed leftist conscience and Nobel laureate, has also weighed in with a novel about many of the Germans who were killed or died during the postwar deportations and expulsions, so the taboo on the topic can be said to have been well and truly broken. As a result, a high-level meeting about enlarging the E.U. to include the Czechs, Slovaks, Hungarians, and Poles has been canceled or put on hold. And the old sores of post-Hitlerism have had their bandages ripped off. Suddenly, the Prague of that entrancing article in the Lufthansa mag began to seem like a Utopia. The Czech prime minister, Milos Zeman, managed to make a bad situation even worse by suggesting, first, that his country had been right to expel all the foreigners and, second, that the Israeli government might be well-advised to deport all the Palestinians.



FORTUYN'S FORTUNE
Pim Fortuyn meets the press after a city-council election in Rotterdam where his conservative List Pim Fortuyn party won 33 percent of the vote, March 6, 2002. He was murdered two months later.

Talk of this kind, whether at street level or among politicians, has been made slightly easier by the horror of September 11 and the realization that fat, contented cities like Hamburg and even London had become safe hosts for parasitic nihilist groups. The same phenomenon incites people to distrust open borders and free movement, and to feel nostalgia for the days of local and intimate self-government. (Though I cannot for the life of me see why the Belgians, confronted by the grisly incompetence of their local authorities in the worst child-torture outrage in recent European history, would feel safer with the gumshoes they know. I'd rather have "Brussels" the concept than "Brussels" the actuality anytime.)

Corruption is important here because it supplies the demoralizing effect that helps to discredit the status quo. Talk of Franco-German cooperation is all very fine, but just look at the form it has recently taken. In 1992, then president François Mitterrand and then chancellor Helmut Kohl made a private deal whereby the French oil company Elf Aquitaine bought the vast Leuna refinery in former East Germany. Elf Aquitaine, a nationalized concern, had long been notorious for pumping not oil but off-the-record money from Africa into French politics. It further internationalized itself when some $36 million of its Leuna investment went straight into the private funds of Chancellor Kohl's Christian Democratic Party. Mitterrand's knowledge of the transaction seems certain. And so huge was the secret-donor system run by the chancellor that it proved too embarrassing to everybody to uncover it fully. Kohl paid a fine of a mere $140,000 and that was officially the end of the matter. A new book, *Helmut Kohl: Die Macht und das Geld* (Helmut

The slaying of Dutch politician Pim Fortuyn may or may not provide a new Continental movement with its first martyr.



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Kohl: The Power and the Money), suggests that the roots of the bribery state go back at least as far as 1982, when Kohl's party was involved in a scandal over gifts from the industrialist Friedrich Karl Flick. There is a special reason why this is interesting. At that time, Kohl's telephone traffic was being tapped by the Stasi—the East German secret police. In Berlin in March of this year, an appeals court refused an application to unseal these records and thus reveal what the Communists knew and the German people did not.

Not long after this superbly ironic decision, I was sitting in a café in the Gendarme Market square in former East Berlin; one of the few city spaces that is not dominated by cranes and bulldozers, it has thus become a chic hangout. This area had just voted solidly for the Party of Democratic Socialism—the successor party to the former East German Stalinists, who are now back in office in Berlin. (In Germany, so far at least, protest against the system takes a "left" form rather than, or as well as, a rightist one.) My companion was the outstanding Frank Berberich, editor of the Berlin review with the French name *Lettre International.* We were discussing the pervasive squalor of the political system, a squalor which had just grown to engulf the ruling Social Democrats and the big-city machines that they have owned for too long. In his remarkable good-bad English, Berberich sighed and said, "You know, zis is only ze top of ze ice mountain." I knew what he meant, all right.

In Paris, cynicism was if anything deeper than that. The brave magistrate Eva Joly, who had attempted to uncover the ramifications of the Elf Aquitaine nightmare and who had put some fairly senior politicians under the lamp of interrogation and indictment, had quite simply been defeated. Originally an immigrant from Norway, and thus a model proto-European citizen, she had risen through the legal profession and gotten as far as naming the country's former interior minister Charles Pasqua in her report. But when I called her office to ask for an interview, I was told by her clerk that she was going home. Home? To which arrondissement? No, not home to the suburbs. Home to Norway. She had given up. It wasn't difficult to see why. On every billboard one saw the cheery, smirking face of President Jacques Chirac. As mayor of Paris from 1977 to 1995, he operated a revolving door of funny money and payoffs which became a whirligig of extravagance. Investigating magistrates discovered bundles of cash on a scale to make Chicago look cheap, and a system of rewards and patronage for no-show party officials that would not disgrace an Argentinean or Congolese president. But the law gives immunity to French presidents, and it was openly said that Chirac was running for re-election for no better reason. Certainly, Le Pen's daily tirades against this promiscuity and exorbitance did as much to fatten his vote as any of his rants against immigrants. This Chiracian tactic of staying in office in order to stay out of jail, or at least the dock, is borrowed from the Silvio Berlusconi script in Italy. As soon as he became president, after a fraud conviction, this media tycoon and walking conflict of interest altered the laws to curtail the statute of limitations.



SAY *FORMAGGIO!*
British prime minister Tony Blair and his Italian counterpart, Silvio Berlusconi, smile for the cameras at the European summit in Barcelona, March 16, 2002.

And so to London, where Tony Blair has emerged, in the shifting intra-European scene, as Berlusconi's best friend. On the face of it the two men could not be more different. Blair is pious, where Berlusconi is coarse; Blair doesn't seem personally greedy for money, while Berlusconi is avid for it; Blair is extremely popular and respected overseas while more and more discredited at home, with Berlusconi facing, if anything, the opposite dilemma. However, nobody who remembers Blair's successful "anti-sleaze" campaign against the Tories five years ago can be anything but astonished at his open surrender to well-heeled members of the "donor community"—or to "Sicilian values," as the excellent *Observer* columnist Nick Cohen put it. I supped with Nick at an old Labour-left Soho hangout, a book-lined Hungarian restaurant named the Gay Hussar. He told me things I'd never have believed of the antiquated but dignified old machine that used to be the Labour Party. The new lot were really up-to-the-minute in their scandals, accepting a large sum from Enron and then dropping their opposition to gas-fired power stations, hiring Arthur Andersen, and ushering shady businessmen through the front door of Downing Street in exchange for thick envelopes or big checks contributed to party funds. The most grotesque recent example might have been modeled on the Mitterrand-Kohl mutual gratification: a backdoor agreement to help a dubious Indian businessman named Lakshmi Mittal to acquire a steelworks in Romania. Although Mr. Mittal's company has its headquarters in London, he prefers to register his operations in the Dutch Antilles. "This country doesn't have any anti-corruption laws," said Cohen, "so it's impossible to find anyone guilty of anything. It just stinks."

In Britain, too, you can catch a whiff of the stench of Fascism—disillusioned voters turning to the neo-Nazi British National Party, and the B.N.P. in its turn profiting by much-publicized reports of Pakistani youths in run-down cities who join the Taliban, trash Jews, and wear bin Laden T-shirts. For a brief moment, the Czechs asked Blair to mediate in their raucous debate with their neighbors. He made a quick trip to Prague but found that he didn't fancy the task of cleaning up Neville Chamberlain's legacy. Instead, he made an anodyne statement about how the past was the past, and we should therefore move on. This would be fatuous at any time, but in a Europe suddenly thronged with ghosts and revenants it made me feel as if someone had just walked over my grave, as well as many other graves past and future. It will be infinitely harder to create a more perfect union out of old states than of new ones. □

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From left: Kirsten Dunst, Edward Herrmann, and Peter Bogdanovich at the 2001 Festival for the premiere of *The Cat's Meow*.

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DEFIANT DAME Evelyn Y. Davis, photographed in her Watergate-complex home in Washington, D.C., on April 3, 2002.

THE C.E.O.'S WORST NIGHTMARE

Crusader or crackpot, 72-year-old shareholder activist Evelyn Y. Davis is an unstoppable force. C.E.O.'s from Ted Turner to Jack Welch have endured her wrath, and even complications from her third face-lift haven't retired America's noisiest corporate gadfly

BY LESLIE BENNETTS

No matter how early Evelyn Y. Davis gets to an annual shareholders' meeting, they're waiting for her, anxiously poised to intercept her the moment she hurtles through the door. From C.E.O.'s and celebrity board members down to the functionaries she gleefully derides as "flunkies," corporate officials at every level have been primed for her arrival, hoping to curry favor with obsequiousness and a free breakfast, since Davis judges corporations partly by the quality and plenitude of the pastries that are supposed to put shareholders in a good mood before a meeting, particularly if the stock price is down. With smiles so fixed they resemble those of rigor mortis, the company brass treat Davis like a ticking time bomb—and with good reason.

"Mrs. Davis," they coo, "welcome to our annual meeting!"

If they don't rank high enough on the corporate totem pole, she ignores them, exuding disdain as palpable as the cloud of Shalimar that trails behind her. Those of greater status may be rewarded with a feral grin. "I only deal with C.E.O.'s," she says airily. Then again, for corporate officials, winning a smile from Evelyn Y. Davis is a bit like getting one out of Hannibal Lecter—right before he lunges for your throat.

For more than 40 years, Davis—arguably the most famous and least loved shareholder activist in the country—has made a career out of showing up at annual meetings and torturing corporate America. An indefatigable gadfly, she will go to almost any length to commandeer a microphone and hijack the proceedings, even if she must resort to whipping off her coat to reveal nothing but a bathing suit underneath.

Her most lethal weapon is the mixture of acumen and ego that has long fueled her relentless campaign for corporate accountability. "Institutional investors get treated like royalty, individual investors like peasants!" is her battle cry, and Davis's mission is to level the playing field. While she may not hold a lot of stock in a given company, she always makes sure she has at least $2,000 worth—enough to attend the annual meeting and offer up proposals that must be voted upon, regardless of how unpopular they are with the company officials who constitute her target.

"I have about 50 resolutions this year," says Davis, whose perennial issues include the election of accountants, political neutrality, disclosure of executive compensa-

PORTRAITS BY JASON SCHMIDT

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tion, and ending the system of staggered terms for directors.

Davis is famed for her invective, and her voice can ratchet up to a screech in a nanosecond when she's provoked, an electrifying effect enhanced by her thick Dutch accent. And although Davis turns 73 in August, she can easily outshout and outlast any adversary. If other shareholders boo her, well, this is a woman who has already had her own tombstone monument erected in Washington, D.C.'s Rock Creek Cemetery and inscribed with her epitaph: "Power is greater than love. I didn't get where I am by standing in line nor by being shy."

And where has she gotten to? For starters, Davis claims to be rich. "I have stock in about 86 corporations, anywhere from 100 to 500 shares, and my stock portfolio is worth about a million and a half dollars at current market prices," she reports. "But my net worth is much more. You don't put all your eggs in one basket."

came from the GTE side of the company is apparently JEALOUS of a woman who is FAMOUS and GLAMOROUS, unlike herself. She is trying to come between me and the CEO, Ivan Seidenberg, who always has been a good friend. She is trying to use undue influence on him just like my stepmother tried to turn my father against ME!!!!!!!!!!! You give a woman ONE ounce of power an [*sic*] she thinks it weighs 1000 pounds.

More noteworthy is the hefty price of the single-issue newsletter: $495 a year, with a minimum order of two copies. Davis won't reveal how many subscribers she has, but like her stock portfolio it's a blue-chip list.

But let the naysayers laugh; Davis revels in her notoriety. "She is full of mischief—infuriating, outrageous, and unstoppable," says Stephen Norman, the corporate secretary of the American Express Company. "Without any staff or legal establishment helping her, she has resolutely survived four decades of corporate opposition. You've got to be obsessive and single-minded

C.E.O.'s were given cause for hope when Davis was sidelined by serious health problems resulting from her third face-lift and missed most of the meetings where she has long caused such a reliable annual uproar. Given her age, there seemed reason to believe she might finally have retired from the fray, albeit not voluntarily.

But in the last few months the word has gone out: she's better.

And she's baaack!

Davis arrives at the annual meeting of WGL Holdings, the parent company of Washington Gas Light, long before its chairman, James DeGraffenreidt, makes an appearance at the Ronald Reagan International Trade Center. Short and stooped, she is wearing an ancient Valentino suit; her hair is tastefully cropped and tinted a flattering shade of reddish blond. She has already polished off a plate of sweet rolls by the time DeGraffenreidt hurries over to greet her.

"Evelyn, how are you? I tried calling you on Friday, but the line was busy," he says with unctuous bonhomie.

Davis fixes him with the beady stare of a predator that has just sighted a squeaking little mouse. "You know, lines that are busy get unbusy," she replies, buttering another roll.

"I tried a couple of times," DeGraffenreidt says weakly.

"You know what persistence is, don't you, Jim?" Davis inquires. "That's success: you go on where others quit."

The moment the microphones are open, she pounces, haranguing DeGraffenreidt about everything CONTINUED ON PAGE 8



DOING WHAT IT TAKES *Left*, Davis, dressed in hot pants, addresses Xerox Corp.'s stockholders on May 20, 1971; *right*, Davis smokes a small cigar at an AT&T meeting, New York City, April 15, 1964.

Winning a smile from Evelyn Y. Davis is a bit like getting one out of Hannibal Lecter—right before he lunges for your throat.

Then there's her self-proclaimed expertise. "Knowledge is the greatest power, and nobody knows more about corporate America than Evelyn Y. Davis!" she crows.

That might seem a debatable proposition to anyone who reads her annual newsletter, *Highlights and Lowlights*. While Davis bills it as an insiders' guide chock-full of what she likes to call "scoops," it is widely regarded as a vanity publication that consists largely of photographs of Davis with various C.E.O.'s, Davis's opinions, and travel advice. Davis's complaints are a major theme:

In the past I NEVER had any problems with Verizon's predecessor, Bell Atlantic, with any of MY resolutions. We used to have men as corporate secretaries. This FEMALE who

to do that.... She can be cruel, vulgar, hurtful, and self-aggrandizing, but she is unbowed, and I respect her for that."

She is also inescapable; every year Davis attends so many meetings (30 to 40, she says) that she seems ubiquitous. "Every time I've ever been to one, you were there," observed journalist and investor James Cramer in a recent appearance with her on CNBC's *Squawk Box*.

Last year many of America's leading



ummer, our favorite alien-seeking crime-fighters return to the silver screen—and they're looking as stylish as ever. The formidably fashionable
s Kay and Jay, best known as the Men in Black, are ready to take on a sinister seductress and rescue the world from evil once again. Will they succeed?

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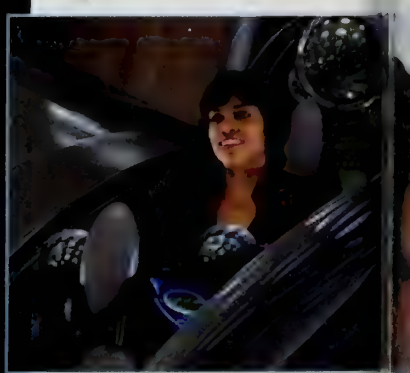
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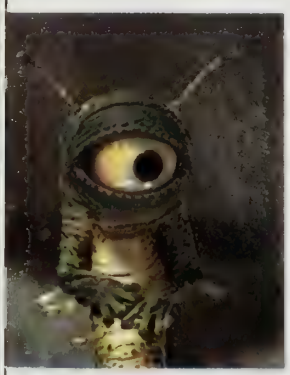






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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76 from the company's Enron-related losses to its internal accounting errors to its legal fees. When he turns evasive, she admonishes him: "Now, don't play games like that with me! You're a lawyer yourself. Somebody like Ken Lay would do that to me, not you. You're much better-looking than Ken Lay," she adds with a sly leer. The audience titters nervously.

Trying to shut her up is futile; when DeGraffenreidt attempts to enforce the three-minute limit on questioners, it's like waving a red flag in front of a bull. "If you don't answer my questions, I'll be staying," she threatens, her voice rising to a shriek. "If you answer my questions, I'll be leaving. It's an offer you can't refuse, Jim."

Indeed, Davis likes to brag about her ability to prolong meetings. "When someone asks how long a meeting is going to last, people say, 'Evelyn, it's up to you.' The meeting lasts as long as Evelyn Y. Davis makes it last!" she reports with satisfaction. "You can see I'm in control at these meetings, and I really want to be. I enjoy having power over men."

Davis's tirades at the microphone can veer off on wild tangents about anything from her health woes to the physical attractiveness of corporate directors, and she often becomes abusive. "She can be amusing, but the dark side of her is when she says something hurtful, like 'You're no threat to me—you're too fat.'" Steve Norman says. "She will wheel around and attack another stockholder as a 'spiteful old drooler.'"

"She can be amusing, but the dark side of her is when she says something hurtful, like 'You're no threat to me—you're too fat.'"

But Davis also pores over five newspapers a day, and she wields enough substantive knowledge to make any officer squirm. At Goldman Sachs's annual meeting in downtown New York, Davis grills C.E.O. Henry M. Paulson about whether the firm traded on insider information about the U.S. Treasury Department's plan to stop selling 30-year bonds in the minutes before Treasury announced the plan on October 31 of last year. Goldman Sachs had been privately notified of this development beforehand by a consultant. After tossing this grenade into the proceedings, Davis marches off happily as financial reporters swarm around Paulson to follow up. GOLDMAN CHIEF DENIES FIRM VIOLATED ANY S.E.C. RULE, the *New York Times* headline announced the next day, although much to her indignation the story failed to credit Davis with introducing the subject.

Over the years, she has had confrontations with a variety of C.E.O.'s. She used to quiz Ted Turner about Jane Fonda, and she's still proud of the time he finally exploded. "Ted threatened to throw me out of a meeting," she says. "I said, 'If you don't apologize to me right away, I'm going to have Hugh McColl [the chairman of Bank of America] cut off all your credit!'"

Telling Chrysler's Lee Iacocca he needed to lose weight, Davis badgered him with unsolicited diet advice. At a Citicorp meeting, she informed chairman John Reed, "Let me tell you something, dear, I've got you by the balls." She once nominated Koo Stark, the X-rated-film actress who dated Prince Andrew, to the board of ITT.

Davis seems able to bend C.E.O.'s to her will, however capricious—including getting three different chairmen of Big Three auto-makers to personally deliver her a new car.

Although few chairmen go that far, it's worth their time and energy to proffer a few blandishments. When Davis challenged General Electric chairman Jack Welch about the $400 million purchase of Citigroup's long-term-care insurance business, Welch smiled and said, "I saw Sandy Weill [the Citigroup chairman] playing golf last week, Evelyn, and he told me, 'When you bought the business, you bought Evelyn Y.'s policy.' And, Evelyn, I told him if I had known that I would have paid $10 million more."

When Davis carries on too obstreperously, her fellow stockholders sometimes jeer, but she also wins applause. "I think she's wonderful!" said Joan Roselle, a Goldman Sachs stockholder from New York City, after April's annual meeting. "Many shareholders are very inexperienced and not as sophisticated as she is, and she had the audacity to ask the kind of questions I didn't have the nerve to ask."

Even among her peers, Davis earns a measure of respect. "She has a remarkable record," says John Chevedden, a consultant and fellow shareholder activist. "Her level of support is absolutely outstanding.... But the core topics are ones that would make these companies more accountable to shareholders, so they want to head this off every way they can."



ALTER EGO Judy Holliday as the character Laura Partridge, in a stockholder-meeting scene in the movie *The Solid Gold Cadillac*, 1956.

Other analysts are dismayed by Davis's antics. "As much as the corporations are afraid of her, I think they enjoy her, because it allows them to marginalize the rest of the stockholder community," says Nell Minow, a highly respected shareholder activist and editor of Thecorporatelibrary.com, a Web site that tracks company performance. "They lump everyone together and say, 'They're all crackpots.'"

Some knowledgeable observers also raise troubling questions about Davis's modus operandi. "She's an extortionist," says one prominent industry analyst. "She goes to these companies and says, 'If you buy a subscription to my publication, I will not come to your annual meeting.' If they weren't scared of her, they wouldn't buy her publication. I've seen her come into a meeting and say, 'You have to move the microphone,' and the C.E.O. got down on his hands and knees and unplugged the microphone and moved it over to where she wanted it. She's like the shareholder dominatrix."

Davis insists that she has subscribers from companies where she's not a stock-

holder, and she firmly believes that C.E.O.'s buy her publication not to avoid her wrath but because it's such a gold mine of insight.

Davis began buying stock in the 1950s after inheriting a modest portfolio (she won't say how much) from her father. "I just had the knack," she says. "I had studied business administration at George Washington University, and then I took a course in security analysis, so then I went to an IBM meeting in 1959. I started the newsletter in 1965."

While Davis is *sui generis,* she belongs to a tradition of stockholder activism that dates back to John and Lewis Gilbert, well-to-do brothers who began to agitate for shareholder rights in the 1930s. Another pioneer was Wilma Soss, who is often credited as the inspiration for *The Solid Gold Cadillac,* a 1956 movie in which Judy Holliday plays a classic dumb blonde who wanders into a stockholders' meeting and, through a winning combination of ignorance, nerve, and luck, ends up taking over the company from the villainous directors who are milking it dry.

But Davis differentiates herself from any of her predecessors: "The Gilberts were always predictable; you knew what they were going to ask. They [C.E.O.'s] don't know what to expect from me. I'm a loose cannon. And it adds to my power that I live in Washington. They see you talking to a senator at a function, how do they know what you're talking about?"

Davis lives at the Watergate complex; a prestigious address is important to her, as is the pedigree of her clothes. Every time you see her, she immediately itemizes what she is wearing: "An old Yves Saint Laurent suit—I don't like the new stuff. It was 70 percent off! Even though I have the money, I buy only on sale. I have every buck I ever made! My father instilled that in me: always save for your old age. The coat is Fendi. The scarf is Hermès. The shoes are Emmanuel Ungaro, 50 percent off. Aren't they gorgeous? Fashion is my hobby."

"A C.E.O. unplugged the mike and moved it over to where she wanted it. She's like the shareholder dominatrix."

The name of Davis she acquired from her first husband, an accountant she married at 27 and split up with 18 months later. She wed her second husband, a stockbroker, at 40, but that marriage lasted only two months. Her third marriage, to a retired economist she met at a Senate Banking Committee hearing, lasted three years during her 60s. "In all my marriages, I was always the boss.... My parents had a very unamicable divorce when I was 10, but I had three amicable divorces. You know how you get an amicable divorce? You take the blame."

As for why her marriages never worked, Davis turns uncharacteristically subdued. "Maybe it was because of the Holocaust," she says hesitantly. "You feel sort of trapped with marriage. You feel you have to get out of it. The Holocaust does something to you. You're never quite the same. It's really an abnormal life."

Davis doesn't like talking about the Holocaust. "I was a child," she says, almost inaudibly. "It was very traumatic."

The daughter of an Amsterdam neurologist, Davis—then Evelyn Yvonne De-Jong—grew up with a French governess, two maids, a 12-room house, and winter sports in Switzerland. Each of her parents was half Jewish, but her father was on a lecture tour in the United States when Evelyn and her mother and brother were rounded up with other wealthy Dutch Jews. They were eventually sent to concentration camps in the Netherlands and later in Czechoslovakia.

Although Evelyn was beaten by a Nazi guard for talking back, she escaped with her life. But her right leg was hit by shrapnel during a mortar attack, and the calf remains deformed by a bulge even after all these years. After the war, the children went to live with their father in Baltimore, where he was teaching at Johns Hopkins. Their mother, a psychologist, stayed in the Netherlands. "We'd go visit her every few years," says Davis, who was once quoted as saying her mother "didn't care" about her.

Davis was always sure she didn't want children of her own. "Our childhood was not happy," she says. "If I'm not in control of something, I'm very unhappy, and you can't control children."

Since she hasn't produced any heirs, Davis says, "I want my money to perpetuate my name." She is an active philanthropist, liberally dispensing bequests of $50,000 or $100,000 from the Evelyn Y. Davis Foundation in exchange for plaques with her name at institutions around the country. "I don't go through development officers," she says. "I only deal with C.E.O.'s."

But despite all those plaques, she is occasionally afflicted with melancholy. When she tells people about her epitaph, which she does often, she has taken to adding a postscript: "Power is not so disappointing as love."

"Sometimes, on holidays, I feel a little sorry for myself," admits Davis, who was grief-stricken when her most recent ex-husband died earlier this year. "I'm all alone. I have nobody. I've not been happy in love, but I've had my career. You can't have everything. But I'm sorry I divorced my last husband. That was maybe the biggest mistake I made in my life."

Which brings us to the delicate question of Davis's conviction for offering to commit lewd and indecent acts of prostitution back in 1963. At the time, she operated her company—then called Shareholders Research Inc.—out of a Lexington Avenue hotel room in New York City. Armed with a United Nations press pass, she was also a regular at the U.N. delegates' lounge. After Davis was arrested at her hotel office, then secretary-general U Thant was besieged with press questions about whether a call-girl ring had been operating there.

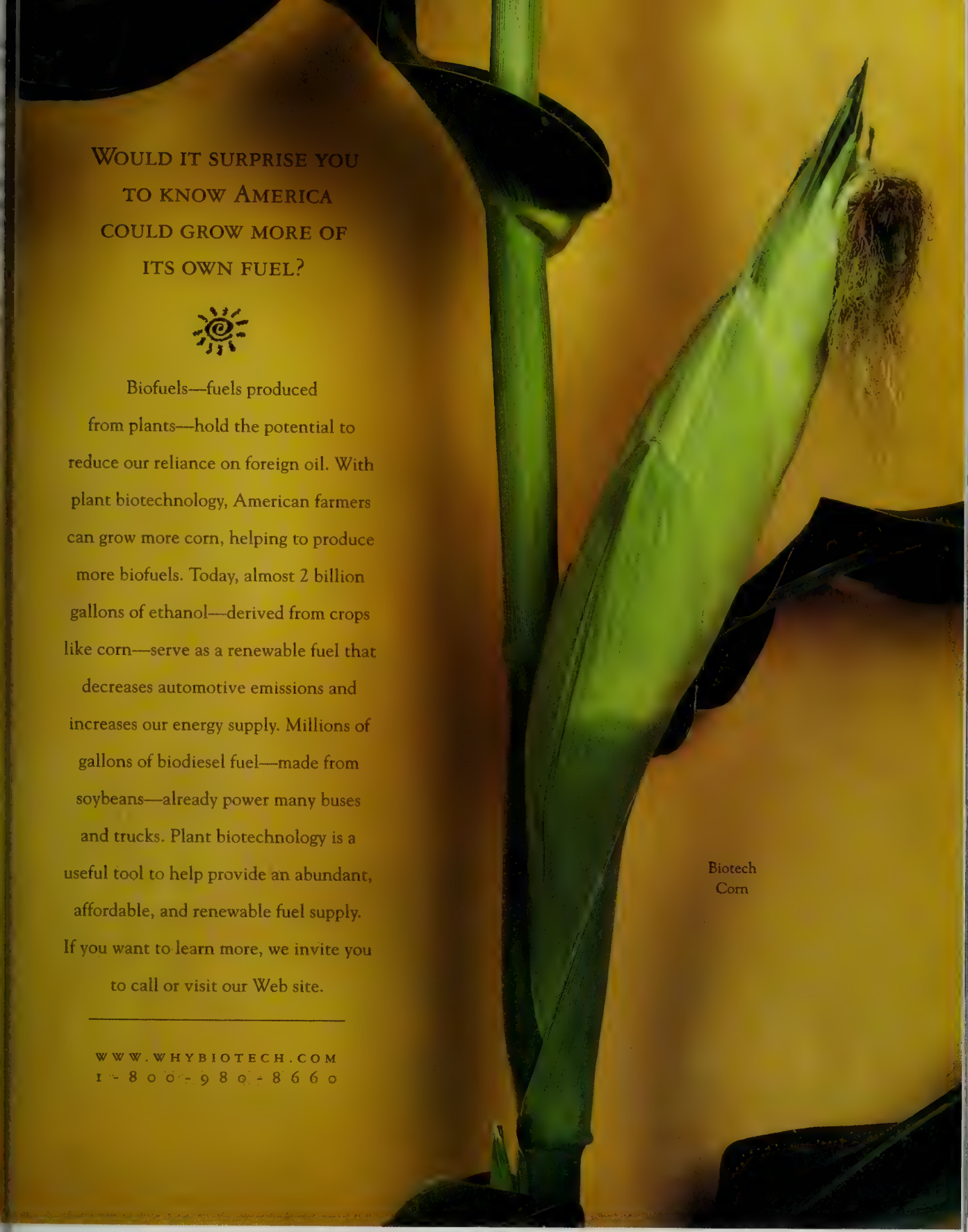
"I didn't do it, O.K.?" Davis says bitterly. "It was just at the time when I started to get active, when I presented my first ever resolution, and the companies became very worried about me. It was just a corporate frame-up. It made me more determined when they tried the dirty tricks. It didn't do what they wanted it to do. They were hoping I would never come to another meeting."

Forty years later, they're still hoping. Davis has outlived legions of antagonists, and she has no intention of retiring. "I need to have something to bitch about or I'm not happy," she says. "If everything is O.K., you'd be like a vegetable."

But significant changes loom ahead. In the past, says Nell Minow, "the one overwhelming truth was the inability of stockholders to locate and communicate with each other, which made it possible for management to rob them blind. This is going to change profoundly because of the Internet."

The first big tremor was the recent online campaign by stockholders of Luby's Cafeterias to topple company management. "The Evelyn Davises of the future are on the Yahoo! message board," Minow says. "It used to be that you had to be financially independent and willing to be very controversial in order to confront corporate management. Now you can sit in your bedroom at your computer and be a shareholder activist. This is going to create a million new Evelyns. One of these days, somebody's going to say, 'O.K., let's all go to the annual meeting!' And it's going to be like the last scene of *Frankenstein,* with all the villagers and the torches."

A million new Evelyns? Get ready. □



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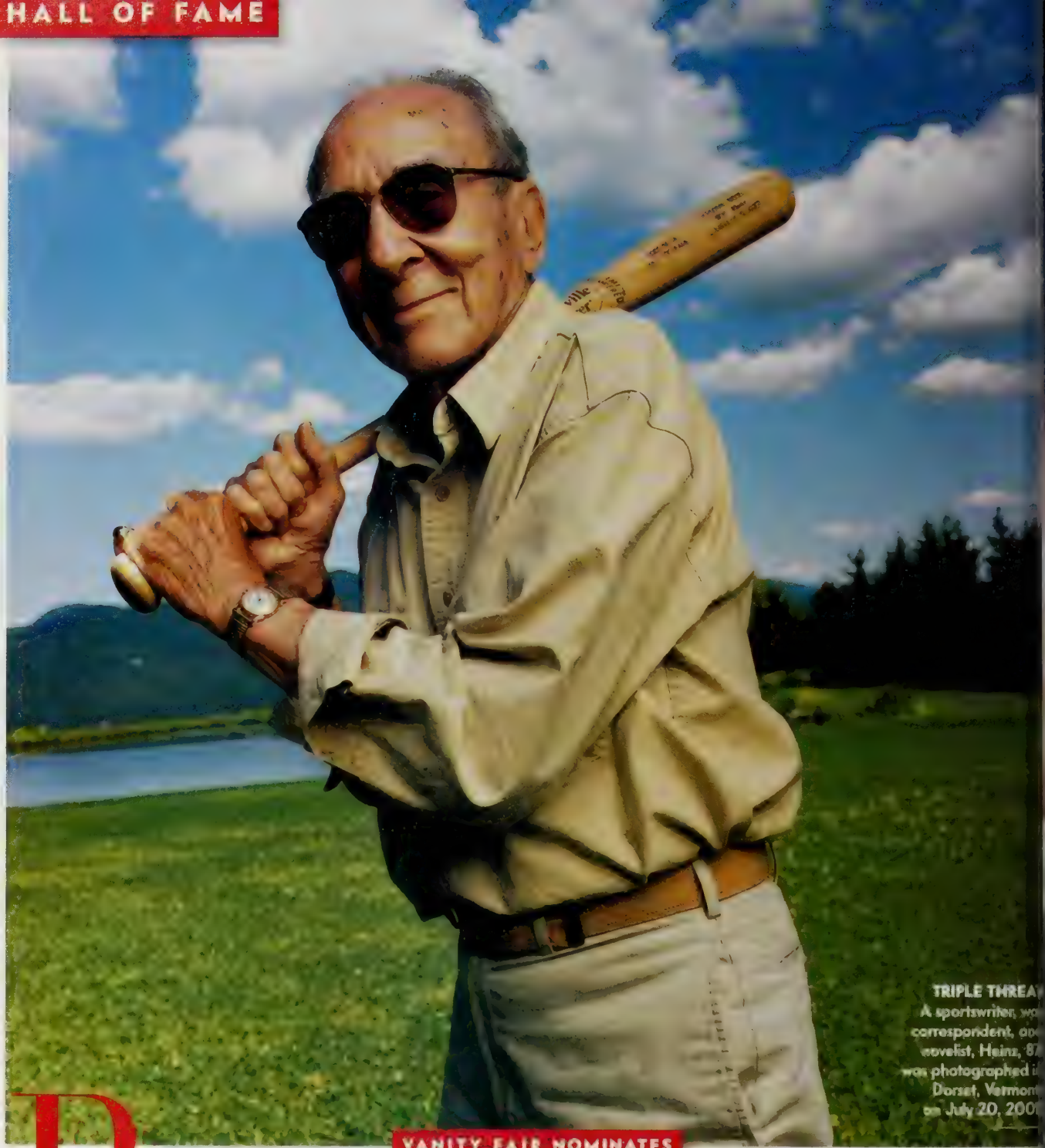
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TRIPLE THREAT
A sportswriter, war correspondent, and novelist, Heinz, 87, was photographed in Dorset, Vermont, on July 20, 2001.

VANITY FAIR NOMINATES

W. C. Heinz

BECAUSE no one will ever produce work of comparable range, written during a career spanning nearly six decades, for the likes of the New York *Sun* and *True* and *Argosy* and *Collier's* and *Look*. BECAUSE several of his sports profiles and columns—"The Brownsville Bum," "The Rocky Road of Pistol Pete," "Death of a Racehorse," and "G.I. Lew" in particular—should not be altered by a single word. BECAUSE his experiences as a war correspondent in World War II (chronicled in his newly released memoir, *When We Were One*) changed him from a smart-ass into a man who wasn't ashamed to cry, and left him with an eternal debt to those who never came home. BECAUSE his recently published anthology, called *What a Time It Was,* means this sportswriter, at age 87, is enjoying the due he should have gotten more than 40 years ago. BECAUSE he retains his humility in the face of praise from Elmore Leonard, Jimmy Breslin, and David Halberstam, among others, and wonders what all the fuss is about; he was only doing his job. BECAUSE Ernest Hemingway had it on the money when he called Heinz's novel *The Professional,* published in 1958 and reissued last September, "the only good novel I've ever read about a fighter." BECAUSE Heinz's beloved 1932 Remington portable typewriter, picked out with his father when he was 17, still rests by his elbow in the study of his home in Dorset, Vermont, 70 years later. —BUZZ BISSINGER

PHOTOGRAPH BY GASPER TRINGALE



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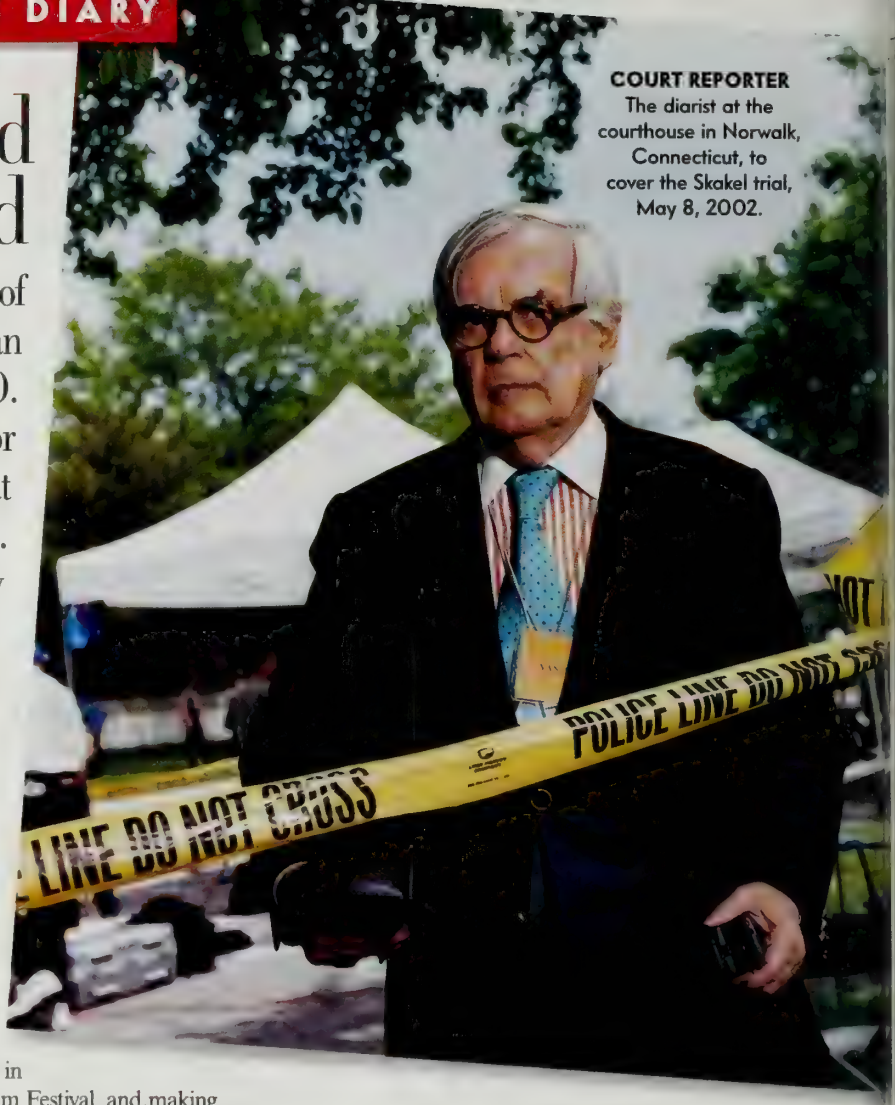
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The Rich and the Damned

After the sentencings of Sotheby's chairman Alfred Taubman and C.E.O. Diana Brooks, the author took his seat at the Moxley murder trial. There he found plenty to curl his hair, from photos of the victim to the ongoing campaign to pin the crime on Michael Skakel's tutor



COURT REPORTER The diarist at the courthouse in Norwalk, Connecticut, to cover the Skakel trial, May 8, 2002.

I had fully expected to be back in the South of France at this time, staying at the Hôtel du Cap in Antibes, attending the Cannes Film Festival, and making a side trip to Monte Carlo to check on the late Edmond Safra's nurse Ted Maher, at the Monaco prison where he continues to languish. Instead, I am spending my days in Norwalk, Connecticut, attending the trial of Michael Skakel, the nephew of Ethel Skakel Kennedy, who stands accused of the vicious murder of 15-year-old Martha Moxley 27 years ago. After all, it was my 1993 novel, *A Season in Purgatory,* that put the spotlight back on this long-dormant case.

Before Michael Skakel's trial began, I went to the sentencing of Alfred Taubman, the former chairman of Sotheby's, the auction house, and a week later to the sentencing of Diana "Dede" Brooks, the former C.E.O. of Sotheby's, whose trial for price-fixing with Christie's, the rival auction house, ended with Taubman's being found guilty, after Brooks had testified against him. Christie's got off scot-free, although there are rumors that Sir Anthony Tennant, the former chairman of Christie's in London, with whom Taubman had a dozen meetings, is being ostracized in England, where price-fixing is not an extraditable crime. Even though the enormously popular Taubman was found guilty of price-fixing by the jury, and the general perception of people in his social circles—however much they may continue to love him—is that he is guilty, he himself firmly insists on his innocence, and anyone who thinks otherwise automatically becomes his enemy. I saw him a few nights before the sentencing at a mutual friend's house for dinner, and he frosted me when I went up to speak to him, even though I had written sympathetically about him in this magazine. He was angry, I was told the next day by one of the people handling his public relations, because I had written that he had been found guilty. He declined to make a statement at the sentencing when Judge George Daniels gave him the opportunity, and he was rebuked by the judge in turn for failing to show remorse.

On the evening we dined in the same house, Taubman's wife, Judy, who is not everyone's cup of chamomile in that part of New York society that gets written about in the fashion and social press, spoke to me in a haughty manner, without looking at me, and said that Alfred's lawyers did not like it when he was reported as having been "out in society" while the case was still in court. Her superior manner ticked me off. "She's been hanging out with too many duchesses," I wrote later that night in my journal. I asked her if she was going to be in the courtroom on the day of the sentencing. On the advice of her husband's lawyers, she had not attended the trial or shown up to hear the verdict. She said no, she was not going to the sentencing, and she was quite emphatic. Why?, I asked. Again, she said, it was on the advice of Alfred's lawyers, and besides, there would be too many photographers taking her picture. I told her I thought she should be there. I felt it was a terrible time for Alfred Taubman to be alone, and she could hardly have an adverse effect on the jury, as the lawyers feared, because the verdict had already been arrived at. I'm sure that what I said did nothing to change her plans, but change them she did. On April 22, the morning of the sentencing, she arrived in the courtroom with her extended family.

This is what I wrote in my journal that night:

Then the glamorous Judy Taubman walked into the courtroom from a door to the left of the judge's bench, which jurors had used during the trial. It was her first appearance in the courtroom. She

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRY BENSON

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was perfectly dressed in beige, looking both stylish and understated. All eyes were on the international social figure. She looked straight ahead, making eye contact with no one. She was surrounded by family members, who filed into the front row in what appeared to be a prearranged order of seating. There was Alfred's son William and his wife; Alfred's daughter, Gayle Kalisman, who had been so lovely to her father during the trial, and her husband, Dr. Michael Kalisman; Judy's daughter, Tiffany, and her husband, Louis Dubin; then Judy; and then another of Alfred's sons, Robert, and his wife. You almost couldn't see Judy, although she was the main attraction.

A reporter from the *Detroit Free Press* named Jennifer Dixon, who had flown in the night before to cover the sentencing for Taubman's hometown paper, leaned over the photographer Jill Krementz and asked me, about Judy's dress, "Would you call that color taupe?"

"Beige," I replied.

"Yves Saint Laurent," added Christopher Mason, who was sitting on the other side of me. On such matters, I have learned during the trial to go with Christopher. He is writing a book on the Sotheby's-Christie's scandal called *When the Gavel Falls*, and he knows more about the ins and outs of this story than anyone else.

Then Alfred Taubman entered the courtroom from the same door. He is still massive, and wonderfully tailored, but there was a look of defeat on his face that I had not seen earlier. Before he took his seat, he went to the first row and walked down the line of his family members. Everyone rose and kissed him. When he got to Judy, she looked at him with a loving smile and stood up and kissed him on the lips. Her moment had come, and she rose to it.





DAYS OF RECKONING *Above*, Alfred Taubman, with his wife, Judy, and an aide, leaving Manhattan Federal Court after he received a sentence of a year and a day. *Right*, Diana Brooks before the same judge sentenced her to six months of house arrest.

Judge George Daniels, whom I had admired enormously throughout the trial, is a very dignified man and a very smart one. He had been inundated with 90 letters from some very important people, including Henry Kissinger, Queen Noor of Jordan, President Gerald Ford, and Barbara Walters, asking, sometimes imploring, him not to send Taubman to prison, in view of his multiple good works, age, and health. I read all of them, and I was largely unimpressed. They felt as if they had been solicited, not offered from the heart. They were all typed too uniformly. I was really moved only once, and that was by the letter from one of Taubman's grandsons, saying how much he would miss his grandfather. It brought tears to my eyes. Judy's letter had moments of warmth in describing her marriage, but it would have had a stronger effect if it had been in her own handwriting, on her own notepaper, instead of being typed like a legal document.

The letters certainly didn't move Judge Daniels. When Taubman was asked to stand, the judge spoke quite harshly to him: "Price fixing is a crime whether it's committed in the grocery store or the halls of a great auction house." He went on, "[Mr. Taubman] has neither acknowledged responsibility nor shown any remorse." It had been a serious mistake for Taubman not to make a statement, but one of his advisers told me later that Alfred had felt it would be an acknowledgment of guilt. Daniels sentenced him to a year and a day in prison and fined him $7.5 million. Taubman is to report on August 1, and he will be eligible for parole after 10½ months. The photographers outside the courthouse did not pounce on Judy as she had feared. In fact, in one photograph published in the New York *Daily News*, one of Taubman's public-relations people, Laura Murray of Westhill Partners, was identified as Mrs. Taubman.

A week later Dede Brooks was sentenced in the same courtroom by the same judge. She too had had letters on her behalf asking for leniency, one of them from Mayor Bloomberg. A large contingent of her family and friends showed up in court. Early on she had pleaded guilty and agreed to testify against Taubman. The hope now was that her possible three-year sentence would be reduced, and it was. She got no jail time, but she got three years of probation, including six months of house arrest. She also got a fine of $350,000 and was ordered to perform 1,000 hours of community service. Though Brooks apologized to all the people she had hurt, Judge Daniels chastised her severely, saying, "You have traded your title of C.E.O. to be branded a thief. . . . The notoriety you have gained will outlive you."

On May 21, Alfred Taubman filed an appeal for a new trial, claiming that Judge Daniels had withheld crucial material from the jury.

At a benefit dinner for PAX, the gun-violence prevention organization, at Cipriani in New York, where I was given an award, I made a speech about guns and violence. It gave me a chance to blow my stack over the fact that it's easier to get a gun license than a driver's license. I talked about how the infamous Menendez brothers produced a stolen driver's license for identification to buy the two 12-gauge shotguns they used to shoot their parents to death. A few nights later I spoke to a very dressy crowd at the Plaza for the Freedom Institute, an alcohol-and-drug-counseling center in New York I had once attended which greatly enhanced my life. I did my drunkalogue about my down-and-out years. When I speak about that time of my life, I always say thanks Upstairs that I'm still here.

I flew out to Los Angeles for one night to attend Billy Wilder's memorial service at the Motion Picture Academy on Wilshire Boulevard. Billy was 95, and most of his director friends are dead, but he had kept up with the young directors and actors he ad-

"The notoriety you have gained will outlive you," said the judge.



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Please see additional important information on the following page.

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Cosmetic Indications and Usage:
BOTOX® COSMETIC is indicated for the temporary improvement in the appearance of moderate to severe glabellar lines associated with corrugator and/or procerus muscle activity in adult patients ≤ 65 years of age

Contraindications: BOTOX® COSMETIC is contraindicated in the presence of infection at the proposed injection site(s) and in individuals with known hypersensitivity to any ingredient in the formulation

Warnings:
Do not exceed the recommended dosage and frequency of administration of **BOTOX® COSMETIC**. Risks resulting from administration at higher dosages are not known

Caution should be exercised when administering **BOTOX® COSMETIC** to individuals with peripheral motor neuropathic diseases (e.g., amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, or motor neuropathy) or neuromuscular junctional disorders (e.g., myasthenia gravis or Lambert-Eaton syndrome). Patients with neuromuscular disorders may be at increased risk of clinically significant systemic effects including severe dysphagia and respiratory compromise from typical doses of **BOTOX® COSMETIC**. Published medical literature has reported rare cases of administration of a botulinum toxin to patients with known or unrecognized neuromuscular disorders where the patients have shown extreme sensitivity to the systemic effects of typical clinical doses. In some of these cases, dysphagia has lasted several months and required placement of a gastric feeding tube.

Dysphagia is a commonly reported adverse event following treatment of cervical dystonia patients with all botulinum toxins. In these patients, there are reports of rare cases of dysphagia severe enough to warrant the insertion of a gastric feeding tube. There is also a case report where a patient developed aspiration pneumonia and died subsequent to the finding of dysphagia.

There have also been rare reports following administration of BOTOX for other indications of adverse events involving the cardiovascular system, including arrhythmia and myocardial infarction, some with fatal outcomes. Some of these patients had risk factors including pre-existing cardiovascular disease.

This product contains albumin, a derivative of human blood. Based on effective donor screening and product manufacturing processes, it carries an extremely remote risk for transmission of viral diseases. A theoretical risk for transmission of Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease (CJD) also is considered extremely remote. No cases of transmission of viral diseases or CJD have ever been identified for albumin.

PRECAUTIONS:
General
Epinephrine should be available or other precautionary methods taken as necessary should an anaphylactic reaction occur.

The safe and effective use of **BOTOX® COSMETIC** depends upon proper storage of the product, selection of the correct dose, and proper reconstitution and administration techniques. Physicians administering **BOTOX® COSMETIC** must understand the relevant neuromuscular and/or orbital anatomy of the area involved and any alterations to the anatomy due to prior surgical procedures. Caution should be used when **BOTOX® COSMETIC** treatment is used in the presence of inflammation at the proposed injection site(s) or when excessive weakness or atrophy is present in the target muscle(s).

Reduced blinking from **BOTOX® COSMETIC** injection of the orbicularis muscle can lead to corneal exposure, persistent epithelial defect and corneal ulceration, especially in patients with VII nerve disorders. In the use of BOTOX for the treatment of blepharospasm, one case of corneal perforation in an aphakic eye requiring cornea grafting has occurred because of this effect. Careful testing of corneal sensation in eyes previously operated upon, avoidance of injection into the lower lid area to avoid ectropion, and vigorous treatment of any epithelial defect should be employed. This may require protective drops, ointment, therapeutic soft contact lenses, or closure of the eye by patching or other means.

Inducing paralysis in one or more extraocular muscles may produce spatial disorientation, double vision or past pointing. Covering the affected eye may alleviate these symptoms.

Caution should be used when **BOTOX® COSMETIC** treatment is used in patients who have an inflammatory skin problem at the injection site, marked facial asymmetry, ptosis, excessive dermatochalasis, deep dermal scarring, thick sebaceous skin or the inability to substantially lessen glabellar lines by physically spreading them apart as these patients were excluded from the Phase 3 safety and efficacy trials.

Injection intervals of **BOTOX® COSMETIC** should be no more frequent than every three months and should be performed using the lowest effective dose (See Adverse Reactions, Immunogenicity).

Information for Patients
Patients or caregivers should be advised to seek immediate medical attention if swallowing, speech or respiratory disorders arise.

Drug Interactions
Co-administration of **BOTOX® COSMETIC** and aminoglycosides or other agents interfering with neuromuscular transmission (e.g., curare-like nondepolarizing blockers, lincosamides, polymyxins, quinidine, magnesium sulfate, anticholinesterases, succinylcholine chloride) should only be performed with caution as the effect of the toxin may be potentiated.

The effect of administering different botulinum neurotoxin serotypes at the same time or within several months of each other is unknown. Excessive neuromuscular weakness may be exacerbated by administration of another botulinum toxin prior to the resolution of the effects of a previously administered botulinum toxin.

Pregnancy **Pregnancy Category C**
Administration of **BOTOX® COSMETIC** is not recommended during pregnancy. There are no adequate and well-controlled studies of **BOTOX® COSMETIC** in pregnant women. When pregnant mice and rats were injected intramuscularly during the period of organogenesis, the developmental NOEL (No Observed Effect Level) of **BOTOX® COSMETIC** was 4 U/kg. Higher doses (8 or 16 U/kg) were associated with reductions in fetal body weights and/or delayed ossification.

In a range finding study in rabbits, daily injection of 0.125 U/kg/day (days 6 to 18 of gestation) and 2 U/kg (days 6 and 13 of gestation) produced severe maternal toxicity, abortions and/or fetal malformations. Higher doses resulted in death of the dams. The rabbit appears to be a very sensitive species to **BOTOX® COSMETIC**.

If the patient becomes pregnant after the administration of this drug, the patient should be apprised of the potential risks, including abortion or fetal malformations that have been observed in rabbits.

Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility
Long term studies in animals have not been performed to evaluate carcinogenic potential of **BOTOX® COSMETIC**.

The reproductive NOEL following intramuscular injection of 0.4, 8 and 16 U/kg was 4 U/kg in male rats and 8 U/kg in female rats. Higher doses were associated with dose-dependent reductions in fertility in male rats (where limb weakness resulted in the inability to mate), and testicular atrophy or an altered estrous cycle in female rats. There were no adverse effects on the viability of the embryos.

Nursing mothers:
It is not known whether this drug is excreted in human milk. Because many drugs are excreted in human milk, caution should be exercised when **BOTOX® COSMETIC** is administered to a nursing woman.

Pediatric use
Use of **BOTOX® COSMETIC** is not recommended in children.

Geriatric use
Clinical studies of **BOTOX® COSMETIC** did not include sufficient numbers of subjects aged 65 and over to determine statistically whether they respond differently from younger subjects. However, in the two identical phase 3 randomized 3:1, multi-center, double blind, placebo-controlled, parallel-group efficacy studies, the responder rates for both co-primary efficacy variables were higher for subjects ≥ 50 years of age compared to those subjects < 65 years of age. Analysis based on a combined data set showed that, for the investigator's assessment endpoint of subjects aged 65 and over at Day 30, 39% (9/23) of subjects were responders compared to 22% (2/9) in the placebo group. This difference is neither statistically different ($P = 0.228$) nor exceeds the pre-specified 30-percentage-point difference required by the definition of clinically significant. There were no statistically significant between-group differences for the investigator's assessment at maximum frown for this age group. There was a statistically significant difference in favor of **BOTOX® COSMETIC** for the subject's global assessment at all time points ($P = 0.036$) except Day 120 ($P = 0.214$). (See Clinical Trials Section)

There were too few patients over the age of 75 to allow any meaningful comparisons. In general, dose selection for an elderly patient should be cautious, usually starting at the low end of the dosing range, reflecting the greater frequency of decreased cardiac function and of concomitant disease or other drug therapy.

ADVERSE REACTIONS:
General
The most serious adverse events reported for other indications studied include rare spontaneous reports of death, sometimes associated with dysphagia, pneumonia, and/or other significant debility, after treatment with botulinum toxin. There have also been rare reports of adverse events involving the cardiovascular system, including arrhythmia and myocardial infarction, some with fatal outcomes. Some of these patients had risk factors including pre-existing cardiovascular disease (See Warnings). The exact relationship of these events to the botulinum toxin injection has not been established. Additionally, a report of acute angle closure glaucoma one day after receiving an injection of botulinum toxin for blepharospasm was received, with recovery four months later after laser iridotomy and trabeculectomy. Focal facial paralysis, syncope and exacerbation of myasthenia gravis have also been reported after treatment of blepharospasm.

Glabellar Lines
In clinical trials of **BOTOX® COSMETIC** the most frequently reported adverse events following injection of **BOTOX® COSMETIC** were headache, respiratory infection, flu syndrome, blepharoptosis and nausea.

Less frequently occurring (<3%) adverse reactions included pain in the face, erythema at the injection site and muscle weakness. While local weakness of the injected muscle(s) is representative of the expected pharmacological action of botulinum toxin, weakness of adjacent muscles may occur as a result of the spread of toxin. These events are thought to be associated with the injection and occurred within the first week. The events were generally transient but may last several months.

The data described in Table 1 reflect exposure to **BOTOX® COSMETIC** in 405 subjects aged 18 to 75 who were evaluated in the randomized, placebo-controlled clinical studies to assess the use of **BOTOX® COSMETIC** in the improvement of the appearance of glabellar lines (See clinical studies). Adverse events of any cause were reported for 43.7% of the **BOTOX® COSMETIC** treated subjects and 41.5% of the placebo treated subjects. The incidence of blepharoptosis was higher in the **BOTOX® COSMETIC** treated arm than in placebo (3.2 % vs. 0%; p-value = 0.045). In the open-label, repeat injection study, blepharoptosis was reported for 2.1% (8/373) of subjects in the first treatment cycle and 1.2% (4/343) of subjects in the second treatment cycle. Adverse events of any type were reported for 49.1% (183/373) of subjects overall.

The most frequently reported of these adverse events in the open-label study included respiratory infection, headache, flu syndrome, blepharoptosis, pain and nausea.

Because clinical trials are conducted under widely varying conditions, adverse reaction rates observed in the clinical trials of a drug cannot be directly compared to rates in the clinical trials of another drug and may not be predictive of rates observed in practice.

TABLE 1.
Randomized Double Blind Studies:
Rates of Adverse Events Reported by >2 or more Subjects in the BOTOX® Cosmetic Group, by Treatment Group.

Adverse Event (in order of decreasing frequency for BOTOX® Cosmetic)	BOTOX® Cosmetic (N=405)	Placebo (N=130)
Overall	177 (43.7%)	54 (41.5%)
Body as a Whole		
Headache	54 (13.3%)	23 (17.7%)
Pain in Face	9 (2.2%)	1 (0.8%)
Flu Syndrome	8 (2.0%)	2 (1.5%)
Pain at Injection Site	7 (1.7%)	1 (0.8%)
Edema at Injection Site	6 (1.5%)	3 (2.3%)
Pain in Back	4 (1.0%)	3 (2.3%)
Injury Accidental	3 (0.7%)	1 (0.8%)
Respiratory System		
Infection	14 (3.5%)	5 (3.8%)
Bronchitis	6 (1.5%)	1 (0.8%)
Sinusitis	6 (1.5%)	1 (0.8%)
Pharyngitis	5 (1.2%)	2 (1.5%)
Dyspnea	3 (0.7%)	0 (0.0%)
Infection Sinus	3 (0.7%)	2 (1.5%)
Laryngitis	3 (0.7%)	0 (0.0%)
Rhinitis	3 (0.7%)	2 (1.5%)
Skin and Appendages		
Erythema	7 (1.7%)	2 (1.5%)
Skin Tightness	4 (1.0%)	0 (0.0%)
Irritation Skin	3 (0.7%)	0 (0.0%)
Digestive System		
Nausea	12 (3.0%)	3 (2.3%)
Dyspepsia	4 (1.0%)	0 (0.0%)
Tooth Disorder	4 (1.0%)	0 (0.0%)
Liver Function Abnormal	3 (0.7%)	2 (1.5%)
Special Senses		
Blepharoptosis	13 (3.2%)	0 (0.0%)
Nervous System		
Dizziness	5 (1.2%)	2 (1.5%)
Paresthesia	4 (1.0%)	1 (0.8%)
Anxiety	3 (0.7%)	0 (0.0%)
Twitch	3 (0.7%)	0 (0.0%)
Musculoskeletal System		
Muscle Weakness	8 (2.0%)	0 (0.0%)
Urogenital System		
Infection Urinary Tract	4 (1.0%)	1 (0.8%)
Hemic and Lymphatic System		
Ecchymosis	7 (1.7%)	3 (2.3%)
Cardiovascular		
Hypertension	4 (1.0%)	0 (0.0%)

In published literature of the use of botulinum toxin type A for facial lines, there has been a single reported incident of diplopia, which res completely in three weeks. Transient ptosis, the most frequently reported complication, has been reported in the literature in approximat of patients.

Immunogenicity:
Treatment with **BOTOX® COSMETIC** for cosmetic purposes may result in the formation of antibodies that may reduce the effectiveness o subsequent treatments with **BOTOX® COSMETIC** for glabellar lines or **BOTOX®** for other indications. Formation of neutralizing antibodies botulinum toxin type A may reduce the effectiveness of **BOTOX® COSMETIC** treatment of the appearance of glabellar lines and the effectiveness of **BOTOX®** in the treatment of other clinical indications such as cervical dystonia, blepharospasm and strabismus by inact the biological activity of the toxin. The rate of formation of neutralizing antibodies in patients receiving **BOTOX® COSMETIC** has not been well studied.

The critical factors for neutralizing antibody formation have not been well characterized. The results from some studies of the use of **BO** in the treatment of other clinical indications suggest that **BOTOX®** injections at more frequent intervals or at higher doses may lead to gi incidence of antibody formation. The potential for antibody formation may be minimized by injecting the lowest effective dose given at th longest feasible intervals between injections.

Passive Adverse Event Surveillance
The following adverse reactions have been identified since the drug has been marketed: skin rash (including erythema multiforme, urtica and psoriasiform eruption), pruritus, and allergic reaction. Because these reactions are reported voluntarily from a population of uncerta it is not always possible to reliably estimate their frequency or establish a causal relationship to botulinum toxin.

Between January 1, 1990 and August 31, 2000, there have been 7 spontaneous reports of serious adverse events documented as bein related to the reported cosmetic use of **BOTOX®**, including anaphylactic reaction, myasthenia gravis, decreased hearing, ear noise and localized numbness, blurred vision and retinal vein occlusion, glaucoma, and vertigo with nystagmus.

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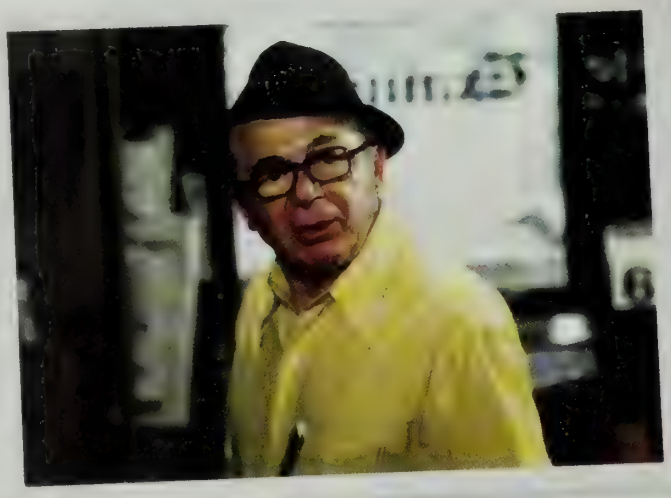
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mired, such as Cameron Crowe and Curtis Hanson, and Kevin Spacey and Billy Bob Thornton, as well as with such members of the Old Guard as Sidney Poitier, Tony Curtis, Stanley Donen, George Schlatter, Samuel Goldwyn Jr., Larry Gelbart, and Jerry Moss. Billy Bob Thornton was wearing a knitted stocking cap, and I couldn't imagine what his connection to Billy was. He said he had once worked as a waiter at a New Year's Eve party at Stanley Donen's house in Bel Air, passing a tray of fish heads, by which I assumed he meant caviar. He said that when he served Wilder the director asked him if he was an actor. He said yes. Billy asked him if he could write. He said yes. Billy told him he would make it faster as a writer than as an actor, because his looks weren't exactly movie-star quality. When Thornton won his Academy Award for writing *Sling Blade,* he thanked Billy Wilder. Billy had no idea why, so he phoned Thornton, who reminded him of the incident, and they became friends.

Later there was a dinner for 30 at Le Dome on Sunset Boulevard. I sat next to the brilliantly funny Elaine May, who is having a serious romance with Stanley Donen, who had given one of the best eulogies. Kevin Spacey, who had delivered much of his eulogy in a Billy Wilder–type German accent, briefly sat on my other side. That day Robert Blake had tried to get released on bail on the grounds that he was dyslexic and couldn't read the thousands of pages of paper his lawyer had sent him. The judge denied his request. Spacey told me he had recently attended an acting class conducted by the famous teacher Milton Katselas in order to watch a certain scene. He looked behind him, and there was Robert Blake, who winked at him in recognition. Blake's eyes looked haunted, said Spacey. A few days later, Blake was arrested for the murder of his scam-artist wife, Bonny Lee Bakley.

Kevin Spacey delivered much of his eulogy in a German accent.



END OF AN ERA
The late Billy Wilder in 1974, on the set of *The Front Page,* which starred Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau.

Defense attorneys never want the jury to see the death pictures of the victim in a murder trial. "Prejudicial!" they always cry out, but they usually lose the argument, and rightly so. It's important for a jury to see what an alleged killer is accused of having done. I remember looking with horror at the face of Kitty Menendez, with her jaw, tongue, teeth, nose, and eye blown off, and at the face of Nicole Brown Simpson, with her neck slit from ear to ear and all the gore underneath showing. I felt the same way looking at the pictures of the dead Martha Moxley. That sweet child's head and face had been beaten to a pulp with such force that the shaft of the steel golf club had broken into pieces, and with one sharp end she had been stabbed through the neck. Her skull was broken. There was damage to her brain. Martha had long blond hair, and the shaft took a large clump with it into her neck. When the hair came out on the other side, it looked like a six-inch piece of string. Her jeans had been pulled down, and her killer had rolled her panties down. No trace of semen had been found, and there had been no penetration. When the pictures were being shown, the only member of the Moxley family to remain in the courtroom was Cara Moxley, the wife of Martha's brother, John. She had tears in her eyes. Rushton Skakel Jr., Michael's brother, didn't look at the pictures on the screen, but Michael and Julie, their sister, did. The police chief of Houston, to whom the police chief of Greenwich, unused to murder cases, had sent the pictures for comment back in 1975, described the murder as "overkill."

This is the third trial where I have heard the famous forensic scientist Dr. Henry Lee, whose testimony as a member of the defense team of O. J. Simpson helped lead to an acquittal, tell the same joke. Perhaps "shtick" is a better word than "joke." I heard him employ it at the William Kennedy Smith rape trial in Palm Beach as well as at the Simpson murder trial in Los Angeles. It invariably makes him the darling of the jury. He pretends to forget someone's name and then says, in a Charlie Chan voice, "You people all look alike to me." No one enjoys his humor more than he does.

This is a rich-people trial. Michael Skakel has a bodyguard, named Kris Steele, who also works as a bodyguard for the singer Michael Bolton, who happens to be a friend of Skakel's million-dollar lawyer, Mickey Sherman. During breaks, Skakel goes outside with the guard and chats with Julie or their brothers Rushton junior, Stephen, and David. Michael's other brothers, Tommy and John, have not appeared yet. Nor have any of the Kennedys, as had been heralded. But some of the childhood friends who were present at the Skakel house on the night of the murder, and who are appearing as prosecution witnesses, greet the Skakels, including Michael, with double-cheek kisses and little screams of "Hi" and "Hello."

Andrea Shakespeare Renna, an old family friend, told the jury in a boarding-school voice, "I went to Sacred Heart with Julie Skakel." Although she had kissed Michael warmly outside before she took the stand, as if they hadn't seen each other for years, she was not to be deflected in her statement that, when several Skakel brothers left in the family car that night to return a cousin to his house in another part of Greenwich, Michael Skakel was *not* in the car—as had always been believed—thereby placing him in the vicinity of the murder, which occurred sometime after 9:30. Julie Skakel, she recalled, drove her home at 9:45 to meet her 10 o'clock curfew. She insisted that Michael was still in the house. Mickey Sherman, who is expert at confusing prosecution witnesses in his cross-examinations, was rebuffed at every turn by Renna. She would not change her story. She had a clear recall, and she wasn't going to let Sherman push her around. Years ago, I knew her parents, Frank and Debbie Shakespeare. They later divorced, and Debbie died. Frank Shakespeare was at one time a division president at CBS and served as the U.S. ambassador to Portugal and the Vatican under President Reagan. Rushton

Skakel Jr. and his cousin James Dowdle later testified that Michael had been with them watching a Monty Python movie.

One of the main characters in this complicated story is Ken Littleton, the live-in tutor of a number of the Skakel brothers, whose first night on the job was the night of Martha Moxley's murder. He was sleeping in the master bedroom of the house, for Rushton Skakel, the children's father, was away on a hunting trip. Littleton had graduated one year earlier from Williams College, and he was teaching at Brunswick School, a private boys' school in Greenwich, where he coached football and other sports. He had every reason to look forward to a distinguished career in academia. Then he met the recently widowed Rushton Skakel and took on the proposed tutoring job in addition to his regular teaching job. His subsequent life has been utterly ruined because he was present that night in the Skakel mansion. He's been a drunk and a drugger. He's been in jail. He's been questioned and re-questioned by police and detectives. He is currently on six medications for a bipolar condition, meaning manic-depression. Like poor Ted Maher in Monaco, the low man on the totem pole, with no assets to his name, Littleton would be such a convenient person to blame the Moxley murder on—just another life that doesn't matter. But even the Sutton Agency, the private-detective firm to which Rushton Skakel paid nearly $750,000, hoping to deflect suspicion from his family, couldn't





MURDER TRIAL *Above,* Ken Littleton, the Skakels' tutor, on whom the defense's reasonable doubt rests. *Left,* forensic expert Dr. Henry Lee and author Mark Fuhrman at the Skakel trial.

wants justice for her daughter, she doesn't want it to come through a person who has been tricked into a confession.

I am a big defender of the police, but I was utterly appalled by the strategies of Detective Frank Garr and Chief of Detectives John Solomon, who, by using Dorthy Moxley's name and saying that she needed closure, in 1992 talked Ken Littleton's ex-wife, Mary Baker, into helping them obtain a sham confession from Littleton outside of Boston in a Howard Johnson motel room which they had bugged. The trick was to have Baker tell Littleton that he had in a drunken blackout confessed to her that he had killed Martha and driven the shaft of the golf club through her neck. In fact, Littleton had never made such a confession to her. (Garr admitted to this on the stand, but Solomon denied having encouraged Baker to lie.)

In court, Mary Baker gave some cockamamy excuse for why she had participated in this deception, as well as in taping hundreds of telephone calls with Littleton, all of which he was unaware of until the trial began. In one of the taped conversations, according to the printed transcript, Littleton said, "I think Michael did it." The judge would not allow that line into evidence, but I talk it up everywhere. "Spread the word" is my motto.

Mary Baker testified that she had only wanted to bring closure to Dorthy Moxley, whom she had never met. When the police asked her to get some of Littleton's DNA, she stole his hairbrush and gave it to them. I would be less than truthful if I didn't say that I loathed Mary Baker after her hours on the stand, and I have a feeling that the jury did too. Granted, Mickey Sherman is only doing his job—and doing it very well—of confusing the issue and creating the reasonable doubt that could very well be Michael Skakel's salvation.

Littleton said he had not met or even seen Martha Moxley.

pin the crime on Littleton, though it would have been greatly to the Skakels' advantage to do so. On the stand, Ken Littleton, now 50, said that he had not met or even seen Martha Moxley on the one night their lives overlapped, and I believe him.

He also said on the stand that when he returned to the Skakel house the next day from teaching at Brunswick School there were 15 or 20 "suits," meaning lawyers and consultants, in the house. That made me think of Chappaquiddick and the arrival of important people to figure things out. One of the suits, Littleton said, told him to take some of the Skakel children, including Michael and Tommy, up to a weekend ski house the family had in Windham, New York.

With the single exception of the excellent *Newsday* reporter Len Levitt, who has been covering this case with passion for years, I don't think there's anyone in the media who knows Dorthy Moxley, the mother of the slain girl, as well as I do. I met her in 1991, when she was living in Annapolis, Maryland, where she had moved from Greenwich after having been given the runaround by the majority of the Greenwich police force and having finally come to the conclusion that her daughter's murder would remain permanently unsolved. I totally admire Dorthy Moxley, and over the years she and I have become friends. Therefore, I feel very safe in speaking on her behalf when I say that, much as she

Dorthy Moxley was enraged when her former friend and neighbor Mildred "Cissy" Ix, who had once asked Moxley to drop the case because the Skakels had "suffered enough," took the stand and recanted testimony she had given the grand jury under oath—that Rushton Skakel Sr. had told her Michael had said to him that he was so drunk on the night of the murder that he might have killed Martha. When Rushton Skakel, the 78-year-old patriarch of the family, took the stand, he continued his "crazy act" of not being able to remember anything clearly, including the name of one of his own children or even what happened on September 11 of last year. As he was helped out of the courtroom by members of his family, John Moxley, Martha's brother, said, "He's crazy like a fox."

Getting out to Norwalk, Connecticut, from New York each morning is a pain in the neck, but the Norwalk courthouse has the most commodious courtroom I've ever been in. There's plenty of room for the media, as well as for the Skakel and Moxley families and their friends, not to mention all the curious people who arrive just to watch the proceedings. This five-week trial is now in its second week, so there will be lots more to report in the next diary. □

sean PENN michelle PFEIFFER

i am sam

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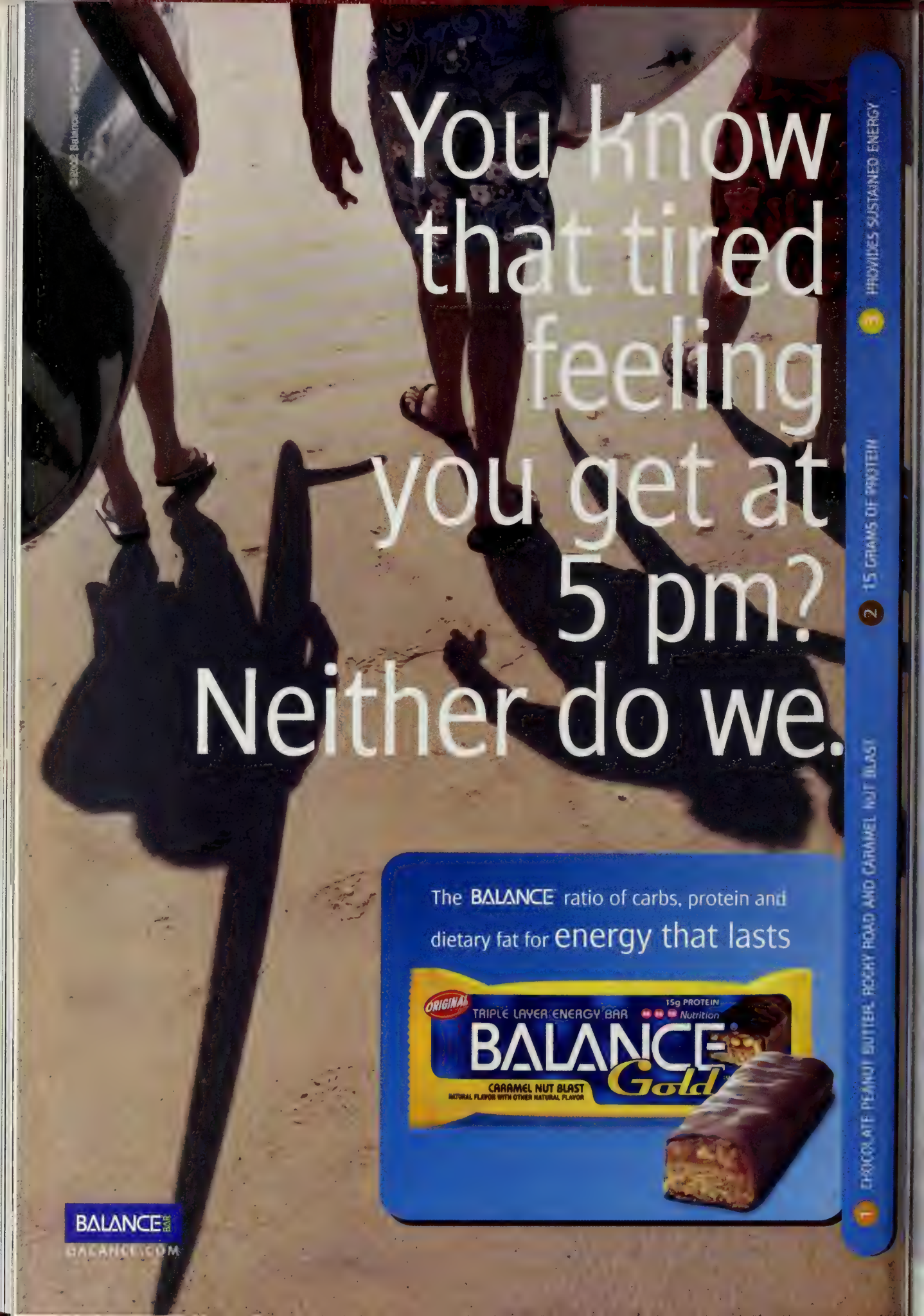


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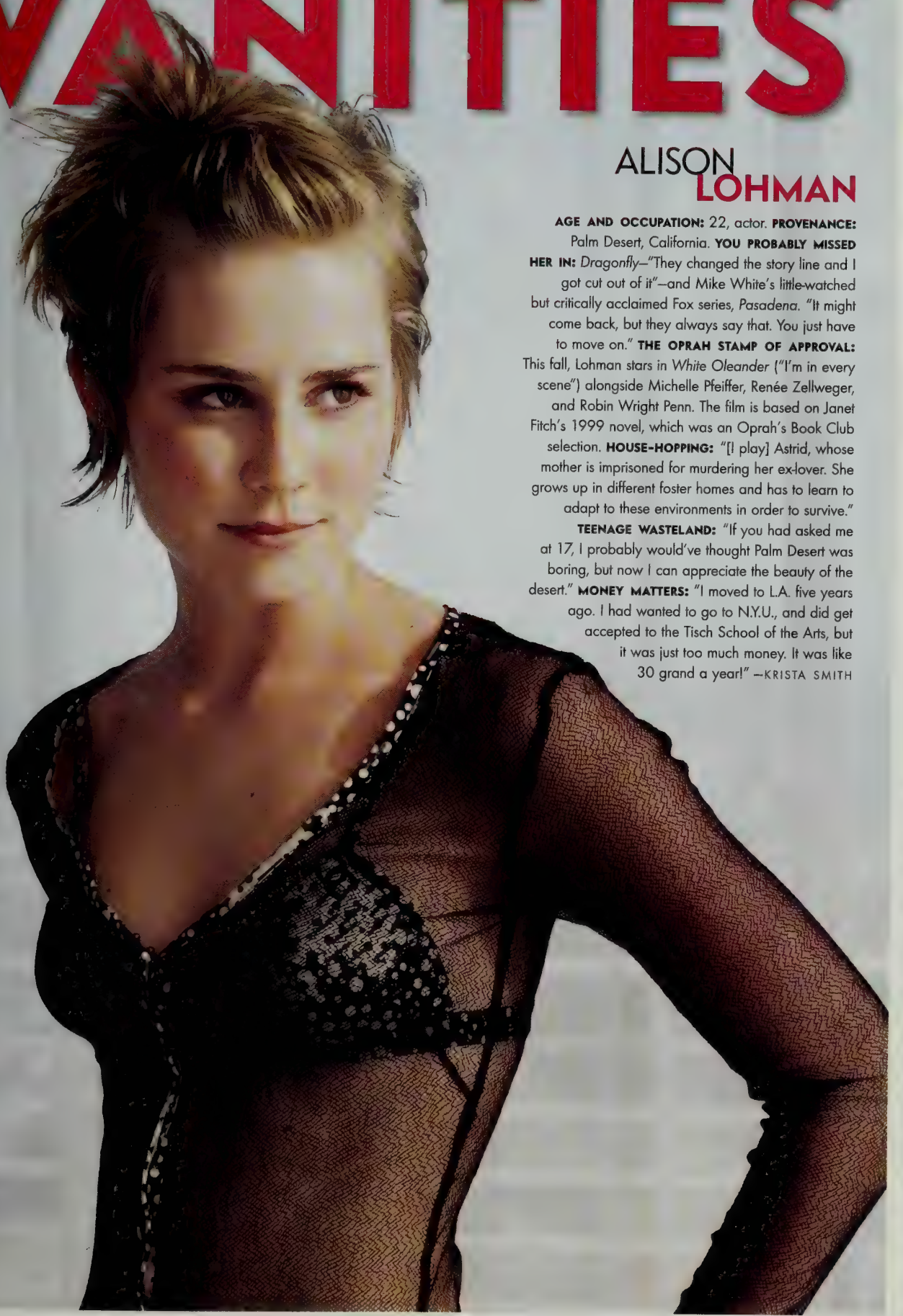
2001 Academy Award® Nominee Sean Penn — Best Actor

NEW LINE CINEMA PRESENTS A BEDFORD FALLS COMPANY / RED FISH BLUE FISH FILMS PRODUCTION SEAN PENN MICHELLE PFEIFFER "I AM SAM" DIANNE WIEST DAKOTA FANNING RICHARD SCHIFF DOUG HUTCHISON LORETTA DEVINE AND LAURA DERN CASTING BY BALL ARTZ & BARBARA COHEN SUSIE DESANTO JOHN POWELL RICHARD CREW A.C.E. AARON OSBORNE ELLIOT DAVIS BARBARA A HALL CLAIRE RUDNICK POLSTEIN MICHAEL DE LUCA DAVID SCOTT RUBIN EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS JESSE NELSON RICHARD SOLOMON EDWARD ZWICK MARSHALL HERSKOVITZ KRISTINE JOHNSON & JESSE NELSON PRODUCED BY JESSE NELSON WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY JESSE NELSON

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VANITIES



ALISON LOHMAN

AGE AND OCCUPATION: 22, actor. **PROVENANCE:** Palm Desert, California. **YOU PROBABLY MISSED HER IN:** *Dragonfly*—"They changed the story line and I got cut out of it"—and Mike White's little-watched but critically acclaimed Fox series, *Pasadena*. "It might come back, but they always say that. You just have to move on." **THE OPRAH STAMP OF APPROVAL:** This fall, Lohman stars in *White Oleander* ("I'm in every scene") alongside Michelle Pfeiffer, Renée Zellweger, and Robin Wright Penn. The film is based on Janet Fitch's 1999 novel, which was an Oprah's Book Club selection. **HOUSE-HOPPING:** "[I play] Astrid, whose mother is imprisoned for murdering her ex-lover. She grows up in different foster homes and has to learn to adapt to these environments in order to survive." **TEENAGE WASTELAND:** "If you had asked me at 17, I probably would've thought Palm Desert was boring, but now I can appreciate the beauty of the desert." **MONEY MATTERS:** "I moved to L.A. five years ago. I had wanted to go to N.Y.U., and did get accepted to the Tisch School of the Arts, but it was just too much money. It was like 30 grand a year!" —KRISTA SMITH

2002

PHOTOGRAPH BY LORENZO AGIUS



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The Coaster Correspondence

More of the very expensive words of Edwin John Coaster, contributing editor

VANITY FAIR
BETH KSENIAK
DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC RELATIONS

5/16/02

URGENT MEMO

Graydon:

We have a budding plagiarism scandal on our hands! Howie Kurtz at *The Washington Post* just called me for comment on his discovery that, in his words, "whole passages of text from *Requiem for Ellsberg*, Edwin John Coaster's Pulitzer Prize–winning dissection of Richard Nixon's stewardship of the Vietnam War, were cribbed from the 'M–N' volume of the 1972 edition of *The World Book Encyclopedia*."

He's got side-by-side excerpts that bear him out, and a confirmation from John Buffalo Coaster. Ed's estranged 39-year-old son by his second wife, Consuela, that Dick Cavett had given John Buffalo that very edition of *World Book* for his ninth birthday.

Of course, this was years before Ed was with *V.F.*, but it's still a potential P.R. mess for us. Also, Howie seems to know about our internal investigation into Ed's Korean War record and our out-of-court settlement with Dominick Dunne re: the balaclava incident. Howie made intimations, but I didn't bite. However, I can't stonewall much further. This is all going to come out. But maybe this is your endgame for finally getting rid of Ed?

I'll call Coaster. G

EDWIN COASTER

Dear Graydon:

May 17

It's taken me two hours and seven fingers of Blanto to compose myself sufficiently to respond to your vicious phone call. I shall now take a deep breath and say my piece.

I've been around a long, long time, my friend. I've been in this business for longer than you've be concealing your Jewishness with that ridiculous name. never, ever, in five decades of hard work, has anyone questioned my integrity. Does it occur to you that th smears could be coming from my research assistant on *Requiem*, who later became my third wife, who is perha trying to promote her forthcoming tell-all memoir while providing a cover for her own shoddy scholarship? No, course it doesn't occur to you, because you're too bus in L.A. nuzzling Brian Grazer and swanning about with your Hollywood friends while this esteemed reporter, who sweats blood for you, is reduced to begging to earn the money he is paid, and to no avail, either, because any assignment that ought to come his way is invariably given to either some poseur Burrough-Junger-Dunne-Brenner hack who's more adept at kissing your ass than I am or some whippersnapper I've never heard of. (Who or what is Evgenia Peretz?)

So I'm glad to be "let go," as you so delightfully put it. Glad to be afforded this opportunity to reveal your fraudulence to the world, to smite your army of sycophants. I shall make you understand what it means to have Ed Coaster as an enemy. I will be the worrying rattle under the hood of your Lincoln Navigator, the chafing inseam in your Anderson & Sheppard trousers, the acrid discharge from your burrata at Da Silvano. Ed Coaster will haunt your dreams and bedevil your waking hours. Good fucking riddance, Gershon Kriegbaum.

Ed

Punch—please forward to Condé Nast security. And let's look into getting first serial on his 3rd wife's book. G

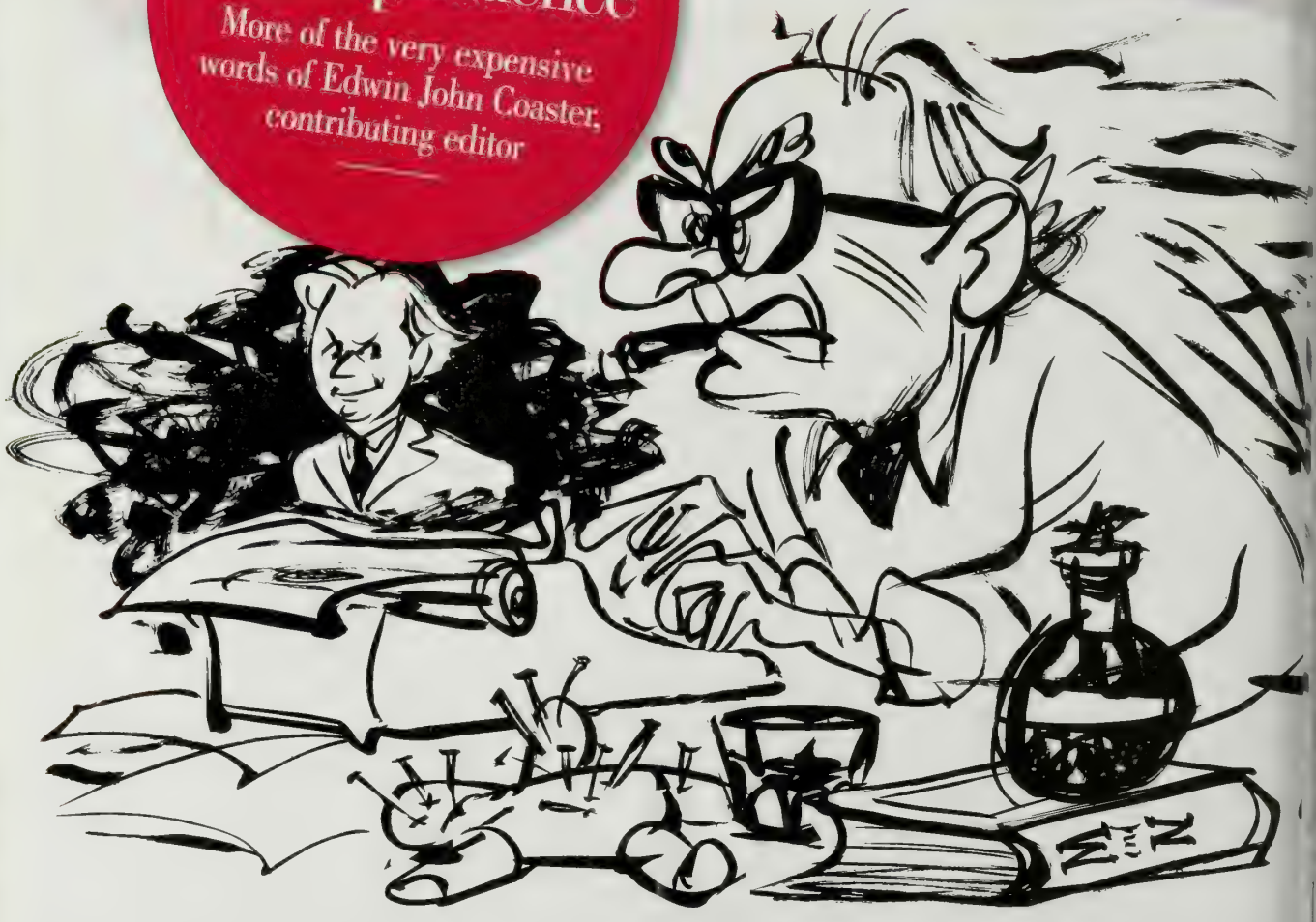


ILLUSTRATION BY TIM SHEAFFER

GEORGE WAYNE Q&A

Michael York swings again

Michael York's appearances in *Cabaret* and Zeffirelli's *Romeo and Juliet* and his Oxford University Dramatic Society and National Theatre roles made him the dashing standard-bearer of a new generation of British actors and an icon of Swinging London. Generation Y has discovered his talents in the Austin Powers films, where he plays the films' takeoff of Ian Fleming's character M, from the James Bond series. As York prepares for the release of the latest installment, *Austin Powers in Goldmember,* he muses to our correspondent on eunuchs, hip replacements, and turning down *Love Story.*

George Wayne: *Tell me about* Goldmember.

Michael York: Well, it's the third Austin Powers film, which I'm in. I'm Basil Exposition; someone's got to tell them what's going on.

G.W. *You must know how to massage Mike Myers's humongous ego. He's asked you to be in all three of his Austin Powers movies.*

M.Y. I won't hear a word said against him. I think he's the most modest of all the comedians I know. We usually talk about history on the set. I really admire him.

G.W. *What are the new exploits of Basil Exposition?*

M.Y. I'm actually sworn to secrecy. I signed some document.

G.W. *Oh come on, you poof!*

M.Y. Many of the usual suspects are back, including Mini-Me.

G.W. *Mini-Me is back? I'd heard that he wasn't asked to come back.*

M.Y. Oh no, he's back.

G.W. *Your acting career spans some 30 years.*

M.Y. That's the apprentice years. The great thing about this job is if you have your wits about you, and your health, you are allowed to go on.

G.W. *You're 60. Let's be real here—what's there for the geriatric in Hollywood?*

M.Y. A pension. I'm going to create a new senility.

G.W. *What would you say has been the definitive role for you to date?*

M.Y. I guess it was the first one that made a splash, *The Taming of the Shrew.*

G.W. *Zeffirelli's* The Taming of the Shrew *is the one? I thought you would have said your role as Brian in* Cabaret.

M.Y. Well, it certainly was a huge, worldwide success, and what pleases me is that it's still being shown.

G.W. *And you turned down* Love Story*—what were you thinking?*

M.Y. I didn't think it was for me, and if I had done it, I might have ruined the whole thing.

G.W. *Zeffirelli discovered you, didn't he?*

M.Y. Well, yes. I was a member of the National Theatre Company, and he came to do *Much Ado About Nothing,* and he asked one day if I made movies. I said I'd love to, and he asked me to go on audition for *The Taming of the Shrew,* and fortunately I got the role. So I am very grateful to him. And he gave me a wonderful piece of advice which I have always kept. And that is: in this business, where you are going to meet a lot of rejection, you have to believe in yourself, fundamentally and unequivocally, to learn to navigate in this rather icy sea—to succeed.

G.W. *Fact or fiction? Michael York has to wear a bite plate at night because he grinds his teeth in his sleep.*

M.Y. False. I did have a hip replacement two years ago due to all that swashbuckling.

G.W. *You and Liza have that in common.*

M.Y. Yes, that's true.

G.W. *You're such an erudite thespian. What country has the most eunuchs?*

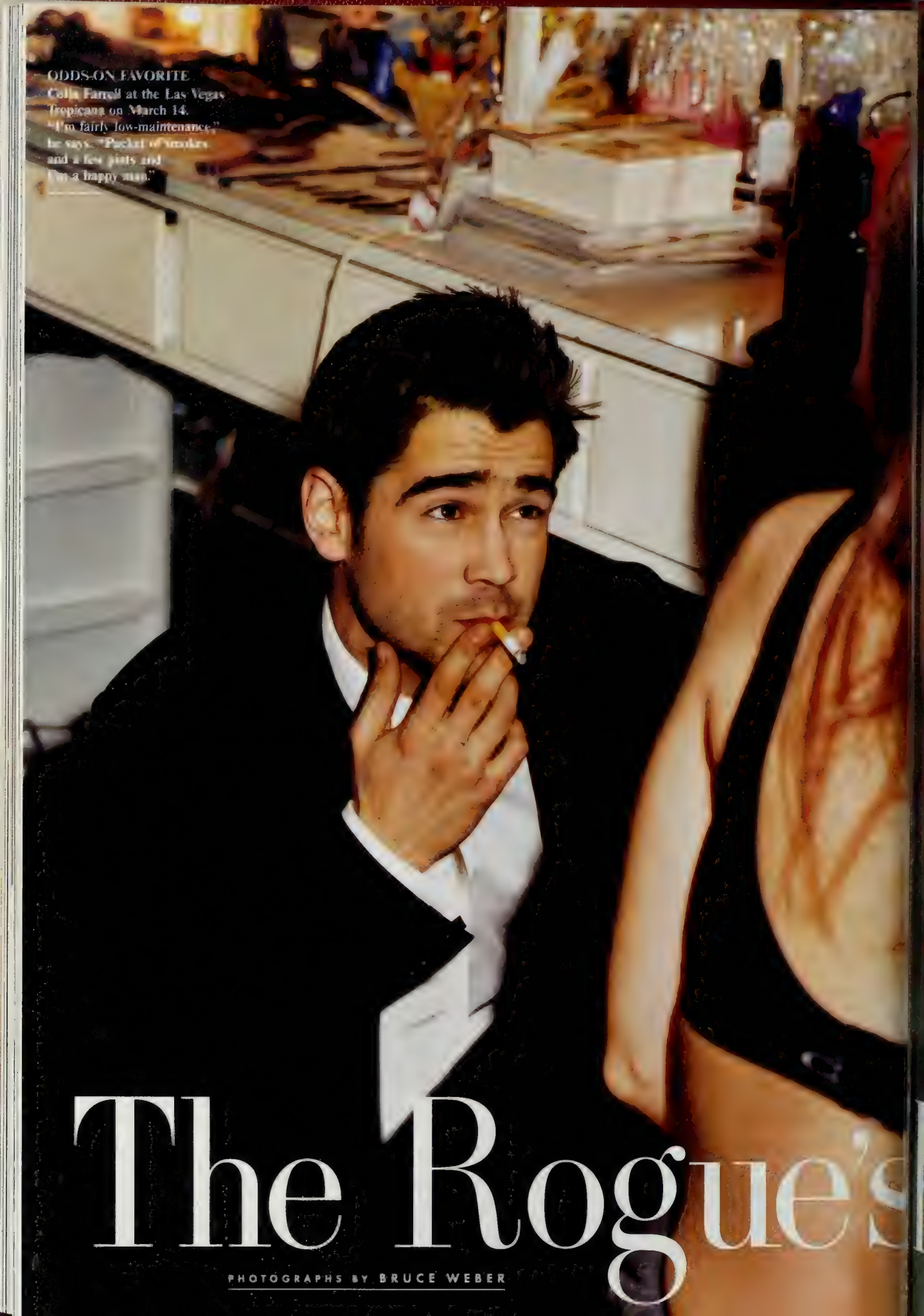
M.Y. Is this a trick question?

G.W. *It's a test of your general knowledge.*

M.Y. I would say Turkey.

G.W. *Wrong. India. Since you're such a Kipling fanatic, I thought you'd know that. I read your autobiography,* Accidentally on Purpose, *and one thing is perfectly clear—Michael York is certainly proud of his career.*

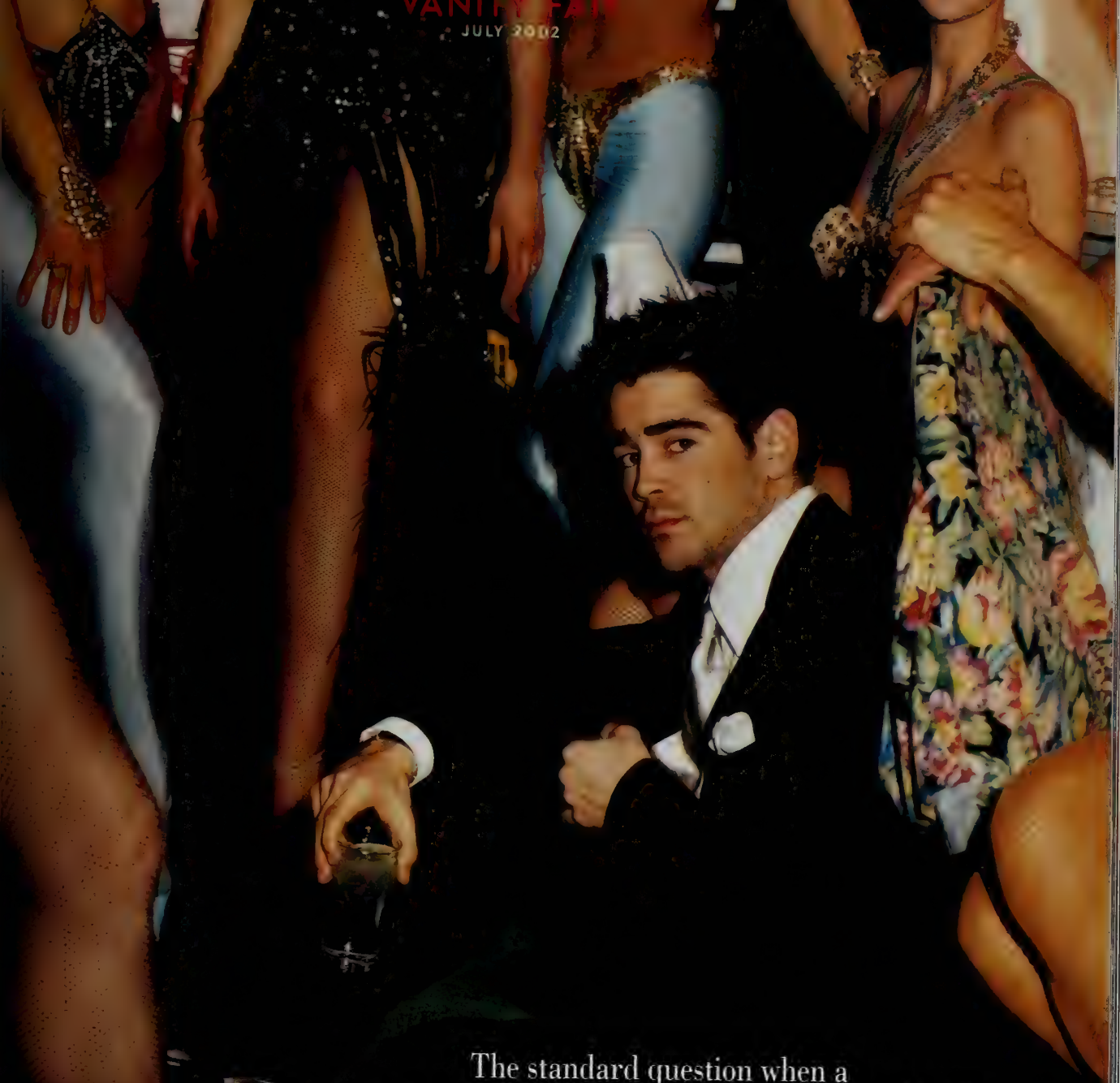
M.Y. Is that what comes over? How vulgar. I did this, then I did that. Oh, how awful. I called the book *Accidentally on Purpose.* On one hand it was supposed to be attention-grabbing, but on the other it was a deeply philosophical research into this actor's life. I was looking for the threads of destiny, but I'm not sure if I found the answer.



ODDS-ON FAVORITE Colin Farrell at the Las Vegas Tropicana on March 14. "I'm fairly low-maintenance," he says. "Packet of smokes and a few pints and I'm a happy man."

The Rogue's

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRUCE WEBER



The standard question when a new star emerges is "Will Hollywood devour him?" With Colin Farrell, who has plum roles in three upcoming movies, including one opposite Tom Cruise in Steven Spielberg's *Minority Report*, it may be a case of man bites town. To hear the stirring saga of how a young Irish lad found himself making $5 million a picture, NED ZEMAN goes pub-crawling in Dublin on a Nighttown quest for beer, "birds," and last-call brawls

Progress



"Do me one favor and say there's one man who's going to get a hidin' off me someday, and he's in Dublin."

This day, like many of Colin Farrell's days, ıs with beer and cigarettes. It is noon, Dublin time, and the g sky is uncommonly bright. This is especially true for our fatigable young protagonist, who awoke on the sofa only ıtes ago, having failed once again to reach his own bed. been back home in Dublin for four days, but the bed re- ıs elusive. It's a big bed, sturdy and comfortable, if not ex- ;... kempt, which is odd, considering Farrell hasn't slept in laybe not so odd, since kempt is not a word one generally ciates with Farrell. He's O.K. with that. He is who he is. He kempt. He is a night crawler and a tomcat. He is not, in way, a morning person.

day he awoke relatively early, threw on some clothes, hed across town, and found himself sampling a little hair e dog in the dark pub of Dublin's famous old Shelbourne l. Rubbing his temples, he says, "My fuckin' head is throb- " and here two of Farrell's linguistic trademarks demand ediate attention. Trademark One: Profanity is his punctua- it creeps into everything he says, no matter how mundane. t a mortgage on a cottage five years ago," he'll say. "I fin- buying it fuckin' last week." He curses with such breath- g regularity that, according to a friend, a magazine named he world's most profane celebrity. "Fucking hell!" read the on beneath his photograph. "I won a fucking award!" Trade- Two: Farrell's brogue is so thick that half the time God knows what he's saying.

usual, he's wearing jeans, a T-shirt, work boots, and a r jacket. His jet-black hair is shaved in preparation for his n *Daredevil,* a comic-book adaptation in which he'll play a n named Bullseye. The Hollywood image factory is already Farrell as "the Irish Brad Pitt," and, as these things go, the iption isn't far off. He has the same wild-eyed good looks, ame rough-hewn mien—especially with the shaved head, t suggests Pitt circa 1995's *Twelve Monkeys.* Farrell is the uy you'd grab a beer with and the last guy you'd want dat- ur ex-girlfriend. His affect is determinedly unpretty. "Ever n ingrown hair on your beard?" he asks, scratching his ers. "I have so many. You see that? It's dried blood. See it?" orders a pint of Carlsberg and fumbles for a Camel Light. He pops one in his mouth and fires it up with a cheap plastic lighter, inscribed "Barbados." He's never been to Barbados, and it's anybody's guess where the lighter came from. Last night was one of those nights. He appeared on *The Late Late Show,* which is to the Irish what *The Tonight Show* was to Americans back before everyone had his own talk show. It's the big rubber stamp. Farrell is nothing if not Irish, a Dubliner's Dubliner, and therefore was something close to petrified before heading onstage for his hometown turn. He is, even in the most tranquil settings, a nervous one. He moves without moving. "Like a hummingbird," says Gregory Hoblit, who directed him in last winter's World War II drama *Hart's War.* If you shackled Farrell's arms and legs, his ears would start flapping.

Farrell did not arrive at the television studio without reinforcements. His is a pack mentality, and his big, noisy throng usually includes his 27-year-old best friend, Ruairi, and at least one or two of his three siblings—in this case, his brother, Eamon, 33, and his sister Claudine, who doubles as his gal Friday. (His other sister, Catherine, an actress, was out of town.) "I've been out more in the last week than I have all year," Eamon says. "By the time four weeks comes, I won't be able to walk up the stairs." And then there's the family matriarch, Rita, a strikingly gracious woman, who rules with a velvet fist. In Hollywood, entourages tend not to include one's mother. In Dublin, Mum is the axis around which all else revolves. "She's me mother," Farrell says. "She's me best mate. She's me drinking partner. She's me wife. She fuckin' worries about me too much."

Colin took the edge off his nerves with a pre-show gargle. (In Farrellspeak, one does not get a drink at a bar, one gets a gargle at a pisser.) Wearing his usual outfit and a deer-in-the-headlights expression, Colin headed onstage shortly after 9:30, buoyed by wild applause and a sparkling little beer buzz. He was greeted warmly by the show's shaggy, cheerful host, Pat Kenny, and managed to get through a full 60 seconds of chat-show patter before saying "fucked." In Ireland, evidently, you can say "fucked" on national television—yet another very good reason why Farrell will never (and should never) live elsewhere. Once Farrell said that, once he had crossed the linguistic Rubicon, he visibly relaxed, and from there it pretty much went gangbusters. At one point, he found himself wearing a cowboy hat and line dancing, Texas-style. But more on that later.

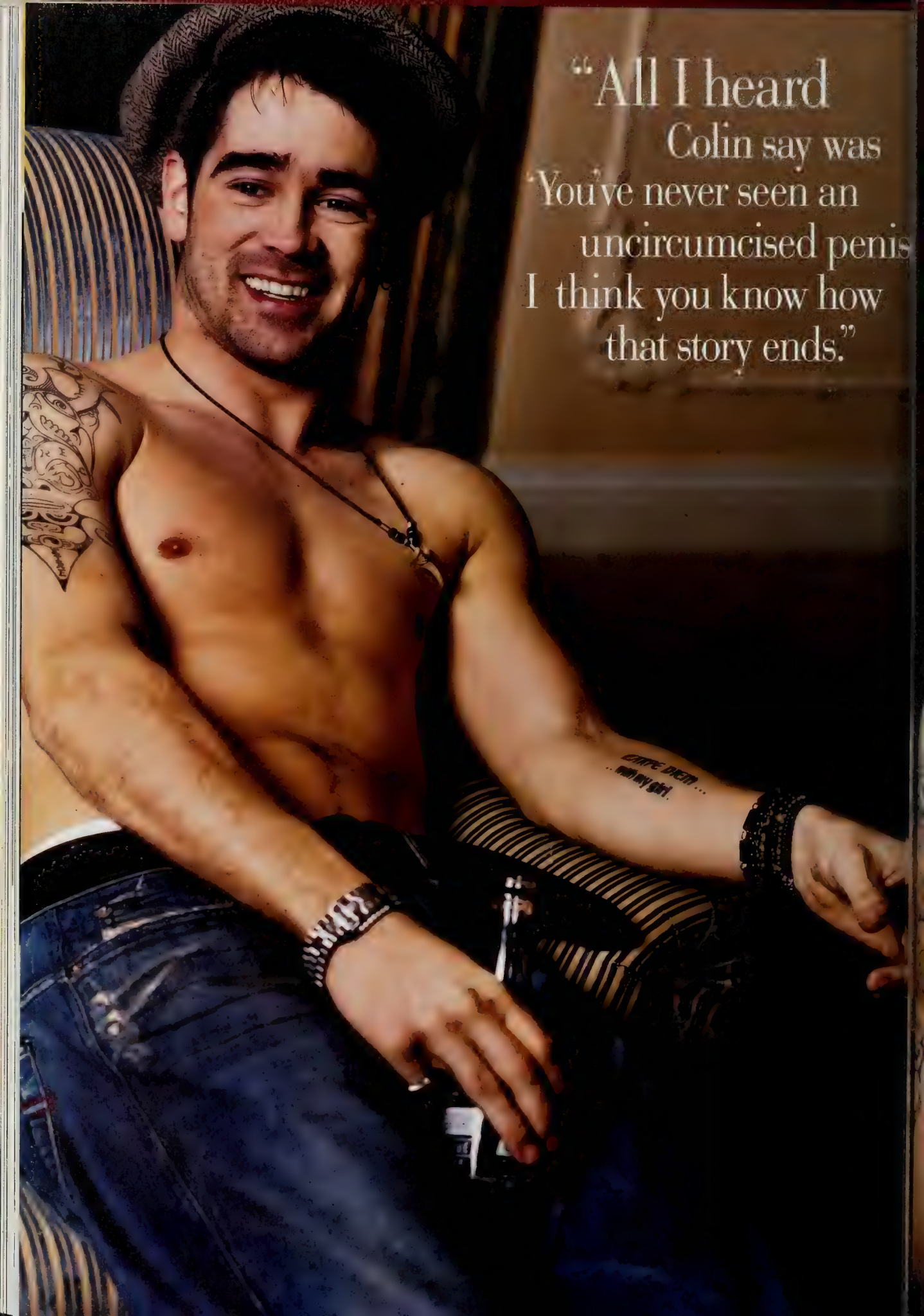
"Me mum and brother and sister were supposed to go for dinner after," Farrell says, curled in a corner booth at the Shelbourne and raising his pint for a toast. "But we just sat in the greenroom, eating pizzas and getting tanked for four hours afterward." Over time, as Farrell gatherings tend to do, the party grew and grew. By the end of the night, a woman in her 50s whom Colin had never met was standing in front of him, howling drunk, with her pants around her ankles. After that, everyone did the only sensible thing. They went out clubbing. After the clubs closed, around four A.M., they decamped to the bar at the swank Clarence Hotel, whose owners happen to include Dublin's favorite sons, the Edge and Bono of U2. Bono said hello. That was around six A.M.

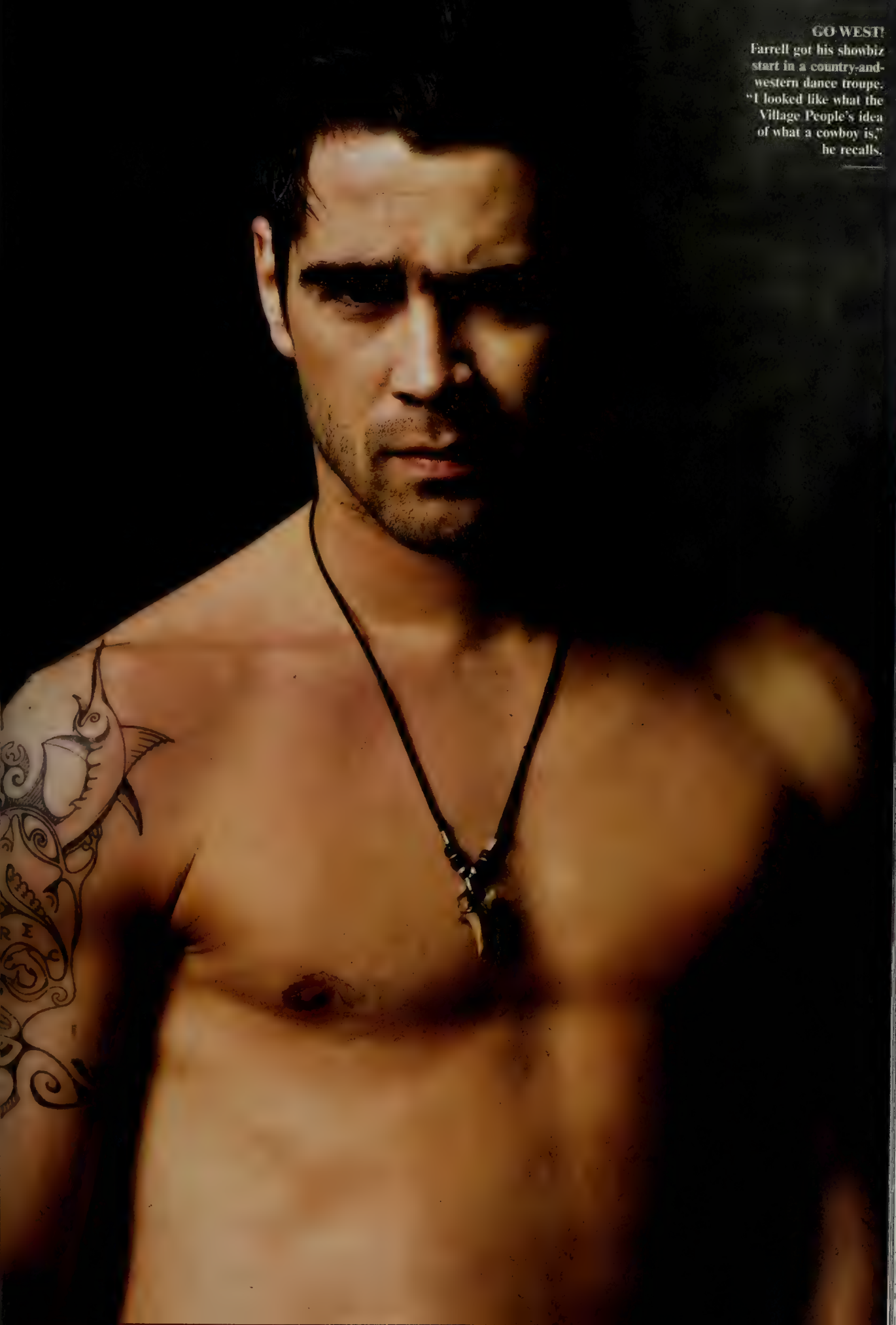
At some point during the six hours between then and now, Farrell found his way home, where he slept fitfully. When he awoke, amid piles of strewn clothes and soda cans and cigarette butts, things felt different—not just his head, but also his entire persona. "Went to bed a Paddy," he says. "Woke up a Paddy who'd been on TV. On the way over here, people pointed and said, 'Saw you on the box last night.' That's a change. I think. Maybe. Ah, fuck if I know." He slaps a few pounds onto the bar. "Can't worry about that when there's work to be done." And so it begins again—Colin Farrell's unending quest to prove that the only thing better than last night is tonight.

That you haven't heard of Colin Farrell is to be expected. Ire-

TING IRISH

at a Las Vegas gym. He is working ger management. times I get a bit silly 'm drunk," he vledges. "I'm a very ul fellow, but ave a bad temper."


"All I heard
Colin say was
"You've never seen an
uncircumcised penis
I think you know how
that story ends."



GO WEST!
Farrell got his showbiz start in a country-and-western dance troupe. "I looked like what the Village People's idea of what a cowboy is," he recalls.

land's barely heard of him, and he's bought pints there for half the adult population. But here he is, in Hollywood's catbird seat, earning upwards of $5 million a picture, having just dispatched three plum roles at warp speed—in Roger Donaldson's C.I.A. drama *The Recruit,* to be released this fall; as a publicist targeted for death in Joel Schumacher's *Phone Booth,* out in November; and, most visibly, opposite Tom Cruise in Steven Spielberg's futuristic thriller *Minority Report,* out this month. In a heartbeat, thanks to an exquisite combination of talent, good looks, charisma, and timing, Farrell finds himself where Brad Pitt stood in the early 90s and Matthew McConaughey in the mid-90s: Almost There. "Hollywood is looking for the Next Guy," says Bruce Willis, Farrell's co-star in *Hart's War.* "The guy they can tell, 'You've got the ball on the 1-yard line and you gotta go 99 yards.' Because the Old Guys are getting old. Like me."

Farrell is certainly not assuming he will cross the goal line; he's fairly bemused by the whole thing. "In a certain respect, I have been an overnight success. It happened very fast and I can't make fuckin' sense of it. I can't even try to, because my head would be fuckin' destroyed if I sat down and tried to figure it out. There is no sense to it. You can't justify it, and it can never be justified. And if I had started acting when I was one, 25 years wouldn't have justified what I've gone through. You know, never mind that I started acting at 16." He's rolling now. He gets on rolls. "Too fast is 140 miles an hour in a car after 10 pints. That's too fast. But I've just never seen this as anything but a natural progression of my life. If you look at what I've gone through in the last two years, from an outside perspective, it would not look natural at all. But because I'm living it, and I'm in it, it just feels like the natural progression."

"He's very self-deprecating about the possibility of what could happen to him in terms of stardom," Willis says of Farrell. "He'll tell you, 'It's all shite.'" Ultimately, Willis says, "he thinks of himself as this lucky kid from Ireland."

Castleknock, Ireland, specifically—six miles outside of Dublin proper, on the edge of lush Phoenix Park, one of the world's largest city parks. As recently as the 1980s, when Farrell was a boy, the park's tall gas lamps were tended to each evening by a "glimmer man," who lit them by hand. It all sounds very Irish, up to a point, but Castleknock is neither Yeatsian nor Joycean. It's new-money suburban.

Much of Farrell's youth was spent in and around the park—knocking chestnuts out of trees, playing soccer, cadging beer and cigarettes at the cricket clubhouse. For a time, he attended the town's idyllic private school, Castleknock College, a sprawling institution bordered by the crumbling turrets of a centuries-old castle. "I had a great time here, playing football and kissing girls and kicking a couple cans of beer," Farrell says, driving past the house in which he grew up, a large, modern place. "But people here are fuckin' suspect. Everyone has a hidden agenda. They live in a bubble, and it's a very nice bubble to live in." Los Angeles, he figures, is Castleknock "with better weather and better women. Here, sometimes you do end up saying about the girls in Dublin, 'Ah, they're dead-on. They're very nice people.' You wouldn't find yourself saying that about the L.A. birds, with their fuckin' knockers and arses."

Farrell's parents separated years ago, and his father still lives in the old family house. Eamon Farrell Sr. is something of a legend in Dublin, having played professional soccer with the Shamrock Rovers (along with Colin's uncle Tommy). Colin was a ed athlete himself, but he was far more interested in cigare beer, and girls—"rubbing birds," in Farrellspeak—and didn't n it to practice. The youngest of the four children, he was co ered "the mad one"—racing go-carts in the middle of the n carousing till all hours.

Young Farrell was, even by his own thinking, the rails." After school he bounced betv nowhere jobs, painting warehouses and bu tables at Elephant & Castle. It was around that Texas line dancing entered the pict thanks to a 250-pound Irish country-and-we fan named Howard, who persuaded a bunc credulous teenagers to travel the country in a minivan, aligh periodically to unleash American folk dancing on the good zens of Limerick, Cork, and points beyond. "I did it un couldn't look at myself," Farrell recalls. "I looked at myse the mirror and I had a fuckin' choker on, and a Stetson, a looked like what the Village People's idea of what a cowbo and I was like, 'I can't fuckin' do this anymore.'"

His mother fretted about his devil-may-care existence. Sh world-class fretter. "[My other children] wouldn't climb M Everest or go in a car and try to do a thousand miles an h Rita Farrell says. "Colin takes more chances. His philosop 'This is me. This is what I'm made of. I'll be all right, Mum. I you worry about me.'" Naturally, this freaks her out even n

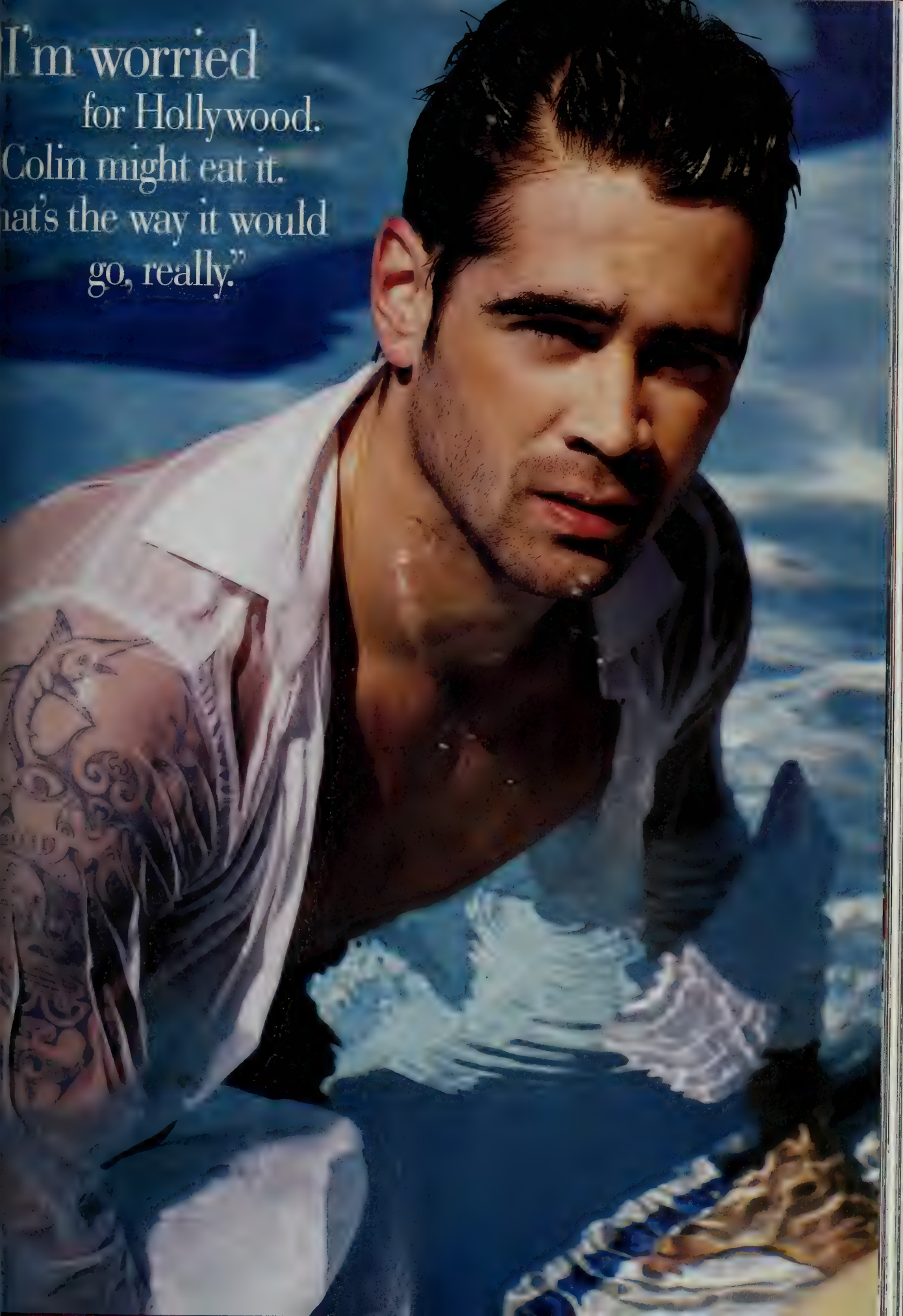
"I put a lot of shite in my body and I didn't look after self—which I don't particularly do now, either," says Colin, shuns exercise, rarely lifting more than 16 ounces at a tim ended up fairly fuckin' down and just not enjoying life. Espe ly when I was walking around with a puss on my face, moa about how no place was a good place to be. So I think she happy that I found acting, and that I gave a fuck about a that I really do like."

The assist goes to Eamon, who persuaded his younger b er to take an acting class. In one class, Colin read aloud a l from Eamon, who now runs a performing-arts school for dren in Dublin. "Colin, I'd really, really, really like you t this class," Eamon wrote. "Please, please do it."

After a brief stint at Dublin's well-regarded Gaiety Scho Acting, there was a Cadbury commercial and local print and, finally, a role in a BBC series called *Ballykissangel.* T was also a play called *A Little World of Our Own.* That w 1998, in London, and it was just Farrell's good fortune that of the audience members happened to be Kevin Spacey, was fine-tuning his upcoming West End and Broadway pe mances in *The Iceman Cometh.*

"About four minutes into the play," Spacey recalls, "my fri and I began looking at each other and saying, 'Who the fu this kid?'" Next thing Spacey knew, they were clinking glass some of London's finer drinking holes. "Sometimes, when reach a certain stage, you meet people with a certain dangerous ambition," Spacey says. "Colin never struck me that way. He talked about his family." Spacey helped Farrell land a small gangster movie, *Ordinary Decent Criminal,* and, more significantly, representation at CAA, the fearsome Hollywood talent agency. CONTINUED ON PAGE 156

FAST AND FURIC
Farrell, who started acting nine years ag says of his success, "Too fast is 140 mil an hour in a car after 10 pints. . . . This [is just] a natu progression of my li

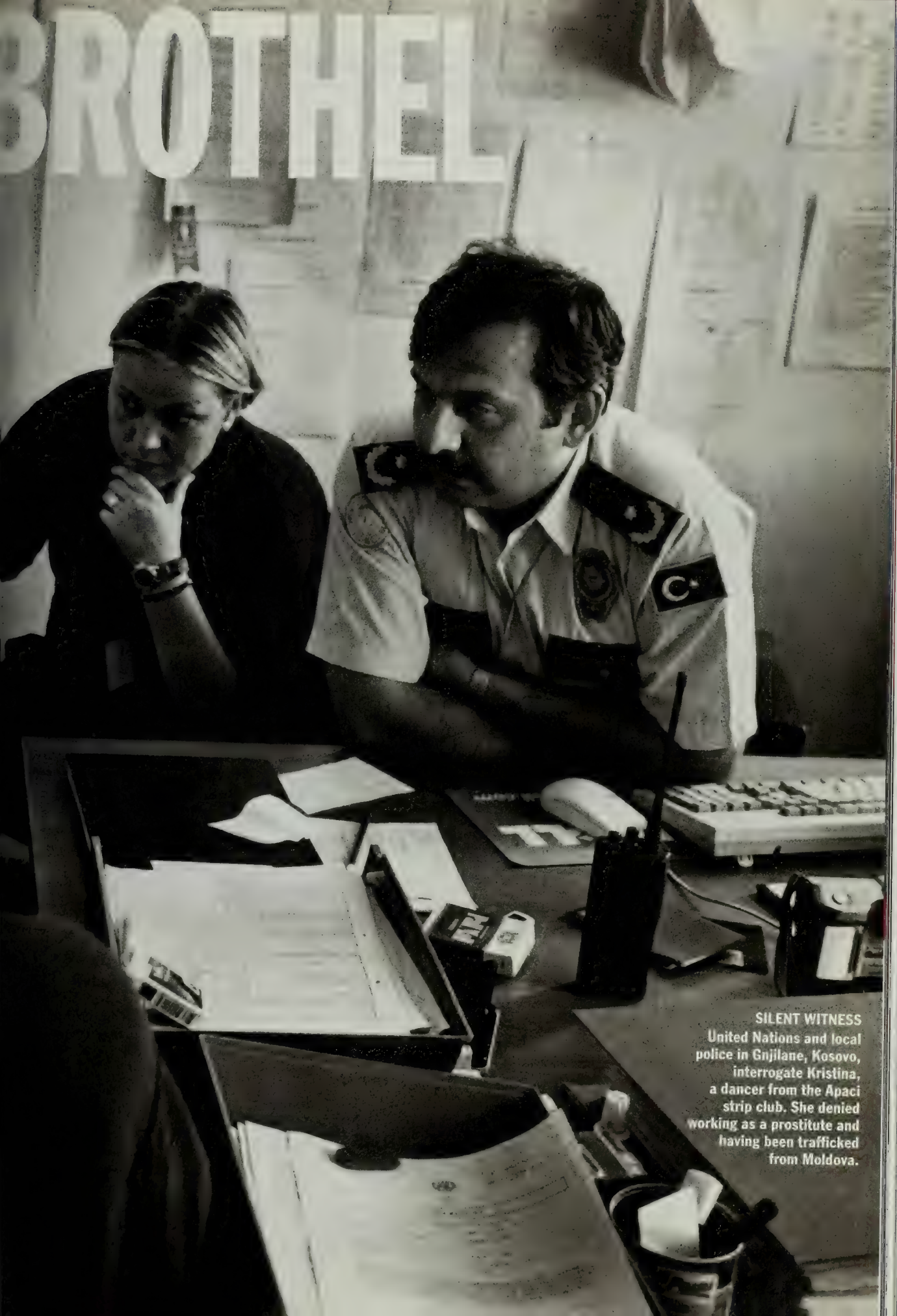

I'm worried
for Hollywood.
Colin might eat it.
hat's the way it would
go, really."

SLAVES OF THE



A virulent Mafia business is thriving in postwar Kosovo: the $7 to $12 billion traffic in Eastern European women lured by promises of work, then forced into prostitution. Despite international efforts, sex slave traders have been nearly impossible to prosecute, thanks to corruption, lo laws, and the victims' fear of testifying. Tracing the path of one young Moldovan woman, SEBASTIAN JUNGER conducts his own investigation of a vicious cycle that traps as many as 200,000 women a year

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TEUN VOETEN



SILENT WITNESS
United Nations and local police in Gnjilane, Kosovo, interrogate Kristina, a dancer from the Apaci strip club. She denied working as a prostitute and having been trafficked from Moldova.

The plan called for a "soft entry," which meant that the police officers would ask to come in, rather than break down the door. It was 1:45 on the morning of July 6, 2001, and a convoy of white-painted U.N. police vehicles were gunning through Priština's deserted streets on their way to raid the infamous Miami Beach Club. The convoy passed a dead dog and a row of overflowing garbage bins and the destroyed post office and groups of tough-looking young men who turned to stare at the S.U.V.'s as they went by.

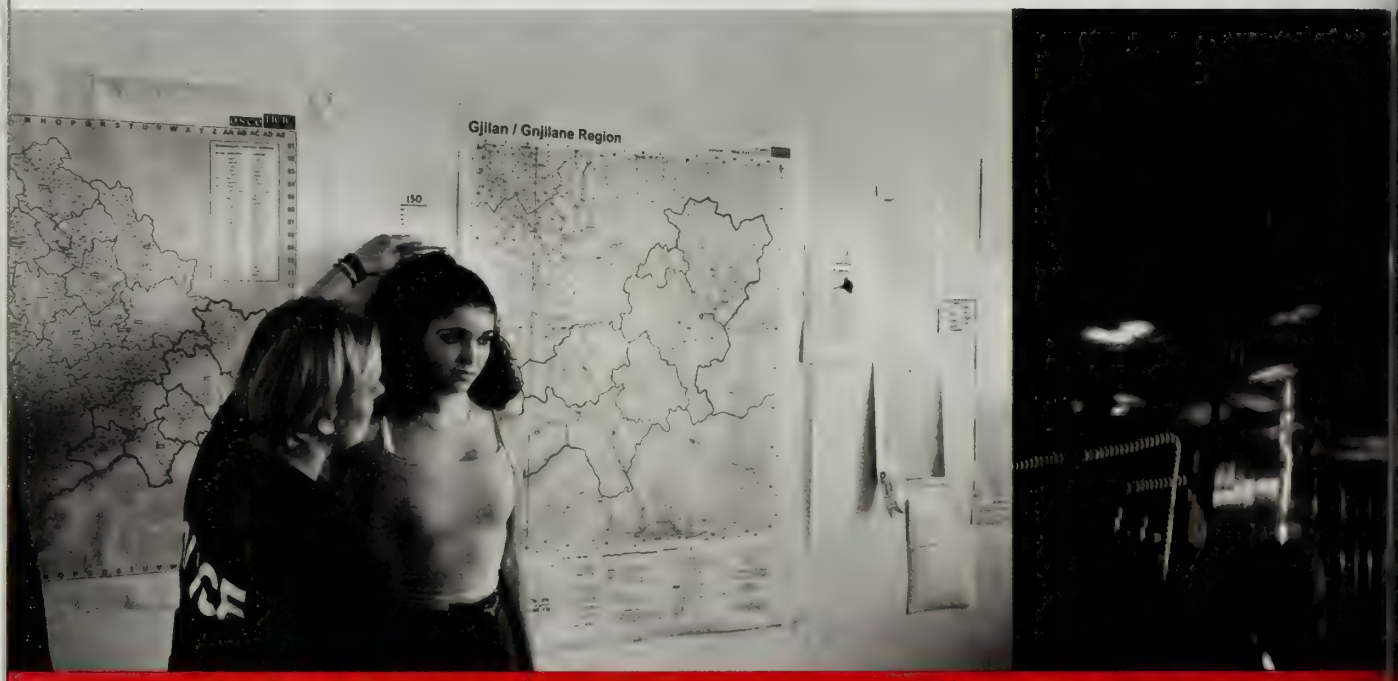
The owner of the Miami Beach, Milam Maraj, was suspected of trafficking in women and forcing them into prostitution. What to all outward appearances was a regular strip club was, in fact, a brothel, and the girls who worked there—teenagers from the former Soviet Union—were in all likelihood being held in conditions amounting to virtual slavery. Several months earlier, Maraj had been crippled by a bullet to the knee because he was willing to testify against a local strongman named Sabit Geci, who was also involved in trafficking and prostitution. Geci was sentenced to six years in prison—the first major victory against organized crime in Kosovo—but it cost Maraj his knee. Now he had to walk with crutches and carry a gun for protection and was suspected by the U.N. of engaging in the same kind of crimes that had put his arch-rival in jail.

The convoy of S.U.V.'s ground up the dark, pitted streets of Jablanica Hill and came to a stop a hundred yards from the bar. The raid went down fast. A team of heavily armed U.N. soldiers stood guard on the perimeter while half a dozen police officers rushed the front door and flattened the two bouncers up against the wall. From there they moved into the dimly lit bar and screamed for more light as they pushed the men to one side of the room and the women to the other. Maraj hobbled out on his crutches and played host with as charming a smile as he could muster. "Please, do your jobs," he invited, sweeping one hand toward the girls, who were already sitting at a table, waiting to be questioned by the police. "There is no problem. You will see."

And in fact he was right. An hour later the police left, empty-handed. Of the dozen or so girls found at the club that night, not one had a forged visa, not one had entered the country illegally, not one admitted having been trafficked, beaten up, raped or threatened. They just flirted with the police officers and then waved good-bye prettily when the officers trooped back out the door. The incident was all too typical of the failure to combat forced prostitution, which has spiraled out of control, becoming one of Europe's major problems.

Most of the prostitutes in Kosovo have been trafficked illegally from the poorest parts of the ruined Soviet state. They are lured by the promise of a good job, usually in Italy or Germany, their passports are confiscated, and they generally wind up sold to Albanian pimps, who force them to work in brothels to pay off their "debt," i.e., what it cost the pimp to buy them. Not surprisingly, the system is set up so that that is virtually impossible, and the women essentially become trapped in the dark, violent world of the Albanian Mafia. A moderately attractive young woman goes for around $1,000. Blonde ones are worth more, and very beautiful blondes are worth more. Moldovan women are preferred because they are particularly desperate—the living wage in their country is calculated at $100 a month, and the average income is a quarter of that—and they are remarkably beautiful. Moldova seems to have beautiful women the way Sierra Leone has diamonds—peculiar national treasures.

The brothel strongman "made her go onstage bruised and bleeding and cry



DANCE OF DEATH *From left:* U.N. police in Gnjilane register a dancer from the Apaci bar. Niki dancing at the Apaci, hours

haven't done either country much good. he problem with investigating human cking in Europe is that the women selves often deny needing help. They oo scared, manipulated, or desperate noney to dare admit anything to the e. The only way around the problem is rcover work, but the U.N. mandate in vo until very recently did not include intelligence gathering. Journalists, ever, have never been bound by such . One weekday night in the pouring photographer Teun Voeten and I drove of Priština toward the Macedonian er, where there are dozens of brothels d away in the smaller towns. We were two Albanian translators, Erol and Va- who spoke Serbian and whose appear- crawl. Albanian rebels had seized a large part of the mountainous border between the two countries, and the U.N. peacekeepers were building up their presence in case they had to intervene on short notice. Off in the distance we could see the diffuse yellow glow of Camp Bondsteel reflecting off the cloud cover. Bondsteel is an enormous American base built close to a nasty little industrial town called Ferizaj. As a result, Ferizaj has an inordinate number of brothels, and at a gas station outside of town, with the rain drumming down and the trucks roaring past, the pump attendant advised us to check out one called the Apaci. It had the best girls in town, he said, so that was where all the American officers went. We thanked him and drove around and the government. "Those who have money here have power," as one United Nations police officer says. "And the Mafia has money." Undercover work in the brothels is dangerous, and attempting a police action that the Mafia doesn't get tipped off to is extremely difficult. Furthermore, the Mafia is deeply intertwined with the Kosovo Liberation Army (K.L.A.), which fought the Serb Army and then started an insurrection in Macedonia, and it has access to plenty of weapons. Last year a German relief worker made the mistake of talking to some trafficked women about the possibility of escape, and that night someone attempted to throw a grenade into his hotel room. It was tossed into Room 69, which was

only ate once a day and had to beg toothpaste and soap from our clients."



ner" threatened to kill her. A police raid on the Miami Beach Club in Priština, July 2001; ultimately, no arrests were made.

let them pass for anything—Serb or nian, Kosovar or Macedonian. Our was to walk into a brothel, pretend to merican servicemen in Kosovo, and n hour or two with one of the women. e privacy of a motel room, out of of the Albanian Mafia, which runs rothels—in fact, some would say, the whole country—we could inter- he woman with a tape recorder and e real story of how she got there.

e highway was two narrow lanes of d pavement. Convoys of trucks blast- t us in the oncoming lane, and U.N. and armored trucks slowed traffic ng south, toward Macedonia, to a the ghastly apartment blocks and ruined factories of Ferizaj until we found a low concrete building covered in camouflage netting. It had a photograph of an Apache attack helicopter on the door. We parked by some railroad tracks and walked in.

There are very good reasons why something amounting to slavery has been allowed to thrive in the middle of Europe. Not only is the Albanian Mafia notoriously violent—Kosovo has one of the highest murder rates in Europe—but it has attempted to infiltrate and buy off both the local police force empty; the relief worker was staying in Room 96.

No one paid us much attention when we walked in. There was a group of tough-looking Albanians in one corner, talking very seriously among themselves, and an American officer in uniform in another corner with his back to the wall. He was sitting with two Albanian translators and a blonde in a very short skirt who was feigning interest in whatever he was saying. Between her bad English and the music, she couldn't have understood much. We sat up front by the stage and made sure that the bartender couldn't get a clear view of Teun, who

had a small, low-light camera in his pocket. He carefully took it out and put it under his hat.

There were 8 or 10 girls ranged at the table in front of us, drinking soda and smoking cigarettes and barely talking. Some had hair dyed jet black, and the rest had hair bleached so blond it almost looked blue. Occasionally I'd catch one of them looking at us, but then I'd realize she was looking right through us and was too bored even to make eye contact. They sat with their legs crossed, waiting for their next shift on the stage, occasionally getting up without much enthusiasm to go talk to the table of Albanian men. They were pretty, but not extraordinarily so. A couple looked to be straight out of the she would speak more openly than the others. "Her," I said to Erol before she'd even finished her dance. Erol waved the bartender over, a young guy with his hair bound improbably into a topknot, and negotiated the deal: we were to wait until closing time and then go out to our car and follow the security guys to a motel. The girls would already be there. Erol would go up alone at a cost of about $150. If he wanted to take her home with him he had to put down a deposit of her full price—$2,000—and if she escaped he would forfeit all of it.

After she finished her dance the bartender sent her over to our table. She was young—in her late teens, maybe—and unnervingly self-possessed. She sat there

It was around two in the mor
when the lights went up. A hard
ly rain was coming down out
and the place had cleared out e
for us and the thugs and the
who had been herded into the
ner. The thugs who ran them
putting on their leather jackets. We
getting ready to go when a heavyset m
later thought by U.N. investigators t
Bashkim Beqiri—walked in the door
qiri was a local boxing champion
ran a strip bar called Europe 2000.
hand jammed in his pocket, he pla
himself before an Apaci security guy
started yelling. The security guy d
say much, and his buddies stood aro
shifting from foot to foot while the

"What would I do about my family? The police would lock up one guy, and th



DESPERATE LIVING Moldovan women, prized for their beauty and vulnerable because of their poverty, at a bus station, *left*, wher

Romanian peasantry—big, strong girls with rough faces and too much makeup—but one stood out from the rest. She was petite and had platinum-blond hair pulled back tight across her skull and dark glossy lipstick and one of those heartbreaking Slavic faces—high cheekbones, dark eyes, a slightly Asian cast—that you remember for years. She sat off by herself, oblivious to everyone around her, and when the D.J. put on an Algerian song called "Aicha," she stubbed out her cigarette and got up to dance.

There was something different about her—she was distant from the other girls, almost disdainful. I thought that maybe playing with her hair and smoking cigarettes and said that it was her first night at the Apaci and she was not happy to be there. She also said that her name was Niki and that she was from a small town in Moldova. (In order to protect her, I have changed her name.)

"Where did you work before here?" I asked.

"Banja Luka."

Banja Luka was the capital of Serb Bosnia, the site of some of the worst ethnic cleansing in the war.

"What did you think of Banja Luka?"

"If I could drop a bomb on Banja Luka," she said, "I would do it tomorrow."

looked away and Beqiri hollered. I a
Erol what was going on.

"That man wants his money," Erol
pered back. "He says he wants [$2.
right now or he's going to kill the gir

We couldn't tell which woman he
talking about. Beqiri turned and w
out the door, saying he would be
the next day. The security guys h
quick council and then herded the
en outside into the pouring rain to a
ple of late-model BMWs parked ne
the railroad tracks. They looked d
and well-muscled, and they sque
themselves into a couple more cars
motioned for us to follow. We tr

in our car through the dark streets
erizaj to a place called the Muhaxhe-
otel, off a side street at the center of
.
ne Muhaxheri was a slapdash five-
modern building with a cheap plas-
ign outside and no one at the front
The thugs got out of their cars and
ed around and then pulled the wom-
it and shoved them toward the door.
olice car drove by slowly but didn't
One of the men motioned to Erol,
got out of our car and nodded to
id disappeared into the motel. An-
r carload of men pulled up and
into the Muhaxheri and came out
inutes later and drove off. We wait-
n hour like that, the rain coming

country's borders. A massive NATO bombing campaign finally forced the Serbs to concede defeat, and they withdrew on June 10, 1999. Within hours, approximately 43,000 NATO troops poured into Kosovo to impose order, but it wasn't fast enough. Groups of young Albanian toughs were already patrolling the streets of Priština and other large towns, establishing control in a society that had been completely sundered by the Serb occupation. Already in a position of power because they had helped fund and arm the K.L.A., the Mafia bought off local officials, infiltrated the police force, and killed anyone they couldn't intimidate.

Kosovo was, and still is, the perfect place to base a criminal network—chaotic,

Adriatic into Italy. An estimated 10 percent of the population of Vlorë are in business with the local Mafia, and two-thirds of the cars on the streets have been stolen from Western Europe.

Worldwide, the effect has been disastrous. The Balkan drug trade, which moves more than 70 percent of the heroin destined for Europe, is valued at an estimated $400 billion a year. By early 2001 the Albanian Mafia had muscled its competition out of the way and all but taken over London's crime-ridden red-light district, Soho. Albanian organized crime has established alliances with the Italian Mafia and with criminal gangs in Turkey. In February 2001 an Albanian insurrection started in Macedonia, and the Mafia quickly moved in to

0 more. We'd have to leave the country. I just pretend I don't see anything."



ten picked up by traffickers, and, *center,* on a street in Chişinău. *Right,* a woman who had been trafficked, in Kagul last fall.

an occasional car pulling up and
riving away, and Erol never emerged
he motel.

War has been good for the Albanian Mafia. In February and March 1998, Serb military and paramilitary forces carried out a series of massacres in the Drenica region of central Kosovo
ickly grew into a massive campaign
nic cleansing. By the time NATO in-
ed a year later, as many as 10,000
Albanians had been killed and
imated 800,000 driven across the

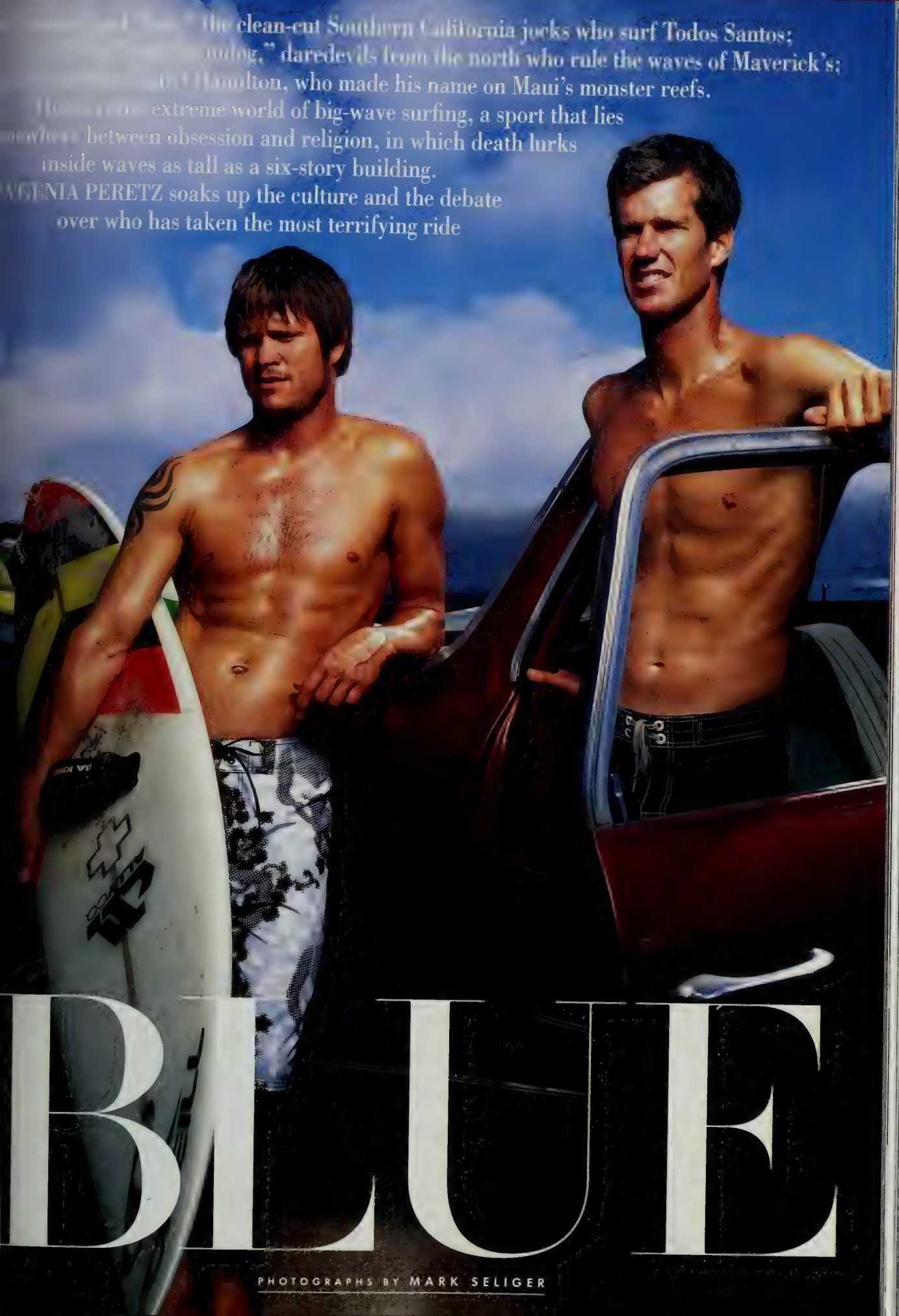
violent, and ringed by porous borders. Local and international authorities can't hope to control the trafficking routes. To the north are Serb gangsters who work closely with the Russian Mafia and are only too happy to overlook old ethnic hatreds in the interest of business. To the east are Bulgarian *moutri*—"thick-necks," mostly graduates of wrestling schools—who work for security firms that double as racketeering outfits. Criminal clans in Albania proper, given free rein by a corrupt, bankrupt, and utterly impotent government, have taken over the port town of Vlorë and use 500-horsepower inflatable rafts called *scafi* to run illegal immigrants and drugs across the

help arm and pay for the guerrilla movement that went from several hundred to several thousand men in a matter of months. In some cases, Mafia bosses simply became local rebel commanders and funded their military operations through criminal enterprises that could operate much more effectively under the cover of war.

The Organization for Security and Cooperation in Europe (O.S.C.E.)—part of the temporary governing body in Kosovo—estimates that around 200,000 women each year are trafficked from Eastern Europe and Central Asia, most of them as prostitutes. The value of their services has been estimated at CONTINUED ON PAGE 162



TUBULAR DUDES
Big-wave surfers Shane "Rainer" Barron and Daniel "Dan" Moreno on the rocks of [illegible]



the clean-cut Southern California jocks who surf Todos Santos;
ruling," daredevils from the north who rule the waves of Maverick's;
Hamilton, who made his name on Maui's monster reefs.
extreme world of big-wave surfing, a sport that lies
between obsession and religion, in which death lurks
inside waves as tall as a six-story building.
GENIA PERETZ soaks up the culture and the debate
over who has taken the most terrifying ride

BLUE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK SELIGER

Some guys are just obsessed with size. You can tell them that size doesn't matter, that it's all about the motion of the ocean, and personality is what counts anyway. But to Laird, Snips, and Flea, among the world's top big-wave surfers, it's all about being huge, and the guy with the biggest and most terrifying one wins. It's a contest not just of world-class tan and muscle but of beachfront philosophies that get to the fundamental question about surfing. Is it a religion? A sport? Or just a way for slackers to postpone adulthood?

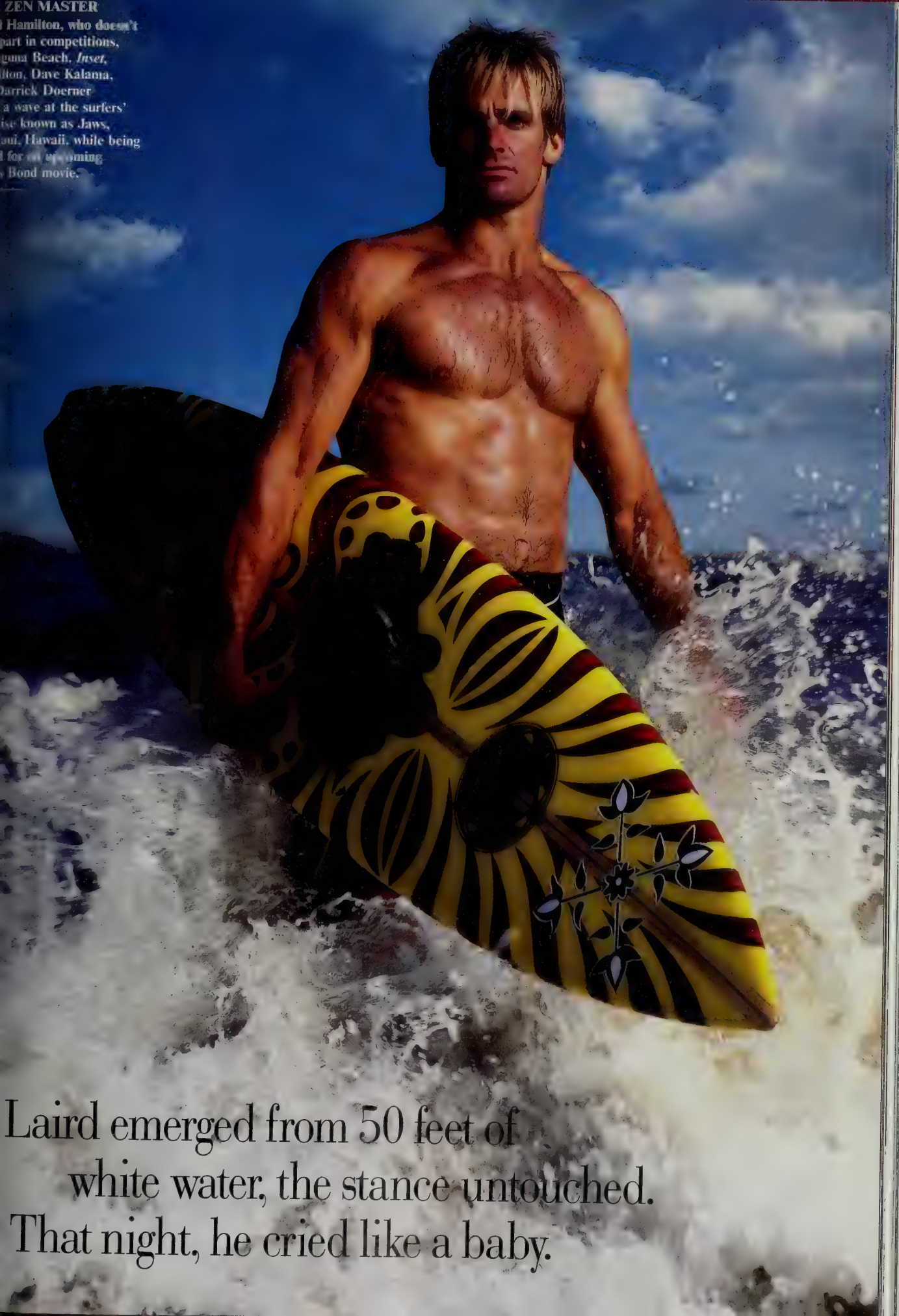
In the mid–20th century, big-wave surfing emerged as a distinct branch of surfing—an activity exclusively for extremists, those heroic and nuts enough to tempt death on a regular basis. Today's big-wave surfers look to Greg Noll, a thick-necked, cheeseburger-loving man known as "Da Bull," as their Babe Ruth. On December 4, 1969, Noll was one of a handful of men in the water at a Hawaii break called Makaha. It was dubbed "the swell of the century" and the waves were so large that local homes were being evacuated. After paddling out and contemplating for an hour his will to live versus his desire to ride what might be the largest wave ever surfed, he went for it. Lying belly-down on his board, he furiously paddled—"as if the devil himself was on my ass," he wrote in his autobiography, *Da Bull*—onto a 30-foot wall of water coming his way. Incredibly, he caught it. He got to his feet, assumed his tanker stance, and beelined it down the face. Before the lip came crashing down on him, he pushed off the back of the board, skidded hard across the water, and then got slammed by the wave's explosion. It was probably the largest wave ever ridden, and Noll was wise enough to know that he could never top himself. He packed up his life and headed for Alaska, where he became a fisherman.

His record stood for 25 years, becoming more venerable and sought after with each passing season. (The quest is described in detail in Matt Warshaw's *Maverick's*.) Seventies surf legend Gerry Lopez and his crew would charge up the giant swells that periodically form over the monstrous Maui reef called Jaws, only to turn back minutes later with their tails between their legs. New big-wave spots, such as Todos Santos, a deserted island 12 miles off the coast of Baja California, and Maverick's, a hellish break near Half Moon Bay, just south of San Francisco, were discovered in the late 80s and early 90s, which gave fresh—but false—hope. In 1994 the pursuit turned tragic when Mark Foo, one of the best, wiped out and drowned at Maverick's, most likely because he was held underwater by a wave in the 20- to 30-foot range. As Hawaii's big-wave icon Brock Little once said, "You have to believe that it's mind over matter. But sometimes there's just too much matter."

Then there was Laird. A six-foot-three-inch chiseled block of manliness, Laird Hamilton had jumped off 125-foot cliffs, wrestled tigers, paddled the English Channel on a paddleboard, and generally established himself as the god of Doing Cool Shit. The stepson of famous competitive-surfing stylist Bill Hamilton, who settled in Hawaii, Laird decided at an early age against competition, preferring "to make surfing more of an artistic expression." But surpassing Noll's record, it seems, was an art project worth taking on. While windsurfing breaks on the outer reefs of the Hawaiian islands, he realized the advantage of speed in traveling across big, bumpy waves. So one day in 1992 he and fellow big-surf chasers Buzzy Kerbox and Darrick Doerner loaded up their boards and drove out to an Oahu break called Backyards, as they'd done many times before. Only, this time they took with them an inflatable, motorized Zodiac skiff. With Kerbox at the helm, they motored out past the "lineup," where the surfers hang out waiting to charge the oncoming wave. Laird got on his board and grabbed a nylon water-ski rope tied to the boat. The Zodiac made a few circles, pulling him around slowly. Then, as a swell was mounting, Kerbox opened the throttle and whipped Laird onto the crest of the wave at a speed of 30 miles an hour. Laird released the rope and rode the face the deep, safe waters of the channel.

It wasn't gnarly, it wasn't insane waves were only 15 feet or so—but it the beginning of an era. "We realized this was a whole new frontier," recalls I Over the next few months, they towed another into bigger and bigger wa to 20, 25 feet, whizzing down the faster than they'd ever done before. surfers' true speed (between 35 an miles per hour) combined with the s of the wave (about 25 m.p.h.) gave the sensation of going 50, 60 m.p. 1993 they conquered Jaws, where record was finally beaten, by Dave Kal who surfed a 35-footer there (and would later become one of Laird's t partners). But it was Laird who can own Jaws, mastering 40-foot barrel "tubes"), and founding something cult. Anyone who wants to understan religion of Laird need look no farther his new, self-produced DVD, *Laird*. "I keep watching that spray, it transc into something else," says Doerne chief "brah" (trusted posse member occasional tow-in partner, in voice-ov Laird conquers one water monster another. "There's hidden things in th And, lo and behold, at the climax o film, a massive barrel erupts, and





ZEN MASTER
Hamilton, who doesn't
part in competitions,
guna Beach. *Inset,*
lton, Dave Kalama,
Darrick Doerner
a wave at the surfers'
ise known as Jaws,
aui, Hawaii, while being
for an upcoming
Bond movie.

Laird emerged from 50 feet of
white water, the stance untouched.
That night, he cried like a baby.

digitally superimposed on its mist—ever so subtly, so as to seem supernatural—is the enormous face of Laird. "It's almost like he is as awesome as the wave," says Doerner, not to put too fine a point on it.

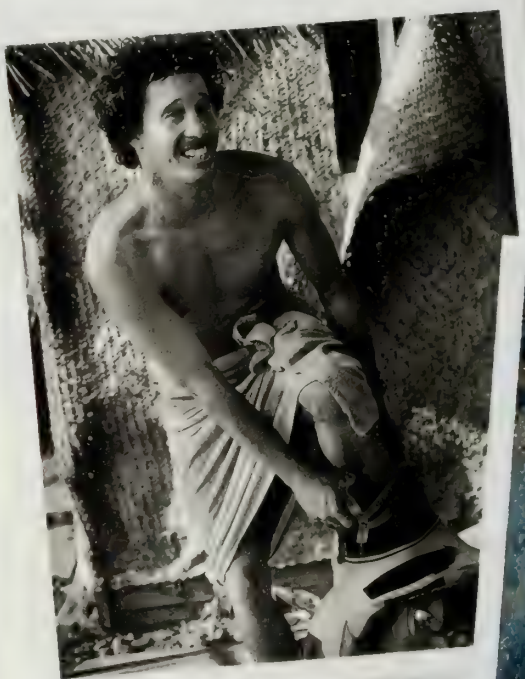
As the good news of Laird's and Kalama's and Doerner's conquests went forth, the tow-in virus spread from Hawaii to California to Australia. Some scoffed that it was cheating—they were using a *machine,* for God's sake. But the lure of size is irresistible. The race was on to become the new size king, and it's ongoing today—*The Right Stuff* in Billabong wet suits. Its heroes, such as Laird, are lovingly chronicled in surf magazines and slapped with logos.

The popular favorite in the big-wave race is Mike "Snips" Parsons, Southern California's premier big-wave surfer. He's 37 years old, six feet tall, and he's as ESPN-ready as they come. He smells like clean laundry and loves his parents. He's quite possibly the friendliest person in the entire state. His San Clemente home is spartan and tidy, and the closest thing to an illegal substance lying around is iced tea. He's routinely called "the Richie Cunningham of surfing." His dog is a happy yellow Lab that he named Sunny.

As is the case with most positive-thinking jocks, Snips's interest in gear knows no bounds. He keeps everything in an enormous, well-lit garage, organized to Marine perfection. There's a rack of 30 wet suits, and stacks of large plastic crates, each clearly marked, containing booties, gloves, ropes, and radio equipment. In the center of the garage sits his "watercraft." "The one word we don't use is Jet Ski," Snips explains corporately, "because that means it's Kawasaki and we're sponsored by Polaris." It looks like a big Harley-Davidson without wheels. On the back wall are Snips's surfboards; there are about 30 of them, hanging in order of ascending size. He takes down one of the kind made for tow-in surfing—a short, pointy thing with foot straps—and cheerfully explains how it is superior to the regular, paddle-in big-wave board. "This will turn and perform," he says. "It's shorter, narrower, heavier. It's more like a water ski, so when you're stuck in a wave, you can turn and go all *over* these waves." He puts the board back up and shakes his head. "It's incredible, the advancement from those to this. It's just day and night."

And the improved gear might just save his life. In 1994, on his first day surfing at Maverick's, he helped retrieve the dead body of expert big-wave man Mark Foo. "It was a real reality check for all of us," Snips says. "It took me about a year to get my nerve back. . . . I'm more calculated now. I feel better prepared, and I have better equipment."

Snips wouldn't be where he is today without Brad Gerlach (nickname, "Ger"; pronunciation, "Grr"), the man whom he tows into the waves,



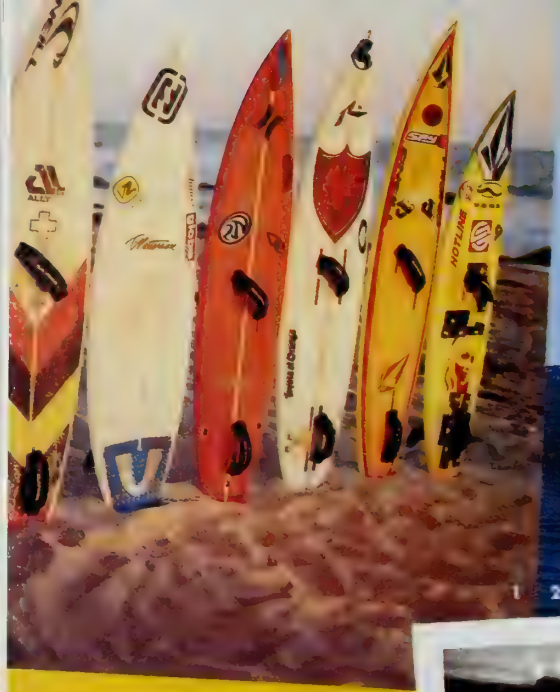


WATER WALL

Opposite, Laird Hamilton cuts his way down a big one at Jaws, off Maui. *Above,* Barney Barron slips out of his suit; *right,* Flea Virostko takes a break from the surf with a friend.



"The reason we surf," says Snips,
"is to sit in a quiet place.
It's kind of our church."





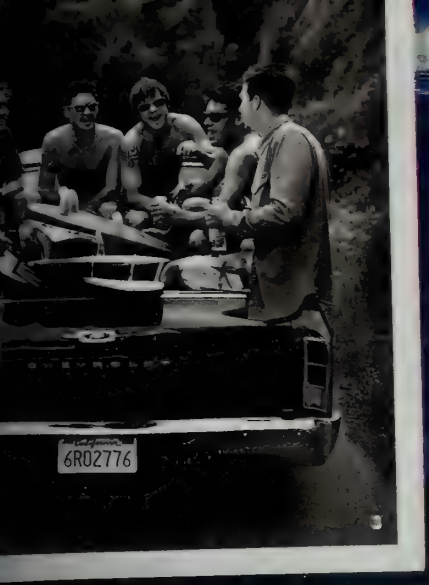




SURFIN' U.S.A., 2002
(1) Boards in the sand at Laguna Beach. (2) Snips catches air at Todos Santos, off Baja California. (3) Left to right, Snips, Barney, Flea, Ger, Josh Loya, and Skindog Collins ride to the beach. (4) Doerner and Hamilton surfing Hawaii's outer reefs. (5) Barney gives Flea a beer bath. (6) A Laguna bonfire with, left to right, Bill Sharp, Flea, Skindog, Snips, Ger, Barney, Loya, and friends. (7) Sharp over a plate of grub. (8) Greg Noll ponders the surf at Pipeline, Oahu, Hawaii. (9) Snips, Skindog, Loya, Ger, Flea, and Barney show some skin. (10) Snips is towed into the big surf at Todos Santos.






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"It's a little bit Jacques Cousteau and a little bit Chuck Yeager

and who in turn tows him into the waves. Fifteen years ago, they were fierce rivals on the competition circuit, trying to outdo each other on style points. Ger, the cocky party boy, despised Snips, the apple-polisher. But a few years back they crossed paths, and with a little help from Snips, Ger straightened up his act, got a Jon Bon Jovi makeover, and now has a love for Gucci. With Ger's emphasis on style and Snips's quarterback calculation, they are the dream team of the big-wave set, considered the best technical surfers in the world. Still, when the moment calls for it, Snips can get as philosophical as Pete Sampras. "The reason we surf," he says after some thought, "is to sit in a quiet place. It's kind of our church."

Their Northern California rivals aren't buying the corny stuff. "Snips is a full-on porn addict. He'll have sex with chicks in front of everybody. Puts on the whips and chains. But you didn't hear it from Skindog!" says Ken "Skindog" Collins, a rambunctious chatterbox who, with a longish face and random chin whiskers, might be the badass brother of Shaggy from *Scooby-Doo.*

Not all surfers are white-bread, well-adjusted jocks like Mike and Brad. Skindog is part of a different scene of world-class big-wave surfers—the modern, gnarly beach bums. They have gathered in the small clapboard Santa Cruz home of Darryl "Flea" Virostko to take part in the key surfer ritual of getting totally wasted on Corona and pot. Skindog's tow-in partner is Josh Loya, a lumbering hunk in flip-flops who moves slowly and speaks even slower, and is so good-looking the boys call him "maggot face."

"Brad just got his hair done," Skindog reports. "Little highlights. Gnarly."

"Hey, did Brad have one of those nice little sweaters he bought in France?" asks Shawn "Barney" Barron, the mascot of the group—slightly hapless but beloved. His meandering conversation about Kate Moss, Indonesians, his painting, the nature of love, and "boobies" might be annoying were it not so heartfelt. ("We try to rag on him," Skindog says about Barney. "See that smile? You can't break it.")

The ringleader, the chief shit slinger, and the gnarliest surfer and surfer dude is Barney's tow-in partner, Flea. He's holding court, slouched into the couch, roughly stroking his black boxer–pit bull, Passion.

"This is *Vanity Fair,*" says Barney, apropos of nothing, as he enjoys his second joint of the afternoon. "They cater to an immense population of yuppies."

"I don't care *what* she writes," says Flea. And why should he? His picture is all over the surfing magazines, and he already gets laid constantly. He is the Tommy Lee of surfing—strangely magnetic, yet smelling of beer and utterly careless, especially when it comes to giant waves. Flea and the gang, who call themselves "the dark stars" or "the west siders," and whom others call "the vermin," have training regimens far more traditional than their Southern California rivals. Snips and Ger keep in prime shape and practice wipeout survival by holding their breath for minutes at a time. "I beat off a lot," says Flea.

Sam George, the editor of *Surfer* magazine, whose job it is to think about such things, says about Flea, "He's not the best surfer of the bunch, but he surfs with such reckless, heedless abandon that it can't be explained."

Jonathan Paskowitz, a member of the Paskowitz-family surf camp in San Clemente, California, and something of a wild man himself, has never seen anything like Flea. "I've seen him paddle out through the lineup at beach breaks in Oaxaca, Mexico, and then have the fin [of his board] cut his finger to the bone," says Paskowitz. "He just duct-taped it with the pink meat sticking out between the fingers, and paddled back out.... Not only that, he's doing this on three hours of sleep, and half a bottle of tequila."

Flea's waves make him one of the most talked-about tow-in surfers in the world and a perennial top contender in the big-wave contests—contests with names such as the Men Who Ride Mountains, the XXL, and the biggest one of all, the Billabong Odyssey, a three-year global expedition for the elusive 100-foot wave—all of which involve a cash reward, usually in the five figures. But to Flea it's not about the money. "If you wipe out, you die," he says, summing up the sponsors' attitude. "But we'll give you four grand a year!"

Laird Hamilton surfs Hawaii; Snips and Ger surf sunny Todos Santos; the west siders surf Maverick's, whose colors are brown and gray. Backed by sheer cliffs and a craggy shoreline, it's exposed to winds and storms coming from every direction. The area where the waves crash, called the "bowl," is a vicious cauldron. Rock formations—above the surface and hidden below—jut up willy-nilly. Seals are commonplace, which means that sharks are, too. The water gets as cold as high 40s. The surfers' ears pop, their vi blurs, they get ice-cream headaches, that's not all. "Our nuts gets so cold," Flea. "They're up in my belly and sl And then there are the waves, which cl to 30, 40, sometimes 50 feet. "I'm not t ing *The Perfect Storm,*" says Barney of first time he laid eyes on Maverick's. " it felt like it. On the horizon, a big wa water." It was a challenge that took t years to work up to.

They started at their local Santa C break, Steamer Lane, a greener, ger spot that breaks anywhere from 2 t feet. When Skindog and Josh L weren't "snappin' on" Barney and Fle the neighborhood Ben and Jerry's ("S dog was the older fucking dick face," Flea, who at 17 was four feet nine), guys were surfing, usually as a group. pushed each other to ride 6-foot wa 10-foot waves, 12-foot waves," says S dog. "Once you've graduated from L Maverick's is like going to college." T first surfed it 11 years ago, and Flea on drugs. "I was 20 and on acid," he s "I was psyched."

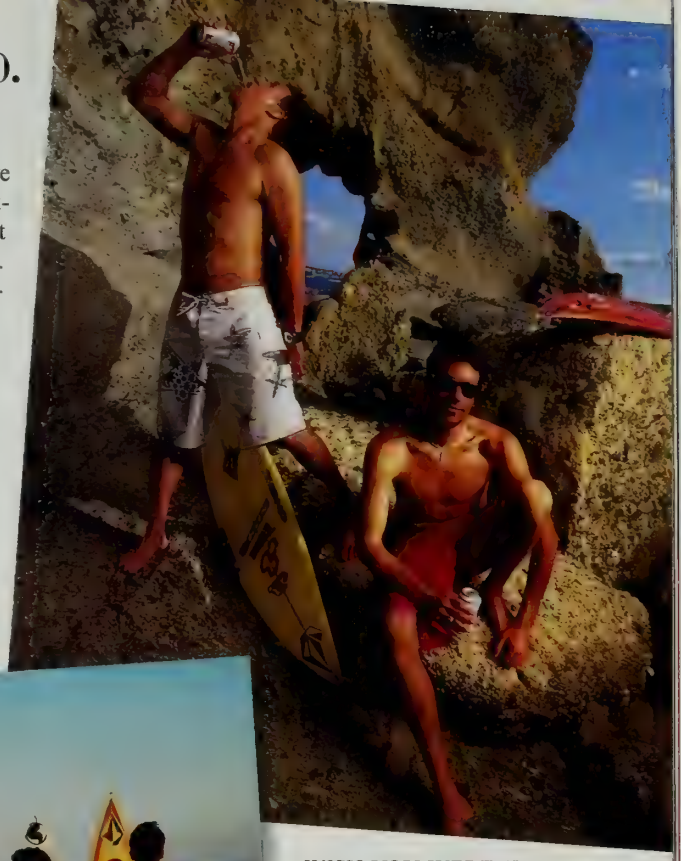
He was not as psyc seven years later, in 1 After getting crushe a Maverick's wave flung into the pi churning white wa Flea was thrown in direction of the rocks, and his le (which attaches one foot to the board) caught on an outcropping. Underw and thrashing about, Flea frantic reached for his leash, reached for the face, reached for anything. He finally his head above water and gasped. B Another wave came crashing down, s ing him under. Six more explosions lowed, until a rush of water loosened leash and washed him to the shore thought I was dead," says Flea, who carried home in the fetal position. like a big fat lady sitting on your he The day is immortalized in a large spirited painting Barney made for which hangs on the wall. It's Flea ri through a barrel and, hovering above pernaturally, a pair of giant breasts.

One thing Flea learned that day w take off his leash before going near rocks. He also brought his fearlessne bear in a new role—that of lifesaver. A r tow-in driver has less than 20 secon zoom into "the impact zone" gobblin

tle bit MTV *Jackass*," says Sharp.

rfer in distress, grab hold of whatever of him is visible, haul him onto the Ski, and get out before the next wave Often hell can break loose—the ven-us white water can make mincemeat ne Jet Ski, throwing the driver into the e icy nightmare as his partner—and y a driver has stood by, paralyzed with as his fellow surfer got seriously "rag-ed" or "Maytagged." For Flea, it be-e a calling. "If I'm on my Jet Ski, and e someone getting hit, I'll go in," he "I hate the fucking faggot, hate the so much, but it's a life."

n December 22, 2000, a day of rough Flea rescued one of Maverick's time paddle-in devotees, Grant Wash-, who wiped out is only tow-in ride "When I came of the wipeout, the that was in front ne was the biggest e I've ever seen," Washburn, who d himself buried by t 50 feet of unfor-g foam. "I was like, my God, I could nev-ve gotten myself into position under my power—I wouldn't have risked it—but I am,' and nobody rescue you at all. . . . ked up, 'Oh my God, i't know what to do.'" e or four more waves e rolling over him. eone grabbed hold of and yanked his body onto the Ski. "I d and saw—I said, 'That's Flea, of e. Nobody else is going to drive into He just doesn't care.'"





WISH YOU WERE HERE
Above, Skindog Collins and Josh Loya take a "coldie" break on the rocks; *left,* Snips, Barney, Ger, Loya, Flea, and Skindog at Laguna Beach.

The saving of Washburn's life was just a footnote in the legend Flea made for himself that day. It was late morning, and a set of swells moved in that were among the biggest anyone had ever at Maverick's, cresting and breaking unpredictable ways over the reef. d as the crew was that day, many back—it was just too ominous. Josh (the low-energy hunk), who was tow-ea at the time, whipped him onto oot crest, and Flea headed down e, the lip beginning to curl overhead. different surfer, this would have been enough; he would have headed down into the flatter, safer water to end what would have been a rad ride. But Flea cut back, up toward the lip once again, and into "the pocket," the arc right beneath the cresting lip—a fairly safe move on a smaller wave, an insane move on a colossus like this. Flea was going for the tube ("getting shacked" or "the green room"), which is the surfing equivalent of an orgasm. Then something happened that surfers dread: the "clamshell," when the lip section in front of the surfer doesn't break smoothly and gradually, but chomps down suddenly, eating up the surfer in one ruthless bite, like Jonah and the whale. "It just threw down like a *Hawaii Five-O* nightmare," says Barney, Flea's emotional brah. "I just watched that and I couldn't believe it. . . . I was fucking scared, man. My friends and I go, 'Oh my God, this thing could kill him.'"

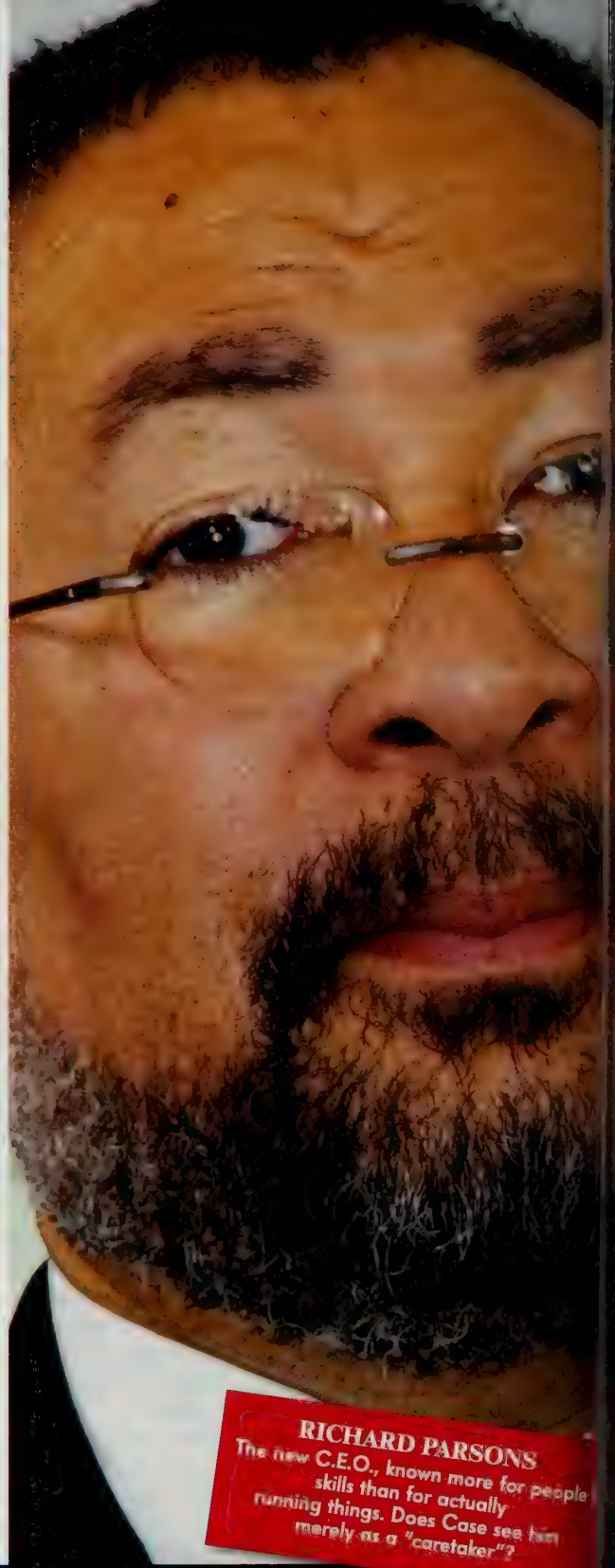
It's a ride that's gone down in history—huge in size, huger in gnarliness. In a phone conversation later, Barney says, "I'm looking at the photo now—it's actually on my refrigerator. He is just a mere speck on a gigantic Saint Bernard." He starts panting a bit. "I'm getting all nervous. When you start talking about this shit, it makes you rushed."

As Flea and Barney and Loya basked in the rush of Flea's 50-foot wave, in Newport Beach, Bill Sharp, the editor of a surf 'zine called *Surf News,* got a jolt of his own. He was on his computer doing what he did every day for a few hours: tracking the weather around the globe. He noticed that a storm he had had his eye on off the coast of Japan was traveling across the Pacific, along the jet stream. He checked the satellite reading that picked up wave height—20-foot seas, it said, winds 60 to 70 miles per hour. He lost his breath. It was the storm he'd been awaiting for years.

As editor of *Surfing* magazine in the 80s, Sharp had spent countless hours looking at charts and maps, usually with his friend Larry "Flame" Moore, the magazine's photo editor. In the late 80s, they spotted something 105 miles off the coast of San Diego that they'd never noticed before—Cortes Bank, a 5,000-foot underwater sea mountain, or "seamount," that never makes it to the water's surface, but comes to within three feet. "We thought, Well, you know what? Waves have to break out there, don't they?" recalls Sharp. He and CONTINUED ON PAGE 159



STEVE CASE
Chairman of AOL Time Warner, resident visionary. Non-believers say his deep thoughts are stuck in the 90s.



RICHARD PARSONS
The new C.E.O., known more for people skills than for actually running things. Does Case see him merely as a "caretaker"?

Power Failure



GERALD LEVIN
The unbeloved ex-C.E.O., forced out by Case. The deal they consummated has been disastrous for Time Warner shareholders.

BOB PITTMAN
The micromanaging C.O.O. He boasted he would have all of Time Warner growing like an Internet company. Alas, he was proved correct.

Yes, the merger of AOL and Time Warner created the world's
gest media company. It also produced a corporate civil war, a 70 percent drop in
stock value, one of the biggest write-offs ($54 billion) in history, and the
"early retirement" of Gerald Levin. Now an uneasy troika—
ew C.E.O. Richard Parsons, chairman Steve Case, and C.O.O. Bob Pittman—
is scrambling to reboot. NINA MUNK investigates

In the fall of 2001, at an otherwise ordinary meeting of AOL Time Warner's board of directors, Ted Turner blew up. Banging his fist on the long conference table, yelling for all he was worth (which was less each day), Turner, AOL Time Warner's largest individual shareholder, turned on chief executive officer Gerald Levin, accusing him of incompetence and negligence. Levin, Turner alleged, had destroyed the company—personally. He had demoralized its employees. He had encouraged rivalry between divisions. Raging, Turner loudly reminded the 15 other directors of one hard fact: in just four months, AOL Time Warner's stock price had been halved. Now, Turner insisted, the board had to intervene. Jerry Levin had to be fired.

Turner's outburst was followed by silence. According to an insider with knowledge of the meeting, not one of the assembled AOL Time Warner directors defended Levin, not even Levin himself. Seemingly unruffled, his thin face expressionless, his narrow shoulders bent, Levin didn't respond. As though nothing unusual had just occurred at the Rockefeller Center headquarters of the world's most powerful media and entertainment company, the next item on the agenda was introduced.

By all accounts, it was an extraordinary moment. "Shocking" is the adjective used by the insider. In a nutshell, I was told, "it was like realizing the emperor has no clothes." Turner's direct attack on Levin that day forced AOL Time Warner's board of directors to see the obvious: Levin had to be replaced, fast. Reacting quickly, AOL Time Warner's chairman, Steve Case, gathered together his loyal lieutenants. By November a plot was being hatched to get rid of Levin and yet help him salvage his ego. By the time Case, 43, confronted the 62-year-old Levin privately, it was all over. *This just isn't working,* Case told him. Levin apparently agreed.

On December 5, 2001, seemingly out of the blue, Levin made a stunning announcement: he intended to take early retirement; as of May 2002 he would no longer be C.E.O. of AOL Time Warner. That same evening, interviewed on CNN's *Lou Dobbs Moneyline,* Levin talked about his reasons for leaving the company. Nothing was said about his being pushed out. "I need to find out—people should understand—I'm not just a C.E.O. corporate person," Levin said. "I am a real human being. I have strong feelings about things." Sounding from time to time as tho he were talking to Oprah Winfrey, even appearing to be on verge of tears, Levin made a public confession: "I want the p ry back in my life."

Professing poetry is not out of character for Levin, whc cently turned 63. Dropped into the few interviews he's granted the years are learned allusions: to the Bible, to Albert Car and, in an interview with *Architectural Digest,* to Heracleitus, pre-Socratic philosopher. Nevertheless, despite Levin's ph sophical leanings—and despite his testimony that Septem 11 had reopened the wound left by the 1997 murder of his Jonathan—plenty of informed people weren't buying the stc about needing to reclaim his individuality. After all, only a months earlier, he had said on CNN's *Larry King Live,* "At s point, I'm going to retire. But not in the near future. I love v I do." In fact, one well-connected source told me Levin hac cently asked the AOL Time Warner board to *extend* his cont

Still, for months no one at AOL Time Warner let slip the reasons behind Levin's sudden departure (though no one I sp to flatly denied the story, either). This past January, for exam when I interviewed AOL Time Warner's C.E.O.-elect, Richard sons, 53, in the clutter of his huge corner office, he artfully dod the question of whether Levin had been forced out. Elegant pale-blue shirt and banker's suspenders, Parsons leaned way l in his chair. "We live in a world where people are always goir speculate about everything," he said, displaying the easy charm well known for. "So when people say to me, 'Hey, is there any t to the rumors?' I just say, 'Hey, they're rumors,' and I move

In late April, still being given the runaround by officia AOL Time Warner—Levin and Turner both turned down my merous and persistent requests for interviews—I called the h of Francis "Fay" Vincent, the former commissioner of base he's an old friend of Levin's and a director of AOL Time ner. Couldn't he tell me more about Ted Turner's outburst at fall board meeting and how it had precipitated Levin's de ture as C.E.O.? "I can hardly remember that," Vincent answ "There were so many Ted Turner tirades." Before I could ask other question, he was off the phone.

Misleading reporters and shareholders; g ing over poor financial results; withho news that might destabilize the stock p As someone close to the AOL Time ner board told me in awe, "I've never anything go so smoothly. The press lowed it whole." What they "swallow that time was the story about Levin's suit of poetry and his search for true meaning. But what a the deal that joined AOL and Time Warner in the first place

Talk about things' going smoothly and the media's swallo bait: when AOL announced that it was buying Time Warn January 2000, the press reached for hyperbole. The bigges quisition in history, it was a "transformational event," "a fusi guts and glory," an "awesome megadeal," and so on, in faw business-press-speak. Levin and Case, impressed by the m tude and daring of their big deal, promised shareholders th 2001, its first year as a combined company, AOL Time War

Turner alleged that Levin had destroyed the compa

flow would climb by 30 percent to $11 billion. Moreover, n confidently assured reporters and Wall Street that cash flow ld continue to climb by 25 percent a year thereafter. Steve e, the all-American-looking C.E.O. of AOL, stretched his ination, too, saying that he intended for AOL Time Warner e the world's biggest company within five years—bigger than rosoft and General Electric, among others—as measured by -market value.

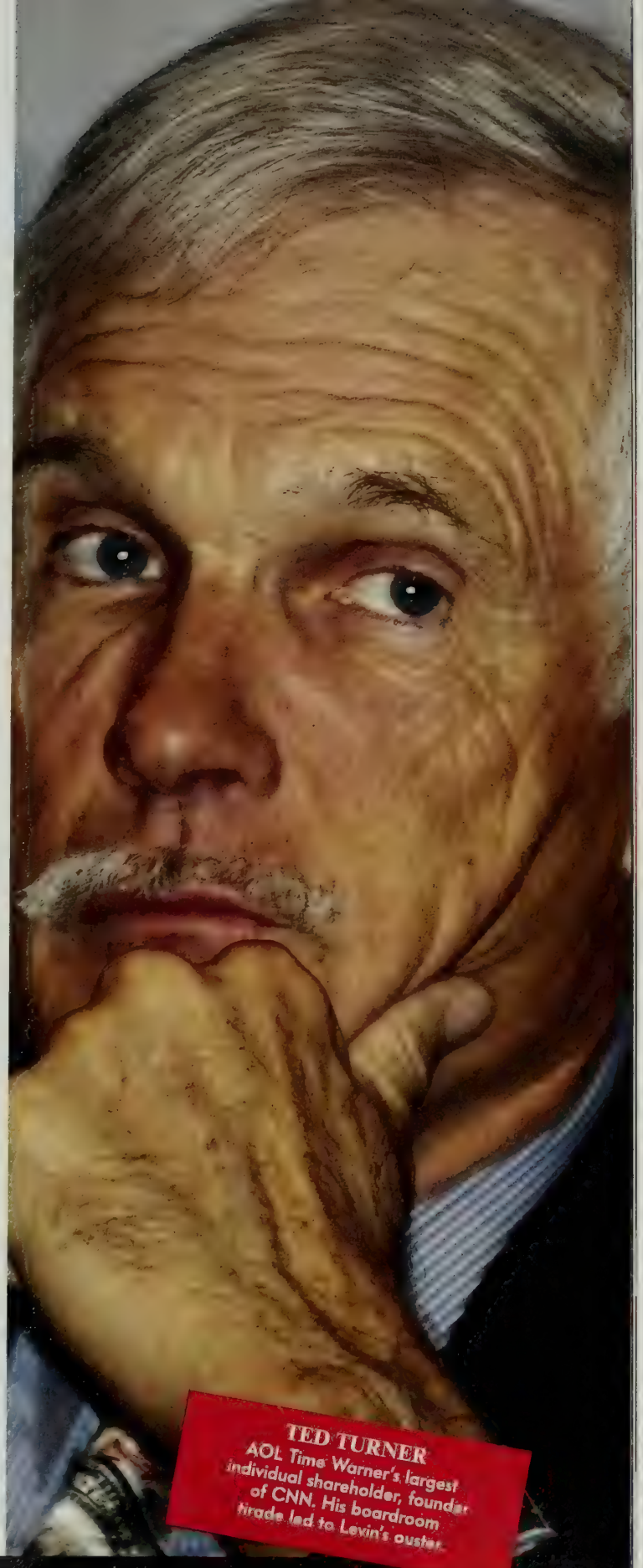
disputably, AOL Time Warner is the world's biggest and powerful media company. Its assets include Warner Bros. ures and New Line Cinema. The company also owns Time the country's largest consumer-magazine publisher (whose include *Time, Sports Illustrated, People, Fortune,* and *InStyle*); , the world's largest Internet-service provider; Time Warner e, the country's second-largest cable system; the Warner Mu-Group (whose acts include Missy Elliot, Staind, Enya, Linkin , and Madonna); Warner Bros. Television (which produces *The West Wing,* and *Friends*); Warner Books; the cable net-s CNN, HBO, TNT, and the Cartoon Network; the WB dcast network; and even a baseball team, the Atlanta Braves. it owning a collection of high-profile assets is not enough; ake them worth more than the sum of their parts, you need g-term strategy. When the AOL Time Warner deal was an-ced, the vision for its future seemed clear and straightfor-: Overnight, by tapping into AOL, Time Warner would deep into the homes of tens of millions of new customers. r AOL, it would use Time Warner's high-speed cable lines liver to its subscribers Time Warner's branded magazines, s, music, and movies. Together as one, with an awesome million "subscription relationships" in total, AOL Time er would be unstoppable.

cording to AOL's president, Bob Pittman, who would be-co–chief operating officer of the new company, the slow-ng Time Warner would now take off at Internet speed, erated by AOL: "All you need to do is put a catalyst to e Warner], and in a short period, you can alter the growth The growth rate will be like an Internet company."

ll, Pittman was right, of course: like most Internet companies, Time Warner has a shrinking growth rate. Less than two hs after the deal was announced, the stock market peaked nternet mania was over. Where the stock market once val-ne combined companies at an incredible $270 billion, it now s AOL Time Warner at around $80 billion. In mid-May, the dipped below $17 a share, an all-time low, down by an as-ing 70 percent since peaking at $58.51 one year ago.

short, the marriage of Time Warner and AOL is in deep e. Aside from a collapsing stock price, the company is hob-y a massive $28 billion of debt, a shaky credit rating, and a f confidence on Wall Street. Its shareholders are angry; its yees have lost faith; some of its big partners in various joint es and subsidiaries (including the Newhouse family, owners magazine) are looking to get out.

company's financial results aren't anywhere close to num-nce promised to shareholders by Levin and Case: instead wing by 30 percent last year, the company's cash flow was 18 percent. Meanwhile, the company has been forced to off an astronomical $54 billion in CONTINUED ON PAGE 167



onally. The C.E.O. had demoralized employees.

PEACE AND PRODUCTIVITY

Matthew Kneale, whose novel *English Passengers* was short-listed for the Booker Prize, looks out from the 15th-century tower on the grounds. *Opposite,* Zadie Smith, author of *White Teeth,* cradles Alice, the resident pug.



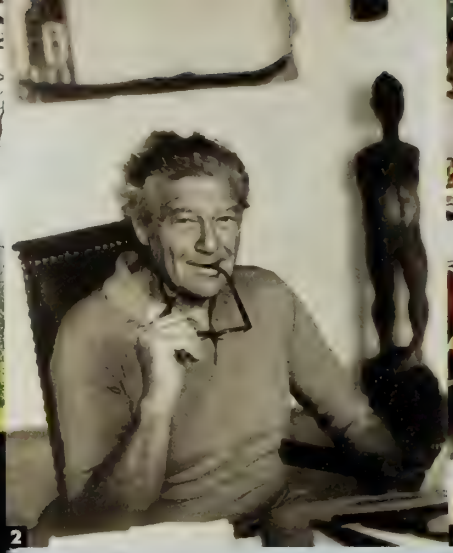
fter the death of her husband,
e distinguished novelist
egor von Rezzori, in 1998,
atrice Monti della Corte turned
eir 15th-century stone barn
Tuscany into a miniature
iters' colony. Bruce Chatwin,
chael Ondaatje, Zadie Smith,
d Anita Desai are among
literary talents who have come
ough the thick wooden doors
Santa Maddalena in desperation,
l left with refreshed minds—
well as completed pages.
other grateful pilgrim,
MUND WHITE, tells the story
ind Monti della Corte's
uisitely simple retreat

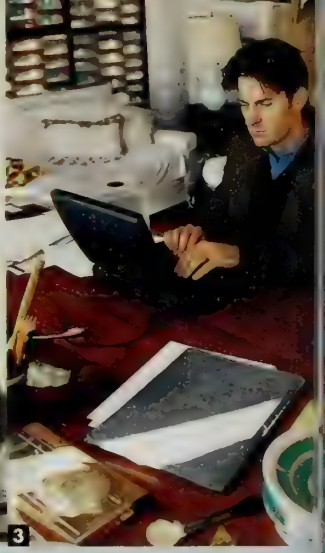


Sanctuary

PHS BY ALEXANDRE BAILHACHE

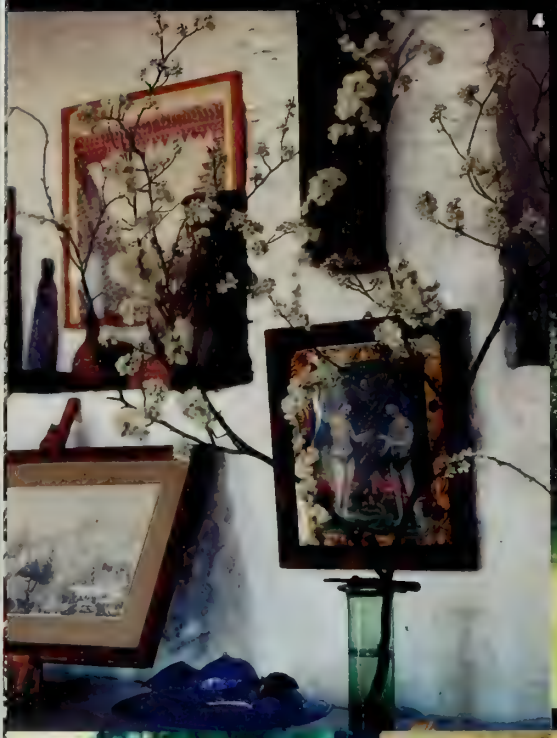






AUTHORS! AUTHORS!

(1) Resident writers Victor Erofeev and Colm Tóibín lunching with Beatrice Monti in the garden. (2) Gregor von Rezzori in the 1970s. (3) John Burnham Schwartz, author of *Bicycle Days*, in his room. (4) Cuttings from the garden and collected artworks in the corner of a writer's quarters. (5) The tower and an olive grove. (6) Beatrice Monti entertaining Saul Zaentz, the film producer, and Michael Ondaatje, the Canadian author of *The English Patient*. (7) Edmund White reading in the bath.









Santa Maddalena is a miniature writers' colony, two years old, that brings together centuries of refinement a wide panoply of cultures. It's a 20-minute train ride from eeming center of Florence, but it's so rural that a neighboring restaurant serves wild boar and wild mushrooms on polenta, and a visitor to the colony can walk for three hours without seeing a soul.

This is a medieval Tuscany, where the farmers still pronounce *cosa* as "hosa" and *casa* as "hasa," and where an ancient church leans out into the road and makes cars creep around it. It's also a land of grape arbors side by side with a Gucci outlet store, where the venerable trade of luxury leatherworking has made all the "peasants" of the area so wealthy that no one is willing to cook or clean and foreigners must be imported from the Philippines or Albania or Lebanon to do housework. There is a great, calming simplicity to the setting—the blue and dun sfumato of a da Vinci landscape of umbrella pines and funereal cypresses—but it's a simplicity that comes at a very dear cost.

Now Sting lives nearby, and the German film director Volker Schlöndorff (*The Tin Drum*) is a neighbor just down the muddy, grass-invaded lane. But when Beatrice Monti della Corte bought the 15th-century stone barn three decades ago, it was a neglected ruin, and she got it for a song. It is an unpretentious, low-ceilinged house ruled by a noisy, wheezing pug and a gentle, lugubrious Irish wolfhound named Giuditta, who pauses apologetically at the door before entering. The human guests arrive through the kitchen, which adjoins the dining room with its table drawn up beside a fire crackling cheerfully on cold, misty autumn days. The walls are thick and the win- small, a typical peasant trick to keep out the cold in r and the heat in summer.

this kitchen–dining room, some of the most interesting writ- the world have lingered over coffee and talked about their ons and anguish or just retailed the latest gossip of the book Beatrice—who speaks Italian, French, and English with volatility and sometimes all at once—has long been a collec- artists. In the 60s, when she became one of Italy's first deal- show new American painting, she went after Cy Twombly, t Rauschenberg, and Jasper Johns, all of whom she remains tact with to this day. When she married Gregor von Rezzori, list who wrote in German and whose books include *Mem- an Anti-Semite: A Novel in Five Stories, The Death of My r Abel,* and *Orient-Express,* Beatrice began to entertain more





LITERARY LEGACY

From above: **Beatrice Monti with the late writer Bruce Chatwin, the painter Enrico Castellani, and Gregor von Rezzori at the gardens in Bomarzo, 1978; Beatrice with her dog Giuditta at the pyramidal monument to von Rezzori at Santa Maddalena; Livia Manera, literary critic of the *Corriera della Sera* newspaper, and André Alexis, the Trinidadian-born Canadian novelist, have coffee on the terrace.**





BOOK TALK

Right, Russian writer Victor Erofeev, Irish novelist Colm Tóibín, and Beatrice Monti relax in the evening. *Below,* English novelist and playwright David Hughes composes on a roll of typing paper. *Opposite,* Beatrice Monti enjoys the rural evening air in the company of a group of her writers and visitors.



and more writers. Bruce Chatwin stayed in their signal tower and wrote a large part of his best novel, *On the Black Hill,* there. Michael Ondaatje worked on *Anil's Ghost* in the same tower. The film director Bernardo Bertolucci was (and is) a frequent visitor.

Rezzori, whom his friends called Grisha, died at Santa Maddalena in 1998 at the age of 83, soon after finishing *Anecdotage,* which he wrote at his immense desk ("as vast as a Mongolian plain," according to the Guatemalan-American writer Francisco Goldman) in the raised study across the garden, a room looking out over a sea of trees toward a 19th-century fake-Moorish castle. Beatrice decided soon after his death to turn Santa Maddalena into a retreat for writers—and botanists with a literary bent—to preserve his memory. The s of this great writer has so into every hill and rose-tw olive tree on the estate.

Grisha—with his easy gance, his boyish high sp his lightly worn eruditior closet full of 300 handr pairs of shoes—was a throw to everything admirable a the Belle Époque. He was the soul of generosity. I rer ber that shortly before he he shared all his relevant recollections with the young Ame novelist Michael Carroll when he discovered that Michae researching the same colorful Czech aristocratic family tha Grisha, had been planning to devote a novel to. Maybe G knew he wouldn't live long enough to complete that nove eavesdrop on conversations between a man in his 80s a writer just starting out was to learn that spontaneity is jus other name for generosity.

That sense of intimacy still rules at Santa Maddalena. S times there are just two writers invited for a six- or eight- visit; ordinarily there are four. During the daytime they t around, but in the evenings they read to one another or t dial in a bad Italian game show on the blurry television. Or talk. And talk. Or they drive the treacherously narrow and ing mountain roads to the village of Donnini and its surpris good pizzeria. During the late afternoon they may walk the lane, which was first graded with massive stones in Ro times to permit travelers to negotiate the steep descent o hillside into the valley. An abandoned house, a stream, a ro villa behind a fence, a long, leaf-slippery footpath throug woods, and hours later one is back at one's desk and the sl ingly empty sheet of paper.

Writers are so good at procrastinating and can inve many distractions that the prepared meals and discreet making service at Santa Maddalena, the silence and the television reception, the muted echoes of the stone house i forest and the long, long days and immutable schedule ar only discipline capable of driving even the flightiest or most ious literary artist back to his or her work in progress. I sh know. I spent six weeks in the spring of 2000 at the colony came away with more polished pages than I've ever written comparable time in New York or Paris—I who would rathe all day on the phone or cook dinner for eight than spen angst-ridden minutes at my desk.

From the first, this house was destined to be national. Beatrice was born to an aristocratic ian father and an Armenian mother from Ista All over the house are Orientalist touches in ory of a mother who died when Beatrice wa a girl; in my room there was a strangely di sionate Ottoman painting of a bored Janissary cutting o equally tranquil prisoner's head. Grisha was from an ancie cilian family transplanted to Bukovina, then a part of the A Hungarian Empire, later swallowed up by Romania, now di between Romania and Ukraine. There he led a life mac of foreign nannies and visits from eccentric relatives, o hunt and French novels and first love CONTINUED ON PAG


Michael Ondaatje worked
on "Anil's Ghost" in the Signal Tower.

ARMED AND SHAGADELIC

They're as key to Austin Powers's uncanny appeal as his big brown English teeth. The thing about Austin Powers is, he's not just shagadelic. He's also a really good guy with neat friends—a fact established by the first Austin Powers girl, Mimi Rogers, in *Austin Powers, International Man of Mystery.* She was British intelligence operative Mrs. Kensington and the perfect swinging-60s sidekick. But Austin's sex appeal could not be ignored for too long, as demonstrated by Fabiana Udenio, in her role as his hot-tub companion, the buxom Italian villainess Alotta Fagina—a subtle nod to Pussy Galore. Meanwhile, Susanna Hoffs, as a member of the house band, Ming Tea, helped provide the music for Austin's lively dance interludes.

In the sequel, *The Spy Who Shagged Me,* Gia Carides was hot on Austin's tail. Their introduction offered some classic Powers dialogue. "Robin Swallows," she says. "Maiden name Spitz." "Well, which is it, baby?" he snorts. "Spits or swallows?" A bulletproof assassin, she was the perfect foil to Felicity Shagwell ("Shagwell by name. Shag-very-well by reputation"), played by Heather Graham. Reprising the unforgettable image of Ursula Andress in the white bikini, Shagwell was the first American Austin Powers girl, the most vulnerable, the one who'd do anything for Austin's love—including sleep with Fat Bastard. Mindy Sterling, in the role of the screeching Teuton Frau Farbissina, had Dr. Evil grooving to "Let's Get It On."

With the new Austin Powers movie, *Goldmember,* we'll meet Austin's dad, the swinging Nigel Powers, played by Michael Caine. As for the ladies, Austin will be branching out, with a little help from Beyoncé Knowles, who plays Foxxy Cleopatra. "It's an embarrassment of riches," says Mike Myers, the man behind the series. "I feel like a combination of James Bond and Hugh Hefner." —EVGENIA PERETZ

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK SELIGER



YEAH, BABY!

The Austin Powers series is only as strong as the women who tussle with its hero. They are, left to right, Mindy Sterling (Frau Farbissina), Gia Carides (Robin Swallows), Mimi Rogers (Mrs. Kensington), Beyoncé Knowles (Foxxy Cleopatra), Heather Graham (Felicity Shagwell), Fabiana Udenio (Alotta Fagina), and Susanna Hoffs (of the Austin Powers house band, Ming Tea).

Queen of the



When Elaine Kaufman opened her Second Avenue saloon, all she knew was that her favorite, if not most lucrative, customers were writers. And that they kept coming back. Four decades later, despite the nightly parade of glamour that has included everyone from Frank Sinatra to Jackie Kennedy, Elaine's is still a family of regulars—George Plimpton, Gay Talese, and Norman Mailer among them—who've drunk, slugged, and hugged with the bighearted, ironfisted proprietress. A. E. HOTCHNER captures the soul of New York's most enduring hot spot

PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN BECKER

Night



GOING STEADY

Elaine Kaufman, photographed at Table One with some of her regular boys, May 14, 2002. Seated, from left: *Paris Review* editor George Plimpton, children's book publisher Josh Gaspard, TV producer David Black, and Hemingway biographer A. E. Hotchner. Standing: *Harper's* editor Lewis Lapham, poet Frederick Seidel, Father Pete Colapietro, former New York mayor David Dinkins, *Sports Illustrated* editor Terry McDonell, advertising executive Chuck Pfeifer, author Nelson Aldrich, and publicist Robert M. "Bobby" Zarem.

Chevy Chase, Dan Aykroyd, John Belushi, and Lorne Michaels of *Saturday Night Live,* photographed by Jonathan Becker in the kitchen of Elaine's during the show's first year, 1975.



Beginning with flamboyant Texas Guinan in the Roaring 20s, New York's nightlife has been steadily illuminated by a gaudy group of big-time saloonkeepers—Toots Shor, who began as a speakeasy bouncer; Jack Kriendler, who originally operated '21' as a speakeasy; Tim Costello, who started a speak upstairs at Third Avenue and 44th Street with his brother, Joe; Danny Lavezzo of P. J. Clarke's; Sherman Billingsley, a bootlegger from Oklahoma, who owned the Stork Club with gangsters Big Bill Dwyer and Owney Madden as his partners; Vincent Sardi; Joe Allen in his original saloon in the theater district. Each of these saloon barons had a distinct fiefdom: Toots, a gargantuan, garrulous two-fisted drinker, catered to jocks, especially the New York Yankees; Kriendler's preserve embraced bluebloods, captains of industry, and politicians; Billingsley kowtowed to café society and Hollywood stars; Costello's was a watering place for the writers and cartoonists of *The New Yorker;* Lavezzo, who was popular with musicians and singers, had a particular passion for the New York Giants football team, which he fêted en masse; Sardi attracted Broadway headliners, whereas Joe Allen was home to lesser Broadway performers who couldn't afford Sardi's.

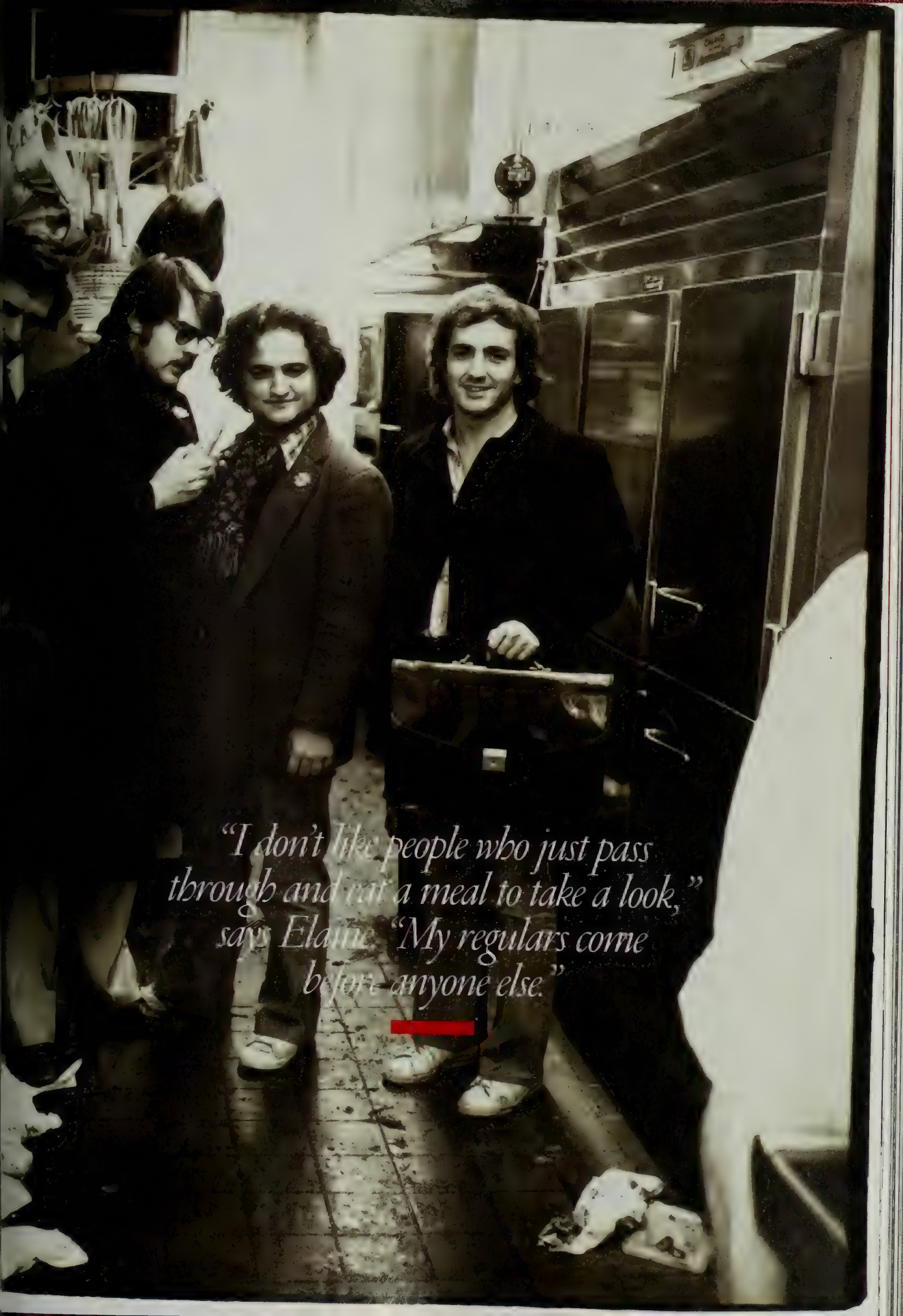
The saloons of Shor, Costello, Billingsley, and Lavezzo have passed on with their proprietors, and Sardi's, '21,' and Joe Allen have lost their saloon status, but a new saloonkeeper appeared in 1963, and she has become the doyenne of the seminal New York saloon, Elaine's. Elaine Kaufman, now approaching her 40th year at her location at Second Avenue and 88th Street, thrives as a late-night phenomenon with no alternative place in sight—in fact, Elaine may well be the last of the great saloonkeepers.

Elaine's saloon, which began as a refuge for struggling writers, has a menu that makes food critics blanch, décor that will never get into *Architectural Digest,* prices that rival those of the Four Seasons, waiters as frantic as traders on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange, and an autocratic reservation system based on whimsy and privilege. Yet, for all that, night after night Elaine's is chockablock with glitterati—movie stars, Nobel Prize laureates, rock stars, New York Yankees, diplomats, Pulitzer Prize winners, jockeys, ballet people, politicians—name it. Elaine in her unremarkable saloon is hostess to a remarkable collection of the world's finest and brightest, and the wattage of this assemblage intimidates even many rich, prestigious people, who hesitate to go to Elaine's unless they are accompanied by a bona fide regular.

The common perception of Elaine's is that it is an exclusive establishment restricted to those who have been anointed by the proprietress, who seven nights a week sits in judgment on those presenting themselves at the door. But if you ask any of the regulars what qualifies them to be there, they haven't the foggiest notion.

When Elaine Kaufman acquired her saloon, a rather drab Austro-Hungarian bar, in April 1963, her early customers were writers, who functioned like the pilot fish a fisherman sees when he is deep-sea fishing. Pilot fish are the first to explore strange, dark places which larger fish are apprehensive about investigating, just as struggling writers, who have already spent their advances, will venture into a new, dark, unusual place if it looks like it's inexpensive and sparsely populated, where they can occupy a table for an extended period without being nudged by the management. Writers like to settle around a table and talk shop while they nurse their drinks, or drink copiously if they can run a tab. Either way, they are not a bonanza for a new restaurant.

The pilot fish who first discovered Elaine's saloon were the editor and writer Nelson Aldrich, who lived nearby, George Plimpton, editor of *The Paris Review,* the playwright Jack Richardson, and the editor-writer Mary Ann Madden, who even painted the ladies' room for opening night. In no time at all, word got around the writing community that there was a choice new place where they could occupy tables in a leisurely manner and put



"I don't like people who just pass through and eat a meal to take a look," says Elaine. "My regulars come before anyone else."

SALOON STARS

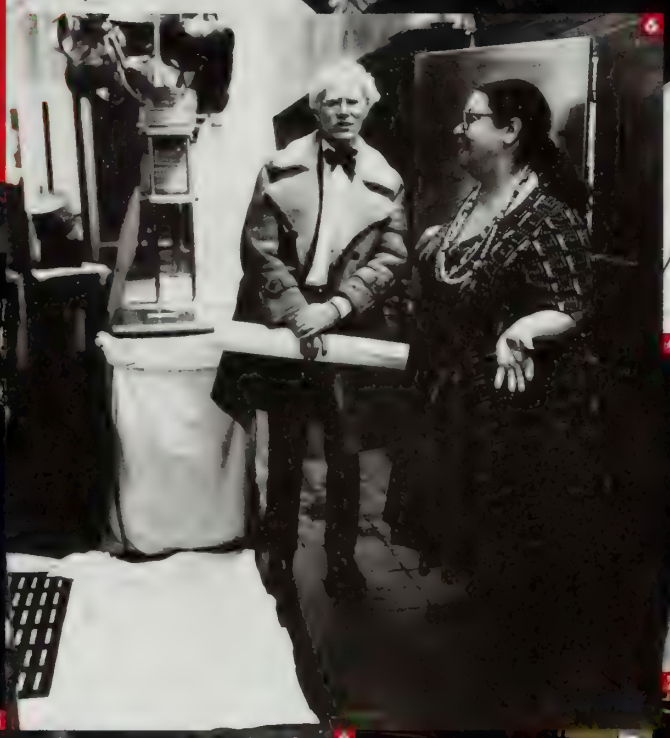
(1) Mystery woman with Tom Roberts and Woody Allen, 1988. (2) Gay Talese, 1983. (3) TV producer Dick Wolf and Joseph Heller two months before he died, 1999. (4) Basketball coach Pat Riley gets a kiss from Elaine, 1993. (5) Norman Mailer and his wife, Norris Church, 1995. (6) Andy Warhol with the hostess, 1976. (7) Columnist Steve Dunleavy, 2001. (8) Robert Altman and his wife, Kathryn, 1996. (9) Bobby Zarem with Elle Macpherson and British socialite Tim Jeffries, 1995.


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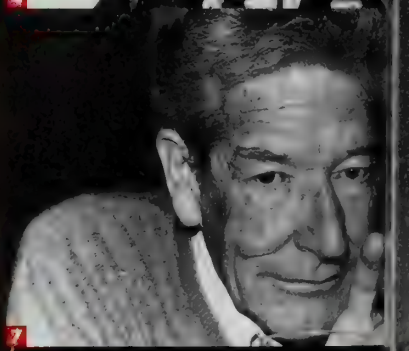

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laine's was where we went to fight the loneliness of what we did," says David Halberstam. "It was a club with no dues."

bills on the books, and, best of all, opious lady whose name adorned the was an avid book reader who was ing and sympathetic and had a warm in her heart for writers.

1965, Elaine's had a reputation of be- club for writers. The "reserved" signs e choice tables held them for these reg- , who enjoyed their privileged status, ng back and forth, playing backgam- and poker. The whole scene projected ura of a private gentlemen's club. It at that time that I joined the club, sored by Gay Talese. I began to have er there three or four nights a week Gay and the likes of David Halber- Jack Richardson, Bruce Jay Friedman, s Lapham, Peter Maas, Norman Mai- Villiam Styron, Tom Wolfe, and Willie is, a writer who was destined to make issippi proud of him. But at that time of us were in an embryonic stage, still ching around inside the unhatched of our ambitions.

lese and Halberstam were refugees *The New York Times,* Plimpton had et played quarterback for the Detroit s (which he would describe in *Paper* , Lapham would not be the editor of *er's* magazine for some time, and I iving in a one-room fifth-floor walk-up to write a book about my friend Er- Hemingway. But Elaine treated all of if we had just been published by the rn Library. When the long night's bill d, often sizable, you paid all, part, or of it depending on your circum- s, vowing that you would wipe out indebtedness the instant you hit the eller list.

The problem with pilot fish, however, in the ocean as well as in Elaine's, is that true to their name they pilot the bigger fish—dolphins, swordfish, , barracudas—into their waters. In words, lured by the writers, the agents Hollywood producers were sure to for producers and directors are in nt desperate need of writers. To ac- odate this influx, Elaine soon added to her narrow little saloon, but it was arly enough for the schools of glit- that now appeared, the stars who ff producers and directors just as ers feed off writers. The food chain came full circle with the arrival of the gawker fish, whose appetite for celebrity gazing feeds off all of the above.

It was at this juncture that Elaine began to fend off the undesirables. No voyeur from Scranton concealing an instant camera was going to be allotted a table, thereby putting Woody or Nureyev or Lucille Ball in jeopardy. Elaine says, "I don't like people who just pass through and eat a meal to take a look. My family, my regulars, come before anyone else, and I make sure that they have a table when they come in. I myself don't have a family. I'm glad I don't—I can't handle family squabbles and feuds and all that trivial stuff. My restaurant family is different. I know exactly who they are and how they are, and I know that, whatever happened that day, when I come into my restaurant my spirits will pick up. I care about these people who have been in my life for 30, 40 years, and being with them gives me a wonderful sense of belonging to a very special family."

That Elaine has become an arbiter of who measures up and who does not has, over time, raised a few hackles. "Who does she think she is?" is a common response from the disgruntled. In 1983, I asked my friend the late novelist Irwin Shaw, whom Elaine adored, to write a tribute to her for an article I was preparing for *New York* magazine. He came as close as anyone ever has to describing her:

Whom the gods adore they first make plump and equip with a curly smile, a twinkling, welcoming eye in which, almost hidden, lurks the steely calculation of a riverboat gambler and the nerve of a cat burglar. The gods free their favorites, in this case Elaine, from all sentimentalities of democracy, and by instinct furnish them with the invaluable arbitrary snobbish gift of choosing favorites, relying only upon their own taste in such delicate matters. They then find for them disreputable quarters in dilapidated and unfashionable parts of town and teach them how to keep potential patrons clamoring outside the door while a sea of empty tables awaits within. Sworn professional enemies are admitted gladly, to liven up the late nights and early mornings with accusation and invective, and booze flows freely to keep the clamor at its utmost height. The lady in question then carves herself into a more gracious shape, so that her hug is no longer an overwhelming tidal wave of affection and approval, but a motherly caress. She also reads, knowing that an unread writer can empty a lively room in ten seconds flat.

Bohemian herself, as she pretends her clientele is, she disdains such mundane things as numbers on a menu and uses tarot cards to make up her bills. The food is hearty, because she goes along with the delusion of her clients that they are hardworking men in need of sturdy nourishment. She has no need of flattery—her tastes are catholic, and the people she lets into her den she actually likes and enjoys. She is unflappable and serene among the throng, half of whom have visited their psychiatrist that day with tales of suicide, failure, incest, and sibling hatred.

She is an institution who refuses to become institutionalized. No pity is ever expressed; she never says, "Time, gentlemen, please." She knows that the first night you are in town, from no matter what quarter of the globe you have come, you must pay the ceremonial visit to the uptown Queen of the Night. At the busiest hour there is always one more chair ready for the poor devil who has just finished the first act of his play or been locked out of his apartment by his wife.

Elaine Kaufman was born in Manhattan at 140th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, and she embodies the humor and toughness and street smarts of a prototypical New Yorker. She is a large woman who has battled obesity nearly all her life. "But when I was very young," she says, "I had the opposite problem—I was very skinny and I had rickets, which exasperated my mother, who was a good cook and got angry with me because I was such a finicky eater."

Her sister Edith, 13 years older, remembers that "the problem was Elaine just didn't like to eat, which infuriated our mother, who like all Jewish mothers liked to have her children well stuffed with her good cooking. But Elaine just wouldn't eat. I'd watch my mother pinch Elaine's cheeks together, forcing her mouth open, and then shove food in her like you stuff a goose, you know, force-feed her. So Elaine had to eat to please our mother. Probably why she got so heavy later on. But as a little girl she was very friendly, always smiling, happy. When she was in kindergarten, the teacher told my mother she had a very unusual little girl and she should expect great things from her."

"My father had a small dry-goods store on Amsterdam Avenue," Elaine says. "It was the middle of the Depression, business fell off, so in the dead of night they backed a

GO BACK AND TURN RIGHT AT KEITH HERNANDEZ

Elaine reserves the 10 tables along the wall opposite the bar for her favorites, and the seating has not changed much in 40 years. Here is her list of the elect, past and present, table by table.

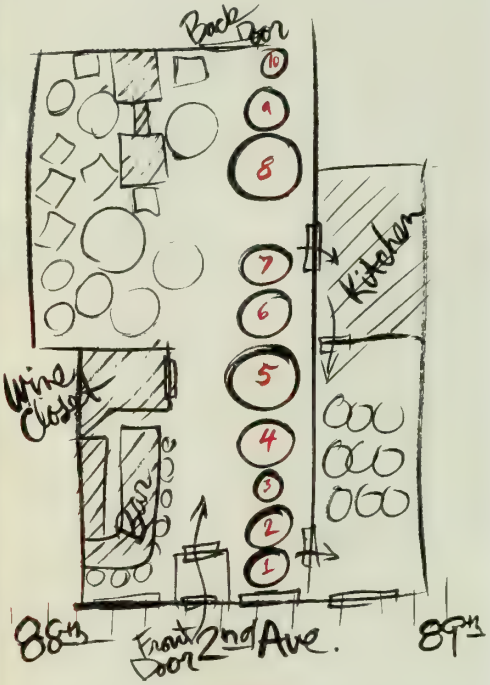


TABLE 1
Bobby Zarem, James Brady, George Plimpton, Barbara Goldsmith, Fred Seidel, Father Pete Colapietro, Nelson Aldrich

TABLE 2
Ben Gazzara, Nick Pileggi, Nora Ephron, Marlon Brando, Mick Jagger, Andy Warhol, Molly Ringwald

TABLE 3
Sharon Stone, Faye Dunaway, Shirley MacLaine, Pete Hamill, Liza Minnelli, Michelle Pfeiffer

TABLE 4
(known as "the writers' table")
Gay Talese, Norman Mailer, David Halberstam, William Styron, Lewis Lapham, James Jones, Tom Wolfe, Jules Feiffer, Bruce Jay Friedman, Jack Richardson, Irwin Shaw, A. E. Hotchner

TABLE 5
Jessye Norman, Chevy Chase, Oliver Stone, Sydney Pollack, Joan Collins, Leonard Bernstein, Bobby Short, Diana Ross, Richard Avedon

TABLE 6
Arthur Miller, Betty Comden, Adolph Green, Cy Coleman, Joan Rivers, Liz Smith, Warren Beatty, Lillian Hellman

TABLE 7
Walt Frazier, Wayne Gretzky, Keith Hernandez, Mark Messier, Cal Ripken, Joe Namath, Joe DiMaggio

TABLE 8
(known as "Woody's table")
Woody Allen, Soon-Yi Previn, George Steinbrenner, Robin Williams, Clint Eastwood, Lucille Ball, Frank Sinatra, Albert Finney

TABLE 9
Jackie Kennedy, Tom Selleck, Al Pacino, Michael Caine, Michael Douglas

TABLE 10
Mike Nichols, Neil Simon, Alan King, Governor Hugh Carey, Governor George Pataki

truck up to the store, loaded it up, and we moved to South Jamaica, Queens, on Sutphin Boulevard, where we lived in back of a much smaller store. That's where I grew up, back of the store."

"Elaine was always disappearing," Edith recalls, "and we'd have to comb the neighborhood looking for her. Four, five years old, she was out of the house."

"There was always this battle going on with my mother over this eating thing," Elaine says. "She'd shove food in my mouth, I'd spit it out. I think she was embarrassed that I was so skinny and rickety and people might think it was her fault, not feeding me. The doctor said if I had my tonsils out I would start to eat, but when that didn't work, they put me in the hospital with no explanation. It made me afraid that they were going to get rid of me. So when I came back, to avoid being put back in the hospital, I ate what my mother fed me. It all became related to acceptance.

"My father was no problem, a sweet man, ruined by the Depression, all the life gone out of him, sitting in the parlor reading *The Jewish Daily Forward.* Montgomery Ward opened in Jamaica and that put him out of business. He got a job working nights in a food market, which he had no feeling for, but he'd come home with avocados in his pockets, which we had never seen before. Also, we had never seen a steak. My mother never told me we were poor. I thought everyone ate beef liver like we did."

"I think one of the reasons the business failed," Edith says, "is the way my mother treated customers. If someone was looking at two, three things, taking her time making up her mind, my mother would wait only so long and then shout at the woman, 'Do you know what you want? If not, get out!' I guess that's where Elaine got the business of throwing certain people out of her place."

"Being the youngest," Elaine says, "I was the one that everyone had to take care of. The reason I spent most of the time as a little kid running away from the house was I didn't like it at home. To this day, I don't like homes, not even my own. In the business world, people are much nicer to each other because they hold the manners. In the house I grew up in they didn't seem to hold the manners in exchanges with each other. I guess I eventually fell into business because there are rules and everybody abides by them. It's much easier. I had a lot of friends in the Italian neighborhood where we lived. They'd invite me in, and I got to know the food. The Italian mothers would let me make pastas with them I picked up some Italian words. I v doing much at school, I never liked sc but I loved to read and I was really cating myself with books. My brother was about five years older, if he went library, he had to take me. So he'd me in the children's section. I'd read afterwards I would bring a bunch of b home. I read them all."

Edith says that "one of the big fric between my mother and Elaine was school. I liked school and I was go school, but Elaine wasn't. She wanted out of the house, no homework, an mother couldn't understand. 'Why don get grades like Edith does?' Elaine want any part of it."

"I didn't get an allowance, bu ways had some money," E says. "When we had the cas ister in the front of the stor brother and I knew how to the tax money. Also, I used to go to the for the women who lived on the secon third floors. They'd throw me dow money and the shopping list, and I'd it and bring it up, and they'd give quarter. Or they'd pay me to watch b outside the front of the house. I wan get out of that house. It wasn't nice I mean, every season there were new covers and there were new curtains a that kind of crap.

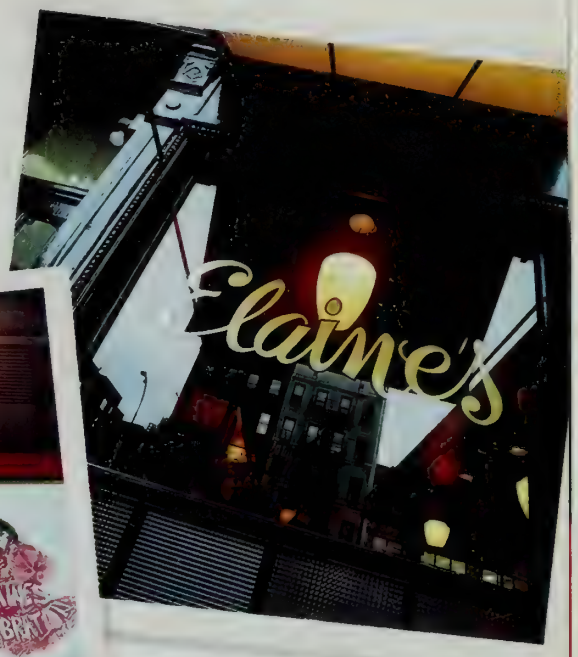
"I barely graduated from Evander High School, it was so boring. I us read the *Daily News* underneath the and whatever held, held. I got just en grades to get through.

"There was no thought of college didn't go to college where I came boys went to college—but I had no what I wanted to do. My mother exp me to work in an office like my siste retarial work, but I didn't like office because I didn't like being enclosed. a job in a cutting room, where they c swatches to show fabric. I did that while until they found out I was J and they fired me. Nothing like tha ever happened to me before. I was annoyed than angry. The guy who g job was Italian—what's so great abou The Italian neighborhood I lived in knew I was Jewish, but it didn't ma

"This was a period when I rea pressed myself. I colored my hair spray, I had green bangs—I guess the influence of the hippies—and I wonderfully crazy hats. I had all the shuggeneh hats with my green hair— great! One of the first jobs I got was Stampazine, a famous stamp auctio

Alan King says, "I can come alone at any hour and find the best company—Elaine herself."





RUGGED DÉCOR
Above, the thrice-broken front window of the restaurant. *Left,* on the walls, books and jackets of Elaine's favorite authors and a painting by fashion illustrator Joe Eula.

-books store. President
nklin Roosevelt had
a big stamp collector,
some of his were up
uction.
After that I decided to
job selling cosmetics. I
gled a job at the Astor
el pharmacy; by the time
realized I didn't know
hing, I knew something.
Costello would come in
young girls, and he would
them a Chanel lipstick,
h was like $5, big deal, and
they would go upstairs
him and afterwards come
down and want to trade in
ipstick.
A group of us started to take
t lessons with Madame Cha-
who was above the Leggett
at 57th and Seventh, and af-
ards we'd cruise all the Broadway
/s, sometimes sneaking in at the in-
issions and seeing the second acts. Af-
ne Astor, I got a traveling job selling
nour cream and curlers, going all the
to New Haven, but although I was
at making my spiel, my pitch, and at-
ing people, I was never able to get
to buy anything. I also had a job do-
narket research, going around with
bboard and asking people questions
t coffee—do you like this one or that
—and writing down their responses.
caught me filling out the question-
s without asking anyone anything and
canned—fucking stupid waste of mon-
was then living at the Versailles Hotel
th Street, where they had tiny maids'
s under the roof for a hundred dol-
month."

"It was at this point," Edith says, "with Elaine drifting around, that I took her to my analyst for an interview. Right off the bat he took her on and transferred me assistant. Elaine and I would go once k, and then on another day we'd meet group."

"oing to that shrink was my college," e says. "It was just about the time I met Alfredo Viazzi, who had recently come off one of the ships of the United States Line. He didn't want to go back to Italy, so he took a job as a waiter in the Village. That's how we met, at Aldo's in the Village. We saw each other for a while, and then we started living together, Alfredo and I, and he convinced me that waitressing was something I could do. He showed me how to wait tables, showed me how to hold a plate, everything. I didn't even know how to put out the silver. I came from a home where the silver got put out on the table in a pile and everybody took what they needed. I gave it a try and found that waitressing was a perfect fit for me, my life glove. It excited all the things I like to do and am good at—describing food to make it interesting, getting a fix on the customer's mood, and then dealing with it so he enjoys it, perking him up if he's had a rotten day, babying him with the menu if he needs it, amusing him if he's in a bantering mood. Everybody has a different need at a certain time, and I found that reading moods came natural to me.

"We had been working at the Portofino Restaurant awhile when the guy who owned it, who really didn't dig the restaurant business, said to us, 'Why don't you buy it? You can pay it off.' So we did, and it went O.K. until Alfredo decided to add a little theater in the back and put on one-act plays, some of which he wrote, so you'd eat and watch the play, but, as it turned out, the food was far superior to the theater. By this time the business was slowly going broke. Alfredo got his divorce from his wife in Italy and wanted to marry me, but my analyst talked me out of it—and he was right. Alfredo was taking my money but not paying the notes on the place, and we finally broke up with a slam-bang fight—I smashed every glass and plate in the place.

"I immediately started looking for a place of my own, but nobody wanted to do business with me; at that time women didn't run restaurants—they weren't supposed to know anything. All I was after was a nice place that would attract neighborhood people, and I figured if I ran it right I could make a living. That's all I was after. I finally found a partner in Donald Ward, who owned a bar near the restaurant. We each put up about $5,000 (I had saved part of it and Edith lent me the rest). We went around to the brokers and found that a place at 88th and Second was the only one we could afford, because the location was way beyond where people went to eat, and the Yorkville neighborhood where it was located didn't have a great reputation. It was working-class—all those people who worked on Park Avenue, Madison, and Fifth, the doormen, the nannies, housekeepers, cooks. It was a German-Hungarian neighborhood. The guys who worked in the subways, bus





Photographer Irving Penn took the first formal portrait of the Elaine's gang for *Vogue*'s June 1971 issue. Bottom row, from left: Arthur Kopit, Jack Gelber, George Plimpton, Gay Talese. Center row, sitting and standing: Willie Morris, Nicholas Pileggi, Robert Brown, Jack Richardson, Elaine Kaufman, Jean-Pierre Rassam, Christopher Cerf, David Halberstam, Bernard Farber. Back row: John Barry Ryan, Lewis Lapham, Bobby Short, William Styron, Bruce Jay Friedman.

"When marriages collapsed (including mine) she turned th joint into a living room," says Pete Hamill.

drivers, this is where they all lived, cheap rent, and this place I found, Gambrino's, was an Austro-Hungarian bar with eight kitchen tables, a place where the guys who lived in the neighborhood would come for a shot and a beer and a plate of whatever was cooked that day. They saved their money and then brought the family over. I left everything—the fixtures, the dingy walls, the bar—just as it was.

"First thing, I found a cook, an old guy who was retired, and I talked him into working for the dinner hours. He made homemade pasta and strung it up on clotheslines all over the kitchen. The night I opened I looked around—this little dark, narrow place with its eight kitchen tables—and I said, Elaine, baby, you've got a long way to go."

"I came up to Elaine's on opening night," Joe Allen says, "and I brought a case of Heineken beer for the bar. I knew she didn't have a full inventory, so I told her to sell it back to me. It wasn't much of an opening. My joint then was at 73rd, and even that was considered Indian territory. The low 60s were just about the dining limits. The old elevated hadn't been down too long, and they hadn't started putting up new apartment buildings. Elaine's place was charming but primitive, and being way up there, where no one ever came, I knew she was going to have a hard time making a go of it."

"How we caught on was just luck," Elaine says. "Nelson Aldrich lived around the corner. He had just come back from Paris, where he'd been working on *The Paris Review* with George Plimpton and Fred Seidel. Nelson was teaching in a special school in Harlem, not far from the restaurant, and he walked by one night, came in for dinner. I was waiting tables, we talked, books and stuff like that, and he told George and Fred about the place, and they came and then started bringing in writer friends of theirs—Lewis Lapham and Bruce Jay Friedman came, the playwright Jack Richardson, Mary Ann Madden, who brought Ring Lardner, and then Liz Smith I knew from eating at Portofino, the composer Cy Coleman, who used to come into Portofino to have a drink while he waited for Sylvia Miles, who was performing in [Jean Genet's] *The Balcony* around the corner at the Circle in the Square. One after the other the writers came—Gay Talese, David Halberstam, William Styron, Tom Wolfe, Norman Mailer, Irwin Shaw—and once the writers started coming, they attracted publishers and actors, and now I'm getting more reservations than I can handle in my little place. One night a lot of people with reservations were waiting and getting very impatient, and I was crazed. I didn't know what to do—at Portofino people came, ate, and went off to the theater or the movies. But now they just sat and sat. I put the checks under their noses, but nobody got up. So this night, crazed, I go into the kitchen and turn off the exhaust. Then I come out and tell the people at the tables, 'I'm terribly sorry, but there's a grease fire in the kitchen—I have the firemen coming. I'll have to close up for a while.' So they all left, we threw the exhaust back on, and I could seat the ones who were waiting.

"So now we're starting to do all right, but I'm having trouble with my partner, Donald, who's supposed to be helping me, but he was spending all his time at the bar, drinking. When he did handle the door, which was his job, he was a disaster. One night Truman Capote came to the entrance, and Don said, 'I'm not letting fags in here,' and turned him away. Not long after that I bought off Don's share and we parted company.

"But with only a few tables and my preference for writers, I couldn't accommodate all the people who wanted to reserve, and that's how I got the reputation for being so exclusive. After I enlarged the restaurant and put in more tables, I still had to keep a row of tables for my regulars, the writers who used to stay late and play backgammon and poker and make a second home out of it."

"When Elaine's opened," George Plimpton says, "Nelson Aldrich and Fred Seidel started hanging out there. It seemed very Parisian at the time. People would play cards and backgammon at the tables; there was a dartboard. The arts crowd had just started drifting in. But it was my feeling that Elaine charged too much, and one night, when I was served an artichoke the size of a walnut which cost $5, I went up to her and said, 'Elaine, at '21' they charge the same, and their artichokes are the size of a melon.' She screamed out at the top of her voice, 'Take the artichoke of gentleman's check!' I was so humil that I couldn't go in for six months."

"There had been forerunners," say vid Halberstam. "I think there's a been a place like Elaine's, where journ and writers go when they leave the room or their offices but still want to off energy and fight the loneliness of a writer. Before Elaine there was a called Bleeck's, which was a great *H Tribune* and *New York Times* place ba the 40s and 50s, where work could tinue under the guise of drinking. El was Bleeck's natural successor. I can you how much it mattered to a gener of us back in the late 60s and early when we were writing and the day was and we wanted to keep talking about ing. Elaine's was where we went to each other and to fight the loneline what we did. It was a club with no du

Elaine protected her writer a lioness protects her c Lewis Lapham says. " dinner with a date ther evening, when Jack Ric son started up a poker game at a table. It was a good game in which c erable money was changing hands. M was a high-spirited young woman around two, three in the morning, beg suggest and then, later on, *demand* take her home, but, not getting any re she began to get vociferous to the po disturbing the game, and with a cresc of emotion she picked up her handba started beating me over the head w Whereupon Elaine immediately ma ized, grabbed my irate date, and, tog with Donald Ward, ran her down the l of the restaurant and out into the s where Elaine put her in a cab. Then I went into the kitchen and made scra eggs for all us poker players."

"I have a separation anxiety," E says. "I like to have the same custom the time. I don't like transients and I like turnovers. So there my own ne comes into the picture. My favorite tomers are the regular customers. The of become my family. You know, if body is sick, you see if they're all Somebody needs something, you them out. The family comes to town help entertain them. You're involve



GLAMOURAMA

(1) Elaine with Jack Richardson, 1981. (2) Michael Caine, Iman, and David Bowie, 1992. (3) Barry Diller and Marisa Berenson, 2000. (4) Bobby Short, Elaine, Bobby Zarem, the model Radih, Rex Reed, and Rita Gam, photographed by Bill King, 1971. (5) Wall memorabilia. (6) Pete Hamill, 1999. (7) Raquel Welch and Elaine, 1995. (8) William Styron and Mike Wallace, 1995. (9) Howell Raines and Willie Morris, 1993. (10) Ellen Barkin and Ron Perelman, 2001.

like a community, and this is the nucleus."

"There was a newspaper strike two weeks before Christmas in 1962," the author Pete Hamill recalls, "and it would last for four months. None of us had any money. I was a young reporter, married, with a three-month-old baby girl, and started scrambling to find ways to get a paycheck. There was almost no money in our bank account. When the strike was called on December 8, I was taking home $109 a week from the *New York Post.* I wasn't alone. There were seven dailies then, and thousands of other busted-out journalists were on the street, including some with far greater names than mine, and infinitely more developed talents.

"We made the rounds of the newspaper saloons, hoping someone would know about a payday. One friend wrote pieces for the *Police Gazette,* for an astonishing $50 each. Another wrote jacket copy for books he hadn't read. A few signed on as flacks for politicians, never to return to our imperfect trade. At some point during that dreadful winter, a few of us heard about this new joint on 88th Street and Second Avenue. The owner was helping to feed the newspaper refugees.

"That's how I met Elaine Kaufman. In those days, 88th Street was far beyond the borders of our social world. Occasionally there'd be a good murder that drew us as reporters. Sometimes there'd be labor troubles at the nearby brewery. But for most of us, the newspaper saloons were down beside the *Journal American* on South Street or the *Post* on West Street, with important outposts in the Village. The farthest north we ever traveled was to Bleeck's, the *Herald Tribune* bar on 40th Street. Second Avenue and 88th Street was as remote as Kennebunkport.

"Someone I can no longer remember told us about this new place uptown, and on the rounds, looking for someone who might hire us, we found our way to what became one of New York's great good places. Elaine didn't care that we'd never been there before; she was delighted to see us. And if we had a bowl of pasta, and she knew we were newspapermen, she'd tear up the check. That was the beginning. Most of us never forgot her for that, and later, when the strike was over and we started earning money again, we went back.

"We've been going back ever since, in good times and bad, to share the pleasure of her company. Each time we walk in the door, we carry with us a thousand nights of laughter, argument, lies, dispute, over which she served as a kind of conductor. Elaine was full of smart-ass remarks, the old New Yorker's contempt for bullshit, and a high regard for the endless repetitions of human folly. She hasn't changed. In her theology, all sins can be forgiven, except cruelty. She loved lonely souls, or people who stayed up all night playing cards and drinking cognac. When marriages collapsed (including mine) she turned the joint into a living room, helping the melancholy casualties get through the night. Her joint served as the home place for all those who did not want to go home.

"Today, there are ghosts in the place, of course, proof that all of us are mortal. The presence of ghosts is what we call memory. But on any given night, the joint is packed and noisy and shimmers with the energy that Elaine brought to it all those years ago. I see the faces of young people, trying on their acts, lying and disputing and laughing, and their presence warms my heart. Some of them are younger than I was when I first walked in the door. I hope they have as many laughs as I did, and that when they need it, at three o'clock on some rainy morning, they'll also have Elaine there to offer her rough brand of consolation."

Gay Talese and I were having dinner at Elaine's one night when an attractive young woman I had never seen before, who had been at the bar, came to our table, sat down next to me, and, while chatting with us cheerfully, started eating my lasagna. I assumed she was a friend of Talese's; Talese assumed she was a friend of mine. But she made the fatal mistake of picking up a piece of bread and starting to butter it. At that moment, Elaine was at the bar totaling up checks, but out of the corner of her eye she noticed the butter going on the bread. She marched over to our table and ordered the woman back to the bar. But a few minutes later the woman returned and this time sat down beside Talese and started to eat his lasagna. Elaine stormed over and threw the woman out. In the process she picked up the breadbasket and bellowed to the waiter, "Frank, take this away. It's contaminated. Bring some new bread."

In the beginning, Elaine barely tolerated women diners, even when they were in the company of her favorite writers. "Our mother didn't have much use for women," her sister Edith says, "much preferred male customers, and I guess Elaine inherited that from her." George Plimpton, who had the wedding reception following his first marriage at Elaine's, and also a wedding party with his current wife there, nevertheless acknowledges that women are not favored by Elaine. "Elaine's is like a cocktail party with good atmosphere given by a very good hostess. You never know whom you're going to see, except you know you'll see a lot of beautiful girls. There's an electric quality about it. Elaine is tremendously faithful to those she likes. She likes men more than women. She's a little suspicious of women. But she never fawns over you like the maîtres d'hôtel in restaurants. She's also very tough. If ple don't behave the way she thinks should, she'll throw them out. She ha fastest knee in town and she knows v to put it."

Jules Feiffer, the cartoonist and wright, has his own take on Elaine's att toward women. For the article for *New* magazine I organized back in 1983, he

In the early sixties, when I first attenc found writers, journalists, and editors wa ing in off the streets at night after their c parties, with or without spouses, eager a to find someone to talk to. . . .

Women were not welcomed at early El except as décor. There were a few excep but all in all it was understood that th prietress was not crazy about the sex. W would cry out in terror when told yo made reservations. It was a test of love wife or date still spoke to you after a evening in which you were celebrated ar was ignored, few ways remained to dama relationship.

Bruce Jay Friedman's first wife, G blames Elaine for driving the las into the coffin of her marriage to H "She said something awful, unrepeata me, and Bruce defended her. That wa final nick in the marriage. Elaine is smart, terrific for men that were never trained properly. And she's no sexual t They couldn't handle a sexual woman

Margaret Croydon, a freelance write had the audacity to question a bill s ceived, says, "What goes on with w has nothing to do with real life. You' a hunk of furniture. You don't exist some dame a guy brought in."

"I hate it when they come and know how to get out," says Elaine. "T just divorced. One says, 'I ate alre just came to talk.' I know schnorrers gars]. I grew up in the neighborho the schnorrers. If you don't know to go out, don't go out. For Mother' the actor Michael J. Pollard broug parents here. 'What'll you have?' I 'Nothing,' they said. 'We've just co watch Michael eat.' And that's wha did. Michael had soup and Jack Da Milanese and Jack Daniel's. Anc watched. I was too overcome to sa thing."

One evening Norman Mailer ca for a late dinner with a feisty young an who, Elaine said later, was on a trip because of the "name" she was The woman complained about their the scarcity of waiters, and that the too much light. To rectify this, she r up and unscrewed the bulb in the ov fixture, part of a set Elaine had bou Little Italy for $5 each. Elaine instan peared and rescrewed the bulb. Mc

, the woman unscrewed it again. Once
e Elaine put the light back on, but
n the woman unscrewed it, whereupon
ne unleashed on her invective that she
never heard before. Mailer was scream-
"I don't need this! I don't need this!"
ay Elaine says, "As I was turning away
n her, this ditsy broad hit me with her
w, gave me a whack, so I spun around,
my hand was in the way, so it must
hit her when I spun. 'Listen, sweet-
t,' I said, pointing at Mailer, 'him I
to take it from, but no half-a-hooker
ing to fuck with my lightbulbs.'"
he next day Elaine received a nasty
written note from Norman, but she just
e "BORING, BORING, BORING" in bold
s across it and sent it back.
Iailer acknowledges that following that
as he was perhaps the only writer in
erica who didn't enter Elaine's door.
he says that now
are as sweet and
er to each other as a
le of Chinese man-
ns.
I like women to be
ght with me," Elaine
"Don't play with
don't make games
or patronize me.
a lot of women do
So the women I
long with best are
en who are straight
up-front. I was hos-
oward women until
rted going to a fe-
analyst. I learned
it what I thought
going to her. That
about the highlight of my 40 years on
ouch."
As you can see in the big group pho-
phs," the author Barbara Goldsmith
"it looks like Elaine's favorites are all
and I was not one of them. I was at
e's one night with James Brady when
ed the waiter for bread. 'Let Jim
for himself,' Elaine snapped. Anoth-
ne, when I was having dinner with
Stone, the musical-comedy writer, I
the waiter to remove the bread. 'Let
speak for himself,' Elaine barked.
there was a dinner during which I
nly felt ill and wanted to leave, but
ne at the table said all I needed was
hing to settle my stomach. 'Bring her
net-Branca,' he told the waiter. Elaine
eside me in a flash, her voice boom-
it. *'Let Barbara speak for herself!'*
she hugged me."
aine's is the only restaurant in the
" Alan King says, "where I can come
e at any hour and find the best com-
or the evening—Elaine herself."

By the end of the 60s, the fickle world of New York and Hollywood had anointed Elaine's as its capital, thereby seriously breaching the geographical taboo of 88th Street. Joe DiMaggio, Lucille Ball, Warren Beatty, Walt Frazier, Ken Noland, Bobby Short, Marlon Brando, Mick Jagger, Woody Allen, Ingrid Bergman, George Steinbrenner, Andy Warhol, Lillian Hellman, Clint Eastwood, Frank Sinatra, Leonard Bernstein, Noël Coward—a ceaseless roll call of the rich and illustrious were crowding into the unpretentious Second Avenue saloon, which by now had acquired additional space and increased in size to 25 tables, which could accommodate anywhere from 80 to 100 people, depending on Elaine's skill at mixing and matching, but, notwithstanding, many "important" diners had to endure standing and waiting at the bar. Elaine had done nothing, however, to enhance the rather dark, drab interior she had inherited, other than to proudly hang the framed jackets of books which her struggling neophyte writers were now producing. Elaine once said, "Visually my place may be very ordinary, but emotionally it has a lot. It's very provocative."



WALL OF FAME
Elaine's in 1995, with the line of star tables against one wall and a cigar-store Indian to delimit the smoking area.

Provocative in more ways than one. "Albert Finney came in when he was rehearsing for the movie *Annie,*" Elaine recalls. "He was in the process of learning a dance routine, and he lined up all my waiters and told them if they didn't dance with him they were 'poofters.' That's how he rehearsed his dance routine—got all of my waiters to dance up and down the aisles with him."

The night Ben Gazzara was having dinner with Pete Hamill, Nick Pileggi, and the late public-relations man John Scanlon, he left a $10 tip on his $100 check, a scant and unacceptable 10 percent. Elaine got in his face and screamed at him, while the entire restaurant cringed, "How dare you stiff my waiter?" Gazzara barked back at her, and a high-decibel screaming match ensued while Hamill, Pileggi, and Scanlon sneaked away from the table to disassociate themselves from Gazzara, who eventually stalked off proclaiming, "Finito! Finito! I'll never set foot in this lousy place again!" But when he opened on Broadway in Eugene O'Neill's *Hughie,* Elaine gave him a party and they kissed and made up. The writer Anthony Haden-Guest said, "Elaine's strength is everyone's fear of the irrational mother."

The evening Imelda Marcos made a reservation for dinner, a vanguard of six armed men arrived to take up positions on the tops of adjoining buildings; Imelda herself showed up with four bodyguards, who stationed themselves at various strategic spots in the restaurant. "Imelda had a good time," Elaine says, "because Andy Warhol was there, and she owned some of his stuff."

On another occasion, Jackie Kennedy arrived, unannounced, with a party of friends at two o'clock in the morning—it was her first night on the town after her mourning period. With her were Leonard Bernstein, Richard Avedon, Susan Sontag, Adolph Green, George Plimpton, and Betty Comden. They put money in the jukebox and everybody danced, champagne popped, and Elaine went into the kitchen and made a big, elaborate antipasto. "Jackie was very beautiful," Elaine remembers. "She was wearing a Chanel gold bouclé suit with a starburst emerald brooch. She was trying to get into the spirit of things, but I could tell not all of her was there that night."

One early evening, Molly Ringwald occupied a front table with a large group that included her mother. Everyone ordered from the menu, except mother Ringwald, who ordered a cheeseburger. Elaine's does not serve burgers, cheese or otherwise, but Molly somehow managed to have one delivered from the deli across the street. Elaine hadn't arrived yet, but when she walked in, she surveyed the Ringwald table, then summoned her headwaiter.

"What the hell is that?"

"What the hell is what?"

"What the hell is that goddamned cheeseburger doing on my table?"

"That's Molly Ringwald's mother. She wanted a cheeseburger."

Elaine confronted the group the way Moses

Elaine's

coming down from Sinai faced Aaron and his infidels before the golden calf. She raked the Ringwaldian table with her choicest invective. When the mother shot back, "Do you know who I am?," Elaine told her in no uncertain terms who she was, and the entire group was escorted from the premises, along with the cheeseburger.

"The Hollywood people are cute, sometimes funny, and, what the hell, they pay the rent," Elaine once said. "But I don't have time for that silliness. The Hollywood part of it is the same wherever they go. It doesn't make any difference where you put somebody from Hollywood. I mean, you let him come in because he's funny. He's an entity to himself. He's the epitome of mediocrity, the Hollywood bird. I guarantee you they're going to be funny. It's the funniest end of the money business. It's unreal. I mean, I feel kind of sorry for them. They live in those California houses and they act like they're suburbia and they're cuckoo. I mean, they're a part of a corporate master plan and they don't admit to it and they have to go home early because otherwise somebody will think they're unemployed. So they keep coming and saying, 'You should really open up a place out there.' I say, 'But everybody goes home early in Los Angeles, and what are we going to do when they go home?' You can't even get a taxi out there. And they're all worried that they get invited to the parties—they're sort of lying to each other all the time.

"In contrast to Hollywood, if you live in New York, it's a 24-hour world, and the city adjusts to the way you are, and you find your roots here for what you need and for what you have to give and what you want to take. Very rarely can you find such an existence. I mean, if you find that it's better for you to wake up at four in the morning, you can find an existence that way, and a whole society working, and it would make you no less a person of character to prefer to live like that. And it's just as well to go to sleep at four as to get up at four. The city is like clay—it molds to you. That's what's nice about it. It's the greatest incentive city. I mean, it's very hard to stay still in New York. You have to move."

"The thing about Elaine's," says Lewis Lapham, "is that nobody will allow himself to be impressed by anybody. You could say, 'I just sold 17,000 copies of my book today,' and they'd ask what you did yesterday. The only time I ever saw people gasp in Elaine's was when Roman Polanski walked in just after his wife Sharon Tate had been viciously murdered by the Manson clan. I was sitting at a table with a friend of mine who had brought the most gorgeous Swedish girl you ever laid eyes on. I don't think I have ever seen a more beautiful woman. Polanski came over and asked to join us. It turned out that Polanski had been in London when the atrocity took place, and he was on his way back to Hollywood for the burial. The Swedish beauty was sitting next to me. Polanski pulled up a chair and inserted himself between us, immediately focusing his attention on the beauty, inundating her with his Polish charm. Fascinated by his performance, I watched as he slid his hand inside her thigh and began a long, honeyed spiel which ended with the promise 'And I will make another Sharon Tate out of you.'"

The big front window has been battered three times, the first time by the playwright John Ford Noonan, who was ejected because he was pestering Geraldo Rivera, who was dining with a group of friends. Furious at finding himself outside looking in, Noonan wound up and punched a hole through the window, which at that time was made of heavy, clear plastic. Elaine replaced it with plate glass. The second window assault occurred after a guy had a sizzling argument with his lady friend; he stormed out of the restaurant, picked up a garbage can, and threw it through the plate glass. The third incident involved a drunk at the bar who accosted Bruce Jay Friedman as he was coming in. In the ensuing mêlée, the drunk got belted, and his head rammed against the window, cracking it in two.

The humorist Roy Blount Jr. recounts the time when "I was trading experiences with a very funny guy whose name I hadn't caught, when it suddenly hit me who he was—an icon of the 60s, on the lam at the time. 'You're Abbie Hoffman!,' I exclaimed, probably more loudly than I realized, and I still remember the happily delinquent, quintessentially American grin on his surgically altered face."

"There was that Mother's Day," Elaine recalls, "when Charles Nelson Reilly booked a table for dinner with his mother, who he was meeting at the train. Charles had made money for the first time in *Bye Bye Birdie,* and he wanted to give Mom a very nice dinner. So when the menus arrived, he says, 'C'mon, Mom, order, I've got money now, we're O.K.' And she says, 'I'd like a cheese sandwich.' He says, 'Have something else! Please!' But that's all she wanted. Poor Charles was so destroyed. But then he tried to do something nice for his father, who didn't have any teeth. So with his newfound money Charles bought his father a set of choppers. The next thing Charles knew, now resplendent with his new teeth, his father split from his mother for greener pastures."

In the 80s and 90s, a certain snobby, lockjawed Long Island set used to dine at a society restaurant called Mortimer's, but one night several of them began showing u a table they had reserved at Elaine's. A first couple passed by, Elaine wonde Mortimer's was closed. Several mor rived, and one of them greeted Elaine: you going to ski this year, Elaine?" Elaine answered, "Jews don't ski."

Joe Allen, who now has eight restau around the world, says, "Elaine have done what I did and probably d better, but she never attempted a s place. She could really have done wh she wanted to do. But that's her app and it certainly works. It's like every ni New Year's Eve at Elaine's. There are few of these places anymore, if any. are people who can't wait to get there their friends so that their friends ca them say hello to Elaine and her say h them. I would say that by almost any sure, in terms of longevity, in terms of for lack of a better word, it's the mo during place in New York. Now, an And certainly one of the most end places ever. By virtue of its location a low-keyness, it being way up off the b track—that distinguishes it. To go all th up to 88th and Second, you are amor converted."

Diane Becker has been with Elaine years, and in her role as general manag is probably closer to Elaine than anyon She is as close to her as a daughter, atte to the day-to-day business of the resta but also participating in Elaine's person with affection and concern for her well- "Elaine has a perpetual fear," Diane "that some evening she will open the and nobody will come. She takes nothi granted. Every day is like the first da opened. She has established a high sta for herself and she will never lower the

At one time Elaine took flying l and for several summers rented a ya the Mediterranean so that she could in the Bosporus. Her unrealized wish ever, is to own a Learjet so she could sionally fly to Europe for a weekend. the years her savvy clients have advise on the stock market with bountiful r but Elaine spends very conservatively though she could afford the jet, she w olutely keep it on her wish list.

No night at Elaine's is like any night. An Englishman comes i his pet tiger, which he puts beside his while he eats dinner. Elaine finally both of them when the tiger starts t at the waiters. Mia Farrow asks M Caine to introduce her to Woody Alle Valentine's Day, wrapped with a big r bon, a piano arrives that's a gift fro director Sydney Pollack. The great F comic Jacques Tati discusses film fin

Woody. Nigel Dempster, a Fleet Street
columnist, bites George Plimpton on
nkle. An ambassador to the U.N. im-
usly refuses to pay the tax on his bill
hrusts his tax-exempt card at Elaine,
ells him in a loud, clear voice what he
lo with his card and that *everybody*
tax in Elaine's. The ambassador says
an't talk to him that way, which only
ites Elaine's wrath, at which point big
Waters, who is working at the bar,
etween the two of them and puts his
up to separate them, but Elaine comes
ng underneath Frank's arm and cold-
the ambassador, sending him skid-
across the floor, still clinging to his
A group of the regulars goes down to
Square to testify for one of the bar-
who's in a scrape. Another group with
cal connections tries to get a waiter
f jail in Angola. And to prove that
not losing her edge, recently Elaine
s a guy, bloodying his face, and is led
f the restaurant by the police in hand-
to spend time in the slammer until
bailed out.

d then there was the night of the cele-
d brouhaha between Jerry Leiber, the
oser (*Smokey Joe's Café*), and Norman
r. The way Elaine tells it: "Mailer was
g an argument with Leiber, and Mai-
ut his arm around him in a sort of
hug, but from behind, and as Jerry
d back, Mailer's arm froze around his
in a headlock. Leiber fell into Mai-
nd as Jerry tried to struggle out, they
the floor and started rolling. At one
Jerry's eyes were going to pop out,
e of my Italian waiters pressed his fin-
nto Mailer's eyes to make him let go,
se he was in a freeze. He was cata-
already. So he put his fingers in Mai-
yes to make him release Jerry. A guy
g out of the bathroom sees all this
ays, 'What are you doing to my hero?'
its the waiter. Whereupon the wait-
on Mailer and Leiber. I thought Lei-
yes would come out of their sockets.
Southern was standing over them with
nd gesturing and saying, 'Now, now!
ear this! You stop that this minute!'
were practically killing each other . . .
ey went right through the wall. Tore
hole in the wall. I think they were
g over a bet they had on an arm-
ng contest between [the editor] Buzz
and Frank Conroy, the author of
me. A guy from California came up
the most disreputable person you're
ing to meet, and said, 'I don't know
ou let these things go on in here,
I said, 'I don't know how I even let
here.' In the meantime, there was
l screaming hysterically, locked up
the wall, so I didn't know what to
ng brought up on movies, I hit her,
figuring that's the way to make her stop. And she ran out of the place. She was a girl from California."

Most nights, however, are not so rowdy and cantankerous—all those nights when Elaine gently comforts her people. Jules Feiffer has written:

> My choicest memory is of the night my play *Little Murders* opened for a short week on Broadway, closing five days later because the reviews that night said it must. Enraged, despondent, and cold sober after four hours of drinking, I arrived, with my wife, at Elaine's at 2:30 in the morning. The door was locked, but the window was lit, just barely. In the weak glow I saw Elaine closing up. I rattled the knob, I knocked. She came to the door. She let us in. She sat us down. She bought us a bottle of champagne. For the next hour and a half, we were in complete agreement on what sons of bitches the critics were. It is the one thing that gives me pleasure when I am called to remember that first night, my introduction to New York theater.

Big-time saloonkeepers have their own signatures: Texas Guinan's greeting was "Hello, suckers!"; Toots Shor would welcome his notables with "Hiya, you lousy crumbum!"; Danny Lavezzo held court in a quiet alcove near the entrance to the dining room, where he would receive all comers; Sherman Billingsley would personally unhook the velvet cord at the door for those who were special; Tim Costello's inevitable query when an established regular would come up to the bar was "What'll it be—the same old rotgut?" Elaine's signature greeting has four stages, depending on the seeding of the arriver: Stage One (newcomers)—a nod of the head; Stage Two (semi-regulars)—a handshake; Stage Three (regulars)—a peck on the cheek; Stage Four (the favored few)—a stand-up kiss and hug.

In the 80s, Elaine declared the time had come to reduce seriously her avoirdupois, which had escalated to 356 pounds. She had previously tried a variety of weight-reduction methods, including hypnosis, but this time she checked herself into the St. Luke's Hospital Weight Control Unit and over the course of its intensive program she lost 210 pounds. With the weight loss, Elaine underwent a sea change. "I was a lot more defensive before," she says. "When you're heavy, you don't feel you are very acceptable socially. But when you go from heavy to svelte, you don't know how to handle svelte and you become vulnerable." It was at this vulnerable moment that a man named Henry Ball infiltrated her life.

Tommy Carney, Elaine's bartender for the past 26 years, picks up the story. "Elaine looked like a million dollars. She had a whole new wardrobe, new eyeglasses. She had her teeth done, had her knees done, and she was feeling like a teenager. On this particular night, in comes a guy, Henry Ball, I knew from 1958, working with him at the Four Seasons restaurant. I was a waiter, he was a captain. He resembled the English actor Bob Hoskins. He was a real nice guy when I knew him, real straight dude, but for 25 years I haven't seen this guy. He orders a Perrier and tells me he's the new food-and-beverage director at the Helmsley Palace, which just opened. I introduce him to Elaine, who is sitting at the end of the bar, and they hit it off right away, and would you believe a half-hour later she's sitting in the window, on the bench there, necking with this guy. And then a week later, she announces they're going to be married.

"The next thing I know, I'm working the bar at a Sunday party for *42nd Street* when Elaine gets a phone call to come down to the Helmsley Palace immediately. Ball is down in the basement, where they found him in the wine room, drinking all the best wines; it turns out he's just a captain like he was at the Four Seasons. He's dead drunk, but no matter, Elaine's madly in love with this guy. This is like a week before she married him. We got him out of the Helmsley and into a bar down the street somewhere. He starts to mouth off and then he reaches across Elaine and throws a punch at me, just misses, and I jump up and fucking hit him, and he goes full into the bar. Elaine is screaming. He gets up, throws a chair at me. I hit him again, and the next minute the cops are there.

"So that's how we find out this guy is a nasty drunk. But Elaine married him anyway. She says, 'Don't worry, it's O.K., I can handle it.' And, of course, she couldn't."

"We went to the Super Bowl in New Orleans for our honeymoon," Elaine says, "which was O.K., but every time we had a meal he kept saying, 'Oh, you've got to have this,' and I would say, 'I can't eat that, it will make me heavy again. I've got to really be careful.' 'Oh, just a taste of this, a taste of that'—it was so terrible. He kept pushing this stuff at me, knowing what it would do to me, and I was a mess. I was in such conflict, because on the one hand I was trying to hold myself, and on the other hand I liked the guy and I wanted to please him by eating, just the way I had tried to please my mother way back then. In no time at all, all that hard work was for nothing and I had the weight back on.

"We went to Liverpool for me to meet his family. It's his mother's birthday, a little family party, and in a drunk rage he starts to beat up on his sister and then he beats up on his brother, slams them around. I never saw anything like it in my life. But I knew to stay calm. When you're going against somebody in a tirade, you better stay calm so that they'll pass through it. If you go head-to-head with them, they'll kill you. I guess I had want-

Elaine's

ed to get married so badly I had missed all the signs, or pretended to myself I didn't see them. But now I was on my guard. He tried to interfere with the running of the restaurant, but I kept him out of it."

"He had a go at me many a time," Tommy Carney says, "and I'd tell him, 'If you want to come over this fucking bar, you come, and you make one move, pal, and you're going to be dead. Put a hand on that cash register and I'm going to kill you.'"

"I went home one day," Elaine says, "and Henry had some people there, and they were drinking and it was all very sloppy. They left and then he started in on me, and I said, 'I just can't have you in the restaurant anymore. You get drunk and I'm told you beat up one of my customers in the toilet. I've had it up to here with you, and you stay the hell out.' He grabbed me and pulled out a knife, one of those Indian knives, and put it to my throat, cut me some, so I'm bleeding; he's drunk as hell, but I don't panic. He passes out. I got to the phone and called a lawyer friend. From then on I had a bodyguard with me all the time. Bodyguards in the restaurant. Changed all the locks on the doors. I got a divorce by paying him $1,000. He eventually went back to Liverpool, where he died about five years ago. The night I got the news of his death, I opened a bottle of Cristal champagne."

Elaine is, in essence, a fictional character, compounded of one part Damon Runyon's Nicely Nicely Johnson and one part Dorothy Parker's Big Blonde. She has the dramatic presence of Sophie Tucker, the brassiness of Rosie O'Donnell, and the street smarts of Toots Shor. As a matter of fact, one night, around two in the morning, Elaine, the singer Bobby Short, and a few others were at P. J. Clarke's, having a drink with Danny Lavezzo, when a waiter came over and informed Elaine that Toots, who was also there, wanted to meet her. A few moments later, the hulking figure of Toots appeared at Elaine's table, a bit unsteady from a long stint of drinking. He studied her for a while and then he said, "El just wanted to take a look at my succ whereupon he departed.

Elaine is indeed the successor of big-time saloonkeepers who went befo She presides over her uptown domai benignity, unpredictable wit, two-fiste naciousness, and a remarkable insigh the human condition. Behind her lar glasses, her eyes—eyes of laughter, of co sion, of fury—miss nothing that tran She is just as insecure about her succ she was the first day she opened, kn full well the fickleness of the restaurant public, so she works assiduously at ma ing the curious ambience that is her s hallmark. "I live a party life," she onc "Elsa Maxwell used to have to send ou tations. I just open the door."

The poet Fred Seidel, one of he customers, has written this valedict his poem "Pressed Duck":

> Elaine said, "Why do we
> Need anybody
> Else? We're the world." □

Colin Farrell

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110 "In the Brain," Farrell calls it. "Up in the Mother Ship."

Farrell put himself up in a Holiday Inn in Santa Monica and found his way to CAA's imposing Beverly Hills headquarters, designed by I. M. Pei. "I walked into the lobby—well, that's what I called it. I nearly got fuckin' hung because it's an atrium. I don't even know what a fuckin' atrium is. But it was 'No, sir. This is an atrium.' Fine, atrium. It must have been Monday because they have their Monday-morning power fuckin' breakfast and power lunch. So it's double power on Monday, and I was there for the second half of the double power, which is the lunch. My agent brought me into this room like I'm the Queen Fuckin' Mother, and there were 25 quite attractive human beings. Very well dressed. Blue suits. Very smart. Diet Cokes on the table. Half-eaten salads. And they all stood up at the exact same time, and I stood there and shook all their hands. They all told me their names, and as soon as they told me, the name went in one ear and out the other. Sometimes it bounced off one ear and didn't even go in. They made me sit at the table. I didn't even remember one name, I was so fuckin' nervous." He grasped a glass of water, hands trembling. "And so the spotlight was on me. The floor was mine. And I got one of the worst cases of verbal diarrhea I've ever had to this day. Which I'm not prone to get." A look passes between you. He shrugs. "Well, I am prone to getting it. But, anyway. I rabbited on for 15 minutes. It was scary as fuck. I mean, I was 22. I didn't even know what this was about."

Sometime thereafter the scruffy young actor found himself at unscruffy parties, mingling with Brad Pitt, Nicole Kidman, and Tom Cruise. These evenings tended to follow a pattern. Colin would arrive a nervous wreck, too paralyzed to speak. Then he'd have a gargle or two and, the next thing he knew, there he was with Tom Cruise. "Jesus," Farrell, banjo-eyed, said by way of introduction. "You're much more attractive in real life than you are on the screen." He cut a swath through the Hollywood Hills. "At this one party," director Joel Schumacher recalls, "I overheard Colin talking to this agent's assistant. Very attractive. All I heard him say was 'You've never seen an uncircumcised penis?' And I think you know how that story ends."

In case you haven't noticed, Farrell is that rarest Hollywood actor, one who's completely unexpurgated. "He says what he thinks without considering the consequences," says Roger Donaldson (*Thirteen Days; No Way Out*), who got to know Farrell when they made *The Recruit.* "He has this wonderful way of getting away with things that other people would get crucified for." Example: "The reason why I can do what I do—and I'm not talking about acting, I'm talking about being away from home for long periods of time—is because I have such a fuckin' great thing to come back to. If I wasn't as lucky as I am, in respect to the family that I have and how much they are my friends, I would be coked out of my fuckin' head in L.A. I'm telling you—I know my fuckin' demons. I'd be out of my knot every night in L.A. banging more hookers than you could a fuckin' stick at. If I didn't have the that I have, that's what I'd be doing. lost, you know? I'd be lost."

But back to the CAA dog-and-pony which began paying dividends arounc when Farrell heard about a script *Tigerland,* about a platoon of grunts sl up for Vietnam in a Louisiana boot ca was a low-budget project, to be sho handheld 16-mm. cameras, but its di Joel Schumacher, had a big-budget r that included *Batman Forever* and *A to Kill.* The latter had propelled M McConaughey from obscurity, and th role in *Tigerland*—a randy Texan nam land Bozz—was earmarked for a hungry comer. Schumacher's search took l London, where he interviewed 40 po actors. The 41st was Farrell, who sho late—don't ask—and caught Schumac his way out of the room. They chatted then Farrell headed back to Ireland. "I nice," Farrell told his mother. "I didn't

At Schumacher's behest, Farrell a sister Catherine filmed an audition tap video (included on the *Tigerland* D an entertainment in its own right, with erine, herself an actress, playing severa acters offscreen. Her kid brother's ac it must be said, a Dubliner's versio West Texas accent—Blanche DuBois of Roddy Doyle. Still, Farrell's Bo was dead-on, all seedy charisma an kling hostility.

er he got the part, Farrell beelined to in order to "research" the local patois—, it turns out, is best absorbed in drink-ablishments populated by young Texan n. "What a fuckin' beautiful country ome from," Farrell says. "I stayed in . Might have been three weeks. Might been six weeks. But each week was a drunk one and a very good one." He "Beautiful women. So many of them. e an ant farm."

erland was filmed outside Jacksonville, a, and the "troops" stayed in the apt-ed town of Starke, home of the Flori-ate Prison. There Farrell discovered nd exciting American rituals, such as erved in pitchers. He got along with one famously, in his own way. Earli-ile Schumacher and billion-roducer Arnon Milchan were w York auditioning for other one of the actors got a bit too od with Farrell and all hell loose, with both actors flying s a table, throwing punches, cattering silver fruit bowls. n likes 'a good crack,' as they Schumacher explains. "He's a d. I think that's part of what's about him. He wants you to him as he is—boisterous, vul-'s ordinary among Irish kids. other word is 'fuck' and 'cunt.' ow they talk to their mates: are ya, ya fuckin' cunt?' "

side of Los Angeles and New ork, virtually no one saw *Tiger-*which reportedly grossed only 00 at the box office (in limited). But because Hollywood is ngeles and New York, Colin-took root anyway, fueled by 's bravura performance and g Irish eyes. When Edward n dropped out of *Hart's War,* about g army officer who defends a rail-d P.O.W. in a court-martial, director y Hoblit screened *Tigerland,* then ar-another screening for MGM exec-Then he screened it for Bruce Willis. ey actually met Farrell, neither Hob-Willis had the slightest idea that he sh.

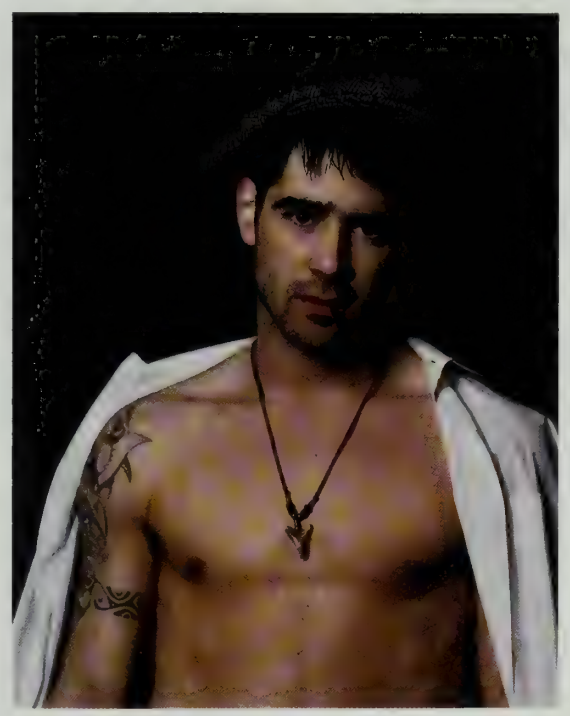
hen I first talked to him," Willis re-he said, 'This's Cawln Furl,' or some-e that, and I thought, I get it. He was *ing* to be American."

ell worked 70 out of 72 days, running es and nervous excitement. "He talks " says Hoblit, laughing. "He'd just rough a scene. 'Colin,' I'd say, 'gim-e air between the words. Between ers.' "

ell and Willis were birds of a feather. orked hard and, on occasion, played hard. "Better have an early night tonight," Farrell would say. "You have a word to learn for tomorrow."

"Shut up," Willis would reply, "you fuckin' Irish inbred."

Not many people saw *Hart's War,* either. By then, though, the train was out of the station. When scheduling conflicts forced Matt Damon to drop out of *Minority Report,* Farrell suddenly found himself sitting, knees together, throat swiftly tightening, in a trailer on the set of Spielberg's previous movie, *A.I.* "In walks the coolest nerd you'll ever meet," Farrell recalls of Spielberg. "He tells me that he saw a TV show about omega-3, this product that's in sardines and that's really, really good for you. And I'm telling him, 'I love sardines!' and he says, 'You want half?'



YOUNG AND RESTLESS
After the dissolution of his four-month marriage to actress Amelia Warner, Farrell is single again. "Too fast, too young," he says. "Ah, love."

So I had half of his sardine sandwich and then he said, 'I'd really love for you to do this role.' I'm going, Is that an offer? Is that him saying he'd like me to be in a film of his? Holy fuck. What the fuck is he saying?"

Four days after *Hart's War* wrapped, in Prague, Farrell was on the Los Angeles set of *Minority Report,* in which Tom Cruise plays a futuristic "pre-cop" who detects crimes before they happen. Farrell was cast as Witwer, an insidious bureaucrat who bedevils him. Early on in filming—years after their unfortunate party introduction—Farrell sheepishly approached Cruise and said, "I've met you before." To which Cruise replied, "Yeah, I know. I remember."

Through a spokeswoman, Cruise said he doesn't recall the conversations. Somehow, this doesn't surprise. Could there ever be two more disparate personalities—the controlled Cruise and the uncontrollable Farrell? By all accounts, the two actors worked well together, even as Cruise politely declined Farrell's open invitation to grab a beer or three. (Cruise also declined *V.F.*'s interview request, preferring to pass along a comment, which, if nothing else, illustrates the two actors' stylistic disparity: "Colin is a very dedicated actor, and he brought a lot of excitement to the set each day. He has a wicked sense of humor to boot.")

Farrell's directors praise his ferocious work ethic, notwithstanding the day Farrell was called upon to deliver the line "Obviously you understand the fundamental questionability of pre-crime methodology." A mouthful in the best of circumstances, the line occurred in a scene shot the day after Farrell's 25th birthday—which, needless to say, was a very long one. After he botched the line for the umpteenth time, Spielberg granted Farrell one blown take for every year of his life. By that estimation, Farrell would now be 34.

Fate smiled yet again when Jim Carrey dropped out of Schumacher's latest project, *Phone Booth,* and Farrell dropped in, playing a soulless publicist who cheats on his wife and, worse, refers to himself in the third person. One day he answers a phone; if he hangs up, warns the caller watching from points unknown, he'll be shot dead. Like *Tigerland, Phone Booth* was filmed at breakneck pace. Most Hollywood productions are lucky to get through four script pages a day, tops. Schumacher averaged 10 to 12, and therefore so did Farrell, who spent virtually the entire shoot in the phone booth. Between takes, Farrell paced the booth, fretting and chain-smoking his way through packs of Camel Lights. By the end of filming, a crew member cautioned him, "You're gonna get cancer, get treated for cancer, fight cancer, and die from cancer."

By this year, Farrell's price had risen to $5 million, courtesy of Disney, which hired him to play a C.I.A. greenhorn opposite Al Pacino in *The Recruit.* "Kid," Pacino called him. That killed him. Al Pacino saying, "How ya doin', kid?" One night Farrell found himself having dinner in Toronto with Pacino . . . and Rita, his mother. Quite a picture, that.

By the time Farrell was done with this job and prepping for his next—*Daredevil,* the comic-book adaptation—he'd tell pretty much anyone, "They're throwin' money at

me." Somehow, when Farrell says it, it sounds absolutely benign. Then again, so does virtually everything he says. And does. He's gifted that way. "Colin enjoys that he's young and he's available," Donaldson says. "And that he hasn't thought about his own mortality."

The next day, also like many of Colin Farrell's days, begins at night. Cheerful as ever, he answers the door wearing a towel and a smile. Actually, that's not quite accurate—he arrives wearing a towel, a smile, and a Mohawk. He got up only moments ago, at the crack of five P.M., once again on the sofa. On the bright side, he finally found his bed. That was at eight A.M. But the sun kept shining in his eyes and one thing led to another and by 11 there he was again, on the sofa, fighting a nightmare case of the hiccups. Last night was that kind of night, too. After hitting a couple pubs in the course of this interview, there'd been a photo shoot and then pit stops at Kehoe's and Gogarty's and Grogan's and Hairy Lemon's, after which he fell asleep while watching a vampire movie with his buddy Ruairi.

Ruairi, whom Farrell calls "Ru," is a tall, genial fellow who makes his living in stainless steel. He's always been there for Farrell, and vice versa. "We just have a few pints and we talk shite," Ru says. "Nothing changes." When Ru stayed with Farrell for a while in Los Angeles, they attended a Hollywood Hills party that featured Sylvester Stallone, Rod Stewart, and a waterfall. Unfortunately, Ru didn't feel so hot during that trip. He's famously hypochondriacal—when he gets a headache, he thinks it's a tumor. He nearly lost it during a trip to Universal Studios. "Don't leave me," he told Farrell. "I'm gonna fall over." "You can't fall over," Farrell replied. "You're sitting on the ground."

Farrell lives in Irishtown, a middle-class neighborhood near Dublin's famous Grand Canal. The area befits its name. On one corner, you'll find the pub owned by Patrick Gleeson & Sons. Which is right around the corner from the pub owned by Oliver Gleeson & Sons. Which happens to be two doors down from the pub owned by John Clarke & Sons. Farrell's smallish cottage, as he calls it, has two bedrooms, a living room, a kitchen, and a bathroom, each in its own state of disarray. Sofa cushions lie scattered on the floor, interspersed among yesterday's underwear, socks, jeans, and T-shirt. In the kitchen, wide open on the floor, a large suitcase overflows with clothes, toiletries, and personal effects. "Come and look at the backyard," Farrell says, opening a door onto a closet-size alleyway crammed with junk. "I take long walks to clear my head."

He moves toward the bathroom, scratching his whiskers. "Fuck," he says, "did I ask you yesterday if you ever get any ingrown hairs?" He finds an electric razor and shaves, face and Mohawk, returning well shorn but with two bloody patches beneath his chin. A Tahitian-style tattoo snakes down his right arm; his left forearm features another tattoo, which reads, CARPE DIEM WITH MY GIRL.

At this point, it probably bears mentioning that Farrell recently was wed—to Amelia Warner, an achingly beautiful young actress who made a memorable appearance in Philip Kaufman's *Quills*. "I've been in love twice in my life," Farrell said earlier. "This was the second time, and it was the true fuckin' thing. We met just before *Quills* came out, and I can tell you the exact moment I fell in love with her. Holy fuck, she's beautiful. It was at the premiere, on the red carpet, and I stepped back because it wasn't my night. It was hers. So I step back, and she steps forward, looks at all the lights and cameras, then looks back at me with this killer fuckin' help-me look on her face. She reached out for me and that was it. Right through the heart."

That the marriage lasted only four months in no way diminishes its romance for Farrell. "Too fast, too young," he says, and shrugs. "Ah, love."

There's a knock at the door. Surprised, Farrell throws on some clothes and glances out the window, where a well-dressed man stands near an idling Mercedes. This is Paul, a hired driver. Farrell does not own a cell phone. Only recently did he get his first credit card, which he uses with a degree of wonder. "It's ridiculous," he says of the millions he now earns. "I'm fairly low-maintenance. Packet of smokes and a few pints and I'm a happy man. I have all this fuckin' bread that I never thought I'd have. And I wouldn't know what to do with it, apart from just let it sit there. People will think it's from me being smart, but it's from me not knowing what to do with it. They pay me this money for a job that I would gladly do for fuckin' minimum wage, and it's insane."

Perhaps a driver should be routinely parked outside. "Sometimes I get a bit silly when I'm drunk," Farrell says. "I'm a very peaceful fellow, but I do have a bad temper." The other night, for instance, he was in one of his usual Dublin haunts. Old bar, new bartender. "Last orders been called?" Farrell asked.

"No," the bartender replied. "We just turn on the lights for fun."

"Listen, you little fuckin' prick, I asked a fuckin' question. Give me a yes-or-no answer."

"No. We just turned on the lights for fun."

"Is there a fuckin' echo in this room, you dumb fuck?"

They had to be separated, but no punches were thrown. Which is progress of a Farrell's been known to open a windo his coffee table, which looks a bit wo wear. He's working on anger manage but won't lose his volatility altogethe what gives him his edge, he figures. I he said, "I don't have many enemie there's one fellow in this world that's to get a hidin' off me." Evidently, th crossed his family. "Do me one favo quote me on that. Say there's one man going to get a hidin' off me someda he's in Dublin. A hidin's a good be That'd be brilliant if you'll do that fo That would be brilliant."

His edge, his ferocious Irishness, i nitely Farrell's thing. "Colin has cent now which he never had," says E who speaks in clear, seamless sentence used to speak like me until he got to ica. He has this Irish, Irish brogue of cent. Every time I go over to the Stat stronger. I can hardly understand him times." He doesn't worry that his b will get sucked into the Hollywood v "Not for a second," he says. "I'm w for Hollywood. He might eat it. Tha way it would go, really."

Sometimes, Farrell agrees, he doe the whole Irish thing. "I wear it o sleeve," he says. "I'm definitely so aw being Irish over in America. So aware Sometimes I come out of fuckin' me and I'm so fuckin' glad I'm Irish." Th er night, at the Dublin premiere of *War*, he was a nervous shell of his usu "He has so much confidence," says h friend and acting coach, Conal Ke "But when I met him just before th miere and shook his hand, he was bling. That—to him, in Dublin—was deal. To the movie world, it's not a bi Dublin. But to him, everything. Th very Irish characteristic."

Every time Farrell flies over the hills of Ireland, his family says, he When he lands, he kisses the grou feel like the luckiest cod in the world, rell says. "Sometimes being Irish mak go, 'C'mon. Bring it on. Bring ever you fuckin' have.' I'm not being arr but I sometimes go, 'Give me fuck Pacino. Give me Tom Cruise. Gi Bruce Willis. Bring on the next guy. on the next room with 25 agents. Just it all on.' Don't get me wrong—I have cry coming up soon because wha been through is such a fuckin' whir And because I miss home and I'm from home. And because I've had with Al Pacino and watched my mot beside him.... I'm fuckin' nearly man. You and me are at the end of it you go back to America, that's it. No I'm home." □

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g Blue

INUED FROM PAGE 127 Moore flew out mall plane to see for themselves. "Here hese gigantic, unbelievably big waves ing out in the middle of the ocean," re- Sharp. "We were like, 'Tee-hee. Don't nyone. This is our secret.'"

ere was only one problem: most of aves couldn't be surfed, which they ed when they later returned in a 29- ishing boat. "You could never paddle enough to get out of the way," says . "You could get killed. It would just over this huge arena out there, and ould only paddle two, three miles an We got creamed." He filed it away prescient perhaps of some future tech- y, said to himself, "Someday we'll be here."

January 19, 2001, that day arrived. A couple of days before, Moore had start- aking phone calls to the best big-wave rs in California. At the top of the list Snips and Ger, the SoCal gear-savvy ssionals; representing Santa Cruz was log, who at the time was tow-in partners Peter Mel, another top tow-in surfer. their Jet Skis, the teams met at about M. at the 25-foot *Pacific Quest,* docked n Diego harbor. The plan was to travel gh the night and start surfing the next ing. Sharp and Moore would come out ane and circle the session from the sky. e surfers were stoked, amped—and ked. It was a first for them all: they heading out, into the night, into the seas, into the 20-foot swells. It was the lete unknown.

at terror started almost immediately. of all, just jumping in a boat with a n who looks like he's 15 years old is y sketchy enough," says Skindog. "I'm Oh, right on. We got some kid taking to 30-foot seas.'"

e surfers learned that the captain, John was actually 22, but it didn't ease their s. To relax, "we threw down a couple dies and I popped a little reefer with guys," says Skindog. They caught up big-wave action of the year, told sto- nd tried to just go with it. Occasionally, conversation was punctuated by mo- of quiet dread—what the hell are we out here?

dark started rolling in, and the men d it was time to get some sleep. As g settled onto a few square inches of n the captain's quarters above, Snips e rest of the surfers lay in silence be- cks, listening to the waves crashing the side of the boat, and trying to its relentless rocking. Gradually, rifted off to sleep, and Ger, Snips's highlighted partner, fell into a dream in which he was mysteriously bobbing up and down.

At about three A.M., Skindog awoke to a young Captain Walla frantically running around the deck. "Oh shit! *Fuck,*" Walla was yelling. "The engine's broke!"

Skindog shuddered and buried himself deeper in his sleeping bag. "This is a nightmare," he said to himself. "This just isn't happening. I'm just dreaming. I'm going to wake up any day now and it's going to be nice." Belowdecks, they woke up, too, and Ger thought to himself, "I don't know anything about how to fix an engine. I can grab a pail and start bailing."

Luckily, there was another engine on board, and the *Pacific Quest* continued chugging into the night. But two hours later the surfers were awoken by the captain again. "Fuck, man, no *way* can you see . . . " He was looking at the radar and losing his grip. The surfers gathered round to see what was up. The excitable young captain pointed to the blip on the screen. "Those are *waves* on the radar!" For them to appear on the radar, he told them, they had to be huge. Standing there, in the middle of nowhere, Ger and Snips looked at each other and shared a moment. "The only thing that comforts you is you're looking over at your friend and he's feeling the same thing," says Ger.

It was still only five A.M., but they were too buzzed to go back to sleep, so they decided to wait for the sun to rise. "We said, 'O.K., let's just wait right here and don't get too close!'" recalls Skindog. "So we sat back about half a mile from it. When the sun and red skies opened, and you could see the peaks out there, we were like, 'Wow, this is *real.*'"

The *Pacific Quest* inched up a bit closer, and Skindog volunteered to do some reconnaissance, but the first obstacle was actually unloading the Ski into the water: at 1,500 pounds it was acting like a wrecking ball against the boat in the wobbly sea. Once it was in, he sped off and then returned with the news that the sea life was out of control. There were hundreds of seals, feasting on every kind of fish imaginable. And where there are seals there are sharks. That wasn't the only thing that sent chills up their spines.

"It was like being on the moon," says Snips. "You usually have barriers on land. You have these markers and places to let you know whether you're in shallow water, deep water, out of danger, in danger. Cortes Bank was a whole flat playing field. There was no way to get out there and go, 'O.K., this is where I am.' It was wide open. Any direction you looked, it's just water." He and Ger, being the more cautious and responsible of the teams, went first. With Snips driving and Ger riding, they initially went for the smaller, safer waves as they tried to get the lay of the land—so to speak.

The waves started climbing, to 40, 45, 50 feet—sizes they'd occasionally seen before, at Todos and Maverick's. What was different was how fast they were coming in—a third again of what they were used to—because this was the middle of the ocean and there was no gradually shallowing water to curb the speed. The riders were tearing down the faces and getting some of the best barrels of their lives. Ger and Snips, hoping they could hold their own, watched in awe as the Santa Cruz guys flaunted their wild-man stunts. When Skindog went high "into the pocket," much the way Flea had on his big wave a few weeks earlier, Ger turned to Snips and said, "Those guys do *that?*"

It was the largest barrel Skindog had ever had. But at the end the wave did the clamshell, or as Skindog would put it, "The curtain closed and the show was over."

"I got a beating that was pretty gnarly," says Skindog, who popped a rib and tore a rotator cuff. "I was on such an adrenaline rush that I was oblivious to it."

Snips was getting nervous. The wind was picking up and he had yet to ride. Finally it was his turn; Ger hopped onto the Jet Ski and eyed a big one coming in. He looked at Snips. "You want this thing?" he said. "Yeah, yeah, yeah!" said Snips as he secured his feet in the straps. Ger opened the throttle and whipped Snips onto the top. As Snips flew down the face, the thing started growing, and growing, and growing. Jaws began to drop. Though tow-in surfers often don't know the size of what's behind them, Snips knew this was different. "I could feel the wave breathing down my neck." It was the largest wave anyone of them had ever seen, a six-story building made of water, the freak-show wave of the day and their lives. Ever the controlled technician, Snips surfed it perfectly. He got onto the Ski and said to Ger, "Dude, I don't need anything else to happen today."

Skindog went nuts. "I was, 'Oh my God! I hope there's another one behind it!' I went over, but there wasn't another one. I'm like, 'Ohhh! That *bastard!*'" He laughs. "But I'm not a hater. I'm stoked for him. He's Richie Cunningham. You can't get much nicer than him. . . . Still, I'd much rather it had been me on that wave!"

After examining the pictures of the wave, they determined that it was 66 feet, the largest wave ever ridden. It and Flea's 50-footer were the top contenders that season for the XXL Big Wave Award, and Snips's won. A check for $60,000—blown-up, lottery-style—was presented to him by none other than Da Bull, Greg Noll. Snips

Big Blue

hung it up by his surfboards in the garage.

Flea dealt with the blow the best way he knew how—by plying Snips with tequila at a local Laguna Niguel dive until he threw up.

"'Come on, Snips, you can drink this tequila! You just won 60 grand!'" says Flea, recalling the night. "I got him so *fucked up!*"

Even today, some Flea fans are muttering how their man should have won. Sure, Snips's wave was bigger and happened in the middle of the ocean in a brand-new spot, but Flea had risked his life more, and as big-wave pioneer Buzzy Trent famously remarked, "Big waves aren't measured in feet, but in increments of fear." However, Snips's victory did have the added benefit of providing another way to rag him. "'Let me show you all my surfboards,'" says Barney in his best all-American Snips imitation. "'Let me show you my check for $60,000.'"

While Flea and Snips quibble over the $60,000, there's one man who remains above it all, in his own Zen stratosphere—Laird. Nonetheless, he turned in his own lovingly filmed monster ride that season, and Darrick Doerner claims that Laird is the only one in the world who could've done it. It happened at a break called Teahupoo (pronounced *Cho*-poo), in Tahiti, a glassy aqua lagoon of exquisite beauty, with a barrier reef so close to the surface that at low tide it rises above the surface and so sharp that just touching it will cut your skin. The wave doesn't have the unpredictability of Maverick's. It doesn't have the height of Cortes Bank. What it does have is unbelievable force. "It's like the parting of the Red Sea," says Laird. "The whole entire ocean is behind the wave." In the first week of May 2000, a Tahitian surfer named Briece Taera lost his life after being pulverized instantly on the reef.

Three months later, on August 17, 2000, Laird was there, with Doerner and crew. The day was so huge that after a few rides Doerner decided that he couldn't hack it, so he stuck to the driving. Laird's wave came just before noon. It rolled into the calm lagoon; Doerner put him high onto the glassy mountain and drove off. Then Doerner watched, his terror mounting as the wave grew. Laird remained firm in his signature heroic stance—arms outstretched like a Greek javelin thrower—as the wave picked up force behind him, becoming, he says, "a man-eating dinosaur, something small and thick and real aggressive." He made it into the barrel—a green, crystal-clear, cylindrical room of his own. The more frightening part was yet to come. As the tube tightens, so does the pressure within it. Eventually, the barrel has to "spit," shoot out the energy building within it. Teahupoo's spit is perhaps the most powerful in the world, and has the potential to send the surfer off his board. Doerner watched for it on pins and needles. The green cannon roared, blasting 50 feet of white water, obscuring Laird. Had he eaten it? If so, he would surely be dead. He emerged from the foam, the Laird stance untouched. That night, he cried like a baby.

Even the west siders admit they're impressed. "That was a big, gnarly wave," says Flea, who has also surfed Teahupoo, but on a smaller day. "A lot of people, no way would they drop into that thing." Would *he* have surfed that wave? Flea thinks for a moment, then admits, "I'd have to see." On the other hand, the west siders seem to be aware that Laird's on a tad of a God trip. Ruminating on the *Laird* DVD, Flea notes diplomatically, "He wants to be the center of attention." Indeed, personal though his surfing may be, Laird will be doing it in the next James Bond movie and in Dana Brown's *Liquid.* (With the release of John Stockwell's *Blue Crush,* it is the summer of surf movies, it seems.) Still, he relishes his status as the untouchable outsider. "The only reason why I haven't spent any time pursuing Maverick's or Cortes Bank is that I feel like the challenge I have here is monumental enough," he says, adding, "Jaws is just a lot faster than normal big waves." Others believe that Laird is so intent on retaining his living-legend thing that he doesn't want to risk a side-by-side comparison with Flea or Snips.

Whatever the reason, Laird is not taking part in the Billabong Odyssey, the three-year search for the 100-foot wave, which Bill Sharp conceived of after the Cortes Bank triumph. "It's a little bit Jacques Cousteau and a little bit Chuck Yeager and a little bit MTV *Jackass,*" says Sharp, the Odyssey's project director, who, in addition to enlisting Flea and Barney, Skindog and Loya, and Snips and Ger, has signed on Brock Little and Brian Keaulana, two veteran surfers and top risk technicians. Over the next couple of years, the teams will travel to Australia, Ireland, the middle of the international seas—wherever the waves take them. (The first months of the search are chronicled in the documentary *The Billabong Odyssey.*) When Sharp launched the program last fall, there were those in the surfing community who thought his 100-foot wave was nothing more than a giant wet dream. After Snips's 66-foot wave, 100 feet seemed a big leap. Forget about surfing it—did such waves even exist?

Then came November 21, 2001, at Maverick's. The early morning was a beauty. It was clear, calm, and big, but still enough to attract the paddle-in surfer by 10:30, things started getting control. The waves began climbing 40-foot range and the paddlers h home. By noon the winds were picki it began to rain, and the currents s raging, pulling surfers down into the one after another. During what w worst wipeout of his life, Barney foun self in "the death part" of the bowl. Flea zoomed in to save him, he, to caught in the avalanche of water. Bo ter board was broken. So savage w day that photographers, even ones sh from the shore, turned back, as did t jority of the surfers. "We were wat people disappear and guys were just ing," says Skindog.

In the late afternoon, Flea and B Skindog and Loya, and a few other ick's diehards saw it. It was about mile away, out to sea: 80-foot faces, in one after another. What is *that?* the dered. Like Cortes Bank, it was a re hadn't known even existed. Had the O crew been more prepared, Sharp b they could have caught it.

The west-side boys believe that them actually did catch a wave 1 tall. It was part of the same swell, was the next day, Thanksgiving, and longed to the one guy who'd been rel silent in the monster-wave category th son—the quiet stud, Josh Loya. As e ed, his brahs are reacting by givi major props and a little shit as the continues in Flea's surfer frat house.

"He almost died," says Flea. "He twice."

"It was raining, everybody split," say dog. "You've heard of the 100-foot wa *got* one! And no one even shot it!"

Was it really a 100-foot wave?

"It seemed like it at the time," Loya, standing a bit awkwardly in th dle of the room, "but no one took a of it, so I don't know."

"Was it a hundred feet or wasn asks Barney, putting on his grand-inq voice.

"I saw it. It was an easy 100-fo Skindog says.

"I say we get *Ripley's Believe It or* this one," says Barney.

So did Loya or didn't he? Even brings a cameraman along on his bi pilgrimages. What the west side alone on Thanksgiving they didn't er to document, so it remains outsi semi-official log of great rides. Th were just surfing for fun. Whatev size of Loya's wave, there's one Flea is sure of: "He was beating off he got it." □

scan Sanctuary

NUED FROM PAGE 136 and the threat of war mperial dissolution, which makes one in- ly think of a slightly hardier, less pre- version of Nabokov.

day the house and the tower are inhab- ed by improbable combinations of ners—the Irish novelist Colm Tóibín *Blackwater Lightship*), the sensational English author Zadie Smith (*White* , the mad, bibulous Russian Victor ev (*Russian Beauty*), and the Indian Anita Desai and her daughter Kiran r of *Hullabaloo in the Guava Orchard*), l as Andras Nagy, Hungarian play- and novelist (*The ummer of Europe*). ne of the writers bit stressed out they first knocked e thick wooden at Santa Madda- John Burnham rtz, who has writ- e novels *Bicycle* and *Reservation* arrived feeling rate for time and " both of which yed in such boun- upply that, six later, he felt con- he could finish novel in a few . Francisco Gold- uthor of *The Long f White Chickens,* came to the retreat h after September 11—four weeks dur- ich he'd relived the Central Ameri- rs of his past. He wondered if he'd ain find the thread of his abandoned, ished novel, but "the nearly instant ing and peace" of the place did the ndré Alexis, a novelist from Trinidad, up working on a book that takes place any.

aps the most grateful *pensionnaire* s Zadie Smith. Her visit came a er the publication of her best-selling vel, *White Teeth,* and her extensive urs of Britain and the United States. and she'd won the Whitbread First Award, and in America she'd been t for the National Book Critics Cir- rd. Still only in her mid-20s and as l as she is gifted, Smith found that y movement was being reported, or rted, by a celebrity-obsessed British

her stint at Santa Maddalena she eatrice:

When I arrived in Italy, I was all washed up. I hadn't written properly for a year, I wasn't reading, I'd stopped *thinking.* Despite every advantage in terms of money and support, despite some success and a lot of encouragement, I really thought I was all done.... At 25, and with only one novel to my credit, I couldn't see myself writing another. Nothing I liked about it—about the practice of writing—was the same. What had been a hobby was now a *job,* what passed for a quiet life had turned all shouty, all busy, all screamy, all the time.

Enter Beatrice Monti, stage left. With a simple offer, handwritten and passed through a friend. A very simple, very appealing offer. A 15th-century tower, a lot of green, some running water, some fresh food, a few dogs, a tiny church up one hill, a Moorish castle up another.



COSMOPOLITAN FLAIR
Indian-born Anita Desai, author of *Clear Light of Day* and other works, was one of the first artists to be invited to the writers' retreat at Santa Maddalena.

In enumerating the crass advantages the place had offered her, Smith came up with a production summary:

Days spent on retreat: 62
Pages produced: 121
Word count: 32,271
Average number of words per day: 527.

Any writer will understand what a triumph such statistics represent.

I've been to other artistic and intellectual colonies, even in Italy. I remember one housed in a sumptuous villa above a mountain lake. There were many, many colonists, new ones arriving every week and old ones leaving simultaneously, a bit like the new rabbits pushing out the old ones in *Watership Down.* Some were fellow artists, but others were Tibetan linguists and Albanian agronomists; we were forced to sit with different people at every meal, and no matter how well intentioned we were, we soon enough ran out of polite questions about fricatives and crop rotation. There was a strict rule against spending even a single night away from the villa. Intrigues, sexual and social, were buzzing all around us in this closed, claustrophobic world.

Santa Maddalena, with its informality and its restricted cast of characters, seems by comparison mercifully free of distractions and irritations. For the few of us at Beatrice's table in the evening, the great event of the week would be a visit from one of her friends—a charming, cultured doctor who'd driven out from Genoa, an equally charming Florentine grandee thrillingly reputed to have murdered his wife, an art dealer from Gubbio, with her slightly Martian smile and highly personal idea of English. One day we drove to a garden party at a sprawling villa, where the 50 people who sat down to lunch on the lawn at tables set with spotless white napery all seemed to have titles, which we discovered only when the waiter would say, "*Ancora di vino, Principessa?*" or "*Baronessa, un po' di insalata?*" In some colonies one might as well be in Kansas, but at Santa Maddalena one is sure to meet Italians. One is quite simply integrated into Beatrice's life.

And Grisha's. For his widow has made sure that her home keeps his memory alive, as well as his cheerful, easygoing kindness. Almost everyone is tempted to read one of his books, which are scattered about in every room and in several languages. I'll never forget that the first time I visited the house, when he was still alive, I was picked up at the train station by a distinguished, elegant man of few words and many smiles. I couldn't figure out who he was, this man so eager to be useful but almost paralyzed by his exquisite manners. He turned out to be a penniless Sicilian prince who'd shown up one day and stayed on at Santa Maddalena for years. It seemed he had nowhere to go, and with Grisha there could be no question of nudging an old friend out the door. This sort of man-who-came-to-dinner hospitality and old-world casualness still set the tone at this unique center of the literary arts. □

Sex Slavery

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117 between $7 and $12 billion. Even before the Kosovo war, human trafficking in Europe—much of it through the Balkans—was worth as much as $4 billion a year. Bulgaria alone loses 10,000 women a year to the traffickers. Moldova—a country so poor that a quarter of the population has emigrated in search of work—reportedly supplies two-thirds of the prostitutes working in Kosovo. Romania is a distant runner-up, followed by Ukraine, Bulgaria, Albania, and Russia.

Prostitution became a mainstay of the criminal economy within months of NATO intervention in Kosovo. With 43,000 men stationed on military bases, and spending by international reconstruction groups making up 5 to 10 percent of Kosovo's economy, the problem was bound to arise. There are now as many as 100 brothels in Kosovo, each employing up to 20 women. Thousands more women are trafficked through Kosovo and on into Western Europe. In southern Macedonia, the town of Velesta has dozens of brothels under the control of a strongman named Leku, who has reportedly paid off the local police and operates in the open with complete impunity. When national authorities tried to crack down on his empire, he threatened to take to the hills and start his own private war. The highway south of the Macedonian town of Tetovo—long a hotbed of Albanian nationalism and organized crime—is lined with brothels as well.

Unable to use local women easily—they aren't so poor, and their families would come looking for them—men such as Leku have turned to the hundreds of thousands of illegal migrants fleeing the former Soviet Union. Young women who have been promised innocent-sounding jobs in Western Europe, particularly Italy, are typically escorted by Serb or Bulgarian gangsters into Kosovo and Macedonia and then sold to Albanian pimps. By the time they realize what is going on, it is too late. Deprived of their passports, gang-raped, often forced to take drugs, and disoriented by lack of food and sleep, these women find themselves virtual prisoners of whatever brothel they wind up in.

"Once, Leku told a Bulgarian girl to take off her bra when she was dancing," a Moldovan woman I will call Elena told me. Elena had managed to escape the Macedonian Mafia after months of brutality and servitude. "She didn't want to, because she was ashamed, so Leku took a belt from the bartender and started beating her. Then he made her go onstage bruised and bleeding and crying." Another bar Elena worked at was owned by a man she knew as Ayed. "Ayed put three new girls in a car and made the rounds of his friends—they all took turns raping them. They made the girls do things they'd never done before because they were very young. We all lived in one room and slept on mattresses next to each other. There wasn't enough room, so we had to sleep on our sides. We only ate once a day, and we had to beg toothpaste and soap from our clients. Ayed had a huge ring on his hand, which was shaped like a lion's head. One day he started beating us one by one in the face." According to Elena, if they fell down he kicked them, if they cried he beat them, if they looked at him he beat them, if they didn't look at him he beat them.

"I learned about good and evil," she says. "I saw so many evil people."

After an hour and a half Erol still had not come out, so Valon decided to look for him. He walked into the hotel lobby and heard men talking in the hallway and was spotted by them as he slipped closer. They wanted to know who the hell his friends in the car were. "They're from the United States," Valon said. For some reason he added, "One of them is a basketball coach."

That seemed to satisfy the thugs, who kicked him out and said Erol would be out in a few minutes. Erol emerged 10 minutes later, smoking a cigarette and looking shaken. He got into the car and told Valon to get us out of there. "They found the tape recorder," he said. "They had a lot of questions." Valon pulled the car into the street, and we drove off through Ferizaj, keeping watch behind us to make sure no one was following. It was three in the morning, and Ferizaj was completely deserted. Erol said they'd found the tape recorder when they patted him down outside Niki's room, and five or six of them had gathered around and started yelling, demanding explanations. Erol said that it was just his tape recorder and that he took it everywhere with him.

They confiscated it and then wrote down his name from his passport. They were very angry and kept telling him not to fuck with them. "Listen," one of the men had finally said. "Go in the room, finish your job for one hour, or you can go, right here and now."

Erol screwed up his nerve and went into the room. There was one bed and a window with a narrow balcony and a shower but no toilet. Niki was sitting on the bed, and she started to undress when he walked in. "You don't have to do that—I'm not here for that," he said. "I just want to talk to you."

She'd probably had stranger requests before—they all must have. He asked her where she was from and how she'd gotten here, and she became very serious an her story. This is what Erol could reme of it on the drive back to Priština:

Niki was from Moldova; her fathe dead, and she had lived with her m She'd been promised a good job by cruiter in Moldova who was actually in with the Mafia, and she wound up traf to Banja Luka. Banja Luka was hell on she said. Every customer was drunk and were violent—one even grabbed her button ring and ripped it right out. A r ago she had been trafficked to Fe where she wound up at Europe 200 escaped from there the day before sought refuge in the Apaci. Tonight he vious "owner"—Beqiri—had come lo for her at the Apaci and said he was to kill her if he didn't get back her pur price. She didn't have the money, an ther did the owner of the Apaci. That w argument we had witnessed. She was t they'd been arguing over.

"I like life very much. I'm too yo die," Niki had told Erol. "I'm just 18 old."

Erol asked her if she was free home to Moldova if she wanted. Sh that she was, but then admitted tha didn't actually have her passport. (likelihood, Beqiri did.) She wasn't eve that any of the $150 Erol had paid f would wind up in her pocket, so he ga all the money he had on him, a 10 deu mark note (about $5). On it he wrote Niki, the most beautiful girl." She gav a cigarette lighter in return. His last tion was whether she ever had feelin the guys she was with, or were they same?

"Of course sometimes I have fee she said. "I'm human."

Erol told her he was sorry and said bye and walked out of the room.

The next day we went to the police in Gnjilane to report what we'd see only was there plenty of evidence of t ing and prostitution in Niki's case, bu was reason to believe her life was in d The deputy police chief in Gnjilane American named Bill Greer, who quic ganized a group of Kosovar police to r Apaci. (U.N. police officers are traini cal Albanians—many of them taken fro ranks of the disarmed Kosovo Libe Army—and Serbs in basic police proce The newly trained cops crowded into office and strapped on their guns an jackets while he explained through a t tor: "We're going to get a young lady been threatened with being exterminate ran away from one pimp to the Apac he came after her and demanded [$2,0 she'd be killed."

The owner of the Apaci, Sevdush

vell known to the authorities. He'd al- been detained for trafficking a young anian woman, but when it came time ake a statement to the judge, she was ightened to repeat what she'd said ear- the police, so they had to let him go. was a former member of the K.L.A. wasn't known to be particularly vio- but Greer wasn't taking any chances. nt half a dozen local police, backed a couple of U.N. officers, and they d up reinforcements at the Ferizaj po- ation before bursting through the door Apaci. All they found was an old guy ing the floor.

Veseli hadn't been tipped off before, rtainly knew something was up now. ittle escapade the night before couldn't escaped his notice, and he must have d out that Niki had been the object lay's raid. Between the police and Be- she was causing him more problems she could possibly be worth. That t that, one way or another, he would bly try to get her off his hands. That oon Ali Osman, a Turkish police offi- ho headed the Trafficking and Prosti- Investigation Unit in Gnjilane, sent to Veseli that he was to appear at the station the following morning with his dancers.

chnically the Apaci was just a strip joint n the outskirts of Ferizaj. And techni- he police could round up the employ- ytime they wanted to check their visas work papers. At nine the next morn- Teun and I showed up at the police to watch the interrogation of a dozen women employed by Sevdush Veseli Apaci.

e women were seated in a small room, ng and looking annoyed. Teun and I in, glanced around, and told Osman iki was not among them. That was no se. We went into Osman's office; the tep was to question the women indi- ly, where we could speak freely with- e other girls or their bosses listening t only might they know what hap- to Niki, but some of them might ut. Those were the ones who could e testimony of trafficking and prosti- at the Apaci, which was what Osman d to put Veseli behind bars.

e undercover investigations were not d at this time under the U.N. man- onvicting someone like Veseli usually s on testimony from the prostitutes. elicate game, though. First, there are of prostitutes who—no matter how te their lives—have decided that any- better than what they escaped from me. Their pimp may be a violent al- , but maybe their husband or father o, and at least here they have the possibility of making a little money. "You're fighting against the most appalling economic conditions," says Alison Jolly of the O.S.C.E. in Priština. "And one of the worst myths is that these women want to become prostitutes. I mean in a sense, yes, but how much of a choice is it when the alternative is to stand in a breadline trying to feed your child? You're a paid slave, but you're still a slave. I personally consider it a very clever ruse by the pimps to pay the women something. This is a recent development. These guys are very smart, and a little intimidation goes a long way."

Even for the ones who are desperate to escape, though, making the leap into police custody is risky. To begin with, the pimps have convinced their prostitutes that the police will simply throw them in jail for prostitution or visa violations—which was true until U.N. regulations were recently established that overrode the Yugoslav Criminal Code. Furthermore, the women know that—since they were recruited back home—the Mafia network extends into the smallest villages of their home country. When a pimp promises to harm a prostitute or her family, it is not an idle threat.

The first woman they brought into Osman's office was a short, dark-haired Moldovan who pretended barely to understand Serbian. She said she had come by taxi through Romania into Serbia, then across the internal border into Kosovo. She claimed she was just a stripper, not a prostitute, and made about $50 a month at the Apaci. "Tell her we are here to help her," Osman said to the translator. "She has no problem with the police." She said nothing, so Osman sent her out.

The next woman was Romanian, dressed in tight black pants, a purple spandex halter, and the same high-heeled white sandals as the previous girl. When she also claimed to be just a dancer, Osman told her that her owner had sold his girls to customers, had threatened them, had beaten them. She feigned surprise and said that her owner was very nice. "One day everything will change, you will see," Osman told her. He was playing tough cop, but I could see concern softening his eyes. Maybe he had a teenage daughter back home. "And when it does, I may not be able to do anything."

Finally a tall blonde came in. I recognized her as the one who had sat with the American officer at the Apaci. She said that her name was Kristina and that she was from a small village in Moldova. She was wearing the same tight vinyl pants as the second woman but had different sandals and a lot less makeup. In the light of day she looked rougher, a more hardened version of her dance-floor self. I could see what she would look like as an old woman. She sat smirking with her legs spread and her feet cocked provocatively back on her high heels. She was smart and confident and said she spoke five languages well—all the countries she'd worked in. She said that she had come here by taxi from Moldova, and that her trip was paid for by a friend back home named Oleg. She had stayed in a house in Serbia for a while and then crossed the internal border into Kosovo two weeks ago.

"I heard about those houses with women waiting there," Osman said. "People come from Kosovo to pick you out." He pretended to be a buyer: "You, you, and you!"

"I don't know anything about it," Kristina said.

"I am sure you were trafficked. You were sold."

"No."

"Someone paid for you. Someone paid money for you."

"*Nyet.*"

"*Da.*"

"*Nyet.*"

"*Da.* You have no trouble with the police. Our job is to arrest the pimps, not you."

"I am telling you the truth, sir."

Before he let her go, Osman allowed me to ask her some questions. I described Niki and asked if she knew her. Kristina furrowed her brow in a parody of concentration and finally shook her head.

"Do you remember sitting at a table with an American officer at the back of the room two nights ago?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember four men at a table sitting close to the stage?"

"No."

"One more question," I said. "Have you ever seen me before in your life?"

We'd spent an hour about three feet from her—at one point she'd even given us a smile. Now, she looked straight at me, touched one hand to her hair, and laughed.

"No," she said. "Never."

Some do escape. The International Organization for Migration (I.O.M.), which is charged with sheltering migrants and sending them back to their home countries, rescued more than 700 women from the Balkans and Italy during the year 2000. Elena, who was "owned" by Leku, escaped into police custody in a Macedonian town named Kumanovo, only to be sold by the police back to another bar owner. Through the help of a sympathetic client, she finally managed to make it to an I.O.M. office in Macedonia, where she was taken care of and eventually put on a plane for home. There she was installed in an I.O.M. safe house in Chişinău, the capital of Moldova, and given psychiatric counseling and job training.

Sex Slavery

Another Moldovan woman, whom I'll call Nina, left her husband to work in Italy as a waitress or cleaning lady because her son had a degenerative disease and she needed money to pay for his treatment. She wound up getting trafficked to Romania, where she was drugged and put on a train to Belgrade. Unable to buy her freedom, she wound up being sold again, this time to a brothel owner in the Bosnian town of Doboj, where she discovered that her husband had gotten her pregnant before she left. Her owner—unable to persuade her to have an abortion—took her to a corrupt doctor, who she suspects gave her an injection that induced miscarriage. A customer at the bar who found out what had happened slipped her the equivalent of $200 and offered his help. She eventually escaped to a local I.O.M. office and made it back to Chişinău, though she never told her husband the details of what had happened to her.

Inevitably, the women who are driven to escape are the ones who have suffered the most trauma and are most urgently in need of care. But they are also the ones who have the most damning evidence against the traffickers and, theoretically, the most reason to want to put them in jail. This is where the agendas of the I.O.M. and U.N. prosecutors diverge slightly. With no witness-protection program yet in place to shelter the women, the I.O.M. argues that their safety will be compromised if they are detained in Kosovo. Furthermore, there is insufficient funding to lodge them in safe houses for the duration of a criminal trial. For their part, U.N. prosecutors argue that in the long run the problem cannot be solved—in other words, the traffickers will never end up behind bars—if these women don't provide testimony.

The problem is made more complicated by the thicket of legal issues surrounding trafficking and prostitution. In the United States, gathering evidence of prostitution is fairly straightforward. Since it is nearly impossible to prove that a customer is not the prostitute's boyfriend, undercover cops pose as customers in order to prove prostitution charges. In Kosovo, however, the U.N. police force was until very recently prohibited from surreptitious intelligence gathering, and the Kosovo Police Service—the local police corps—has not yet been sufficiently trained in undercover work. (K.P.S. officers, who are paid only $230 a month, are also highly vulnerable to corruption, making security breaches almost unavoidable.) In addition, most of Europe has extremely rigorous standards for admitting into a trial evidence gained by an agent provocateur. A police action that in this country would be considered a standard "buy and bust" operation is more likely in Europe to be considered entrapment and therefore excluded as evidence.

As a result, the prostitutes themselves are needed to provide testimony against the pimps. Witness-protection concerns aside, this raises legal issues. A woman who accuses someone of being her pimp is implicitly admitting to prostitution, which is in itself punishable by jail. To get around this, Section 8 of United Nations Regulation 2001/4—which supersedes pre-existing local laws—declares that providing evidence of trafficking protects the woman against charges of prostitution. "Section 8 understands that in many cases, but not all, a foreign woman in Kosovo finds herself a stranger in a strange land," says Michael Hartmann, an international prosecutor for the U.N. in Kosovo, "and that she was basically not given a choice. Even though she became a prostitute voluntarily, one could assume that she is someone who would not ordinarily do that."

Because she is at risk, it is not in her best interest to remain in Kosovo long enough to provide testimony against her owner in a criminal trial. As a result, U.N. regulations allow for videotaped testimony to be admitted in court. This has its own shortcomings, however. A good defense attorney can argue that his inability to cross-examine his client's accuser weakens the value of the evidence, and—more insidiously—video testimony can even be viewed skeptically by a biased judge. Major criminal trials in Kosovo have two international judges sit on a panel with three local, or "lay," judges. This panel hears all evidence and then comes to a verdict. The lay judges, however, occasionally display the prejudices of the highly patriarchal Kosovar culture. They tend to blame the woman for her troubles, in other words. "The majority of rape cases are fabricated by the alleged victims, seeking revenge, or trying to pressure the defendant to force a marriage proposal," one judge, according to an O.S.C.E. report, declared before a rape trial.

Even a perfect system, however, would face daunting enforcement challenges. New U.N. regulations have made trafficking itself a crime, apart from the related issues of assault, rape, forced prostitution, etc. Trafficking is defined, in part, by the level of deception involved: if a trafficker tells a woman she is going to be a waitress and then transports her across a border to sell her into prostitution, he is guilty of trafficking whether she went voluntarily or not. As a result, traffickers have changed their strategy to get around this new, looser definition of the crime. Instead of slipping across borders at night, for example, they pay off border guards so that the women have legitimate visas in their passports. They coach the wom what to say if they are questioned b police—some of whom are corrupt have been bought off in the first p They have placed informants throu the local and U.N. administrations. they have started offering the traff women just enough money to keep th the game.

"Ultimately the problem is the ecor conditions that make prostitution the thing these women can do," says A Jolly. "Even when jobs come onstrea not going to be the women who get For some countries it will be decad fore the economic situation is such tha don't need to take the risks associate trafficking. They think, Maybe, just m I'll find something better out there."

In late March 2001, two women we rested in Chişinău for selling illegal in plastic bags. Suspicious, the autho tested it and confirmed their worst the meat was human. The women sai they had gotten it at the state cancer and that they had been driven by po to sell it.

Only weeks earlier, the World Healt ganization had warned that Moldova' nomic collapse had created a thriving plant market in human kidneys and body parts. Some people were volu selling their organs for cash, and were being tricked into it in a ruse s to the one used to lure women into p tution. Moldova—pummeled by dro cold spells, and the 1998 Russian fin crisis—has become by far the poorest try in Europe. The average salary is month, unemployment is reportedly percent (though much higher in rur eas), and up to one million Moldo nearly a quarter of the country—have abroad to work. Some villages hav half of their population, and virtua their young people. Every year thes grants wire home an average of $12 lion, which is equivalent to half the na budget. Two-thirds of the budget, h er, is sent right back overseas to s the nation's foreign debt. With produ only 40 percent of what it was und Soviets, Moldova has voted back in a munist government. It is the only form viet republic to have returned so unab ly to its past.

Teun and I have left Kosovo. It i several months later, and we're driving t the emptied and sullen countryside o dova. We have come to see this place according to a significant proportion trafficked women, life is even worse t the brothels of Kosovo. It's a low, da that will soon deteriorate into a pou rainstorm that will fill up the river

out the roads and force the villagers
ke off their shoes and carry them un-
heir jackets. That's what you do when
wn only one pair.

llage after village stands nearly empty,
rightly painted wooden gates of the
es hanging open and the weeds grow-
p around the palings. Cornstalks are
against the fences to dry, and an oc-
nal horse cart rattles by with an old
at the reins. Sodden hills checkered
woods roll south toward the town of
l and the Romanian border. There are
orkers in the fields, no cars on the
, no children in the houses. It is as if
at plague had swept through, leaving
d a landscape out of medieval Eu-
out of *Grimm's Fairy Tales.* Kagul is
enter of trafficking in southern Moldo-
nd we are with a woman I'll call Na-
who was trafficked through Kagul and
nade it home a few weeks ago. Natalia's
is so horrendous that I'm tempted to
she has embellished it, but at this
I've heard and read so many accounts
fficked women, and the brutality is so
stent, that I've given up looking for
other explanation. These are troubled,
natized women who may have distorted,
membered, or even fabricated details
eir experience, but their testimonies
nfortunately too similar to be doubted.

atalia grew up in a desperately poor vil-
age named Haragij, where people sur-
on whatever they could grow, and
en had to bring their own firewood to
l in the winter. At age 16 she was mar-
against her will to a violent alcoholic
wound up beating her so badly that
ctured her skull and almost killed her.
ys the police in her town were so cor-
hat they had to be bribed in order to
consider arresting him, so she decided
ve and look for work in Chişinău in-
She had two young children, and she
etermined to support them.

e wound up being trafficked twice.
rst time she fell for the standard scam:
icker offered her a good job in Italy,
e was sold to a brothel in Macedonia.
he help of the I.O.M., she eventual-
aped, but when she made it back to
va, she found out that her younger
had been trafficked as well. Now
ng that world inside out, she decided
ack to Chişinău and get herself sold
rostitution one more time. It was the
ay she could think of to get back to
lkans and bring her sister home.

idn't take long. Within a few days she
woman who passed her the phone
r of a man who supposedly could
work in Italy. She met with him—a
lessed and impressive businessman of
so—and he offered to put her up in his apartment. She soon found herself with about 40 other women in an apartment somewhere in Chişinău. From this point on, her life would no longer be her own.

The women who didn't have passports were given fake ones and charged for them, which was the beginning of their debt. They were first taken by car to Constanţa, Romania, and from there to the banks of the Danube, which they crossed at night by boat. Now they were in Serbia. There they were forced to walk across fields at night to a road, where they were picked up by a man named Milos, who she says took them to the White Star café-bar in the town of Kraljevo. There were dozens of women—Moldovans, Ukrainians, Romanians—being held in the basement of the bar, waiting to be bought by brokers for the Albanian Mafia.

Natalia spent several weeks there and was then moved across the lightly guarded internal border from Serbia into Kosovo. There she was sold to a place called #1, in the town of Mitrovica. The women at #1 were all on drugs—pot, morphine, pharmaceuticals, coke—and fell into two categories: slaves and girlfriends of the owner, a Serb Natalia referred to as Dajan. The girlfriends were the most beautiful ones and were given a certain degree of privilege in exchange for keeping order among the regular prostitutes, whom they held in contempt. One girlfriend tried to force a new Moldovan girl to have sex with her, and when Natalia stood up for the girl, she was beaten by the owner. In revenge, Natalia says, she found some rusty thumbtacks and put them on the woman's office chair, and when the woman sat on them she got an infection that sent her to the hospital. Natalia never saw her again.

The schedule was brutal. They had to stripdance from eight P.M. until six A.M., taking time to go in back with clients if called upon, and they had to be up at eight A.M. in case there were clients during the day. She says the customers were a mix of local Serbs and United Nations personnel. The prostitutes made around $30 per client and $1 for each drink the client bought, which was all put toward their debt. Natalia owed $1,500, but the owner deducted for food, lodging, clothes, and, of course, drugs, particularly cocaine, which the girls freebased in back. The new girls lived at the bar, and the ones who had repaid more than half their debt lived in an apartment, because the owner didn't want the experienced ones warning the new ones about what was going to happen to them. If a particular girl got close to repaying her debt, the owner sold her off to someone else, and she had to start all over again.

One day, according to Natalia, Dajan's brother killed an Albanian man at the bar, and the police finally came and shut the place down. The girls were hidden from the police before the raid, and Natalia was sold off to another bar in Mitrovica, but there her luck changed. The toilet had a small window in it, and she managed to crawl out and escape. She walked all night and made it to Priština, but instead of turning herself in to the I.O.M., she hitched a ride to Ferizaj. She had heard a rumor that her sister was in one of the Ferizaj bars, and she wanted to try to find her.

Natalia could not track down her sister, but at the Alo Bar she started talking to a beautiful and morose Moldovan woman named Niki. Niki was the girlfriend of the owner, an Albanian named Tus, and she said that she had been trafficked to Bosnia and then to the Apaci bar in Ferizaj, where she wound up in some kind of trouble.

"She told me that someone tried to help her and she thought that the owner noticed and so he sold her," Natalia says.

We are squeezed into the backseat of a Russian Lada on the way to Kagul. It has been raining hard all morning, and the creeks are up over the roads; the locals are using horses to drag cars through the washouts. "She told me there was something special on their faces," Natalia goes on. "She was afraid they were journalists and she didn't want to screw up her reputation back home. One of them questioned her, but he wasn't in love with her—she said he was either a journalist . . . or maybe the police."

Natalia spent hours talking to Niki, almost certainly the same woman we had tried to help. Either Natalia somehow heard about our experience and just repeated it to us, or the Kosovo underworld is so small and sordid—and the girls get shuffled around so much—that they just wind up meeting one another. Niki kept a diary, and during the time they were together she had let Natalia read it. I had told Niki my name when she came to our table, and in her journal she had referred to me as Sebastian Bach. She wrote that she must somehow have deserved the terrible things that happened to her, and so it didn't make sense that we were trying to help her. The owner had been tipped off that there was going to be a raid, and she had actually hidden herself when the police came looking for her after we left. She was scared of them because she knew that most of them were also customers at the bar. She knew that only the O.S.C.E. could help her, but she didn't want to escape before she had a little money to return home with. Also, she feared going to jail if she turned herself in to the police. In the meantime, she had taken some photos at the Alo Bar that she would try to send home to her mother. That way—however unrealistic the hope—her mother might be able to help her.

We arrive in Kagul in early afternoon, and Natalia takes us to the Flamingo Bar,

which is near the bus station. It's a cheap-looking place with Formica tabletops and louver blinds on the windows. This is where the traffickers try to pick up girls who are waiting for buses to Chişinău or Bucharest. Well-dressed men come and go from the tables, and Natalia hides her face from them because she's afraid of being recognized. She got a crew cut a couple of weeks ago in an attempt to disguise herself, but she still lives in fear that they'll somehow find out she escaped. I ask her if she would testify against her traffickers if she had the chance.

"What would I do about my family?" she asks. "The police would lock up one guy, and there are 10 more . . . We'd have to leave the country. It's better that I forget. I just pretend I don't see anything, and I go on with my life."

It was not until July 2001 that Moldova passed an anti-trafficking law. Recruiting for and organizing the trafficking of a human being abroad for the purpose of sexual exploitation, slavery, criminal or military activity, pornography, or "other loathsome purposes" is now punishable by up to 15 years in jail. Traffickers can get up to 25 years if their crimes involve minors, groups of people, the use of violence, or the taking of internal organs.

The Moldovan law is modeled after U.N. regulations, but enforcing it is even more daunting here than in Kosovo. In a country where doctors make around $30 a month, buying off the entire justice system—from the police right on up to the judges on the bench—presents no particular difficulty for the Moldovan Mafia. There are honest cops and judges, but they face a trafficking system that is so fluid and hard to pin down that it is almost impossible to crack. The process often starts with a completely legal classified ad in the newspaper: "Hiring girls without complexes for the work abroad" is a common one. The ad includes a phone number, and the initial contact is usually a woman, often one who was trafficked and has been blackmailed or otherwise coerced into doing the job. From there, the recruits are handed over to the traffickers themselves, whose job it is to get them across the border into Romania. In many ways that is the smallest obstacle in the entire process. Passports can be bought or forged for just a few hundred dollars, border guards can be bribed for even less, and the border itself is so porous that until recently the authorities didn't even bother to keep records of who went back and forth. (The Moldovan government is still hoping for an international loan that will allow it to buy a computer system to handle that task.) Once the girls are in Romania, they're almost always beyond help.

Vastly adding to the problem is the psychology of both the new recruits and the ones who have made it back. Not only are they poor, uneducated, and desperate, but they have grown up in a society that tolerates such astronomical levels of domestic violence that almost any kind of abuse could be considered normal, even deserved. "During the Soviet times there weren't as many social problems," says Lilia Gorceag, an American-trained psychologist who treats women at the I.O.M. safe house in Chişinău. "There was some kind of stability. Now that everything is gone, all our frustrations and fears have been converted to a fear about tomorrow, and it really increased the levels of violence."

According to Gorceag, one of the more common reactions to a violent childhood or marriage—not to mention a violent trafficking experience—is massive feelings of guilt. Niki's conviction that she somehow deserved her fate is a classic example of this sort of psychological defense. "Most trafficked women have very negative sexual experiences during childhood," says Gorceag. "Many were raped when they were young—I have many patients who had been raped by the age of 12, sometimes by their own father. They adopt a perspective that they have been created to satisfy someone else's sexual needs. They consider themselves depraved, unacceptable to family and friends. And very few men here would tolerate it if they found out a woman had been trafficked. I know one 19-year-old woman who says her brother would kill her if he found out."

Such a woman is perfect prey for a trafficker, and a good candidate for relapsing into prostitution even if she makes it back to Moldova. Gorceag says that women who are trafficked to Turkey, Greece, and Italy generally survive their experiences psychologically intact, but the ones who wind up in the Balkans are utterly destroyed as people. They exhibit classic symptoms of severe post-traumatic stress disorder: they can't focus; they can't follow schedules; they're apathetic to the point of appearing somnambulistic; they fly into violent rages or plunge into hopeless depression; some even live in terror that someone will come and take them away. Their condition keeps them from functioning normally in a family or a job, and that puts them at even greater risk of being trafficked again.

"One of my patients ate napkins," says Gorceag. "When I took away the napkins, she started eating newspaper. She wasn't even aware of what she was doing. There is another patient who counts. She counts everything. When she can't find anything to count, she turns her sleeve and counts the stitching. These are people with completely destroyed psyches. It's a form of genocide. I know t a very strong word, but I live with 22 of t women, and I see their suffering every d

On our last day in Moldova, Teun a meet Natalia to look at some photos wants to show us. I have just received v from members of the U.N. anti-traffic unit in Kosovo that they think they found the bar where Niki is working, and want me to fly back there to participa a police raid. That way I can identify h she can be sent home to Moldova, whe she wants to be or not. It's a beautifu day, and Natalia and Teun and I sit d at an outdoor café next to two puff-pa blondes who are wearing maybe an o of fabric between them. Natalia—to smart, and battered by her experienc Kosovo—tosses them a dismissive look.

"What do those women want?" I ask "What are they looking for?"

"Men with money," Natalia says. " dovan women have become very cold, callous. They don't want to fall in love. just want to meet a rich guy, and mo the guys with money are thugs. It's mothers who push them into this—that' worst part."

The photos Natalia shows us were t at a bar when she was working as a p tute. One was taken a few days after sh rived; she's very drunk and her eyes ar from crying. She has long, glamorous and very red lipstick and a forced smile says more about her situation than an pression of hate or fear. There is none c wry sarcasm in her eyes that I have bec so fond of. I tell her that Niki has bee cated, and that if I go back to identif she in all likelihood will be repatriat Moldova.

"What should we do?" I ask. "W we just be making things worse for he

"Yes, I think so," Natalia says wi hesitation.

"So we shouldn't go to the police?"

Natalia takes a drag on the cigaret gave her and crushes it in the ashtray her this is clearly not a question of prin it's a question of guessing what Niki h would want. If Niki were tied up in a ment getting raped, the answer wou easy: break down the door and save But she's not. She's imprisoned by a w manipulation and poverty and threat much as I hate to admit it, personal c The answers aren't so obvious.

"She would just deny that she's a p tute," says Natalia. "Look, there's no here for her. If you brought her home have some sort of . . . " She casts arou the right words.

"Moral responsibility?"

"Yes," Natalia says, never taking he off me. "Exactly." □

)L Time Warner

NUED FROM PAGE 131 assets. Plain for see, this write-off—one of the biggest in rate history—revealed just how sharply lue of the company has fallen.

for the AOL division, the "crown jew- AOL Time Warner (Levin's rhetoric) ecome the company's millstone: the h in subscribers to AOL's Internet ser- s slowing down, and, for the first time revenue from on-line advertising sales ing. Worse, even after AOL increased nthly service fee by 9 percent last year, verage amount actually paid by sub- rs has barely gone up. That's because nly way AOL can keep adding sub- ers is to lure them with months and ns of free service.

n this marriage be saved? In April, ing to a group of M.B.A. students, ns said offhandedly, "I'm desperately ed of a strategy." He was joking, but se in the know, it wasn't all that funny ss you'd shorted the stock ages ago). Time Warner is in peril and insiders t that the company's top executives agree on how to go about saving it. e's real tension inside the company what to do," reports a former AOL Warner executive who remains in close ct with his old colleagues. "It's a high- noralized place." In brief, AOL Time er is caught in a kind of corporate var.

en though AOL was buying Time War- er outright, when the deal was an- ced Levin and Case referred to it as a r of equals. As evidence, the new board ectors would be composed of eight di- s from each company. The executive would be representative, too: Case was d chairman and Levin was named)., while Time Warner's Dick Parsons OL's Bob Pittman would share the job lef operating officer. Like much else AOL Time Warner, this balance of was a good idea that didn't work.

in is not used to moving in a pack. led (to the point of being paranoid, me who know him well), he has few dvisers. Even his friends concede that er confides in them. "The truth is, is close to Jerry," says someone who own him for decades. According to daughter Laura, "Maybe it's shyness, ticence to expose himself to people, 's private in his public persona and children too."

n as a very young man, Levin showed e self-discipline and self-control. Born adelphia, where his father was a gro- his mother taught piano, he was raised Orthodox Jewish home. At Haverford College, Levin was elected to Phi Beta Kappa and named class valedictorian. In 1963, he graduated from the University of Pennsylvania Law School. Nine years later, in 1972, he joined Time Inc. to help develop its new pay-TV service, HBO.

Levin spent the next 30 years working his way up and then running what would become AOL Time Warner. As C.E.O., he smartly championed cable systems in the mid-90s, when they were out of favor. But overall, Levin's performance was considered by many unimpressive. Indeed, he weathered so many rumors of his imminent demise, he was often referred to as a "survivor." Michael Fuchs, a former head of both HBO and Warner Music, worked with Levin for 19 years and compares Levin's genius for self-preservation to that of a boxer: "There were fighters—there used to be more in the old days—who fought you in a way that you could never hit them. They had such body movement that if you did get a glove on them it would glance off. They were either keeping you off-balance or able to slip everything that you threw at them."

Back in 1999, when Levin and Case got to know each other at a global business forum in China, they seemed to be well matched. Not unlike Levin, Case is known for his single-mindedness and tenacity. Growing up in Hawaii, he and his brother, Dan, started Case Enterprises when they were still children, selling Christmas cards, seeds, and watches by mail. In 1980, after graduating from Williams College, the alma mater of his father, a corporate lawyer, Case went into marketing and product development, first at Procter & Gamble and then at Pizza Hut.

In 1983, he joined a video-game company that would soon be reborn as Quantum Computer Services, an on-line service provider and AOL's predecessor company. Case was named C.E.O. of AOL in 1992: his genius was positioning it as the nation's most consumer-friendly Internet service. Instead of targeting sophisticated users, Case promoted AOL as the on-line service for the masses.

Just as Levin presents himself as a visionary, Case presents himself as a strategic thinker. Introverted and statesmanlike, he spends more time making speeches about the future of the Internet than dealing with the quotidian. Even before the merger, it was rare to see Case at AOL's headquarters in Dulles, Virginia; instead of speaking face-to-face, he tends to use E-mail.

While Case and Levin were supposed to be focusing on the forest, co-C.O.O.'s Bob Pittman and Dick Parsons were in charge of the trees, managing day-to-day operations. From the beginning, the pair were perceived as rivals, competing to one day take over the top job at AOL Time Warner.

As far as I can tell, it's impossible to find anyone who has a bad word to say about Parsons. He's a born diplomat, a teddy bear, it's said; he's self-effacing and good-humored. Born in Brooklyn, a graduate of the University of Hawaii and then Union University's Albany Law School, Parsons started his career by joining the administration of New York governor Nelson Rockefeller as a legal adviser in 1971. In 1988, Parsons gave up law for business, becoming the C.E.O. of Dime Bancorp. Joining the board of Time Warner in 1991, he was hired by Levin four years later as the company's president. Using his skills as a mediator and a politician, Parsons took the edge off Levin's aloof management style.

But despite Parsons's obvious talents, Pittman was widely considered to be the heir apparent at AOL Time Warner. After the merger, for example, the spotlight fell on Pittman, who in major magazine and newspaper articles was presented as the company's real leader. In part, this may have been fueled by Pittman himself, who is known as a self-promoter. Back in the early 1980s, when he ran MTV, Pittman frequently referred to himself as the music network's "creator," overlooking its other founders. When he was married to the socialite Sandy Hill, his private life was regularly chronicled by gossip columnists. More recently, in a photograph taken by Patrick Demarchelier for *Harper's Bazaar*, Pittman's new wife, a striking graphic designer named Véronique Choa, posed topless, breast-feeding their baby, Lucy—a New Age version of Madonna and child.

The son of a Methodist pastor, Pittman was born in rural Mississippi. Dropping out of college, he started his work life as a disc jockey, then became a radio programmer. From there, Pittman went on to MTV. Next came a stint at Time Warner, where he ran the company's Six Flags amusement parks, and then a job as C.E.O. of Century 21 Real Estate Corp. Pittman joined AOL in 1996. Brilliantly, he turned Case's fast-growing Internet provider into a branded consumer product, marketing the company as if it were a box of cereal or a can of condensed soup.

In sharp contrast to Case and Levin, Pittman dislikes long-term, dreamy thinking; a practical man, he wants short-term, tangible results. Because of their conflicting personalities and ideologies, Case and Pittman don't get along well, I've been assured by someone who knows them both. Nonetheless, they seem to complement each other. "Steve is a great strategic thinker and Bob can get his arms around an institution and make it work," says James Kimsey, who, as founding C.E.O. of AOL, designated Case to succeed him.

Right away, when the AOL Time Warner deal was announced, Pittman boasted that he would have the various parts of the com-

AOL Time Warner

pany working together as one. That was how things had been done at AOL when Pittman, said to be a control freak, ran the show. "Every decision came from high command" is how AOL was explained to me. "It was fast and centralized—really centralized," says David Weiden, a former vice president of AOL. "Pittman would get in the middle of very small decisions," says someone who worked with him closely. "I'd make a decision that I didn't think was a big deal and three days later there'd be a rain of hell on me. Many people lived in a state of terror because of Pittman's tiny micromanagement."

The old Time Warner, by contrast, was known as a loose confederacy, a collection of fiefdoms. Division heads rarely met, and when they did they seldom cooperated with one another. Autonomous, they consulted with headquarters only infrequently. Famously, the Warner Bros. cartoon division balked at licensing the name "Road Runner" to the company's high-speed cable Internet service in 1996. Only after a full year of negotiations was a deal finally reached between the two units.

As soon as he took over as co-C.O.O., Pittman set to work, forcing the new AOL Time Warner to adopt AOL's centralized and interactive culture. No more fiefdoms. Division heads, some of whom had never before spoken to one another, were required to meet every few weeks to discuss ways to work together toward a common goal. Bonuses based on the performance of individual divisions were eliminated; to align the goals of each division with the larger goals of the company, executives would receive stock options instead of bonuses.

Above all, Pittman kept pushing to centralize ad sales. He wanted the company's sales force to promote big multi-divisional deals, selling national advertisers a package of ads that would run across all AOL Time Warner properties—its magazines, its cable-TV channels, its Internet service.

But, despite all the talk of communal ideology, of adopting AOL's "culture," business has continued more or less as usual at Time Warner. Even now, the two sides of the new company barely cooperate. For example, a former mid-level AOL manager told me this: Her department started building Web sites for several Time Warner divisions in early 2001. By the summer, as work continued on the sites, no one in her department had actually met anyone at Time Warner face-to-face to discuss the project. By the fall, when she left AOL, the two sides still hadn't spoken.

As for Pittman's efforts to centralize ad sales, Time Warner people are hostile to the idea. After all, why share your best clients—major advertisers that you've spent years wooing—with those upstarts at AOL? "They all talk about integrated positions, but none of them do it," reports an executive at a major advertising agency. "I'd go to Turner Broadcasting and say, 'O.K., I want to do a cross-platform deal,' but they really didn't get AOL and the magazines in line. There was chaos. There was no strategic link, no coordination."

Even seemingly trivial management decisions have been resisted. Consider the directive forcing all 90,000 AOL Time Warner employees to switch to an AOL-based E-mail system. That one mandate has come to symbolize the whole AOL Time Warner deal—smart in theory, a disaster in practice. Originally designed for consumers, AOL E-mail flopped as a corporate tool: it couldn't handle large attachments, it crashed, it randomly locked out users, it kept losing messages. "It was a joke," says a former employee on the subject of AOL E-mail. Finally, a few months ago, after spending nearly a year fiddling with E-mail, the company gave up: from now on each division can choose its own E-mail system.

More and more, like a couple trapped in a rotten marriage, each partner at AOL Time Warner is loudly accusing the other of this and that failing. According to some AOL executives, Time Warner managers, humiliated by the terms of the deal, are deliberately being uncooperative. "They're all pissed off and disgruntled," says an AOL insider. "They're like, 'We let these little Internet pip-squeaks buy us!'"

"Look!," a Time Warner executive snapped when I reported that AOLers accuse him and his colleagues of being uncooperative. "Who screwed up here? Not our guys! It's the AOL side that made the mistakes." According to people at Time Warner, the real problem is that AOL executives still behave as though Internet stocks did not crash long ago—as though AOL were still worth more than Time Warner. "Completely arrogant, shockingly arrogant" is how one former employee describes the AOL culture. Time Warner employees like to describe people at AOL as "Moonies" and "inexperienced," according to another source.

In reporting this story, I was caught up in a nasty, high-level whisper campaign: back and forth, in "deep background" conversations, both sides of the company worked furiously to undermine the other. One hostile Time Warner insider compared Case and his devoted AOLers to the blind and brainwashed followers of the cult leader Jim Jones: "Despite all of AOL's problems, Steve Case still drinks his Kool-Aid.... This guy is so wedded to this situation that was maybe viable two or three years ago but has been punctured by everyone in the world by n
On the subject of Parsons—better know
his charm and diplomacy than for ste
huge companies through hurricanes
around whirlpools—an AOLer assure
he wouldn't last long as C.E.O. "Caret
is the word used to describe Parsons'
in the company by one person with a
to Case's thinking.

As for Pittman, now that AOL
than any other division is to blame for
bling the new company, he is denigrat
a slick salesman around old Time W
precincts, where he and his colleague
held in open contempt. "The division
at Time Warner look at AOL and lit
say, 'Fuck you. Get your business in
before you tell me what to do,'" repo
former Time Warner executive wh
mains close to the company.

The hype surrounding big-time m
and acquisitions can obscure hard,
business facts; ego and status can be
fused with the bottom line. Case must
grasped the situation in October 1999,
he approached Levin with an offer t
Time Warner: up front, Case promise
Levin would be C.E.O. of the new,
company. Having made that painless
cession to Levin's ego, he proceeded t
him to the cleaners, as it were. Think
it: America Online—a company not
years old, with but a single produc
with one-fifth the revenue of Time Wa
bought Time Warner.

What timing! Had the deal been ne
ed only a few months later, after In
stocks started to collapse, the situation
well have been reversed, with Time W
buying AOL. But thanks to Jerry I
there was no easy way to wiggle out
deal's original terms. Usually, corpora
quisitions include a clause known as a
lar": collars protect the acquired cor
from a drop in the stock price of its
But there was no collar in the AOL
Warner deal; in itself, that lack illust
how carelessly, and how casually, Leve
gotiated the big deal.

"Who top-ticked the Internet bubb
Connecticut hedge-fund manager aske
recently, setting himself up to answer:
Case. Who got left holding the bag?
Warner shareholders."

Not all shareholders got left holdi
same bag. Jerry Levin cashed out $15
lion worth of stock options in 200
that was before his $11 million salar
bonus. Last year, Dick Parsons fol
suit, earning $27 million on his op
Their AOL counterparts have also
quite nicely. Steve Case made $100 r
by dumping two million AOL Time W
shares between February and May of
back in the heyday of relative pros

ptimism, when the combined compa-
tock was still trading at just under $50
re. As for Bob Pittman, he picked up
nillion by selling stock in the company
near its peak.

e rest of AOL Time Warner's 90,000
oyees have not been so lucky. At the
of the merger, as part of the great leap
rd to adapt AOL's "entrepreneurial
e," they were granted stock options.
e options, known grandly as "founders
ns," aren't presently worth a bean.

r employees on the Time Warner side,
were forced to give up their generous
sharing plan for options, the
in the stock price has been
ially cruel. A former Time
er executive told me about a
rsation with a friend who
division of the company: "I
him, 'How's your business?'
he says, 'Who gives a shit
my business—it's fine. Have
en the stock price?'"
nile Time Warner executives
ill waiting for their stock in
mpany to make them rich,
counterparts at AOL have
more money than Croesus
ad. Many made fortunes on
options cashed in during the
et boom. *Time* magazine
in a recent article that many
rs "spend more time with
toys than at the office."
e toys include vineyards,
, charitable foundations, air-
s, and many houses—here,
and everywhere. Meanwhile,
AOL bought Time Warner,
than 8,000 employees across
mpany have lost their jobs.

trospect, seen through the
nts of the past six months,
Levin's so-called early retire-
was the first clear sign of a
lown at AOL Time Warner.
spent all his time tinkering
he controls in the engine
when he should have been up on deck
ng out for icebergs," a confidant of
told me.

e upon a time, Levin was well known—
d, even—for mastering every aspect of
mpany in obsessive detail. "He's com-
about absorbing, learning, sucking in
ormation," a dazzled AOL Time War-
cutive told me last fall. "The other day,
eting, he referred to this function on
v AOL 7.0 [software] that lets you lis-
Internet radio.... It was bizarre that
tually use the thing. A minor AOL
n. At home. But that was typical."

in's fiddling may have led to his
ll when the merger hit an iceberg.
More and more, in the eyes of executives on the AOL side, he seemed isolated and out of touch with reality. "There's no real human connection," says one person who has worked with Levin.

Perhaps most crucially, he alienated Case. As envisioned at the time of the merger, the two men would work closely, devising strategy and thinking big thoughts together. Instead, Levin apparently kept to himself, consulting Case infrequently. As reported late last year by *Newsweek*, Levin's "imperious tone" annoyed Case. One thing that particularly ticked him off was a gran-



MY TRIP TO THE CLEANERS
Jerry Levin and Steve Case do the hail-to-the-victors thing after announcing AOL's purchase of Time Warner in January 2000 (two months before the Internet bubble burst).

diose E-mail that Levin sent last Thanksgiving to AOL Time Warner employees. Although that E-mail outlined the company's guiding principles, Levin had not asked for Case's input.

To be frank, Levin is disliked by many current and former colleagues. Since becoming C.E.O. of Time Warner a decade ago, he has often been perceived not as a sensitive man looking for poetry but as a shrewd operator—shrewd enough to have choreographed the removal of his predecessor, Nick Nicholas, in 1992. Ten years later, Nicholas is still astonished by how smoothly, in his view, Levin conned him. He recalls: "A week before it happened, Levin came into my office and said, 'You know, Nick, I'm completely comfortable with this relationship.' He just came into my office and said it! It was apropos of nothing."

Or consider Levin's relationship with Ted Turner. In October 1996, Time Warner paid approximately $7.5 billion in stock for Turner Broadcasting System. At the press conference announcing the deal, Levin called Turner "my colleague, best friend, and new partner." Less than four years later, in May 2000, Turner was eased out, stripped of his responsibilities for the company's Turner Broadcasting division. Reeling from this betrayal, Turner later told *The New Yorker*, he felt suicidal. Levin, on the other hand, implied that the change in Turner's job description was a question of semantics. "It doesn't make any difference what our prosaic reporting lines are," he told *The New York Times*. "What really matters is that [Ted] is there and that he is a transcendent figure."

Turner wasn't fooled by this theological flattery. Last November, during an appearance at a cable-industry trade show, he recalled with amusement Levin's calling him his best friend: "I said, 'I'm your best friend? Jerry, I've never even been in your home. If I'm your best friend, who's your second-best friend? Nick Nicholas?'"

Only a few weeks later, emboldened by Turner's raw contempt for Levin, and determined to turn things around before the extent of the company's problems became public, Steve Case and his closest advisers got rid of Jerry Levin. Explaining why AOL Time Warner needed a new C.E.O., someone close to the board told me: "Jerry was the wrong guy.... You need a leader, someone who inspires a vision."

Surprising those who'd handicapped Pittman as Levin's successor, Dick Parsons was named the new C.E.O. of AOL Time Warner, a decision that was explained to me this way: "He's the one who can keep all the guys on the playground playing nice."

Even if peace can be made on the playground, the company still has to figure out what to do next. Since firing Levin, Case has (reluctantly, I'm told) come back from semi-retirement. Instead of tending to his charitable foundation, vacationing with his wife and children, and caring for his brother, Dan, who is fighting brain cancer, Case is back at work full-time as the company's chairman. In his view, AOL Time Warner should focus narrowly on technology. Without irony, Case still uses such

AOL Time Warner

late-1990s terms as "convergence" and "interactivity" to describe his business model. In his unshaken vision of the wonders that will be, AOL will be as central to people's lives as telephones or television sets or microwaves.

Bob Pittman, on the other hand, is impatient. Recently dispatched to Dulles to clean up the mess at AOL, his solution is basic and immediate: the company has to market itself more aggressively; it has to sell many, many more ads, especially on AOL. This was the strategy he had used to build AOL in the first place.

And new C.E.O. Dick Parsons? What's his vision? It's hard to know. At least he had trouble articulating a far-reaching plan for his company during our interview a few months back. When I asked him to describe the big idea, the model justifying the AOL Time Warner merger, he paused, nodding his head thoughtfully. First he outlined his own view: "Putting AOL together with the pre-existing suite of Time Warner businesses is just, you know, kind of the end result of vertical integration."

Then he outlined Steve Case's view: "We need to marry up with all of that kind of content that exists in the Time Warner space and then we need to create a unified platform and we need to sort of drive convergence."

Using the same thick and clotted rhetoric, he then explained how their two visions came together: "It's not like convergence is anything more than the ultimate expression of vertical integration. It's just that instead now we have this big stack, we smoosh it all into one thing." Sensing my bewilderment, perhaps, he added kindly, "Is that too long an answer?"

Who knows? That sort of circular logic and empty business jargon may well be second nature over at AOL Time Warner. Even then, the obvious question to ask is this: Can Parsons, Case, and Pittman agree on how to integrate vertically and to drive convergence and to smoosh it all into one thing, and so on?

For one thing, Case and Pittman are terribly rich; with nothing left to prove, they may not have the motivation and focus to take on a messy salvage job. "We just have to hope that these guys can engage again," a major AOL Time Warner shareholder who is close to both men says, hopefully. "But I don't know if they can."

As recently as the May 16 AOL Time Warner shareholders' meeting, held at the Apollo Theater in Harlem, the company's executives still seemed uncertain of what to do next. Both Parsons and Case spoke at length but said little. Just about the only memorable moment of the two-and-a-half-hour event came when an angry shareholder approached the microphone. "Mr. Parsons," he said, "I hear you up here talking about your vision. You know what? I heard that vision last year. Now I want to see the job done." As the audience applauded, he added: "These are hard-earned dollars we entrusted to you, and you have decimated them. You have completely decimated them."

To students of corporate history, the AOL Time Warner deal strikes a familiar chord. It resonates with the deal whereby Time Inc. bought Warner Communications. This earlier marriage, announced in March 1989, was also greeted with hyperbole and ultimately accepted with resignation.

Originally that marriage was structured as a straightforward merger. Then, out of the blue, Paramount Communications jumped in to make a hostile bid for Time Inc., offering an unbelievable $200 a share—in cash. Time's stock was trading for $126 at the time. But in the face of this windfall, and determined not to be swallowed up by just anyone, and especially not by Paramount's C.E.O., Martin Davis (an unprincipled parvenu, in the view of Time Inc., which liked to think of itself as a classy company), Time's executives made a desperate counterproposal: the company would buy Warner outright, with cash it didn't have.

The Time Warner deal closed on January 10, 1990, more than 12 years ago. For employees and shareholders of Warner Communications, most especially for its C.E.O., Steve Ross, the deal was marvelous: they were paid cash, up front, for their shares. Over at Time Inc., by sorry contrast, almost everyone lost his or her shirt. "Because of that son of a bitch at Paramount, we had to acquire Warner in cash," Henry Luce III, the son of Time Inc.'s founder, told me recently. "That made all of the Warner people rich and all the Time people resentful." Even in the greatest bull market the world has ever known—and may ever know—it would take seven and a half years for Time Warner shares to climb to the equivalent of Paramount's $200-a-share offer. As measured today, since the Warner deal, and despite all the company's expected synergies, its stock has still not outperformed the Standard & Poor's 500 Index.

By the way, one of the lead negotiators on the Time Warner deal was none other than Jerry Levin, the "survivor." He got off that time; this time his luck ran out. At AOL Time Warner headquarters, where all this spring he was marking time, waiting to take his "early retirement" on May 16, Levin had already been forgotten. "When he walks into a meeting now, nobody pays attention to him—they literally don't acknowledge him," marveled one insider in late April. "He's like the walking dead." But don't feel too bad for Levin: right after losing his job as C.E.O., he was made an "adviser" to AOL Time Warner. From now through the end of 2005, he will be paid $1 million a year for his insights. □

CREDITS

FASHION



Cover: Colin Farrell's Tommy Hilfiger robe from Rich's/Lazarus/Goldsmith's, or call 888-TOMMY4U; Dolce & Gabbana hat from Dolce & Gabbana boutiques nationwide.

Page 18: Alison Lohman's Calvin Klein top and bottom from Calvin Klein, N.Y.C.; Narciso Rodriguez san from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.

Page 24: Dolce & Gabbana suit from Dolce & Gabbana boutiques nationwide; Calvin Klein sh tie from Calvin Klein, N.Y.C. and Dallas.

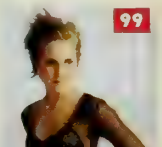
Page 37: Isabella Blow's Alexander McQueen and pants from Alexande McQueen, N.Y.C. **Philip Treacy's** Christian Dior H by Hedi Slimane suit fro Barneys New York, N.Y.C., Selfridges & Co., London Alexander McQueen shir Alexander McQueen, N.Y



Page 46: Top, **Maria Hummer** and **Bob Tuttle** styled by Diane Kr Bottom right, Isabella Blow styled by Amber Desborough; jacket by Alexander McQueen Alexander McQueen, N.Y.C.



Page 48: Top, **Harvey Fierstein's** and **Marissa Jaret Winokur's** tops and pants by Ashley Stewart, from Ashley Stewart stores, N.Y.C. **James Carpinello's** suit and shirt by Paul Smith, from Paul Smith, N.Y.C.; vintage tie from Screaming Mimi's, N.Y.C. **John Waters's** suit a by Comme des Garçons Homme Plus, from Comme des Garçons, N.Y.C. **Corey Reynolds** and sweater by Agnès B. Homme, from Agnès Homme, N.Y.C. Bottom, **Mary Timony** styled b Christine Hahn; leather cuff by Bottega Veneta



Bottega Veneta boutiqu nationwide.

Page 99: Alison Lohm Chanel clothing from selected Chanel boutiq

Page 103: Michael Yo styled by Jeanne Yang fo Cloutier; sweater by Ermenegildo Zegna, fro Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; pants by Giorgio Arm Black Label, from Giorgio Armani boutiques nat

Pages 104–5: Colin Farrell's Cartier watch fr Cartier, N.Y.C.; see credits for page 24.

Page 107: Dolce & Gabbana pants from Do Gabbana boutiques, N.Y.C., Bal Harbour, Fla., Beverly Hills; Barneys New York suspenders fro Barneys New York, N.Y.C

Pages 108–9: Diesel jeans from Diesel store nationwide, or call 877-433-4373, or go to www.diesel.com; Dolce & Gabbana hat from Dolce & Gabbana boutiques, N.Y.C., Bal Harb Fla., and Beverly Hills; for TAG Heuer watch call 800-321-4832.

Page 111: Calvin Klein shirt from Calvin Klein, and Dallas.

Pages 124–25: Shawn "Barney" Barron's clo Volcom; wet suit by Hotline; sunglasses by Electr **Ken "Skindog" Collins's** clothing by Volcom; w by O'Neill; sunglasses by Spy. **Brad "Ger" Ge** clothing and wet suit by O'Neill; sunglasses by Pe **Josh Loya's** clothing and wet suit by Hurley; sur by Smith. **Mike "Snips" Parsons's** clothing and suit by Billabong; sunglasses by Vonzipper. **Bill S** clothing by Billabong. **Darryl "Flea" Virostko's** by Rusty; wet suit by Hotline; sunglasses by Oak

138–39: Mindy Sterling's



top from Escada boutiques
ide; Andrew Marc skirt
ks Fifth Avenue and
gdale's stores nationwide;
Rossi boots from Sergio
Y.C., Costa Mesa, Calif.,
llas; jewelry from Jennifer
n, L.A. **Gia Carides's**
na Jeans Donna dress from the Moschino
e, N.Y.C.; Jimmy Choo boots from Jimmy
Beverly Hills; jewelry from Jennifer Kaufman, L.A.
ogers's Chloé dress from the Chloé boutique,
Christian Dior boots from Christian Dior
es nationwide; jewelry from Jennifer Kaufman,
yoncé Knowles's costume designed by
Appel; jewelry designed by Deena Appel
ern. For **Heather Graham's** Celine by
Kors dress, call the Celine boutique at
-9700; Jimmy Choo shoes from Jimmy Choo,
Hills. **Fabiana Udenio's** bikini by OMO
Kamali, from OMO Norma Kamali, N.Y.C.;
Choo shoes from Jimmy Choo, Beverly
welry from Jennifer Kaufman, L.A. **Susanna**
Anna Sui dress from Anna Sui, N.Y.C.;
Choo shoes from Jimmy Choo, Beverly Hills.
srael for Célestine.
57: Colin Farrell's Calvin Klein shirt from
Klein, N.Y.C. and Dallas.

TY AND GROOMING

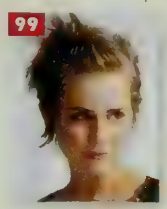
Colin Farrell's hair and
g products from Clinique,
e department stores
hora stores nationwide.
is styled with Exceptionally
Clarifying Shampoo,
etangle Light Conditioner,
ontrol Gel, and Shaping
n his face, City Stick
n Beige Twist and Non-Streak Bronzer; on his
About Eyes; on his lips, All About Lips. Howard
or the Agency; Regine Thorre for 3 Arts.
7: Duffy for Tommy Guns.
6: Top, **Maria Hummer's** and **Bob Tuttle's** hair,
g, and makeup by Elizabeth Dahl. Bottom right,
Blow's hair and makeup by Duffy for
Guns; hair products from Schwarzkopf Professional;
products from Make Up for Ever.
8: Top, **Harvey Fierstein's, James Carpinello's,**
Jaret Winokur's, Kerry Butler's, and **Corey**
s's hair by Paul Huntley. Makeup by Randy
Mercer for MAC/3 Custom Color Specialists.
yled with Paul Mitchell Super Clean Spray; for
ormation, go to www.paulmitchell.com. All
and grooming products by MAC, from MAC



stores nationwide, or go to www.maccosmetics.com, or call 800-387-6707. On Fierstein's face, Full Coverage Foundation in NC20; on his eyes, Small Satin Eye Shadow in Electric Eel and Crème Liner in Black; on his cheeks, Matte Blush in Pink Glow; on his lips, Satin Captive. On Winokur's face, Full Coverage on in W10; on her eyes, Small Frost Eye Shadow with Pro Lash Mascara/Brow Set in Coal her cheeks, Matte Blush in Pink Glow; on her Lipstick in Del Rio. Hot Looks: Jo Malone White a cologne from the Jo Malone store and Goodman, N.Y.C.; Kiehl's Eucalyptus Bath & quid Body Cleanser from Neiman Marcus stores e, or call 800-KIEHLS-1; Revlon products stores nationwide; Fresh Mukki Gift Box from es nationwide. Bottom, **Mary Timony's** hair by Cuia for Trafikinc.com; makeup by Tina or Clouteragency.com



Page 99: Alison Lohman's hair treated with Kérastase Vita-Ciment Concentrate; for more information, call 877-748-8357. Hair styled with KMS Turnstyle Do-Over Cleansing Spray and KMS Beach Head Sea Salt Spray, from selected salons, or go to www.kmshaircare.com; hair by Danilo for Magnet. On her face, Shu Uemura Refreshing Lotion, Moisture Fluid, and Nobara Cream Foundation in No. 584, from Shu Uemura boutiques, N.Y.C. and L.A., and selected Barneys New York stores, or go to www.sephora.com; on her eyes, L'Oréal On-the-Loose Shimmering Powder in Hyper Space with Voluminous Mascara in Black, from drugstores nationwide; on her cheeks, Shu Uemura Glow On in Pink 30; on her lips, Shu Uemura Lip Gloss in Rose. Jeannia Robinette for Artists by Timothy Priano/Shu Uemura.



Page 103: Michael York's grooming by Mitzi Spallas for Cloutier; on his face, Smashbox Anti-Shine in Smashing Neutral, from www.sephora.com; on his eyes, Prescriptives Vibrant, from fine department stores, or go to www.gloss.com.

Pages 104–11: See credits for cover.

Pages 118–27: Shawn "Barney" Barron's, Brad "Ger" Gerlach's, Mike "Snips" Parsons's, and **Darryl "Flea" Virostko's** hair styled with Aquage Transforming Paste and Fortifying Ultragel from fine salons, or call 877-238-1100, extension 100. On their faces, Shu Uemura Deepsea Water in Fragrance Free and Kiehl's Dermal Protection Face Cream with S.P.F. 8; on their lips, Kiehl's Lip Balm No. 1. Kiehl's products from Neiman Marcus stores nationwide, or call 800-KIEHLS-1; Shu Uemura products from Shu Uemura boutiques, N.Y.C. and L.A., and selected Barneys New York stores. Diana Schmidtke for Célestine/Aquage.



Pages 138–39: Susanna Hoffs's, Mimi Rogers's, and **Fabiana Udenio's** hair by Steven Lake for Luxe; **Gia Carides's, Heather Graham's,** and **Mindy Sterling's** hair by Craig Gangi for Art Mix (The Agency). All hair products from KMS and Sebastian. KMS products from selected salons; for more information, go to www.kmshaircare.com. For Sebastian products, call 800-829-7322. Hoffs's hair styled with Sebastian Threads; Rogers's hair styled with KMS Amp Volume 2-in-1 Thickening Creme; Udenio's hair styled with KMS Hair Play Texture Blast; Carides's hair styled with Sebastian Control Top; Graham's hair styled with Sebastian Fizz XL; Sterling's hair styled with KMS Flat Out Stay Smooth Spray. **Beyoncé Knowles's** hair designed by Candy Walken and styled by Kimberly Kimble with L'Oréal Pumping Curls; makeup designed by Michele Burke and styled by Kate Biscoe and Carrie Englund with makeup by L'Oréal; on her face, Translucide in Cappuccino; on her eyes, Line Intensifique in Earthen Rock, and Lash Intensifique in Black; on her lips, Shine Délice in Gingerbread; L'Oréal products from drugstores nationwide. Graham's, Hoffs's, and Sterling's makeup by Lucienne Zammit for Art Mix (The Agency)/Stila; all products by Stila, from Sephora stores nationwide, or go to www.stilacosmetics.com. On Graham's face, Liquid Makeup in Shade A; on her eyes, Eye Shadow in Kitten with Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, Cheek Color in Cream; on her lips, Lip Glaze in Berry. On Hoffs's face, Illuminating Liquid Foundation in 20 Watt; on her eyes, Eye Shadow in Twilight



with Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, Cheek Color in Snowbloom; on her lips, Lip Polish in Glimmer. On Sterling's face, Illuminating Powder Foundation in 10 Watt; on her lips, Lip Glaze in Vanilla. Carides's, Rogers's, and Udenio's makeup by Lutz for Art Mix (The Agency)/Nars; all products by Nars, from Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide, or go to www.sephora.com. On Carides's face, Face Glow in Seychelles; on her eyes, Single Eye Shadow in Nepal, and Mascara in Black Orchid; on her cheeks, Blush in Gina; on her lips, Lip Gloss in Babe. On Rogers's face, Balanced Foundation in Mont Blanc; on her eyes, Single Eye Shadow in Ashes to Ashes, and Mascara in Bamboo; on her cheeks, Blush in Amour; on her lips, Lip Lacquer in Baby Doll. On Udenio's face, Balanced Foundation in Barcelona; on her eyes, Single Eye Shadow in Bombshell, Eye Liner Pencil in Black Moon, and Mascara in Black Orchid; on her lips, Lip Gloss in Sweet Dreams.

Pages 140–41: Men's grooming by Assumpta Clohessy for Susan Price, Inc.; Rheanne White for Art Mix (The Agency)/Butterfly Studio; Kat James for Contact.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND MISCELLANY

Page 32: By Sebastião Salgado/Amazonas/Contact Press Images.
Page 37: Photographed at Claridge's.
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Page 42: Clockwise from top left, by Bai Xiaoyan/Sony Pictures Classics, from Fireworks Pictures, by Jonathan Hession/Spyglass Entertainment Group, Robert DiScalfani/Photonica.
Page 46: Top right, courtesy of the Milwaukee Art Museum; bottom right, photographed at Claridge's; airplane illustration from Dover Books.
Page 48: Middle photograph by Edward Holub/Corbis.
Page 52: From Vienna Report/Sipa.
Page 57: Both from Reuters/TimePix.
Page 58: From Reuters/Getty Images.
Page 60: From Reuters/TimePix.
Page 76: Left, from A.P. Wide World Photos; right, from the New York *Daily News*.
Page 85: From Photofest.
Page 92: Top, from Rex USA; bottom, from A.P. Wide World Photos.
Page 95: From MPTV.
Page 96: Both from A.P. Wide World Photos.
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Pages 138–39: Set design by Antonio Ballatore for Creative Exchange.
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Page 174: From CPi.

Michael Lutin tells Cancers how to stay sane



P. T. Barnum

CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22

The first thing you must do is get over the fear of going out of your mind. Relax. The little men in the white coats aren't coming to take you away quite yet. When you think about it, all those quirky eccentricities and mental foibles that you fear could get you committed are probably the source of your uniqueness and creativity. To navigate successfully through your 12th house now, keep moving forward and don't let the voices inside your head convince you that the end of the world is near. If behind your jolly smile a nut is screaming, embrace the madness.

LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22



Betsy Bloomingdale

Here's the trick: if you can figure out some way to both maintain the security you can't seem to live without and at the same time give in to your urge to gamble, you'll have it made now. A 12th-house Mars-Jupiter conjunction, followed by an eclipse in your 11th house, is waking you up to the fact that—guess what—you are *not* the center of the entire universe. Although living without any map or plan may be giving you the jitters, the good news is that there are cosmic forces steering you in the right direction. Just where you're going, however, is anybody's guess.

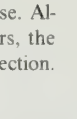


Queen Rania

VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

Transits to the midheaven can bring fame, honors, and public adoration. As you approach a new pinnacle of power, you will reap the rewards of everything you've learned over the past 15 years. This will mean dealing with endless red tape, not to mention all the morons who get their jollies pushing pencils, counting beans, and finding fault. Since there are always individuals who would love to see you drop off the face of the earth, you'd better behave like the consummate professional. If you're clean, you're cool. If not, the word is "Watergate."

LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23



Tito Jackson

Assuming that you do not wish to count yourself among those cutesy, saccharine Libras who pretend everything is wonderful and then go around biting off the heads of innocent, well-meaning people, you would do well to consider seriously two important points: (1) there's a solar eclipse taking place in your 9th house, near the stars Rigel and Capella, and (2) that means it's time for you to concentrate all the thought power in that brain of yours on understanding that it is just as pointless to deny what happened to you as a kid as it is to dwell on it. Chew on that.

Sylvia Plath

SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21

When you see the poor folks on the street who depend on spare change handed to them by kind strangers, rather than freak out over what may lie ahead, be grateful for the blessings you have now. While it is humbling to know that your financial future and economic security rest in the hands of other people, current conjunctions in your 8th house should show you how much faith your backers have in both your sales pitch and your creative powers. The planets will also help you see that the more honest you are about your sexuality, the more creative and prosperous you will be.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21



Michael Tilson Thomas

Considering what an enormous personal struggle it has been for you just to stay afloat, it seems unfair that you should still be obliged to play nice with people who haven't been all that available or sympathetic to you. The power of a solar eclipse in your 7th house, however, demands that you relinquish the almost fanatical grip you have on yourself and everyone around you and remember that you cannot control other people or predict how they are going to react. If you want to be whole again, for the moment you'll just have to stifle the angry growl and smile.



Jon Voight

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JA

Spiritually correct and enlightened people would probably ag the stupid rat race of the business world gets you nowhere at of the day, because money and power can never give you the creati faction, emotional fulfillment, or intellectual meaning you require t your life complete. This month's solar eclipse is sending you quite message, though. Inner contemplation may feed your soul, but as long are alive you have a physical body to maintain and a practical need form a useful service, whether it's beneath you or not.

AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

Shakira

You can feel weak and strong at the same time. It may seem contradictory, but it's true. There are moments when you wonder how much farther you can stumble onward. Then, in a flash, you are up and cracking jokes. The solar eclipse in your 5th house will give you th power you need to push yourself out of the shell you've been trying t back into, and prove to the world what a creative and vital person are. Even if you fall flat on your face and get seriously hurt, it's a lo than sitting in your darkened room listening for a heartbeat.



Sam Donaldson

PISCES FEB. 19–MARC

Little do many Pisceans think, when they are packing their b preparing to run away from their tyrannical families, that somec will return to the old homestead they are so determined to escape f search of succor and safety. Nevertheless, such is usually the case wh the sun and moon line up with the north node at the bottom of yo chart. This is definitely a starting-over time, with the universe telling grit your teeth, kiss and make up, and keep in mind the trite old say blood is thicker than water.

ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

Sarah Michelle Gellar

It may be difficult to focus on anything for long, since you have an attention span lately of about two minutes. That's nothing to fret about, mainly because 3rd-house transits often summon in you the old cowboy restlessness, that urge to explore what lies over the next tain. While this may give you the ability to do Paris, Rome, London, and Los Angeles in five short days, it can also prevent you from maki term commitments. Even so, your mind will be creative and fruitful, p you can be real with the people closest to you. That takes guts.

Lance Bass

TAURUS APRIL 20–M

Saturn in the 2nd house be damned! No one can ever accuse being a moneygrubbing sellout—you've gone to great lengths t that your integrity means more to you than a big, fat bank account. being richer than your wildest dreams *is* your wildest dream, you're c a lot more than just a bag of insatiable appetites. This month's solar however, reminds you that being a Taurus requires you to respect mo business and to remember that you have always been and will alwa creature of this world. Ante up.

GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

Josephine Baker

This is the end of one era and the beginning of another. When you are willing to turn your back and walk away from a part of your life that lost its meaning long ago, you'll finally be ready to grow up and pate in the world as an adult, which is something nobody ever gives C credit for being able to handle. This eclipse isn't going to be a lot of fi it won't be easy. That said, there's not a thing to be gained by moani groaning about what you're being asked to leave behind. Dry your e tough it out and you'll end up happy.

To hear more about what's happening in your horoscope—and everyone else's—listen to Michael Lutin weekly by calling 1-900-28V-FAIR on a touch-tone phone. Cost: $1.95 per minute. If you are under 18, you need parental permission.

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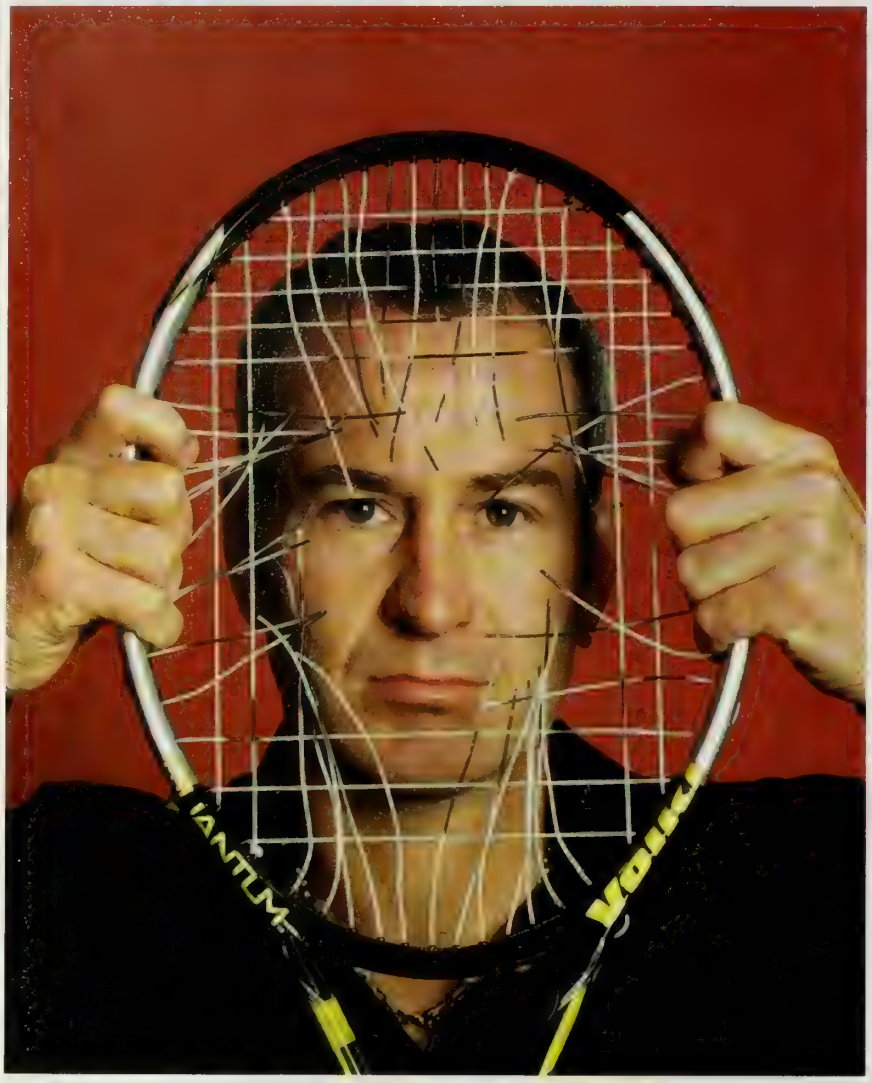
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JOHN McENROE

John McEnroe's nail-biting 1980 Wimbledon final, versus icy Swedish rival Björn Borg, was arguably the greatest tennis match ever, with a tiebreaker duel that included five match points and seven set points, and ended in a 16–18 score. The brash New Yorker was notorious for his on-court theatrics, but no one could deny his brilliant game at the net or, least of all, his 17 Grand Slam titles. Upon the release of his autobiography, *You Cannot Be Serious*, McEnroe sounds off on losing, his art collection, and that nagging 1984 French Open final

Which living person do you most admire?
Nelson Mandela.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
That I don't have better control.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Phoniness.

What is your greatest extravagance?
My art collection.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Patience.

On what occasion do you lie?
When my kids ask me about my grades in high school.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
My receding hairline and that bald spot on the top of my head.

What is your greatest regret?
The 1984 French Open final.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
My wife, Patty, and my kids—Ruby, Kevin, Sean, Emily, Anna, and Ava.

When and where were you happiest?
I'm happier now than I've ever been.

Which talent would you most like to have?
A great voice and some mean chops on the guitar.

What is your current state of mind?
I'm excited, anxious, confident, concerned, positive, and negative all in one.

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
I'd like to be just a *little* more relaxed.

If you could change one thing about your family, what would it be?
That they weren't quite as loud. But then again, that's my fault.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
My Father of the Year Award in 1996. But then again, I paid a lot for that.

What is your most treasured possession?
My Jean-Michel Basquiat painting. (Unless I can get the right price for it.)

Where would you like to live?
I already live where I like to live.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
A sense of humor.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
Her personality . . . yeah, right.

Who are your heroes in real life?
The police, firefighters, Jesse Owens, and Abraham Lincoln.

What is it that you most dislike?
When people tell me to smile.

What is your motto?
"It doesn't matter whether you win or lose until you lose."

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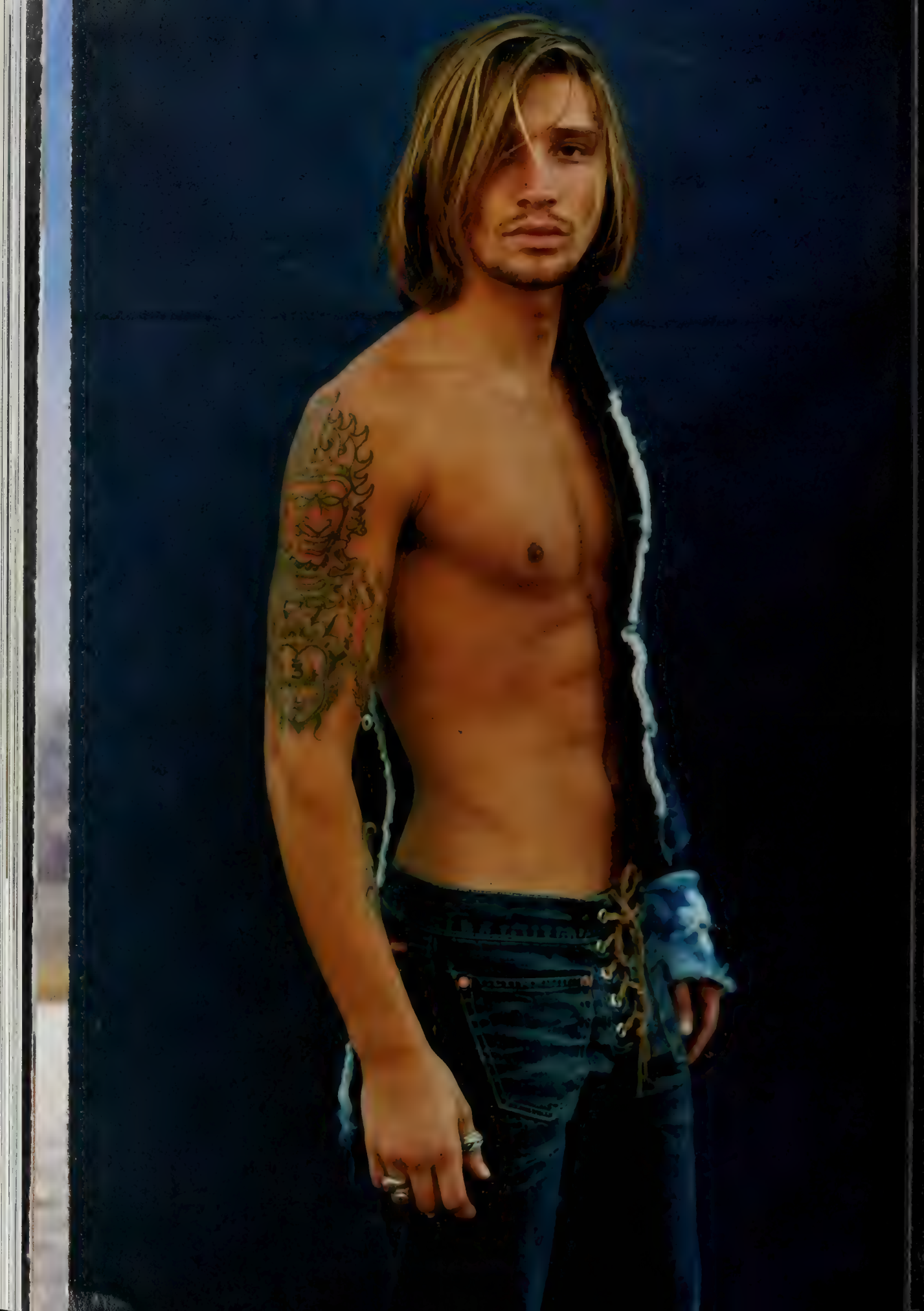
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SERVE CHILLED OR AT ROOM TEMPERATURE. THERE IS NO FINER VODKA.


VANITY FAIR
"What a grand thing to be loved! What a grander thing still, to love!"
—VICTOR HUGO
August 2007
EL OVITZ
VN AND OUT
E'S BLAMING
ONE IN SIGHT
N BURROUGHS
NS OF
TOR
HANLEY
REET ORTH
ST DAYS
URNALIST
L PEARL
RT SAM ANSON
ETH HURLEY
EVE BING:
-SAID SHE-SAID
WARD
IONAIRE BARON,
IVES,
D BODY—
HEN ALL HELL
S LOOSE
AEL SHNAYERSON
"I feel ready for anything! I feel unshakable!"
BENJAMIN BRATT
HE'S OVER JULIA ROBERTS AND HE'S MOVED INTO THE ARMS OF
TALISA SOTO
By EVGENIA PERETZ
Photographed by BRUCE WEBER
DOMINICK DUNNE: HIS INSIDE ACCOUNT OF THE SHOCKING SKAKEL VERDICT
PLUS: BILL BLASS ON BILL BLASS
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I'm Glad I Switched.

Send Attach Address Fonts Colors Save As Draft

To: switchers@apple.com

Cc:

Subject: I'm Glad I Switched.

Dear Apple–

I heard you were looking to hear from people who've recently switched from a PC to a Mac. Well, I'm one of them.

My reasons for switching were simple. I wanted a better computing experience than I had with my PC.

But even though I loved the iMac, I had some initial concerns. I had my whole life on my old machine–my illustrations, my writing, my banking records. Everything was on there, and I thought, why make the leap? It's like being stuck in a bad relationship: It works on some level so you don't want to make the effort to change.

But once I did it, I realized I should've done it a long time ago. Transferring my files was simple. All my word processing, illustration and Quicken files just loaded right up. And whatever I could do on my Windows machine I can now do on a Mac, better and more easily.

It's a great hub for my digital "lifestyle"–iPhoto and iTunes really let my family enjoy our digital gadgets, cameras and video cameras. I honestly don't think there's anything it can't do. Well, it can't make me coffee in the morning. But that's about it.

I'm GLAD I switched.

Thanks,

Mark Frauenfelder
Freelance writer and illustrator



Mark Frauenfelder ended his "bad relationship" with a PC last year and bought a Mac.
Learn how easy it is for you to make the switch at apple.com/switch.

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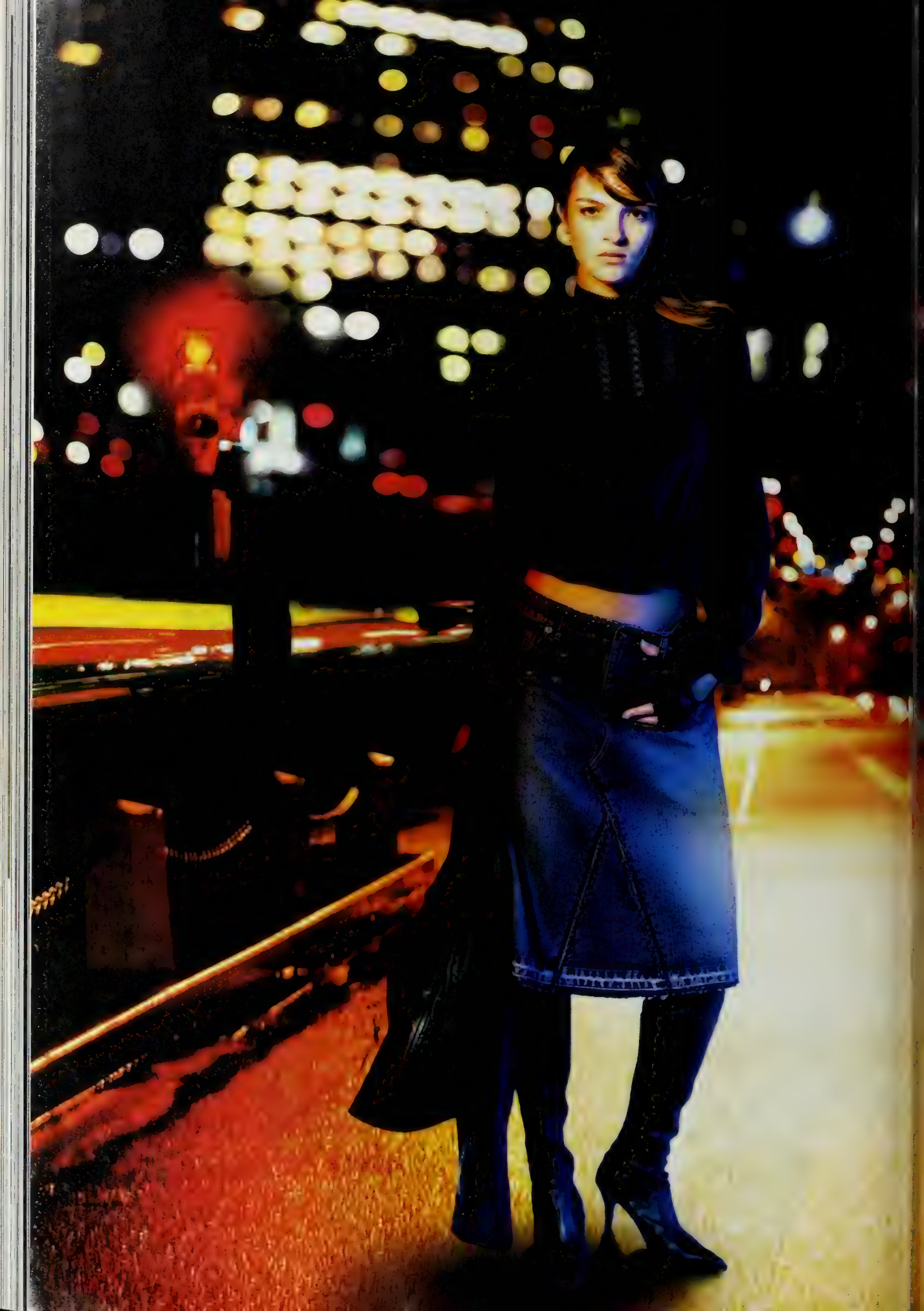
Defining Beauty

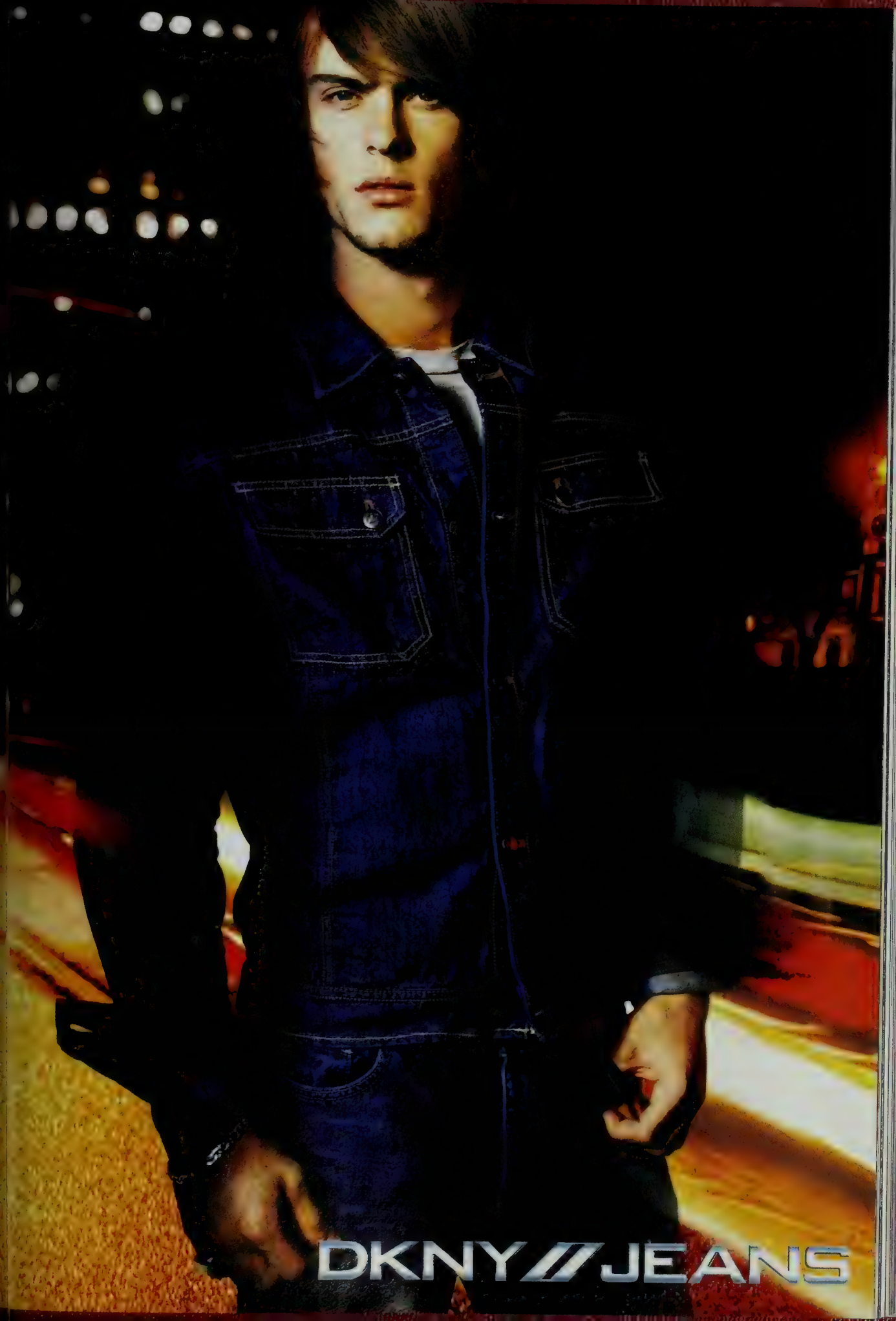


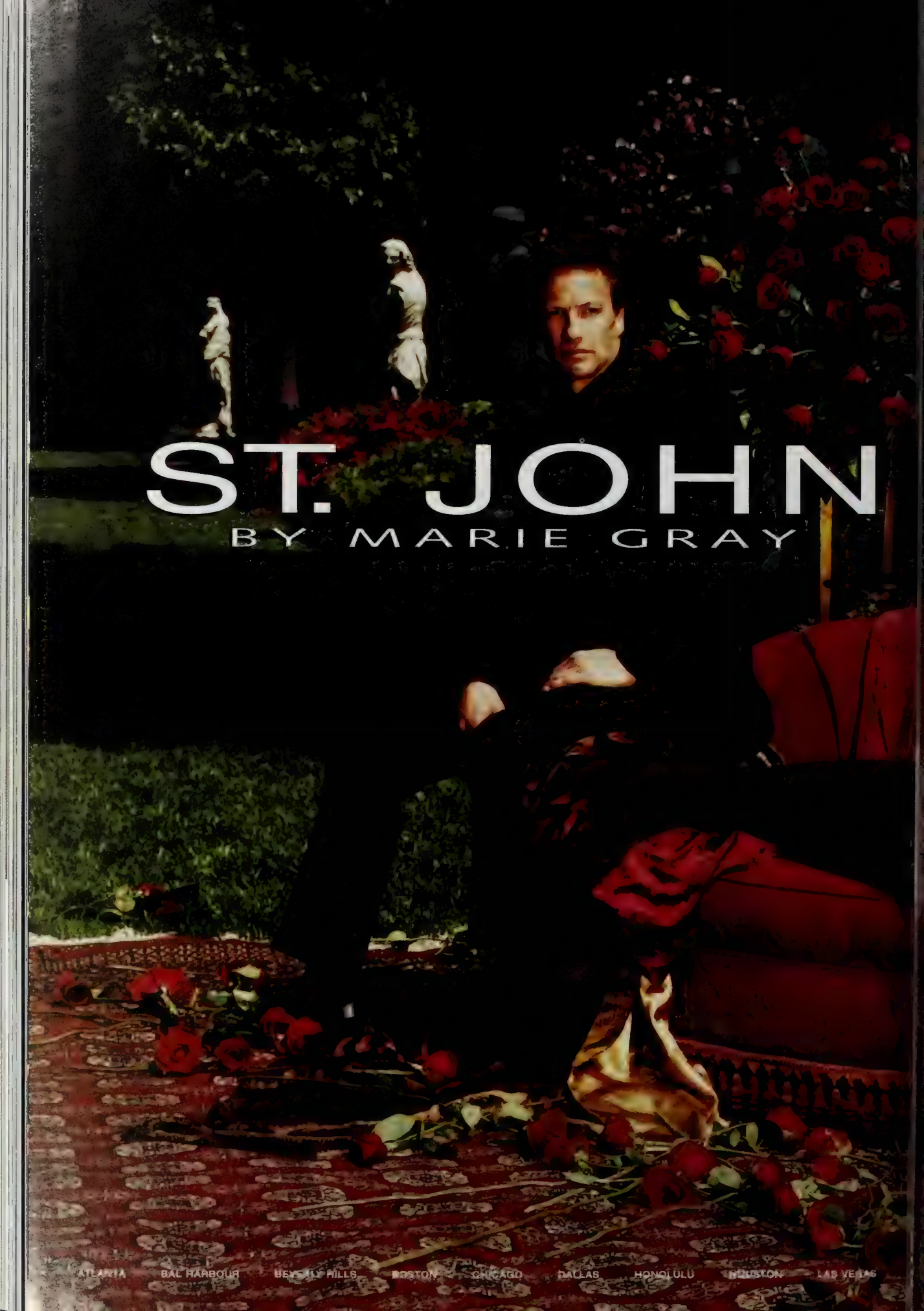

RMANI
COLLEZIONI




GUCCI

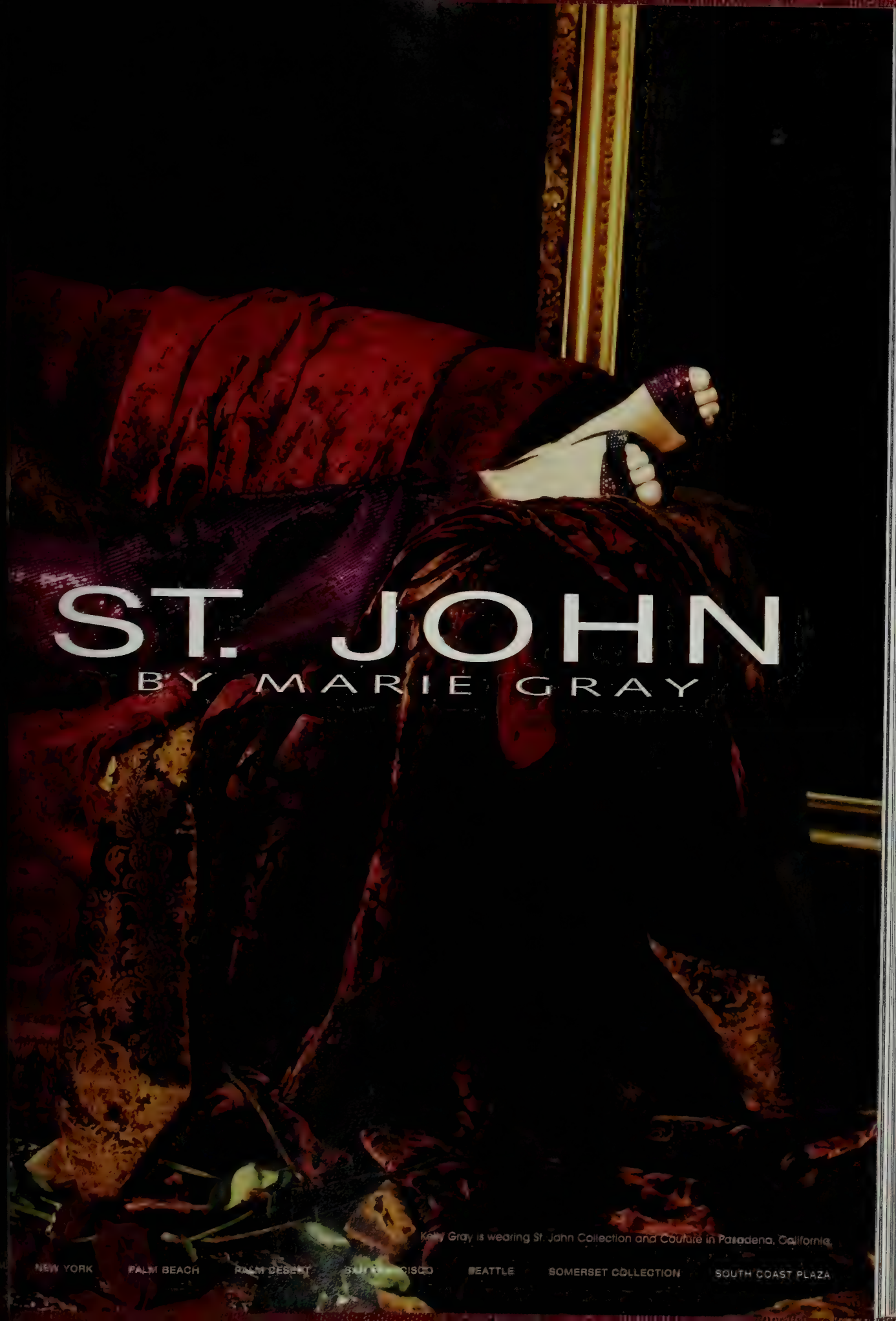



DKNY JEANS


ST. JOHN
BY MARIE GRAY
ATLANTA
BAL HARBOUR
BEVERLY HILLS
BOSTON
CHICAGO
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VANITY FAIR

August 2002 no.



Baby's Got Bratt
TALISA SOTO AND BENJAMIN BRATT ON MIAMI BEACH . . . 112

Features

THE BRATT PACT Playing a dashing young cop on *Law & Order,* Benjamin Bratt won sky-high ratings, not to mention the heart of America's top female star. But sharing Julia Roberts's spotlight was a role that didn't suit him, Evgenia Peretz learns, as Bratt tells how the end of that roman marked the beginning of a whole new approach to life, with his return to the San Francisco barrio where he was raised, his leading role in *Traffic* screenwriter Stephen Gaghan's upcomir film, *Abandon,* and his marriage in May to the actress Talisa Soto. Bruce Weber photographs the impossibly gorgeous newlyweds . . . . . .

TRIUMPH BY JURY On June 7, as a jury pronounced Michael Skakel guilty of the brutal 1975 murder of 15-year-old Martha Moxley, Dominick Dunne wasn't the only one to gasp in astonishment at the verdict. In this month's diary, he chronicles the final chapter of a 27-year-long crusade for justice: the heroes and the villains, the unused "confession" and the missing witness, and the ghosts he has been struggling to lay to rest . . . . . .

TREACHEROUS INHERITANCE With industrial holdings valued at $2.7 billion and masterpiece paintings worth as much or more, the Thyssen-Bornemisza family is among Europe's richest. It may also be one of the most dysfunctional, given its eye-popping history of childhood neglect, infidelity, and divorce. In the wake of one of the most expensive private legal cases in history, which pitted Baron Hans Heinrich Thyssen-Bornemisza and his fifth wife, Tita, against his children, and which was settled just weeks bef the baron's death last spring, Michael Shnayerson explores the emotional legacy that propelled a world-class art collection and a family feud for the ages . . . . . .

OVITZ AGONISTES By the time Michael Ovitz was forced to sell his Artists Management Group to upstart Jeff Kwatinetz's the Firm, he had lost a sizable chunk of his fortune, his pride, and his hopes of returning to the entertainment industry's power table. For Ovitz, though, what hurts most of all is the fact that *they*—the "Gay Mafia," a Hollywood cabal he believes is led by David Geffen, in cahoots with Disney's Michael Eisner, *The New York Times,* and Ovitz's former partners—have succeeded in bringing him down. Bryan Burrough gets the tormented confidences of a man in free fall, the reaction to his charges, and a story none of the players want to share . . . . . .

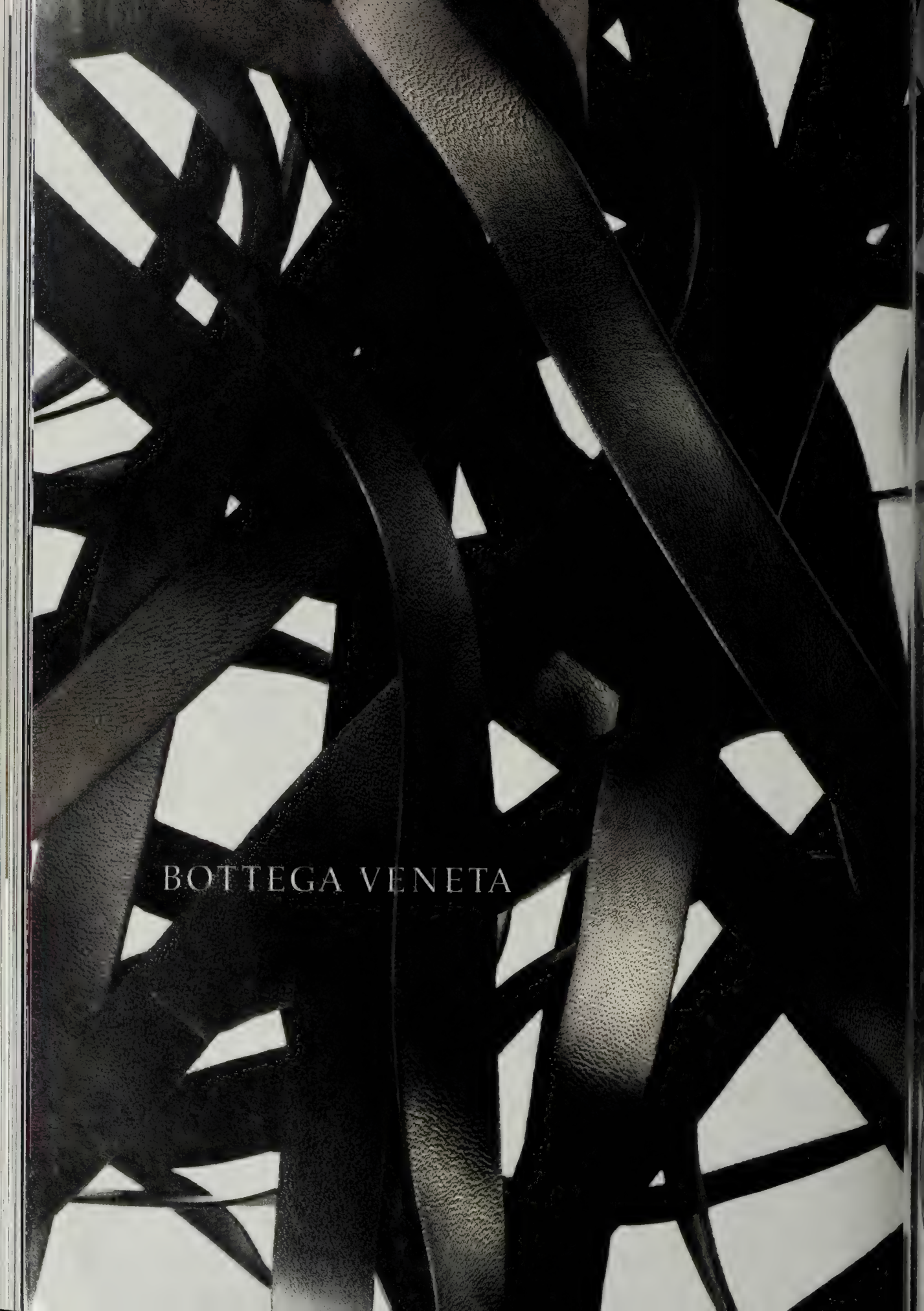
ANOTHER CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON Annie Leibovitz and A. E. Hotchner spotlight Paul Newman, who's come quite a long way since his breakthrough performance in Hotchner's 1956 teleplay adaptation of Hemingway's *The Battler*—which Newman will reprise onstage in November—and who is still perfecting his art, most recently in this month's *Road to Perdition,* opposite Tom Hanks . . . . . .

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VANITY FAIR

August 2002 nº



Family Baggage

BARON AND BARONESS THYSSEN-BORNEMISZA, ON THE BALCONY AT RIGHT AND CENTER, 1988 ... 124

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

MODERN PATERNITY? Short of appearing on a Fox reality show, how does a relatively unknown multimillionaire become a national joke? For screenwriter, producer, and real-estate heir Steve Bing, it took a one-two paternity punch: first his ex-girlfriend Elizabeth Hurley announced last fall she was pregnant by him, then billionaire mogul Kirk Kerkorian charged that Bing is the true father of his former wife's four-year-old daughter. Vicky Ward charts the DNA of a scandal in which Bing's way with women has gotten him a bit more publicity than he wanted. Photograph by Art Streiber 14

UNHOLY COMMUNION Indicted on 10 counts of child rape in Massachusetts, in the 1980s, Father Paul Shanley has become one of the most notorious figures in the Catholic Church's growing sex scandal: a priest whose reported history of unimaginably cruel abuse of young boys spanned three decades as he moved among parishes. What did Boston Archdiocese leaders know and when did they know it? Interviewing the haunted men who were Shanley's prey, Maureen Orth discovers that the church had clear warning of this monster in its ranks 14

WHAT A SWELL PARTY IT WAS Friends and clients swore Bill Blass would never talk about his private life. But he finally did, in a posthumous memoir that shows all the wit and charm that made him so prized by New York's top hostesses. In an excerpt from *Bare Blass,* the fashion legend recalls his father's suicide, his service in the army's most creative unit during some of World War II's toughest battles, his friendship with Nancy Reagan, his definition of manhood, and the marriage trap set for him by social swan Slim Keith 15

Fanfair

31 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE Doorway to Heaven—Matt Tyrnauer goes behind Robert Graham's cathedral doors. Hot Reels: Bruce Handy reviews *The Good Girl;* Walter Monheit on the Robert Evans biopic, *The Kid Stays in the Picture;* Coming Attractions—Walter Kirn interprets *Signs.* Elissa Schappell's Hot Type. A. M. Homes on night-owl photographer Todd Hido; Lisa Robinson on Sam Jones's Wilco documentary. Start your engines!—Anne Fulenwider on MoMA's new cars .....

Columns

THE JOURNALIST AND THE TERRORIST *Wall Street Journal* correspondent Daniel Pearl had the qualities of a great reporter: intensity and inquisitiveness, seasoned with a healthy dose of caution. But in the violent port city of Karachi, Pakistan, he became the target of a charming sociopath named Omar Sheikh, whose motives remained mysterious even after his arrest. Following in Pearl's footsteps, Robert Sam Anson investigates the shadowy nexus of jihadi groups, secret police, and government agents to discover what turned a scoop into a death sentence .....

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36



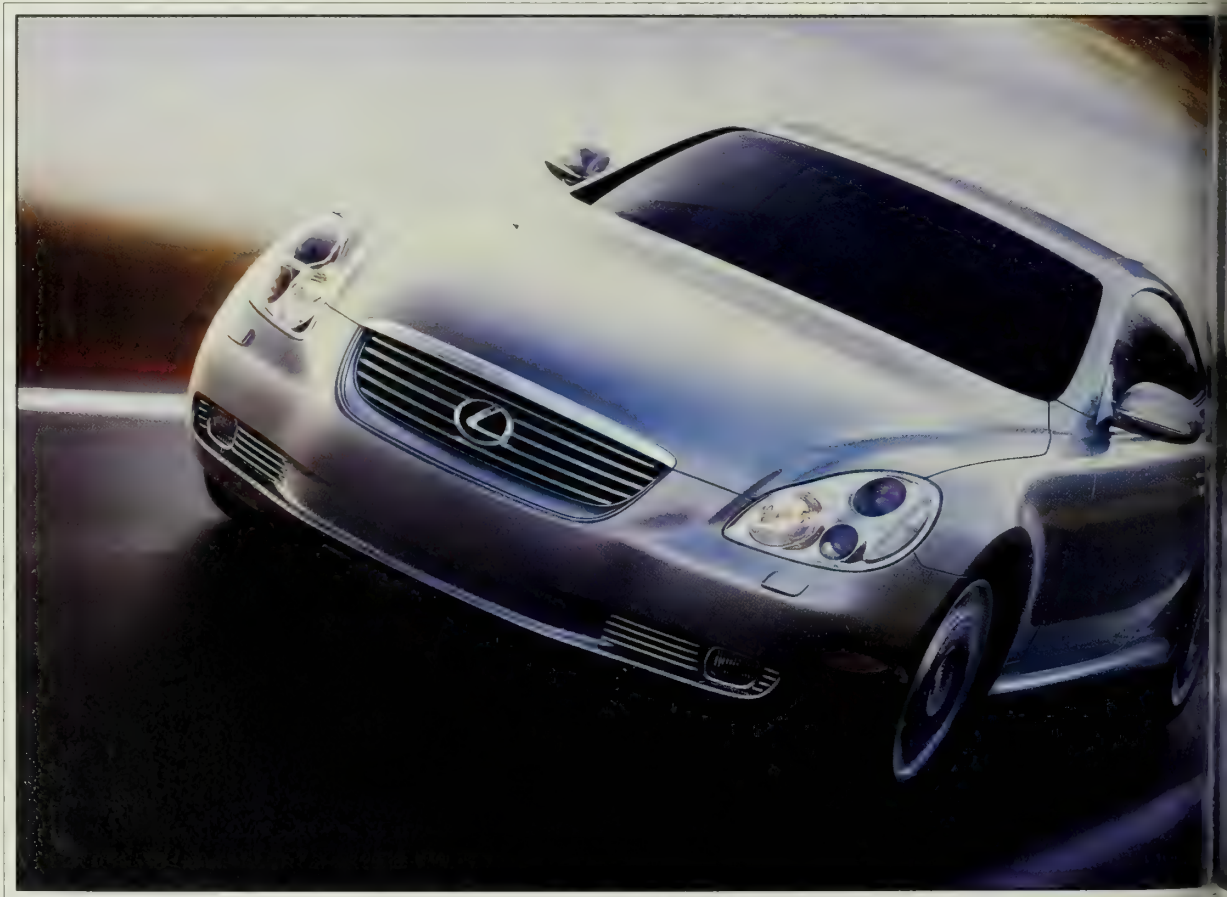
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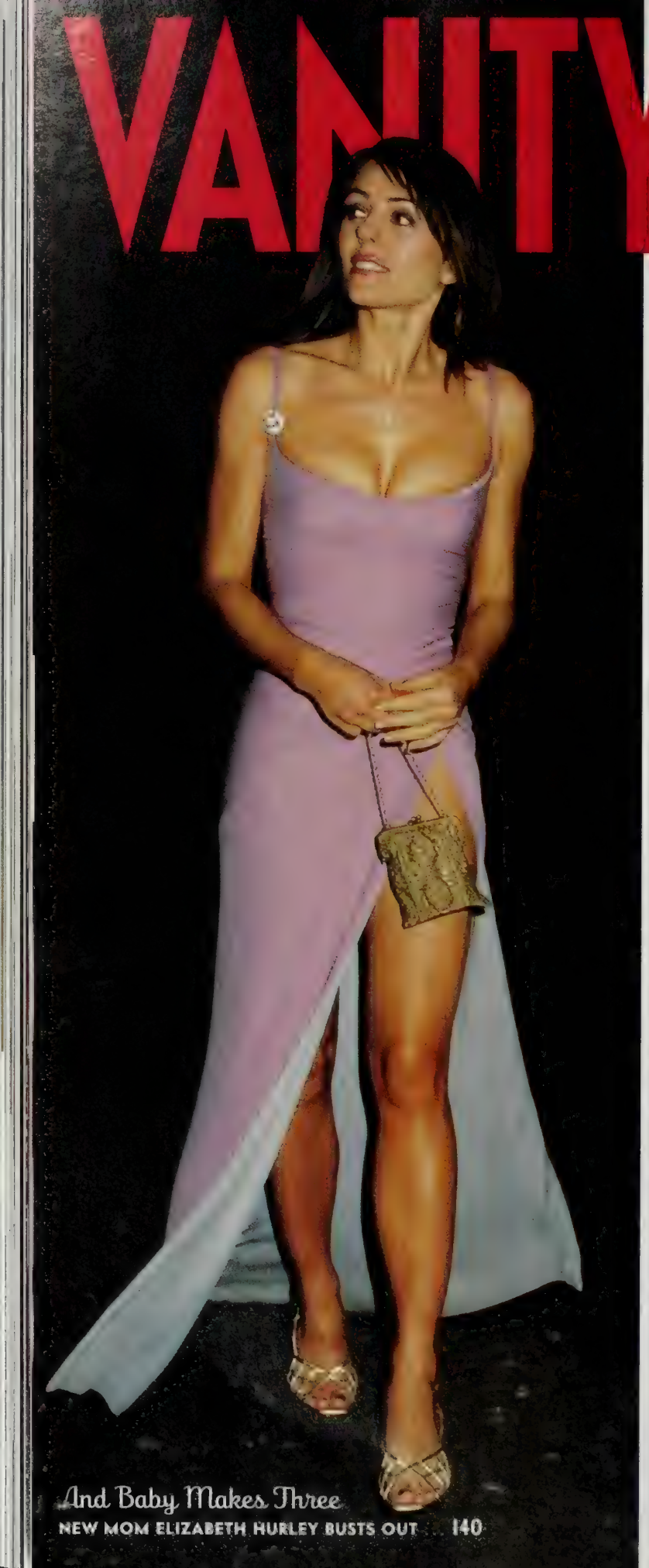
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VANITY FAIR

August 2002 No

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

FESTIVAL OCCASIONS *Vanity Fair* provided two maj film festivals—Cannes and Tribeca—with shimmering enchantments, co-hosting with Robert De Niro a downtown New York gala by the light of 1,000 candles, and filling the Hôtel du Cap, Eden-Roc, in Cap d'Antibes with lobster, roses, and dance fever. Krista Smith reports from both sides of the Atlantic, where photographers Jonathan Becker, Patrick McMullan, and Richard Young snapped the likes of Heather Graham, Sheryl Crow, Jerry Seinfeld, Martin Scorsese, Giorgio Armani, Milla Jovovich, Donna Karan, and Mick Jagger .....

Vanities

MAGGIE MAY *V.F.*'s London theater benefit; Night Table Reading. George Wayne is all business as he talks shop with supermodel-entrepreneur Kathy Ireland .....

Et Cetera

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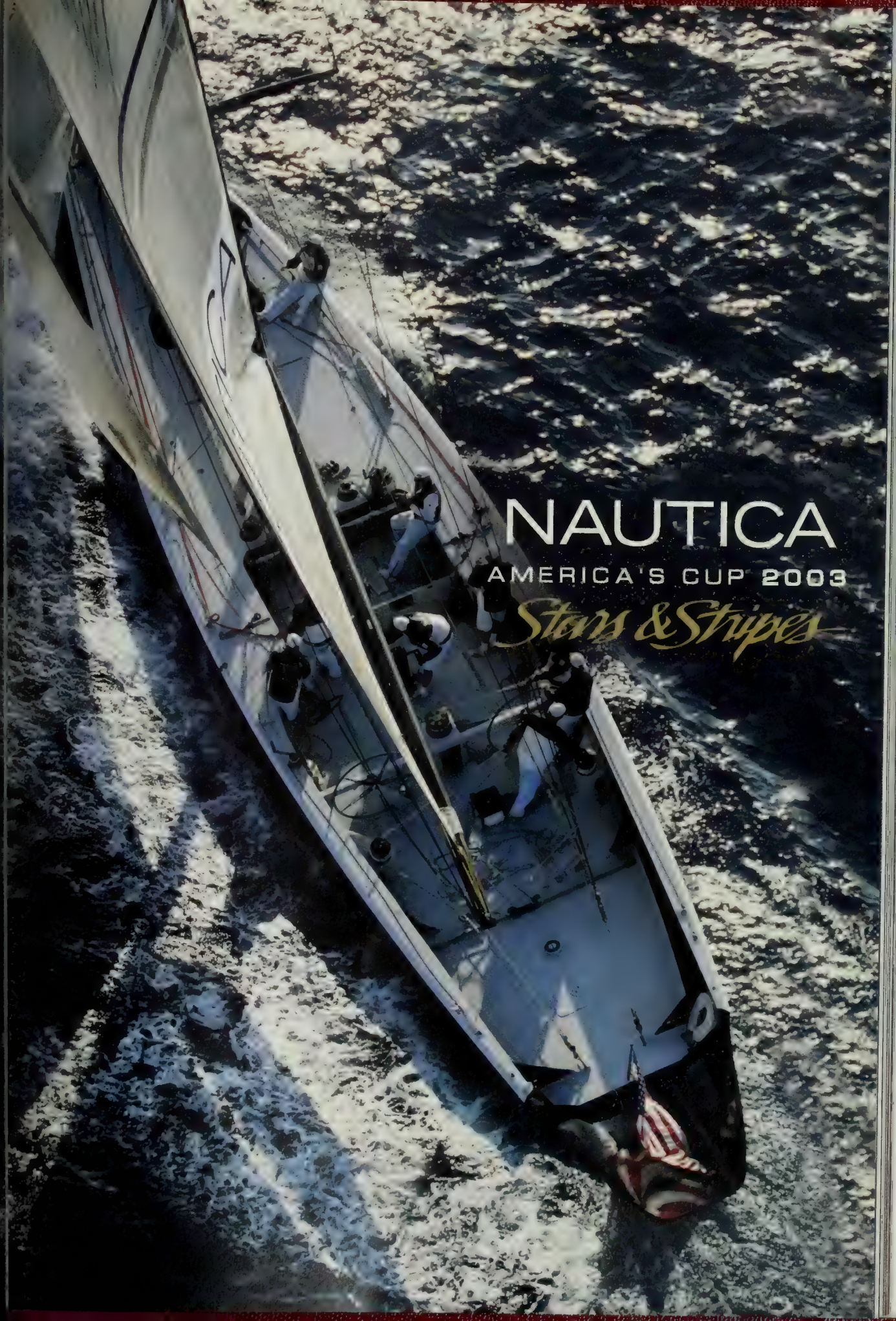
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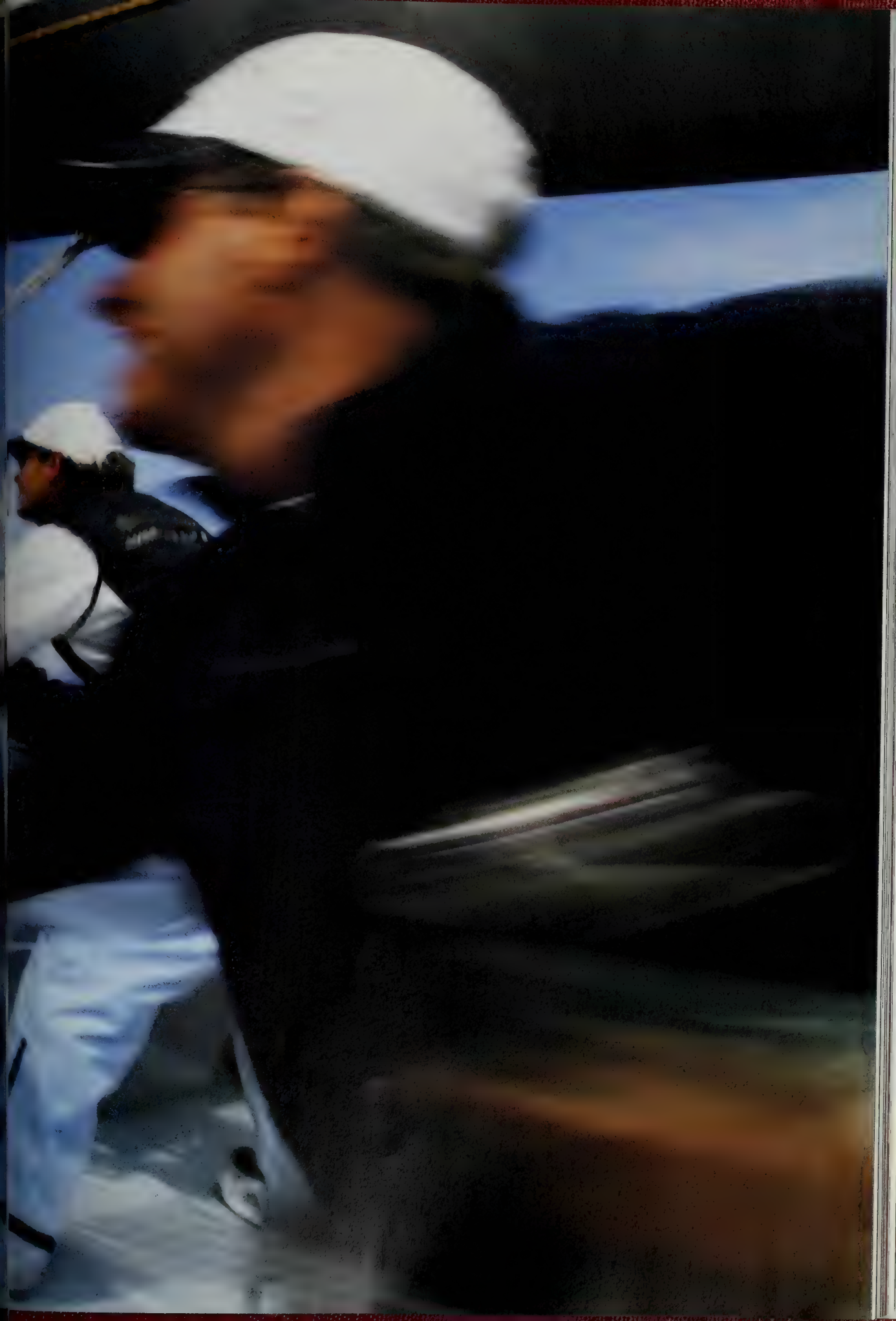
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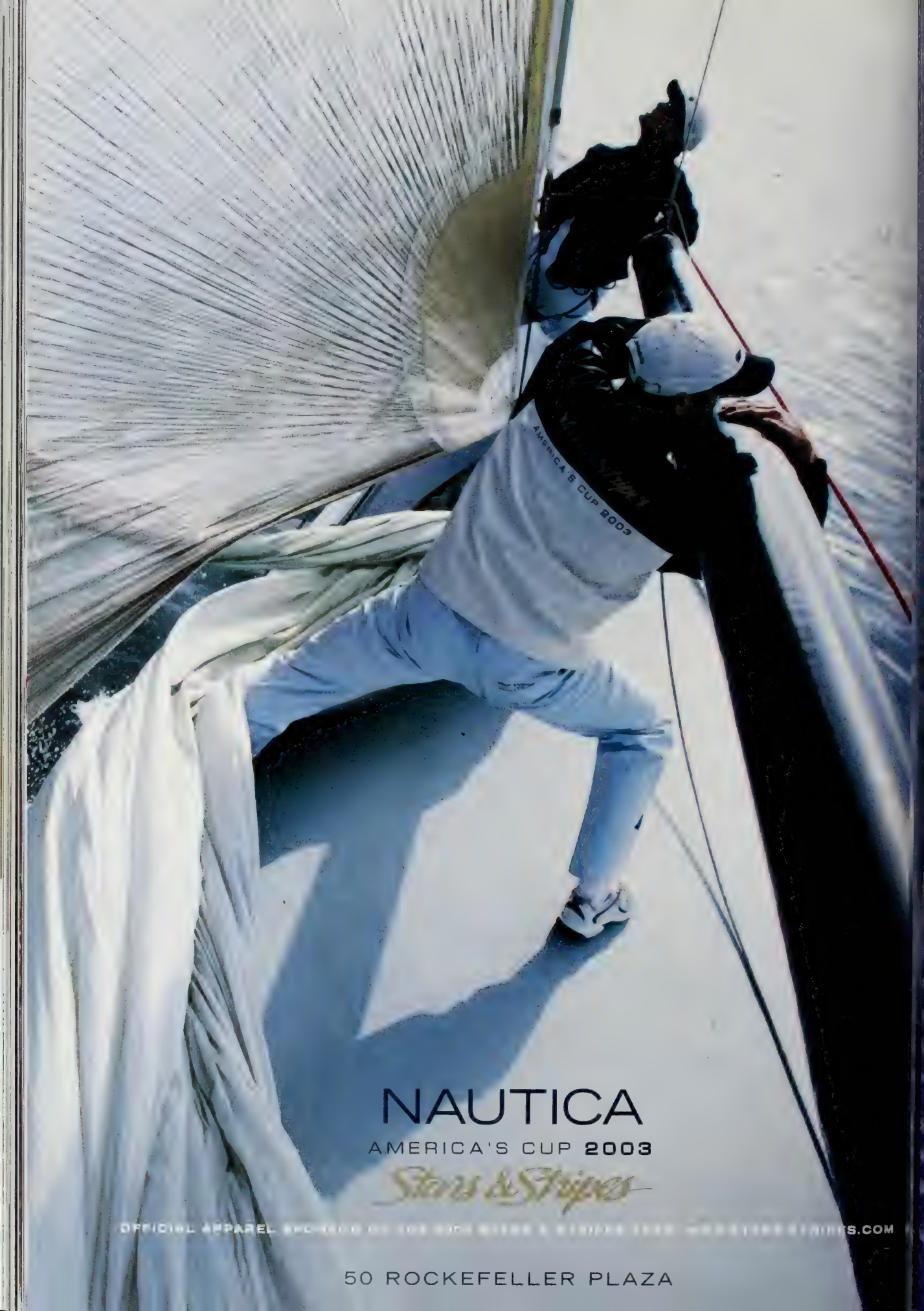
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The Coaster's Clear



I received a somewhat worried call from my mother last month. She was fretting about a letter that had appeared in the magazine and that sounded overly hostile toward me; she and my sister were becoming slightly anxious. Since I edit everything in *Vanity Fair*—Letters pages included—I was at a loss to know what she could possibly be talking about. "The one from Ed Coaster," she said. "He sounds like he's out to get you. I just don't like the sound of him."

I was taken aback, primarily because I don't like my mother to worry. She lives a quiet life in Canada (no, that is not redundant) and isn't up to the thrust and jab of the New York magazine wars. Furthermore, I told her, Ed Coaster is a parody. Of sorts. "Oh, thank God," she said.

The whole notion of Ed Coaster is a throwback to *Spy,* a magazine that I co-founded in the mid-80s. We had a whole raft of pseudonyms back then: Celia Brady wrote a column on Hollywood; J. J. Hunsecker did the one on *The New York Times;* Joe Gillis covered the television industry; and a certain Michèle Bennett wrote a review-of-reviewers column in which "she" critiqued the chief critics of the time.

One of the more popular found objects from the *Spy* days makes his debut in the pages of *Vanity Fair* this month. *Spy* fans will recognize the name Walter Monheit™, who reprises his role of movie critic—although at *Spy* he was billed as our Messenger/Critic-at-Large. Walter was a raffish old fellow with a mustache, a monocle, and a tea-stained su delivered packages for us by d somehow wormed his way into parties, and even the occasiona affair, at night.

Walter didn't actually write views; a couple of staff membe (one of them, coincidentally, th person who is behind the Coaste ness). And since studios wouldn't show someone of Walte standing their movies, we had to review the films without a seeing them, relying largely on press releases as primary res Walter's reviews were over the top, parroting the worst puffe the film critics of the day. For the 1989 movie *Old Gringo,* M wrote, "Gregory Peck's *Golden Pond*—and don't be surprised car takes a dip!" When Michelle Pfeiffer's *The Fabulous Boys* came out in 1989, he weighed in with: "Ooofff! Pfour pf up monocles pfor Pfeiffer!"

I drafted Walter into service this month because I wan do a little something in Fanfair on a film I've produce *Kid Stays in the Picture,* about the life of the legendary head Robert Evans, out July 26 from USA Films. And s wanted it to be an insanely positive review, I couldn't ent to one of our regulars. No, this was a job for Monheit™, true to form, gives *The Kid* five monocles, his highest pc rating. "Bobalicious! Evansescent!! This time, kids, it's who stays in the picture!!!" Spectacular review, Walter monocles—for my first adventure in the film trade? Take Edwin John Coaster!!!! —GRAYDON CA

ON THE COVER

Talisa Soto's dress and Benjamin Bratt's suit by Calvin Klein. His shirt by Calvin Klein Underwear. Hair products from Frédéric Fekkai. Makeup and grooming products from MAC. Hair by Didier Malige. Makeup and grooming by Regine Thorre. Props styled by Dimitri Levas. Styled by Evyan Metzner. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Bruce Weber in Miami on May 17, 2002.




ARMANI
COLLEZIONI



Sony's David Leitner (second from left) and Bob Gruters (second from right) mingle with members of the band Marah.

A SONIC SOIRÉE

On April 24 at Joe's Pub in New York City, *Vanity Fair* and Sony DVD Dream System co-hosted an exclusive listening lounge event. More than 150 guests, including Artemis Records CEO Danny Goldberg, sipped cocktails and enjoyed hors d'oeuvres while they listened to a live performance by the band Marah. All guests took home gift bags featuring a limited edition DVD of *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* from Sony and a Marah CD. A sweepstakes drawing also was held for a Sony DVD Dream System.

MANAGING EVERYDAY LIFE

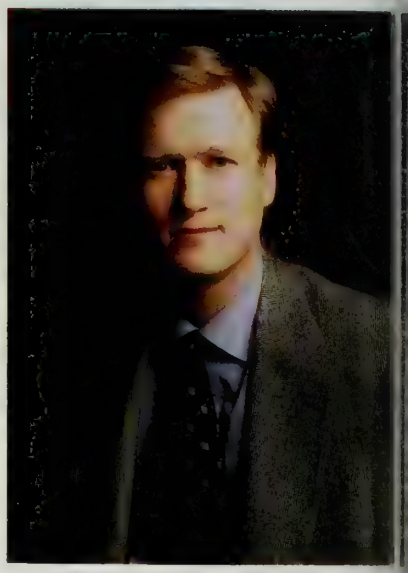
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CONTRIBUTORS

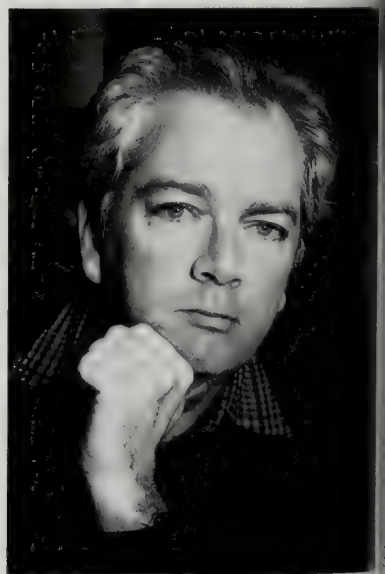


With the collapse last May of Artists Management Group—the talent enterprise viewed as Michael Ovitz's comeback vehicle—the most epic downfall in Hollywood history was complete. While industry insiders were celebrating Ovitz's long-awaited comeuppance, special correspondent **Bryan Burrough** set out to get another perspective: that of Ovitz himself. "Of the million Michael Ovitz profiles that have been done, you've never read one from his point of view," says Burrough, who drew out some very raw emotion from his subject. "And you've absolutely never read one like this."



GASPER TRINGALE

As a practicing Catholic, special correspondent **Maureen Orth** took joy in investigating the story of accus pedophile the Reverend Paul Shanley, but her belief that exposing the truth do some good carried her through th reporting process. "My fervent hope," says, "is that bringing out this materi will somehow lead to a healthier, mo open relationship among those inside church, and an increased respect for t laity." Orth, who has written articles in years about unscrupulous characters ranging from fugitive financier Marc to serial killer Andrew Cunanan, insis that she has no special affection for transgressive types. "I prefer writing a saints," she says, "but *Vanity Fair* alwa seems to give me sinners."



After the memorial Mass of the late Baron Hans Heinrich Thyssen-Bornemisza, contributing editor **Michael Shnayerson** was encouraged by the director of the baron's private museum in Madrid to wander around, unattended, looking at the breathtaking art collection. "That's what it was all about for the baron," says Shnayerson, who, after taking in everything from old masters to Edward Hopper, to Francis Bacon, sensed what it must have been like to have it all for private enjoyment. "And unless you're a curator at a museum, you never have that experience." Next month, Little, Brown will publish *The Killers Within,* about drug-resistant bacteria, which Shnayerson co-wrote with Mark J. Plotkin.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

TRIBECA FILM FESTIVAL

MAY 8-MAY 12, 2002

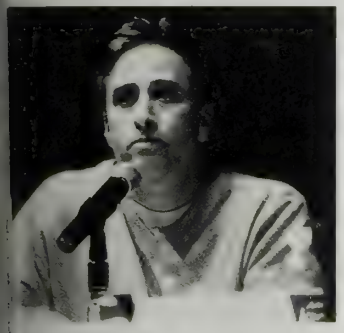
The first annual Tribeca Film Festival, presented by American Express, took place May 8-May 12, attracting more than 150,000 attendees. The Festival's mission: to revitalize and celebrate lower Manhattan, inspire filmmakers and artists, and enable the public to experience the all-encompassing power of film.

A showcase for new filmmakers from around the world, the Festival drew celebrities, journalists, filmmakers, and movie aficionados alike. Political luminaries including former President Bill Clinton, Nelson Mandela, Mayor Michael Bloomberg, and Governor George Pataki, as well as celebrities such as Hugh Grant and Whoopi Goldberg, joined co-founders Robert De Niro, Jane Rosenthal, and Martin Scorsese on the dais at the emotional opening ceremonies at City Hall.

Film fans and Tribeca neighbors mingled at premieres, screenings, parties, panel discussions, the MTV Rock and Comedy concert, and an all-day outdoor Family Festival that attracted more than 100,000 people.



Thousands of participants turn out for the Family Festival.



on Stewart at the "Confusion in a Time of ncertainty: Life After 9/11" panel discussion.



Festival co-chairs Robert De Niro (center) and Martin Scorsese (far right) with Al Hoehl (left) and Jack Valenti at the closing night ceremonies.



Hilary Swank and Al Pacino at the premiere of Warner Bros.' *Insomnia.*



urors Helen Hunt and Kevin Spacey at the Jurors' uncheon.

MARK YOUR CALENDARS

The Second Annual Tribeca Film Festival will be held April 29-May 4, 2003 with a special family program on April 26-27. For information and to purchase Festival products, visit tribecafilmfestival.org or call 212-941-2400.

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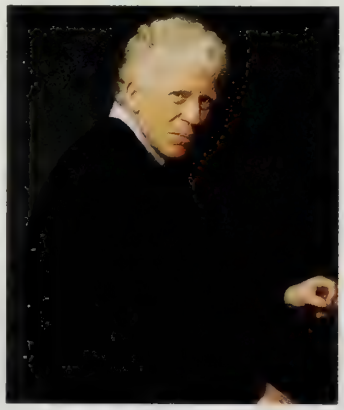
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48



New York Times fashion critic and former *V.F.* contributing editor **Cathy Horyn** first met Bill Blass in 1987 at the Detroit auto show, where the designer, who died on June 12, was promoting his signature line of Lincoln Continentals. "I didn't know then that he had no idea how to operate a car," says Horyn. In collaborating with Blass on his autobiography, *Bare Blass* (excerpted on page 150), which HarperCollins will publish in August, Horyn found that, although Blass had been "highly quotable" over the years, he had rarely said anything about himself. "People who think they know Bill Blass will be surprised, and those who don't will be turned on by the life he led."



GASPER TRINGALE

Contributing editor **Robert Sam Anson** didn't really want to go to Pakistan. But t the story behind the murder of Daniel Pearl knew he had no choice. He quickly experie the country's intrigue. After being followed Islamabad, he found that his hotel-room safe had been broken into and important inter tapes had been stolen. Anson, who was tak prisoner 30 years ago in Cambodia while reporting for *Time,* came away sympathizing with everything Pearl did while in Pakistan. don't think he was reckless," Anson says. "I was just after a story. There was no way he c have avoided being picked up by Omar She



Fanfair editor **Anne Fulenwider** first arrived at *V.F.* in 1998, but took a brief respite in San Francisco. "I came back to New York six months later, when I realized I had very little interest in the Internet," Fulenwider says. "Luckily it was a year or two before the rest of the world came to the same conclusion." She now edits art, book, design, and travel stories for the Fanfair section, which she helped start in 1999. Her new obsession is cars. She recently profiled J Mays, head of design at Ford, and this month turns to New York's Museum of Modern Art, which recently acquired three new automobiles. "Unfortunately, they didn't need any test-drivers."



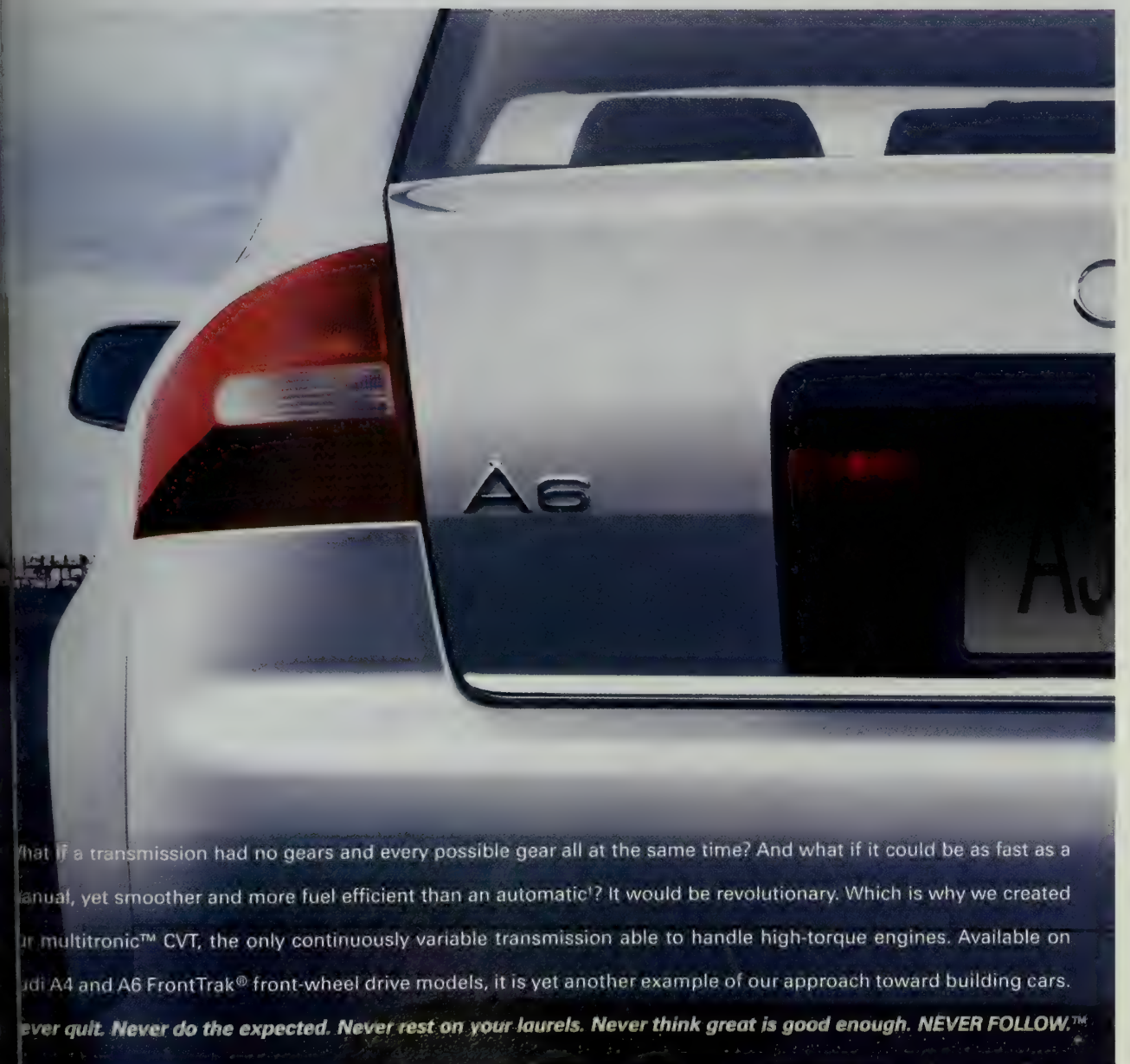
MARION ETT. INGER

Contributing editor **A. M. Homes,** who profiles photographer Todd Hido on page 72, sees a close connection between the literary and visual arts. "I couldn't write without looking at art," she says. Evidently, Homes looks at art a lot. In September, HarperCollins will publish *Things You Should Know,* her first collection of short stories since 1990's *The Safety of Objects,* which has been ma into a movie to be released next year. She is currently "up in the trees" at the Yaddo artists' colony in upstate New York, finishing a book about Los Angeles and beginning her fifth novel.

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A CLINTON, IN EVERY WAY

Chelsea's snogs and Oxford's snobs; Jack and Suzy in the box; Reese Witherspoon all covered up; James Wolcott's tabloid love affair; war reporting's fearless femmes; plus Senator John Edwards and that witty Mike Tyson!



ALL GROWN UP Chelsea Clinton on the Oxford campus, February 2002.

Chelsea Clinton apparently hasn't learned that one cannot be considered an *Über*-brain and a politico on the rise while simultaneously zooming around the world attending fashion shows and birthday parties, snogging one's mate at every possible moment, interviewing one's daddy for one's thesis, and being the poster child for Yankee Doodle Diva Goes to Oxford ["Chelsea's Oxford Whirl," by Nancy Jo Sales, June]. You can be Hillary Clinton or you can be Paris Hilton, but you can't be both.

C. BROOKS KURTZ
Stillwater, Oklahoma

CHELSEA CLINTON and her boyfriend, Ian Klaus, stand out as shining examples of America because they chose not to be quoted in your magazine. Running Chelsea down with a series of disingenuous comments from children whose affluence and privilege have clearly gone to their heads showed how little culture they possess.

CLAIRE TAYLOR
Somerville, Massachusetts

AS A BRITISH SUBJECT now residing in the U.S., I read with great interest your story about Chelsea Clinton and her time at Oxford. I feel compelled to note in regard to the dreadful group of down-market beautiful young things interviewed at the King's Arms, though, that it is really a bit rich for these creatures to label Americans as "uncouth." Such self-important twaddle from such supremely unimportant youngsters. Clearly these "Sloanes" would dearly love *Vanity Fair* and its readers to believe they spring from aristocratic backgrounds. Their graceless comments and lack of sophistication give the game away.

Pots of dosh could not purchase what they so desperately lack.

ANNE DE'ATH
Glendale, California

WOMAN BEHAVING BOLDLY

I READ YOUR ARTICLE "Romancing tl C.E.O." [by Suzanna Andrews, June] with mix of both amusement and surprise. The is little romantic or sexy about the busine world or the *Harvard Business Review*. I kno because I was there. As an editorial assistant the *Review* from 1998 to 2000, I got quite a interesting schooling in what the real worl the best education, and the best connectio can offer; in the end, I came to see "the Ha vard Way" as the cornerstone of everything find unsavory about the business world.

To say that Suzy Wetlaufer was indiscre is an understatement, but to make her tl lightning rod for Female Professionals Beha ing Badly is a bit over the top. I have seen h in many different capacities, and there is r easy way to describe her, nor to dissect h or judge her. Certainly she has rubbed mar people the wrong way over the years, perhaj made rash decisions and stepped on son

COLES SPOIL THEIR FAMILY WITH AFFECTION.

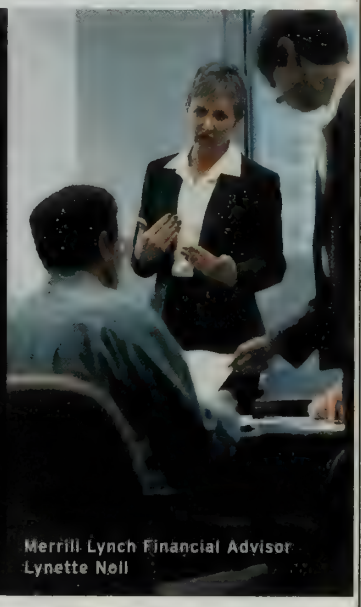
THEIR MONEY TAKES A MORE DISCIPLINED APPROACH.



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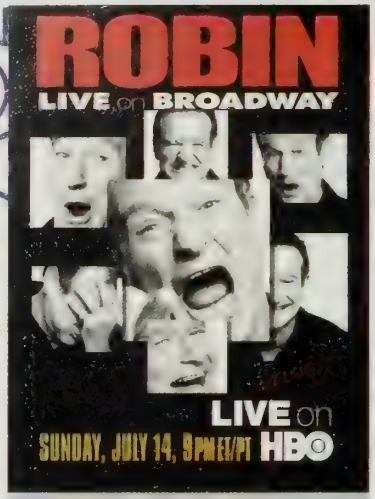
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Amelie, Fat Girl, No Man's Land, Lantana, and *The Devil's Backbone*—among the most critically-acclaimed films of the year—all had their North American or world premieres at the 2001 Telluride Film Festival. The festival program—which is kept secret until opening day—showcases new features, documentaries, shorts, animation, and more from today's most talented and respected filmmakers, in a breath-taking mountainside setting. A truly unique movie-going experience, the Telluride Film Festival is the first to show the films that everyone will be talking about. For information on the 2002 Telluride Film Festival, August 30-September 2, visit www.telluridefilmfestival.com or call 603-433-9202.

toes, but in the end, like it or not, she is the type of woman many strive to be. And maybe that is why the media are so quick to attack. Bold, intelligent, attractive, witty—I don't think even her harshest critics would disagree.

I do not condone her journalistic ethics, but with what I have seen go on in both academia and the business world over the past few years, I can't say such behavior surprises me. What does surprise me is that it has taken a personal incident such as this to reveal the *Review*'s culture of underhanded tactics and the deceptive nature of the organization itself—perhaps the best *H.B.R.* case study of all.

SHANNON O'NEILL
Dearborn, Michigan

MODESTY BECOMES US

UNBELIEVABLE! A cover with a classy lady [Reese Witherspoon, June] who did not bare her belly button, her behind, or part of her breasts.

EVELYN FLORIO
Los Angeles, California

TRASH TALK

I ENJOYED JAMES WOLCOTT'S accurate and analytical article on the tabloids ["U.S. Confidential," June]. I'm glad he recognized the fact that our tabloid stories are regularly poached by so-called legitimate entertainment magazines and news shows—while we do the trench warfare on the front lines.

JILL ISHKANIAN
Senior reporter, *Star Magazine*
Los Angeles, California

WOLCOTT'S WELL-DONE STORY on the tabloids confirms for me a long-held belief: part of the delight in tawdriness is in affirming moral superiority to it.

MICHAEL LEVINE
Los Angeles, California

AMANPOUR IS A SIZE 8

EVGENIA PERETZ sets out, gamely, to prove that on the front line, in some of the most ravaged, war-torn places on earth, female war correspondents are not simply "Safari Susans" ["The Girls at the Front," June]. However, Ms. Peretz spent enough space covering how the women she profiled attracted their men and the beauty secrets of the down-and-dirty that I am just shocked we weren't given their dress sizes, weight, height, and the like!

ABIGAIL E. ORMSBY
Seattle, Washington

YOUR ARTICLE on the "girl" reporters abroad was terrific. These women, with their strong and brave competence and their ve important work, exemplify so much the fe inist ideal. Hats off to Janine di Giovanni a Marie Colvin for their recent reports fro Jenin and Ramallah. I thank their Briti and American colleagues for getting t story out, and I will continue to devour the dispatches.

NANCY HEDRIC
Portland, Oreg

CENTRAL CASTING'S CANDIDAT

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS ALWAYS h something refreshingly cynical to say, but the June issue he astounds not by his absen of cynicism but by his extreme naïveté. his article about John Edwards ["Next Sto the White House?"], Hitchens mentions E wards's boyish smile, his Redford look and his ease with female voters, but he nev mentions any political ideology or prograr When Edwards campaigned as "the peopl senator" (sounds Maoist), he offered no cle ideas behind his smarmy and soft-focus po ulism, and today he still has developed r ideas, no rationale for being in office or f seeking the presidency. He is a profound shallow and vacuous candidate. He is a *pr ty* nonentity, but a nonentity nonetheless. expected better of Hitchens.

JONATHAN TEPPE
London, Engla

IN THIS CORNER, INGA

I WAS QUITE APPALLED to see you givi any coverage, particularly the usually d lightful "Proust Questionnaire," to that th Mike Tyson [June]. It may be tactful to glo over a conviction for rape as "his run-ins wi the law," but that does not reduce the se ousness of the offense, one which shou disqualify him from being paraded in yo publication. Since the indecent sums money Tyson continues to be paid are for h brutality, not his bons mots, in the futu could you leave the discussion of crimina and the bad behavior of the wealthy and/ influential for Dominick Dunne to mediat

INGA WALTO
Melbourne, Austra

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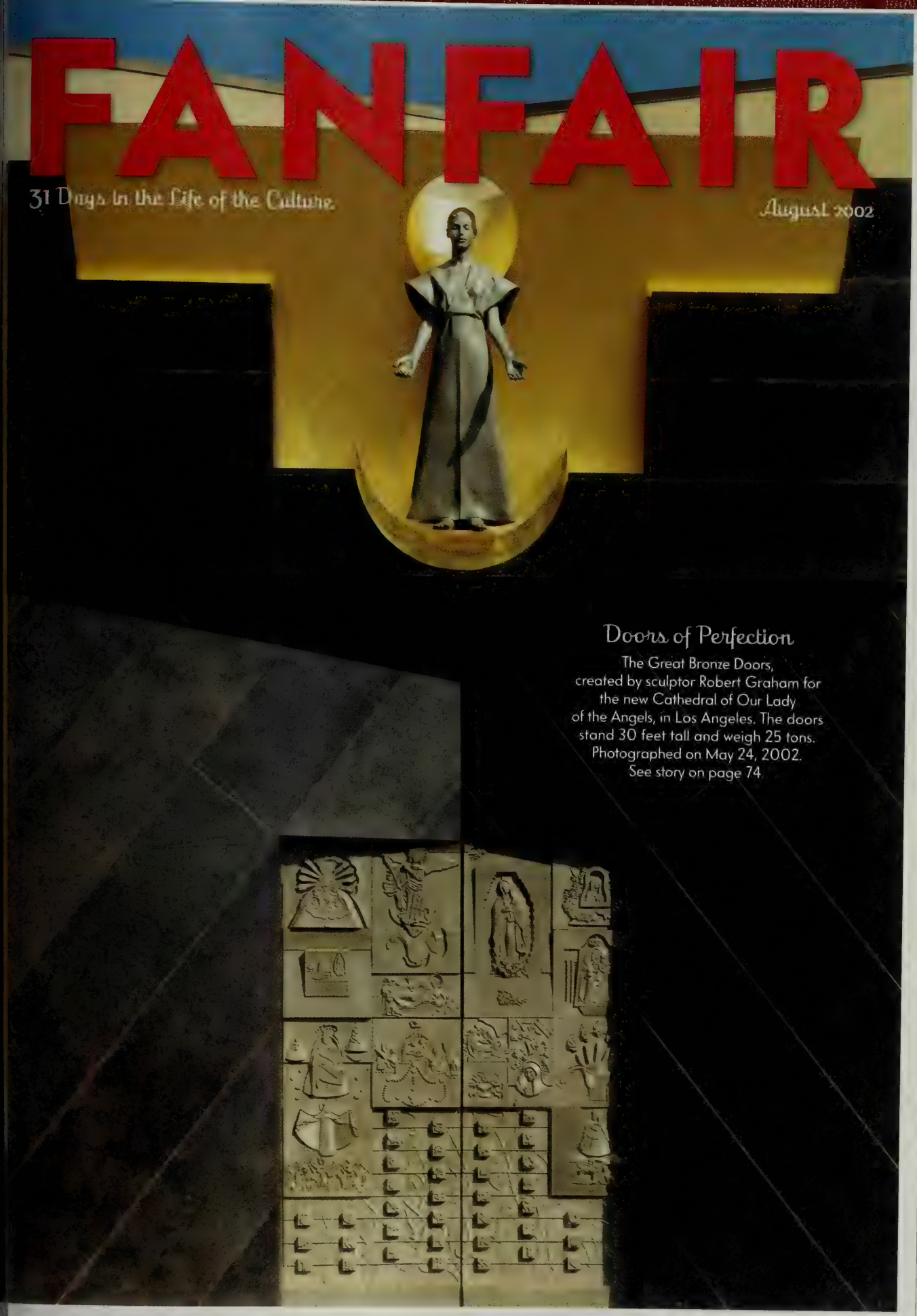
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August 2002



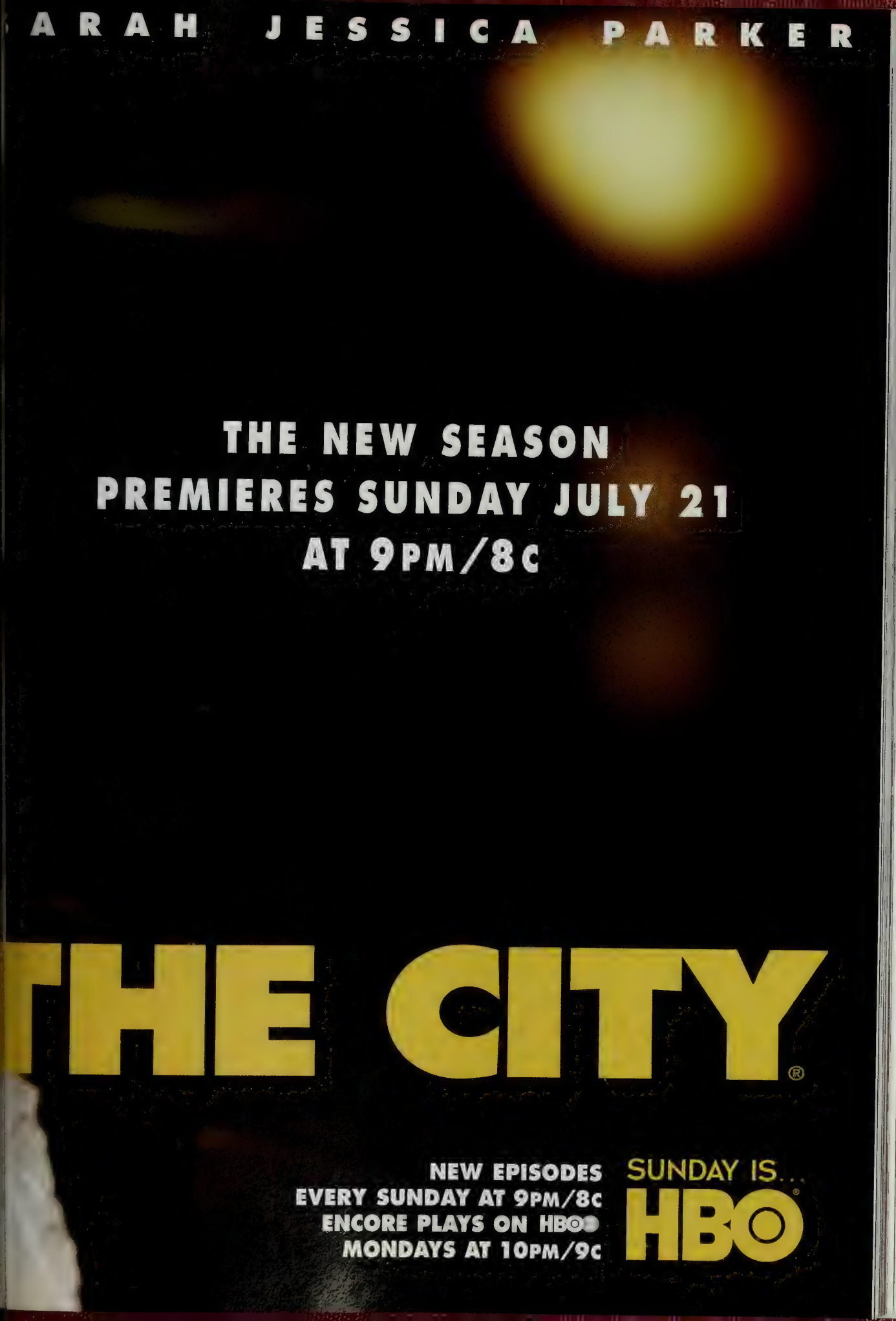
Doors of Perfection

The Great Bronze Doors, created by sculptor Robert Graham for the new Cathedral of Our Lady of the Angels, in Los Angeles. The doors stand 30 feet tall and weigh 25 tons. Photographed on May 24, 2002.
See story on page 74.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TODD EBERLE



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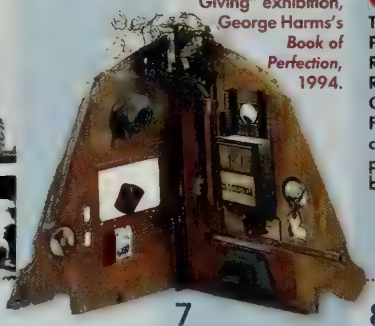

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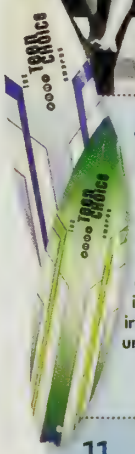
From the "Art of Giving" exhibition, George Harms's *Book of Perfection*, 1994.

1
The New York Philharmonic plays Rossini and Rachmaninoff in Central Park. Frizzy-haired culturemongers enter park bearing wicker baskets, sturgeon.

2
Pasadena's Norton Simon Museum opens "The Art of Giving." Let's hope this mentions the room in Candy Spelling's house that's devoted to wrapping paper.



3
"Dreaming in Pict
The Photographs
of Lewis Carroll,"
the San Francisco
Museum of Mode
Art. Moppets, the
knickers.



4
Teen Choice Awards. Envy-filled tweens spend day growing increasingly irritable and unpleasant.

5
L.A.'s Hollywood Bowl: this week Eric McCormack revives his Broadway role in *The Music Man*. (Harold Hill, the Hollywood Hills—this was meant to happen.)

6
Day 3 of San Diego's Museum of Photographic Art's show of Louis Faurer's street photographs from the 1930s through the 60s. Faurer: lifelong friend of and influence on *The Americans* photographer Robert Frank.

7
Ray Charles at N.Y.C.'s Beacon Theatre. If bourbon were music.



8
Broadway opening of *Frankie and Johnny*, directed by Joe Mantello and starring Edie Falco and Stanley Tucci. A star of *The Sopranos* opposite a man who played Lucky Luciano: a theatrical bloodbath!

9
L.A. choreography great Raiford Rogers and his Modern Ballet perform at the Duke, on 42nd Street. L.A. gives New York the what for.

10
Chicago's Terra
Museum shows
"Young Americ
Treasures from t
Smithsonian." W
imagine this mee
non-Hasbro wo
toys, not Tamag



11
Venus Swimwear Contest finals, at Disneyland. This could get beery.

13
Atlanta's Fox Theatre presents *42nd St.* New York sends Atlanta a care package of glitz.

14
Fifty-fifth Edinburgh International Film Festival. Hipsters in the gloaming.



15
Philadelphia: 2002 Summer X Games. Wakeboarding on the Schuylkill, duuuude!

16
Fiftieth anniversary of the Corvette celebrated at the Rolex Monterey Historic Automobile Races. Sponsors hope it will be the largest assemblage of Corvettes ever; asshole quotient may be high.



17
"Danube Exodus
The Rippling Curr
of the River" is on
an exhibition at L
Getty Museum or
a touring high-sc
dance piece invo
much gauze and
babka.



18
World's premier gathering of collector cars at the Pebble Beach Concours d'Elegance. Don't spill Pennzoil on your ascot, darling.

19
St. Louis: Ozzfest 2002. Ozzy Osbourne and others perform. All local bats cower.



21
San Francisco's 42nd Street Moon performs Rodgers and Hart's *A Connecticut Yankee* tomorrow. Fiancée hits society playboy on head; he dreams of introducing 40s jive talk to King Arthur's Court.

22
The Chicago Underground Film Festival. Chicago has become the seedbed for Broadway theater (*Thoroughly Modern Millie, Urinetown, Metamorphoses*, et al.); is the film world next?

23
The B. B. King Blues Music Festival, at the Atlanta Symphony. "I went dooown to the crossroads / Met the conductor and the first violin."





26
Llanwrtyd Wells, Wales: World Bog Snorkeling Championships. Welshmen don snorkels, dive into floating carpet of peat moss and sludge: like swimming in nature's toilet.

27
Ravers and techies convene in the Black Rock Desert for an "experiment in a temporary community," the Burning Man Project. Bodywork, body odor.

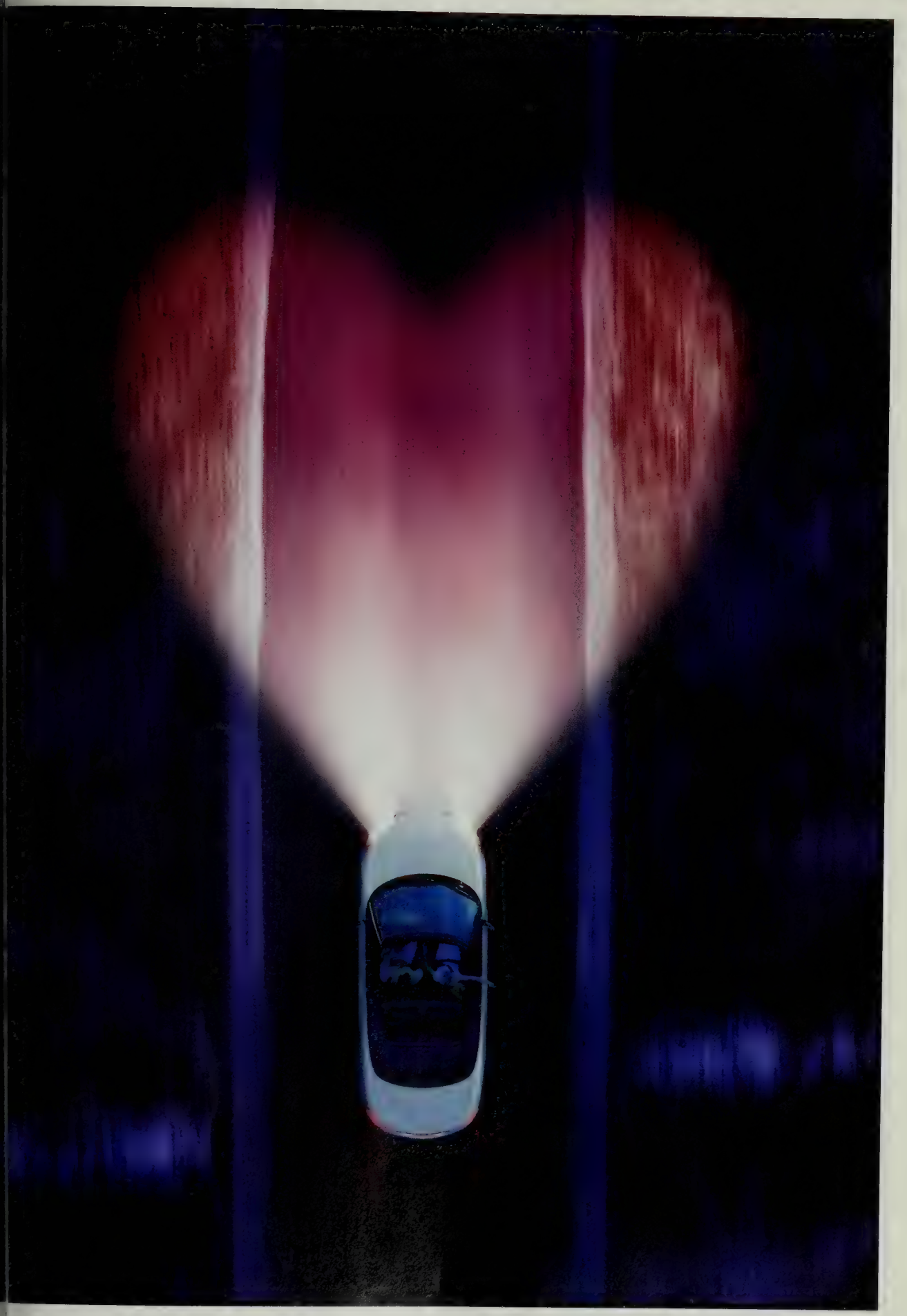


29
The Chicago Jazz Festival, in Grant Park. "Let's hit Grant Park, baby, and listen to some souuuuuunds."

30
The Telluride Film Festival. Audience members: shushing and schussing.

31
"17th–20th Century Japane
Painting," at the
New Orleans
Museum of Art.
Laisser les abstr
mountain lands
rouler.

—BY HENRY











Vehicles shown: L to R

Concorde

Sebring Coupe

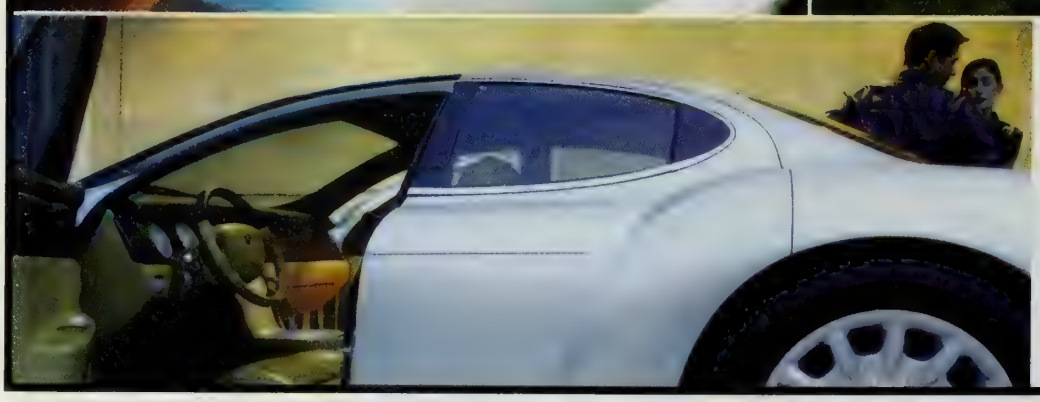
Sebring Convertible

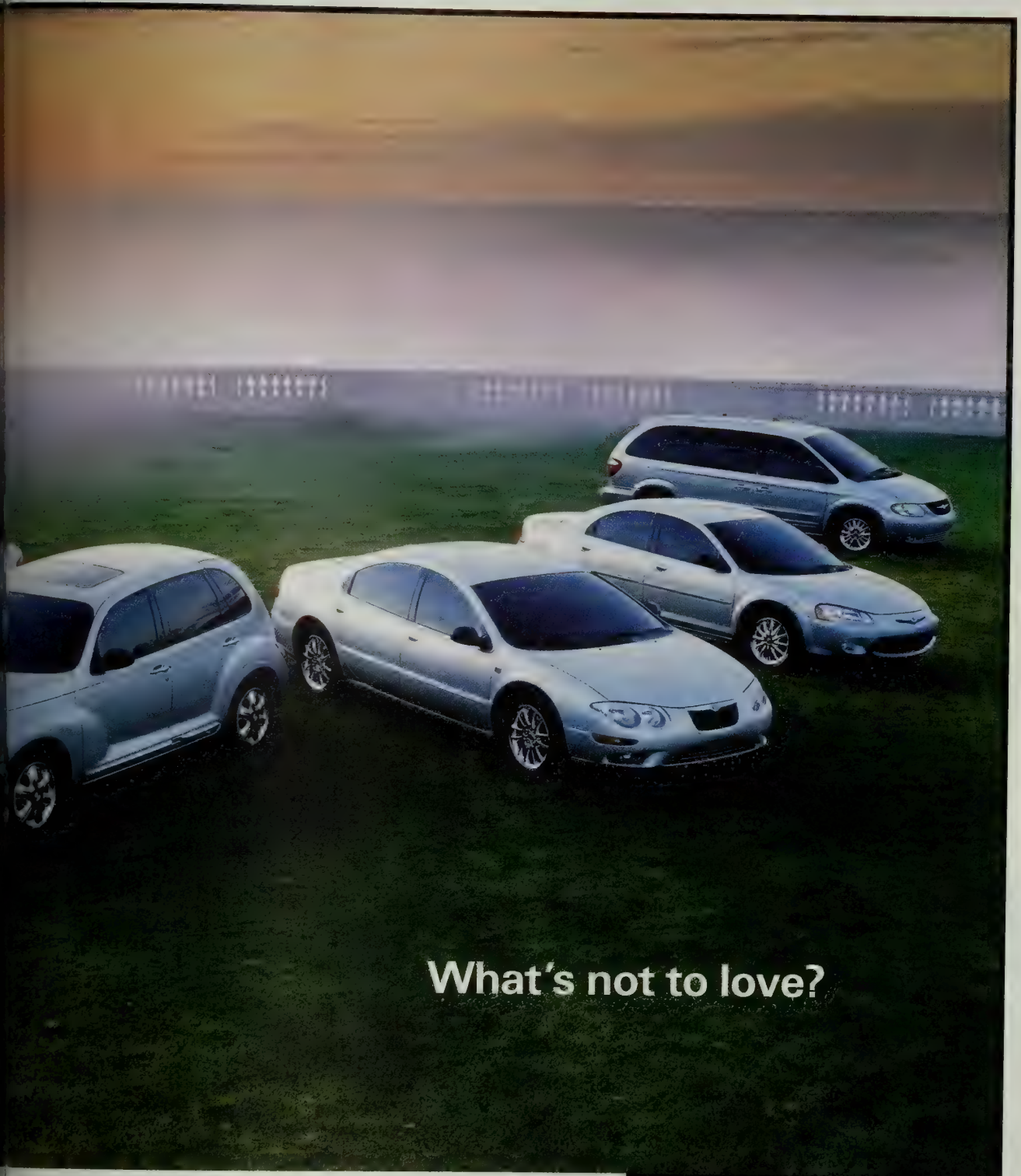
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Suburbia's Dreaming

MIGUEL ARTETA'S MIDDLE-AMERICAN TAKE, *THE GOOD GIRL*

HOT REELS

Superstores are the hot location in independent film right now, the metaphoric stand-in for everything stultifying about ticky-tack suburban America. (It's so plastic, man!) **Robin Williams's** character in *One Hour Photo,* due out later this summer, toils inside a "SavMart" so vast, white, and art-directed that it could be a leftover set from *THX 1138.* The "Retail Rodeo" featured in *The Good Girl* is less nightmarish than that: its fluorescent-lit aridity is merely soul-crushing. **Jennifer Aniston** stars as a heartland Emma Bovary—if only she had a French bookdealer with Fabio hair and a SoHo loft to break her wedding vows with. Instead, she settles for a college-age co-worker (**Jake Gyllenhaal**), who still lives at home with parents who don't "get" him. No, this is not escapist fare, but it is darkly funny. The picture was written by **Mike White** and directed by **Miguel Arteta,** the team responsible for the similarly bleak yet droll *Chuck and Buck.* It is no knock on Aniston and Gyllenhaal, who are both excellent—you can sense Aniston's pleasure in shrugging off *Friends'* metronomic rhythms—to note that **John C. Reilly,** as her pothead husband, nearly steals the movie. Playing a buffoonish but decent man, he gives a far more naked and vulnerable performance than any of the showier ones that will likely be remembered at awards time. **(Rating: ★★★)** —BRUCE HANDY



MR. AND MRS. AMERICA John C. Reilly and Jennifer Aniston in *The Good Girl.*



COMING ATTRACTIONS

Trailer of the month: *Signs.* **Directed by:** M. Night Shyamalan. **Starring:** Mel Gibson, Joaquin Phoenix. **Coming to a theater near you:** August 2. **The nitty-gritty:** Gloomy farmer and paterfamilias (Gibson) finds freaky crop circles on his back 40 and bars the doors against alien intruders. **The price Americans pay for gun control:** Gibson, defending against shadowy alien hordes, is armed with only kitchen knife and two-by-four. **Stupid question that someone has to ask:** "What kind of machine can bend a stalk of corn over without breaking it?" **With special thanks to Steven Spielberg:** Intuitive, moonfaced kiddies and sensitive pets detect the extraterrestrial presence before the grown-ups do. **The odds—given writer-director M. Night Shyamalan's proven fondness for trick endings (*The Sixth Sense, Unbreakable*)—that the aliens are "real" and not a hallucination, hoax, conspiracy, or other unspecified occult phenomenon:** 1 in 10. **(Rating: ★★★★)** —WALTER KIRN

Joaquin Phoenix and Mel Gibson in *Signs.*



PICTURE PERFECT *Above,* The Kid Stays in the Picture directors Nanette Burstein and Brett Morgen. *Right,* Robert Evans and Norma Shearer, late 1950s.

Evans Sent

BRETT MORGEN AND NANETTE BURSTEIN'S *THE KID STAYS IN THE PICTURE*



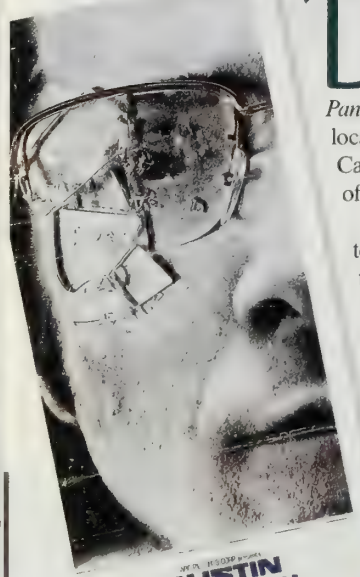
When **Graydon Carter** asked me to guest-review *The Kid Stays in the Picture,* a brilliant new documentary he has produced, I blanched. Wouldn't that be a blatant conflict of interest? After all, I had toiled for Graydon in the late 80s and early 90s at *Spy* magazine, his previous gig, where I myself wore the dual hats of movie critic and messenger-at-large. Not that I *wanted* to turn my old boss down—and fortunately, as Graydon reminded me, I have no scruples. Plus, he told me, "You'll *get* Bob. Trust me." Bob, of course, is **Robert Evans,** the legendary Hollywood producer and even more legendary swordsman—oooooof!—who is the subject of Graydon's brilliant new documentary. "Get" Bob? I *know* Bob, having crashed both his 1969 wedding to **Ali MacGraw** in Palm Springs and the taping of his 1981 small-screen special, *Get High on Yourself.* (That's my beret you see peeking over **Hervé Villechaize's** left shoulder during the all-star sing-along.) So what can I say about a film—directed by **Brett Morgen** and **Nanette Burstein** and based on Evans's autobiography—that brilliantly tracks his improbable fever dream of a journey from garment-industry exec to male ingenue to head of Paramount Pictures in the late 60s and early 70s, the glory years that yielded flicks like *Rosemary's Baby, Love Story,* the first two *Godfathers,* and *Chinatown*? Brilliant, yes, a cross between *Variety* and a **Douglas Sirk** movie, but more than that it's . . . Bobalicious! Evansescent!! This time, kids, it's Oscar who stays in the picture!!! **(Rating: Five monocles)** —WALTER MONHEIT ➤ **(PS: So, Graydon, how about doing something with my book, *The Kid Stays in the V.I.P. Area?*)**



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From top: Marilyn Monroe rehearsing for *The Misfits*, from *Film Journal*; a 1971 poster for *Straw Dogs*; a 1996 Public Theater poster designed by Paula Scher; pimp diamonds and gold.







Desperate for an antidote to all those numbingly clever boy-coming-of-age novels? *The Stories of Breece D Pancake* (Back Bay), first published posthumously in 1983, now re-released with an afterword by **Andre Dubus II** locate the raw human spirit in the grim hills of West Virginia. And 17-year-old **Nick McDonell,** like the young Jim Carroll, displays a frightening acuity in his astonishing debut, *Twelve* (Grove), a plunge into the depraved realm of overprivileged, drug-gobbling preppies.

Also this month: **John Miller** and **Michael Stone,** with **Chris Mitchell,** take you inside the secret world of terrorism in *The Cell* (Hyperion). Comic novelist **Ferdinand Mount's** gentleman jockey swaps racing silks and fa therhood for a life of gambling, hookers, and war in *The Man Who Rode Ampersand* (Carroll & Graf). Provincetown local **Peter Manso** kicks up sand in *Ptown* (Scribner), a refuge for pirates, Communists, artists, homosexuals, and fishermen. *The Whore's Child* (Knopf) bears the short stories of **Richard Russo. Bruce Pollock** shows that *Working Musicians* (HarperEntertainment) is no oxymoron. Two girls converse with the Virgin Mary in **Haven Kimmel's** debut novel, *The Solace of Leaving Early* (Doubleday). *The Brief, Madcap Life of Kay Kendall* (University Press of Kentucky) is memorialized by **Eve Golden** with **Kim Kendall,** the comic actress's sister. The violence spawned by the diamond trade in Sierra Leone is captured in photojournalist **Teun Voeten's** hauntin *How de Body?* (St. Martin's). **Howell Raines** and the editors of *Th New York Times* compile the paper's coverage of 9/11 into *A Natio Challenged* (New York Times/Callaway). *My Less than Secret Lif* (Thunder's Mouth) is another shower of hilarious hits from th voyeur-friendly **Jonathan Ames.** Acclaimed photographer **Valori Fisher's** *My Big Brother* (Anne Schwartz/Atheneum) is the most wi ning and original children's book in ages. In *Running with Scissors* (S Martin's), **Augusten Burroughs** recalls how adoption by his mother shrink instituted a childhood of electroshock high jinks. Celebrated poe **Jill Bialosky** makes her novel debut with *House Under Snow* (Ha court). In *Standard Deviations* (Villard), **Karl Taro Greenfeld** grows u fast and comes down hard in the new Asia. **Jane Stanton Hitchcock** revenge thriller *Social Crimes* (Talk Miramax) proves murder and pa sion are always in fashion in New York society. Comic novelist **Stephe Fry** takes on the thriller with *Revenge* (Random House). *In the Middle of A This* (Harcourt), novelist **Fred G. Leebron,** master seismographer of d mestic disturbances, raises intra-family suspicion to an art. **Diane Waldma** documents the life's work of the great shadow-boxer *Joseph Cornell* (Abrams **Edwidge Danticat** re-discovers her native Haiti and the madness of Carniv in *After the Dance* (Crown Journeys). Dirty boys, pick up **Jacques Boyreau's** *Trash* (Chronicle), wet dream of Xploitation-movie posters. In *Pimpnosis* (Morrow), pimps vamp for **Rob Marriott** an photographer **Tracy Funches.** Bold graphic designer **Paula Scher's** motto is *Make It Bigger* (Princeto Architectural Press). Photojournalist **Eve Arnold** captures classic on- and offscreen moments in *Fil Journal* (Bloomsbury). *Ash Wednesday* (Knopf) is the fruit of actor **Ethan Hawke's** moonlightin as a novelist. Fifty cats get personal in cartoonist **Bruce Eric Kaplan's** *The Cat That Changed M Life* (Simon & Schuster). And a bowl of milk for the lady . . .

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Peeping Todd

PHOTOGRAPHER TODD HIDO CAPTURES SUBURBIA'S EERINESS

He crisscrosses the country in a rented car, creeping down suburban streets looking for a mood, cinematic and slightly surreal, the moment suspended in time when the evening air comes to life.

Todd Hido's photographs capture the emotional ether that gathers in the air like dewy fog. The atmospheric intensity has a painterly glow; light emanates from inside houses, hovers over grassy yards, sharpening the picket fences. A streetlight becomes a spotlight, the klieg of childhood, summoning you back to the place where memory and imagination intersect. "There's a delicious melancholic loneliness in his work that's sometimes like an Updike novel and sometimes reminiscent of *In Cold Blood*—very American," says art dealer **Paul Morris.** This fall an exhibition of Hido's landscape work opens at New York's Paul Morris Gallery. A new book of his work, *Outskirts,* with an essay by **Luc Sante,** has just been published by Nazraeli Press. And Hido's also got a show this summer at the Cleveland Museum of Art. "The night has been my studio," Hido, 34, says from his home in San Francisco. "It's a time when I can focus, the phone doesn't ring, nobody asks for anything. I've always been someone who stayed up late, even as a kid." —A. M. HOMES





WHERE THE STREETS HAVE NO NAME
From left: #2736, 2000, and #2314, 2002, by Todd Hido.

WORLD BEAT

In **Hanoi,** an old woodshop has been transformed into the Church Street Bar and Grill (13 Nha Tho), but you can still buy the furniture.... The hippest place to get breakfast (green eggs, anyone?) in **Sydney** is Brioun Sugar (100 Brighton Boulevard).... If you're single in **Jakarta,** go to Vino Vino (Jalan Jenderal Sudirman 25), a wine bar with Wednesday-night happy hours.



ROGER, WILCO
From left, Glenn Kotche, Leroy Bach, Jeff Tweedy, and John Stirratt. Photographed by Sam Jones.

A Band Apart

SAM JONES DOCUMENTS AMERICAN ROCK BAND WILCO WITH *I AM TRYING TO BREAK YOUR HEART*

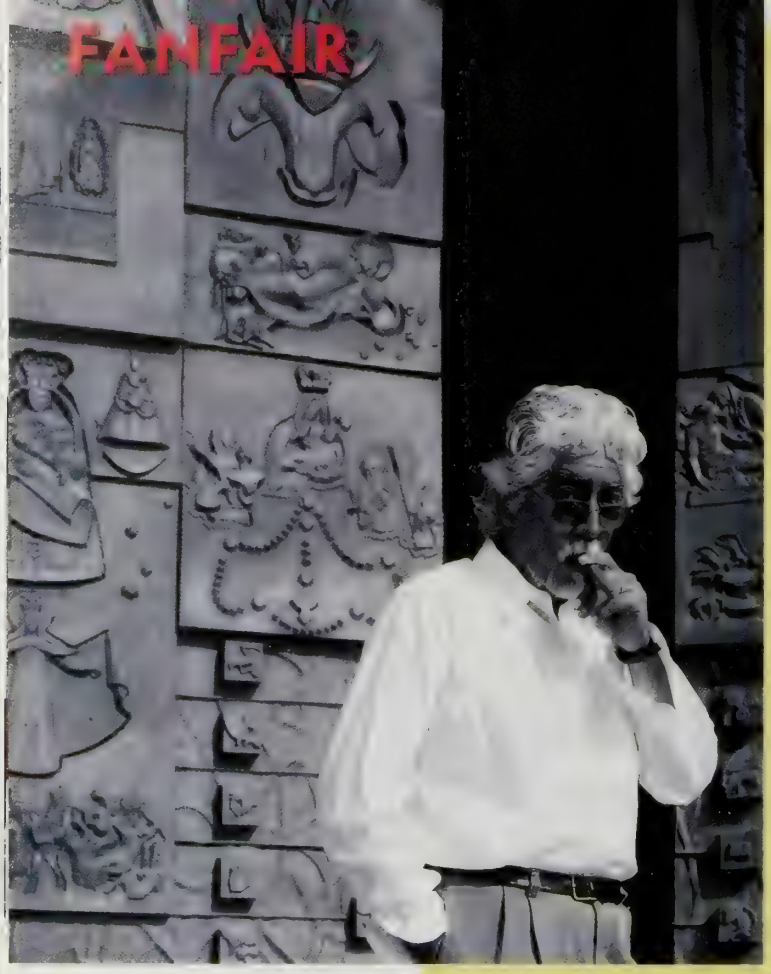
When V.F. photographer **Sam Jones** wanted to make a movie about "a great American rock band at the height of its creative powers," he asked the critically acclaimed Wilco if he could follow them around while they made their sixth album, *Yankee Hotel Foxtrot.* Says Jones, "They struck me as having the same philosophy as a group like the Velvet Underground or the Band—that old-time 'music comes first' integrity—and I miss that."

So in August 2000, Jones started what he hoped would be "the anti–VH1 *Behind the Music,*" filming hours of the band onstage, backstage, and in recording sessions. Then, two weeks after Wilco delivered the finished album to Reprise Records, the drama began to unfold. At first, the label's execs were silent, then requested vague musical changes, and, ultimately, dropped the band. And Jones was right there with his camera to record the heave-ho in his compelling, 93-minute, black-and-white documentary, *I Am Trying to Break Your Heart* (named after a Wilco song).

Through Jones's eyes, we see the "hero": Wilco's enigmatic songwriter and lead vocalist, **Jeff Tweedy,** with his lack of social skills, backstage anxiety, and inevitable split with what appears to be a deluded and arrogant band member. The unseen "villain" is the (now former) head of A&R for Reprise, who made the mistake of dropping what is essentially a beloved band. Further humiliation undoubtedly occurred when Wilco resold the album to another AOL Time Warner label, and it eventually *entered* the charts at No. 13.

I Am Trying to Break Your Heart, distributed by Cowboy Pictures, premiered at the Los Angeles Film Festival last month, opens in New York at Cinema Village July 26, with a national rollout to follow. Jones, a photographer for 15 years, says, "I got to do this my way, which is really cool for my first film. Part of it probably is because I paid for so much of it," he says. "I'm sure I never have that opportunity again." —LISA ROBINSON


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BRONZE AGE
Sculptor Robert Graham and his Great Bronze Doors.

Heaven's Gate

SCULPTOR ROBERT GRAHAM HAS DESIGNS ON L.A.'S NEW CATHEDRAL

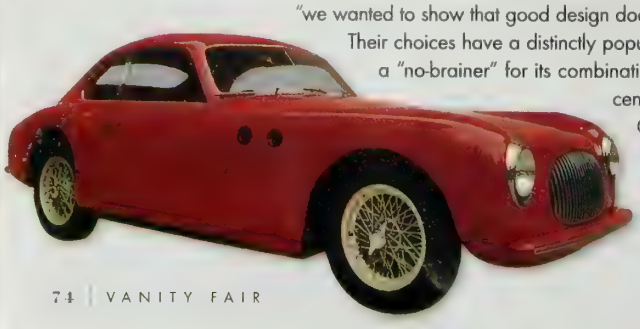
Ghiberti's Baptistery doors in Florence are among the high marks of Renaissance art—and among the most popular sights in a city of priceless art treasures. Los Angeles is as unlike Florence as any city, especially when you consider how few religious-art treasures the city has to its name; so i was especially important for the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of L.A. to get it right when commissioning a new cathedral, Our Lady of the Angels, which is now nearing completion on a hilltop site nec the heart of downtown. The cathedral itself was designed by Spanish architect **José Rafael Moneo,** best known for his Concert Hall in Barcelona. It is being constructed to last 500 years (an unusual concept in a city known for its impermanence) and wil attract a great deal of attention for L.A.'s Catholic archdiocese, which is the largest in the United States. Church officials chose the L.A. sculptor **Robert Graham** to perform the Ghiberti-like task of creating monumental doors for Our Lady of the Angels—a triumphant entrance for the cathedral that will pop, but at the same time complement the Moneo design. The bronze doors are three stories high, weigh 25 tons, and operate on a hydraulic system. Graham, a native of Mexico, whose other large-scale sculptures include the 1984 L.A. Olympic Gateway and the Duke Ellington Memorial in Central Park, worked for five years on the project and collaborated with 150 craftsmen and technicians. Among the sculptor's main interests for the project was producing "very New World images" representing the cultural diversity of the Los Angeles community. Forty cultures are symbolized in bronze relief, including Chumash Indian (an indigenous California tribe), Samoan, and Croatian. "There are also images from the Old World," he notes, "from Spain and Italy"—a tip of the hat to the land of the Pope, and Ghiberti. —MATT TYRNAUE

Hot Wheels

MOMA SATISFIES ITS NEED FOR SPEED

New York's Museum of Modern Art has recently asked a question most often contemplated by men having midlife crises: Should we buy more cars? MoMA's decision, in evidence this month in "AUTObodies: Speed, Sport, Transport," is cause for celebration. "Can you think of anything as emblematic of the 20th century as a car?" asks **Peter Reed,** curator of architecture and design. "There are computer chips too, which we've shown, but the automobile is perhaps the most conspicuous creation of our industrial civilization." The museum already owns three examples of exquisite automotive design: a 1946 Cisitalia 202 GT, a 1963 Jaguar E-type Roadster, and a 1990 Ferrari Formula 1 Racing Car 641/2. But in acquiring three new cars, "we wanted to show that good design does not have to be extremely expensive or rarefied," says Reed. Their choices have a distinctly populist feel: the 1959 Volkswagen Beetle, described by Reed as a "no-brainer" for its combination of groundbreaking design and popularity (it was until recently the most manufactured car in the world); the 1953 Willys-Overland Jeep M38A1, invented for the army in World War II but catapulted thereafter into American iconhood; and the 2002 Smart car, an urban European number, the only contemporary car selected and the most eco-friendly. The entire collection will be shown in the exhibition at the museum's temporary new headquarters in Queens. The best way to get there, incidentally, is by public transportation. —ANNE FULENWIDER





AUTO-MOMA!
Left, the 1946 Cisitalia 202 GT; *above*, a 2002 Smart car.

ROBIN

LIVE on BROADWAY



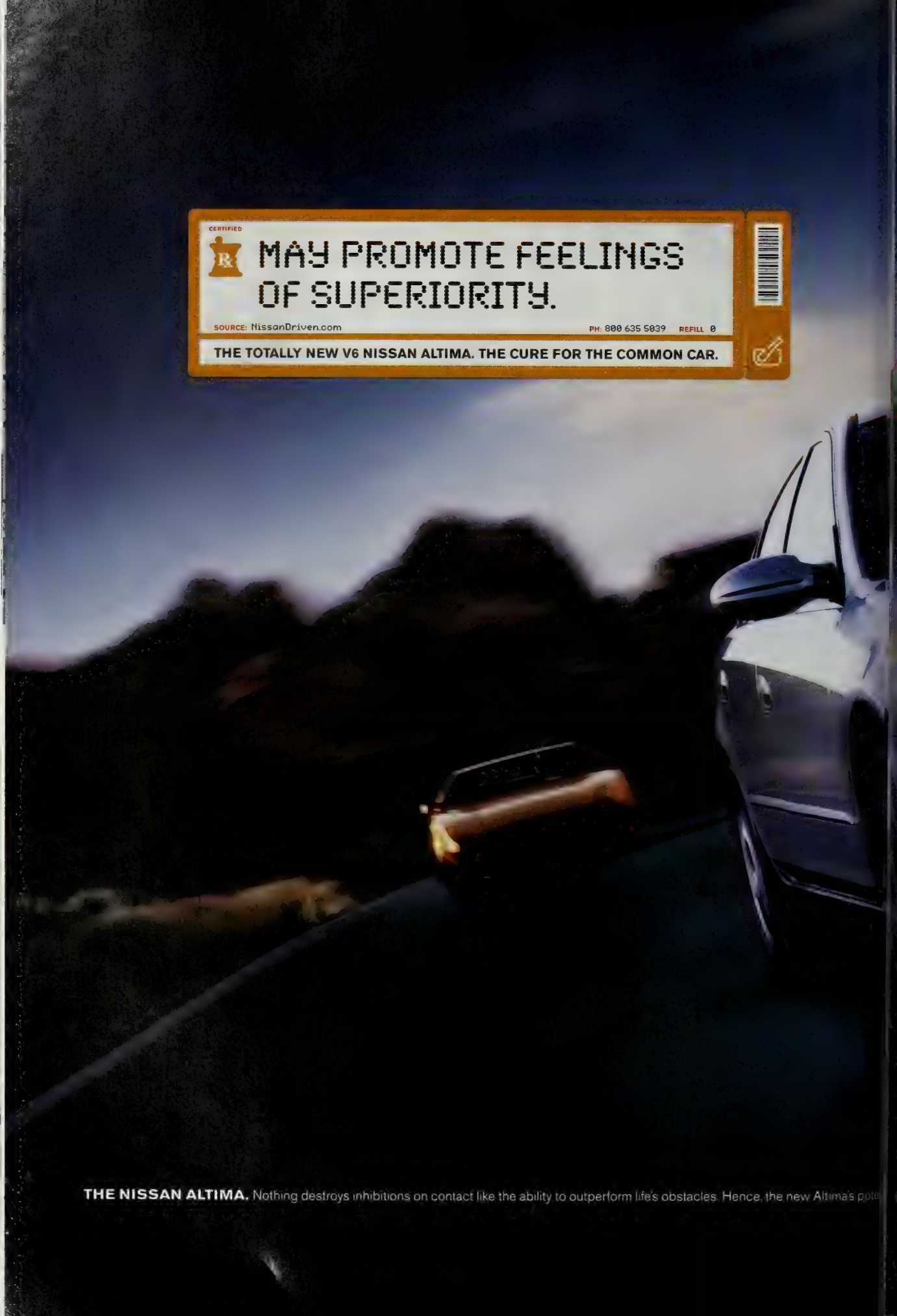
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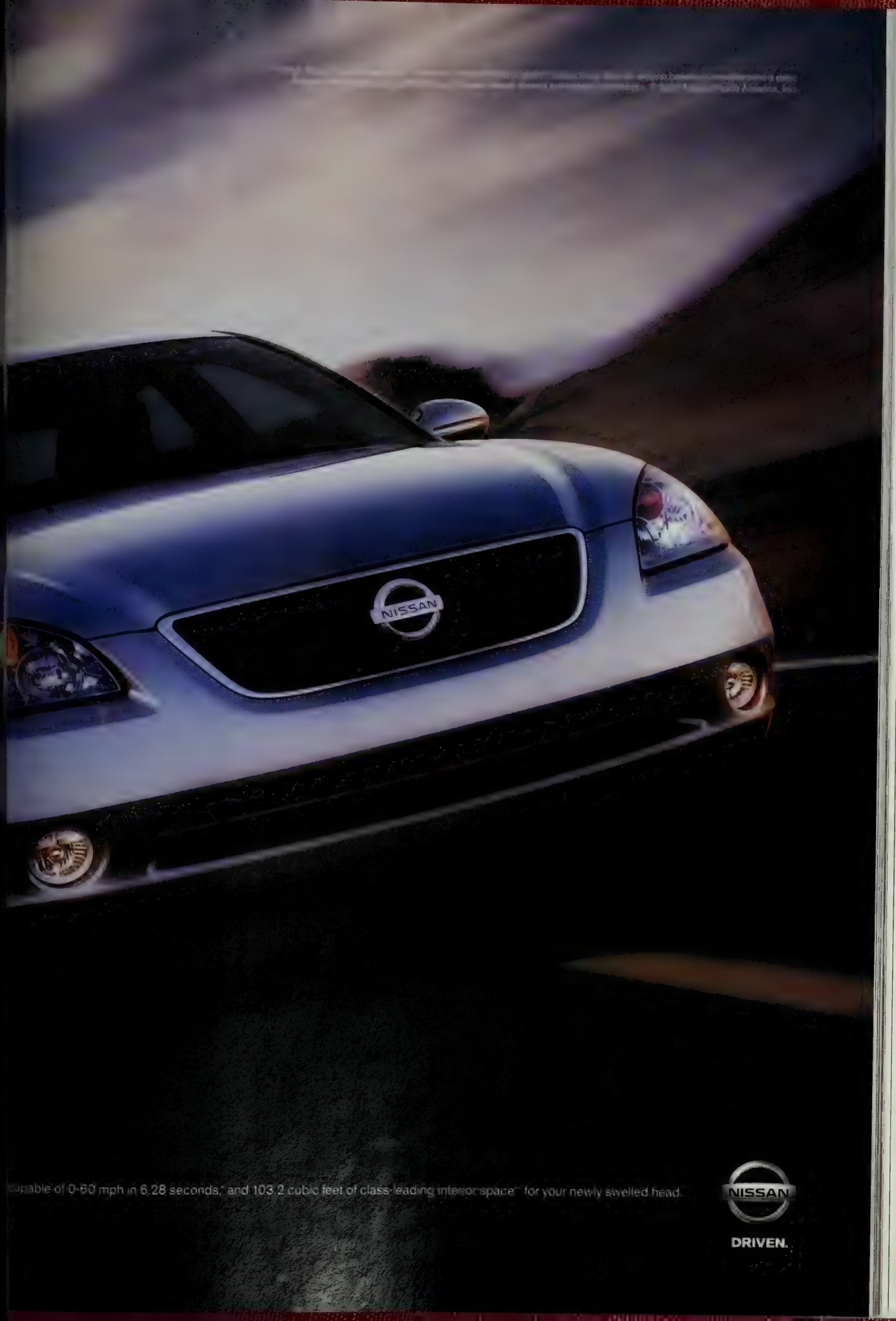
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THE JOURNALIST AND THE TERRORIST

By now, the tragedy of Daniel Pearl's murder is heartbreakingly familiar. But the question remains: Why Danny? The author, who survived a similar experience three decades ago in Cambodia, retraces the *Wall Street Journal* reporter's entanglement in a web of terror

BY ROBERT SAM ANSON

The reporter who comes to Karachi, Pakistan, is given certain cautions.

Do not take a taxi from the airport; arrange for the hotel to send a car and confirm the driver's identity before getting in.

Do not stay in a room that faces the street.

Do not interview sources over the phone.

Do not discuss subjects such as Islam or the Pakistani nuclear program in the presence of hotel staff.

Do not leave notes or tape recordings in your room.

Do not discard work papers in the wastebasket; flush them down the toilet.

Do not use public transportation or accept rides from strangers.

Do not go into markets, movie theaters, parks, or crowds.

Do not go anywhere without telling a trustworthy someone the destination and expected time of return.

And, above all, do not go alone. Ever.

The Marriott in Karachi satisfies lodging guidelines. Metal detectors flank the entrances, guards with sawed-off shotguns patrol the premises, and the shopping arcade leads directly to the U.S. Consulate—which seemed a plus until a car bomb killed 12 people there on June 14. My room, per instruction, is on the Marriott's backside, and offers a fine view of the nearby Sheraton, where a bus containing 11 French nationals was blown up by a suicide bomber in May.



FACES OF TERROR *Top, a photograph of Daniel Pearl held captive in Pakistan; above, the kidnapping's planner, Ahmed Omar Saeed Sheikh, on his way out of a Karachi court.*

It is also where, according to a U.S. official, F.B.I. agents recovered a videotape showing an American journalist having his head cut off. His name was Daniel Pearl, he was 38 years old, a father-to-be, and South Asia–bureau chief for *The Wall Street Journal.* He got the same security briefing I did.

By now, the horror that befell Danny Pearl is deeply engraved. A handsome young man, loved by everyone—"Sweetest guy in the world," friends call him—goes to a rendezvous he believes will lead him to a scoop. Instead, terrorists are waiting to snatch him from the street. They issue photographs of Danny in chains, a pistol held to his head, and charge that he is a spy and will be executed unless demands are met. Danny's French wife, Mariane—six months pregnant with their first child—appears on television to appeal for his life. But there is only silence. Then, just when things are at their darkest, the terrorist ringleader, a former British public-school boy named Ahmed Omar Saeed Sheikh, is arrested and says Danny is alive. Hopes soar as Pakistan's president, General Pervez Musharraf, predicts his im-

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minent freedom. But all that is released is the videotape. "My father's Jewish, my mother's Jewish, I'm Jewish," it records Daniel Pearl saying. Then he is butchered.

We've been told that Danny was not only a great reporter, with an eye for the offbeat and the absurd, but a cautious one—not the sort who'd look for trouble. We've heard how he grew up in suburban Los Angeles, went to Stanford, and landed at the *Journal,* which sent him to Atlanta, Washington, London, Paris, and, finally, Bombay, a posting he accepted after confirming that there were venues where Mariane could exercise her passion for salsa dancing. We've had described how he was skeptical in the best sense of the word, questioning things taken for granted, unearthing stories others overlooked.

He was working that way on his last story, an investigation of the connections between the "shoe-bomber," Richard C. Reid, and a virulently anti-Semitic Muslim militant, Mubarak Ali Shah Gilani, tracing an unbeaten path that led to who knows where.

The who, what, when, and where have been laid out. Everything except the why. Why did Danny Pearl die? Because he was a Jew? A journalist? An American? Or was he simply in the wrong place at the wrong time?

> "He said he wanted to try to understand the psychology behind the jihadi groups."

The why is always the hardest question for a journalist to answer, and it's what brought Danny Pearl to Pakistan. "I want to know why they hate us so much," he said. Why he died trying to find out brought me.

My qualification is having been in a similar circumstance a long time ago—August 1970, in Cambodia, to be precise. I was 25 years old then, covering the war for *Time* and feeling invulnerable, a frequent, sometimes fatal journalist's malady. The short of it is that I drove alone to somewhere I shouldn't have, and wound up in a hole with the barrel of an AK-47 pressed to my forehead. I was presumed dead for several weeks, and the conviction of my fellows back in Phnom Penh—just as it is among many today about Danny Pearl—was that I'd asked for it. The difference is, I came back.

There is a lot else about Danny and the people who picked him up that is dissimilar, but every reporter has got to start somewhere. And the place Danny Pearl began, shortly after 9/11, was with a phone call to a number in Manhattan.

On the line that morning was Mansoor Ijaz, founder and chairman of Crescent Investment Management, L.L.C., and a U.S.-born-and-bred Pakistani-American with unusual friends and interests. His business partner is Lieutenant General James Abrahamson, former director of Ronald Reagan's Star Wars program; the vice-chairman of his board, R. James Woolsey, director of the Central Intelligence Agency under Bill Clinton. For a time Ijaz was also chums with Clinton and his national-security adviser Samuel Berger. This came in handy in April 1997, when, as a private citizen, Ijaz negotiated Sudan's counterterrorism offer to the U.S., and again in August 2000, when Ijaz had Pakistan and India on the seeming verge of cooling the Kashmir cauldron. The deal broke down, as did the relationship with the White House. But soon enough Ijaz was back, as tight with George W. and Condie as he'd been with Bill and Sandy.

Danny called on a tip from Indian intelligence, which said Ijaz was wired with leading jihadis. Figuring that a prominent Pakistani-American who came recommended by Indian spooks to get to Muslim militants must have been a gold mine for Danny, I did the same nine months later.

Ijaz confirmed my figuring.

"He said he wanted to try to understand the psychology behind the jihadi groups," Ijaz recalls. "He wanted to try to get into the mind of the people running the show.... He wanted me to introduce him to people who could open doors for him."

Danny's religion also came up.

"I said to him at one point, 'I presume from your name that you are Jewish. Is that correct?' He said, 'Yes.' I said, 'Well, you have to understand that this is going to be a huge stumbling block for you. Because [the militants] are going to pick up on that very quickly, and *The Wall Street Journal* is not viewed as the voice of the Muslim people.'"

Danny, who'd reported from Iran and Sudan without difficulty, did not seem concerned, and Ijaz made introductions to three sources: Shaheen Sehbai, editor of *The News,* Pakistan's largest English-language daily; a jihadi activist he declines to name; and—most fatefully—Khalid Khawaja, a Muslim militant and a onetime agent with Pakistan's Inter-Services Intelligence agency (ISI) who counts among his very best friends Osama bin Lade

In late September 2001, Danny flew Karachi, a sprawling port city of 15 m lion that is Pakistan's commercial cent Mariane, who is a freelance journalist a frequently accompanied him on intervie went, too.

"We didn't choose a profession," s Mariane, a strong-minded Buddhist w has been likened to Yoko Ono. "We did choose it for ego purposes but we chos because we wanted to change the world.

They checked into the Pearl Contin tal, where reservations had been made them by Ikram Sehgal, proprietor of Pa stan's largest security company. Danny h called him before departing from Bomb to see if it was safe to bring Mariane, w they'd recently learned was pregnant. S gal delivered a sobering lecture about se rity precautions, and offered to provi them with an armed guard free of char Danny accepted.

I empathized. Compared with Karac Cambodia seemed a walk in the park.

For a time in the early 1990s, violen in Karachi was so endemic that the ar took over for the cops. When the troo pulled out, killings started averaging ei per day—and those were merely the o involving political and criminal gangs. one bothered to count the shootings, bom ings, garrotings, and throat slittings betwe ethnic and religious groups, much less toll racked up in quotidian armed robber home invasions, and just-for-the-hell-o sniper slayings.

Americans were special targets. March 1995 two U.S. consular person on their way to work were mowed down automatic weapons in an ambush at a bu intersection. Two years later, in Novem 1997, four employees of an American company were shot dead in a carbon-co replay a few blocks from the Sheraton.

Karachi was somewhat quieter wh the Pearls arrived—at least, a lo magazine was no longer publishin foldout, color-coded guide to where was likeliest to be bumped off. Americ hadn't been murdered in a while (S Muslim physicians were the victims jour), but the U.S. Consulate was tak no chances. Its staff members were tr ried around in armor-plated Chevy S urbans driven by U.S. Marines.

Journalists acquainting themselves w Pakistan usually come to Karachi last don't come, period. I'd resolved to among the latter category, after Bena Bhutto advised that Karachi was "so d gerous." I changed my mind after seve weeks testing calmer Pakistani waters convincing myself that former prime m isters don't know anything—typical jo

alist thinking, when a story's good. Dan-y, however, came here first. He was after uslim militants, and Karachi is their ome. Besides, an old friend from the urnal was soon to arrive. Her name was sra Nomani.

Asra, who'd been at the *Journal* since 88, was a Dow Jones original. For start-s, she was an Indian-born Muslim from organtown, West Virginia, where her fa-er helped found the first mosque. And rporate America, Asra wasn't: in Janu-y 2000 she took a leave to write a book out Tantra.

She'd been conducting her research from dia. Shortly after 9/11, however, Salon.com pointed her its Central Asia correspon-nt and she later took a house in rachi, a fact that almost cer-nly did not go unnoticed by kistan's ISI, which keeps tabs foreign journalists, particularly se from India, who are pre-med, ipso facto, spies.

Initially, the Pearls' time in Ka-chi was unremarkable. They ched with *News* editor Shaheen hbai, who found Danny "very n to do work" but with "no e how to go about it," d called on Ikram Seh-l, who arranged sev-l appointments to get nny grounded. "I liked n," says Sehgal. "He s very inquisitive and ense, you know."

It showed. Hardly had nny cleared customs n he was quoting gal in a *Journal* as-sment of Musharraf's ure (bleak, Sehgal ged). Within weeks, nny had dispensed h his gun-toting chap-n—"this shadow," he said—and was in capital, Islamabad, 700 miles to the th, for a several-hour session with Kha-Khawaja.

Khawaja was always good for a provoca-quote, which made him a journalist fa-te. "America is a very vulnerable coun-' he'd told CBS in July 2001. "Your ite House is the most vulnerable target. very simple to just get it." After the U.S. an bombing Afghanistan on October 7, 1, Asra got a zinger, too: "No Ameri-is safe now. . . . This is a lifelong war."

ome dismissed Khawaja as a P.R. man. But when it came to Muslim militancy, he was the real deal, having acquired credentials during the war against the ets in Afghanistan, where, as an air-e squadron leader, Khawaja was serving with the ISI, which was distributing C.I.A.-purchased munitions to mujahideen. The more radically Islamist the fighter, the more weapons he got, including Osama bin Laden, who formed an instant bond with Khawaja. It deepened when Khawaja was forced out of the ISI in 1988 after criticizing military strongman Zia ul-Haq for not doing enough to Islamize Pakistan—equivalent to questioning the piety of the Pope.

But despite his talk of bin Laden's being "a man like an angel," Khawaja was sufficiently broad-minded in his allegiances that he got the Taliban to agree to receive Ijaz and ex–C.I.A. director Woolsey.

Khawaja, in short, was a source to kill for, and Danny charmed him. Describing the reporter to Ijaz as "competent, straightforward," and not given to asking "inappropriate questions," Khawaja agreed to steer Danny to leading jihadis and to be a sounding board during his time in country.

Danny made another valuable acquaintance in Hamid Mir, editor of Islamabad's Urdu-language *Daily Ausaf* and self-proclaimed "official biographer" of Osama bin Laden. In their last chat, in early November, bin Laden had boasted of possessing chemical and nuclear weapons. But, according to Mir, the real reason for his summons was remarks he'd made on a U.S. TV show, saying that bin Laden couldn't back his beliefs with Islamic teachings. "I watched you on *Larry King*," Osama said. "I want to tell you my position."

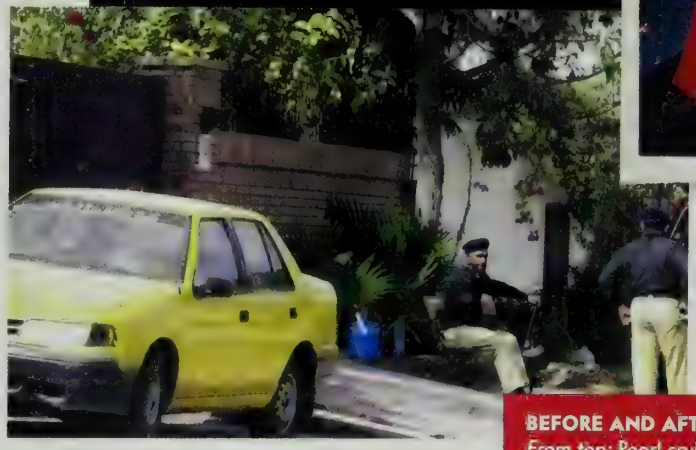
When I call on Mir he extracts Danny's business card from his wallet with a flourish.

"This is his memory," he says. "I was aware he's a Jew and that he works for *The Wall Street Journal* . . . but I can say that he was a very good friend of mine."





"I said, 'Danny, you should be careful!' He said, 'I want to see in their eyes why they hate us.'"



BEFORE AND AFTER *From top:* Pearl cruises with a friend in 1986; with Mariane Pearl on their wedding day, 1999; Karachi police outside a house where Pearl stayed.

He fondles the card, which is worn from showings. "Some people accused him that he was a spy, because the kind of assignment he was doing and his way of meeting with people and going after the story. . . . I came on CNN and I said, 'No, he was a journalist . . . like me. We journalists take these kinds of risks.'"

Mir, a Taliban enthusiast, was wary of Danny until they attended an anti-American street demonstration in November. Several hundred were on hand, chanting denunciations of the U.S. and fealty to bin Laden, Danny in the midst of them.

"People were burning the flag of the United States of America . . . and I was real careful that I should not become a victim of that fire," says Mir. "But he was standing right under the flag. I said, 'Danny, you should be careful!' He said, 'I want to see in their eyes why they hate us.' I said, 'At least there is one American journalist who wants to find out the reasons.'"

For all Danny's great contacts, his sto-

ries weren't leaping off the *Journal*'s front page. While he was writing about trading in Afghan currency, other correspondents were packing up to cover the war next door. But by late November, seven journalists had been killed there. "It's too dangerous," Danny said at a meal with other reporters before Thanksgiving. "I just got married, my wife is pregnant, I'm just not going to do it."

Quietly, though, Danny was onto something much more compelling than the daily bombing reports: he'd found links between the ISI and a "humanitarian" organization accused of leaking nuclear secrets to bin Laden.

The group—Ummah Tameer-e-Nau (U.T.N.)—was headed by Dr. Bashiruddin Mahmood, former chief of Pakistan's nuclear-power program and a key player in the development of its atomic bomb. Mahmood—who'd been forced out of his job in 1998 after U.S. intelligence learned of his affection for Muslim extremists—acknowledged making trips to Afghanistan as well as meeting Taliban supreme leader Mullah Mohammad Omar. But he claimed that all they'd discussed was the building of a flour mill in Afghanistan. As for bin Laden, Mahmood said he knew him only as someone who "was helping in different places, renovating schools, opening orphan houses, and [helping with] rehabilitation of widows."

"He was a wonderful soul," a teacher says of Sheikh. "A gentleman of the highest order."

That's not how the C.I.A. saw it. According to the agency, Mahmood and another nuclear scientist, Chaudry Abdul Majid, met with bin Laden in Kabul a few weeks before 9/11—and not to talk about whole-wheat bread. U.S. pressure got the scientists detained in late October, and they admitted having provided bin Laden with detailed information about weapons of mass destruction. But, for what was termed "the best interests of the nation," they were released in mid-December.

All this had been reported. What no one had tumbled to, except for Danny and *Journal* correspondent Steve LeVine, were U.T.N.'s connections to top levels of Pakistan's ISI and its military. General Hamid Gul—a former ISI director with pronounced anti-American, radically Islamist views—identified himself as U.T.N.'s "honorary patron" and said that he had seen Mahmood during his trip to brief bin Laden. Danny and LeVine also discovered that U.T.N. listed as a director an active-duty brigadier general, and ran down a former ISI colonel who claimed that the agency was not only aware of Mahmood's meeting with bin Laden months before his detention but had encouraged his Afghan trips.

"It could be a big scoop—like your scoop," Danny told Mir. But the *Journal* played the story on page 8 on Christmas Eve and it passed without impact.

A few days later Danny was back in the paper with another exclusive, datelined Bahawalpur, headquarters of Jaish-e-Mohammed (one of the most violent jihadi groups, as well as one of the best connected to the ISI). Jaish had been banned by Musharraf, its bank accounts frozen, and its founder, Maulana Masood Azhar, placed under house arrest. However, Danny later reported that the Jaish office in Bahawalpur was still up and running, as was the Jaish account at the local bank.

If Danny hadn't been on the ISI's radarscope before, he was now. But Danny wasn't letting up; he now had his sights set on the "shoe-bomber," Richard C. Reid.

Interest in the British ex-con turned Muslim radical had tailed off since December 22, when he had tried to blow up an American Airlines Paris-to-Miami flight by touching a match to an explosive in his tennis sneakers. But there remained some dangling ends, none more intriguing than who was giving Reid orders.

A story in the January 6 edition of *The Boston Globe* got Danny on the case. It reported that U.S. officials believed Reid to be a follower of Sheikh Mubarak Ali Shah Gilani, a leader of an obscure Muslim militant group named Jamaat ul-Fuqra ("The Impoverished"). Described by the State Department's 1995 report on terrorism as dedicated "to purifying Islam through violence," ul-Fuqra recruited devotees from as far away as the Netherlands and had sent jihadis into battle in Kashmir, Chechnya, Bosnia, and Israel. Since the early 1980s, ul-Fuqra had also operated in the U.S., where, under the name Muslims of America, its largely black membership lived on rural communes in 19 states, where they were linked to a variety of activities, including—according to authorities—money-laundering, arson, murder, and the 1993 attack on the World Trade Center. Gilani—who was said to have had f wives, two of them African-American—v for a time, based himself in the States, now he was mostly to be found in a wal compound in Lahore, Pakistan, wher Pakistani official said that one of his v tors was Richard C. Reid.

The *Globe* quoted a Gilani "spol man" and "friend" as denying any r tionship between the sheikh and Re and warning that further such accusati were not advisable. "If you push him he has no option but to declare jihad America," said Khalid Khawaja. "It blow like a volcano."

Danny had stayed in regular touch v friend Khawaja and, after seeing the *Gl* piece, asked if he could put him toget with Gilani. Out of the question, Khaw said: Gilani hadn't granted an interv in nearly a decade, and he certainly wa going to give one now to an American porter. "Don't try," he warned. "You not be able to do it."

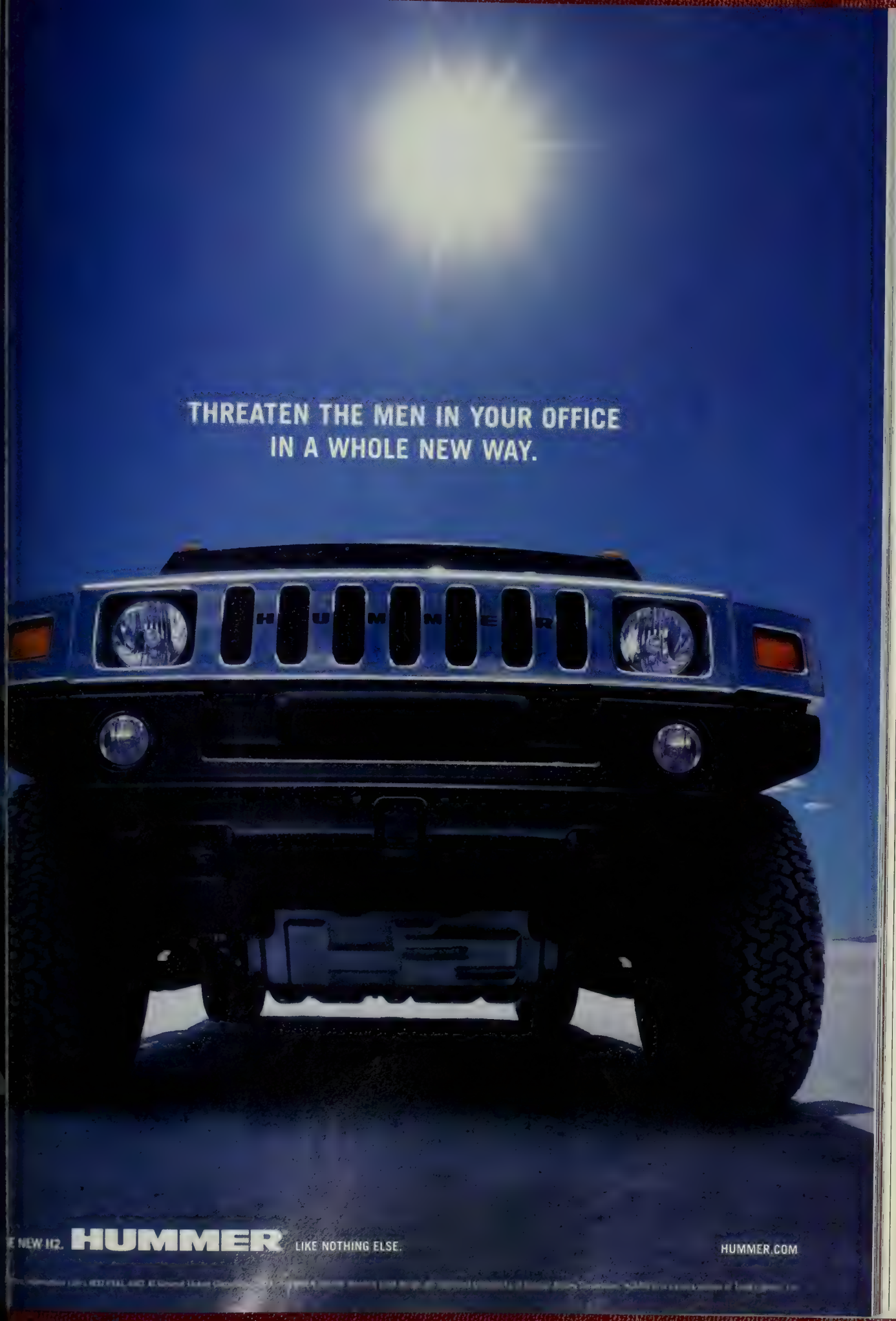
Undeterred, Danny asked his "fix an Islamabad reporter named Asif Far for a way in.

Faruqi asked around, and a journa friend told him about a man named "A who knew another man named "Chau Bashir," who could lead them to Gil Turned out, Faruqi's friend was mistak "Arif"'s real name was Hashim Qad and he was a jihadi wanted by the pol As for "Chaudry Bashir," his real name Ahmed Omar Saeed Sheikh.

Like every reporter in Pakistan, I war to meet the fabled Sheikh, who'd b described as well educated, charm arrogant, and a sociopath. But She wasn't granting interviews just then; was in solitary confinement in the Kara Central Jail, a colonial institution t would do well in a remake of *Midn Express*. I had to settle for learning ab Sheikh, and once I had, it was no myst why Danny had trusted him. I would h in a heartbeat.

He was born December 23, 1973 Wanstead, an East London suburb. parents had immigrated to the U.K. fi a village outside Lahore five years bef and Sheikh was the eldest of their th children. His sister would study medic at Oxford, his brother law at Cambric Sheikh's father, Saeed Ahmed Shei was a successful businessman who g erated enough income to send Sheikh the $12,000-a-year Forest School, where of his classmates was Nasser Huss currently captain of the British cric team.

In 1987 Saeed Ahmed Sheikh mo the family to Pakistan, and Sheikh, ther and on his way to being a burly-ches


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six feet two inches, was enrolled in Aitchison College, the subcontinent's Eton.

He was a standout in his studies and popular with his classmates. The only problem was that once a month or so there'd be a scrap between an old boy and a new, with Sheikh in the middle, punching for the underdog.



Teachers admired his spunk and protected him from serious discipline. But one day late in his second year, the bully Sheikh took on happened to be the son of a most influential personage. Sheikh broke the boy's nose, then presented himself to the headmaster. "Sir," he said, "the chap was very disagreeable. I tried to control myself as much as possible and I have given him the thrashing of his life."

This time, there was no saving Sheikh from expulsion. "He was a wonderful soul," a teacher laments. "A gentleman of the highest order."

Shipped back to the Forest School, Sheikh passed his A levels in 1991 and was admitted to the London School of Economics. He read math and statistics; made $1,500 a day peddling securities to his father's customers; and, in 1992, the same year he received a certificate of commendation for leaping to the rescue of a woman who'd fallen onto the tracks of the Underground, was a member of the British arm-wrestling team that competed in the world championships in Geneva. "A nice bloke," his economics tutor, George Paynter, remembered him.



"Kidnapping a journalist is the easiest thing to do.... Anybody could do it."

The first of several turning points came in November 1992, when, during the Islamic Society's "Bosnia Week," Sheikh saw *Destruction of a Nation,* a graphic, 45-minute documentary on Serb atrocities committed against Muslims. "[It] shook my heart," he wrote.

During the next Easter holiday, Sheikh joined a "Caravan of Mercy," taking relief supplies to Bosnia. But in Split, Croatia, he became seriously ill from the cold and was forced to remain behind. While he recuperated, bodies were carted in, one of a 13-year-old Muslim girl who'd been raped and murdered by Serbs. Years later, Sheikh would tremble at the memory.

On his return to London, Sheikh immersed himself in military theory, dropped out of the London School of Economics, and went to Pakistan with an elaborate plan for guerrilla operations in Kashmir, including—novel twist—kidnappings. A four-star general who examined his scheme was not impressed, but the jihadis were. Spotted as a comer, he was dispatched for four months of advanced schooling in the arts of ambush, explosives, surveillance, and disguise.

Again his skills were noticed, and in June 1994 he was invited to join a kidnapping plot in India, where his role would be sweet-talking foreign tourists into captivity. The hostages would then be traded for Maulana Masood Azhar, a Harkut ul-Ansar leader, and others who had been taken prisoner in India.

THE KIDNAPPER *Top,* Sheikh at 27; *center,* the jet hijacked in 1999 by Sheikh's associates in a successful effort to free Sheikh and fellow terrorist Maulana Masood Azhar, *bottom,* from a prison in India.

There were miscues from the start. Sheikh didn't think much of his bosses, and they, in turn, didn't appreciate his kibitzing. They liked even less the six-foot-three-inch Israeli tourist Sheikh brought back to their hideout as a proposed first hostage. "You fool," one of them hissed. "You'll get us all killed. Take him back to his hotel at once and come back in th morning."

Posing as a Hindu named "Rohit, Sheikh by and by rounded up three Britisl ers and an American, and dropped off ransom note with a "rather nice" recep tionist at the BBC. "Tonight she'll b telling the whole world that this big, mor strous, terrorist-looking chap came to he in person," he wrote in his diary. "Tomo row, I'll ring her up and say, 'Actually, m dear, I'm not like that at all.'"

He seemed equally blithe about his cap tives, challenging them to games of ches (at which Sheikh was expert and assuring that he woul kidnap only people whor he considered intelligent an wanted to spend time with.

At other moments, Sheik joked about their prospec tive beheadings and rattle on about Jews' running th British Cabinet and th truths to be had from reac ing *Mein Kampf.* He als rhapsodized about the plea sures of martyrdom, sayin that holy warriors ejaculate at the moment of death knowing that they had entered heaven.

The bizarre idyll climaxed in late Octobe 1994, when Indian provincial police raid ed the kidnappers' hideouts. In the ensuin gun battles, two officers and one of th kidnappers were killed, and Sheikh shot i the shoulder.

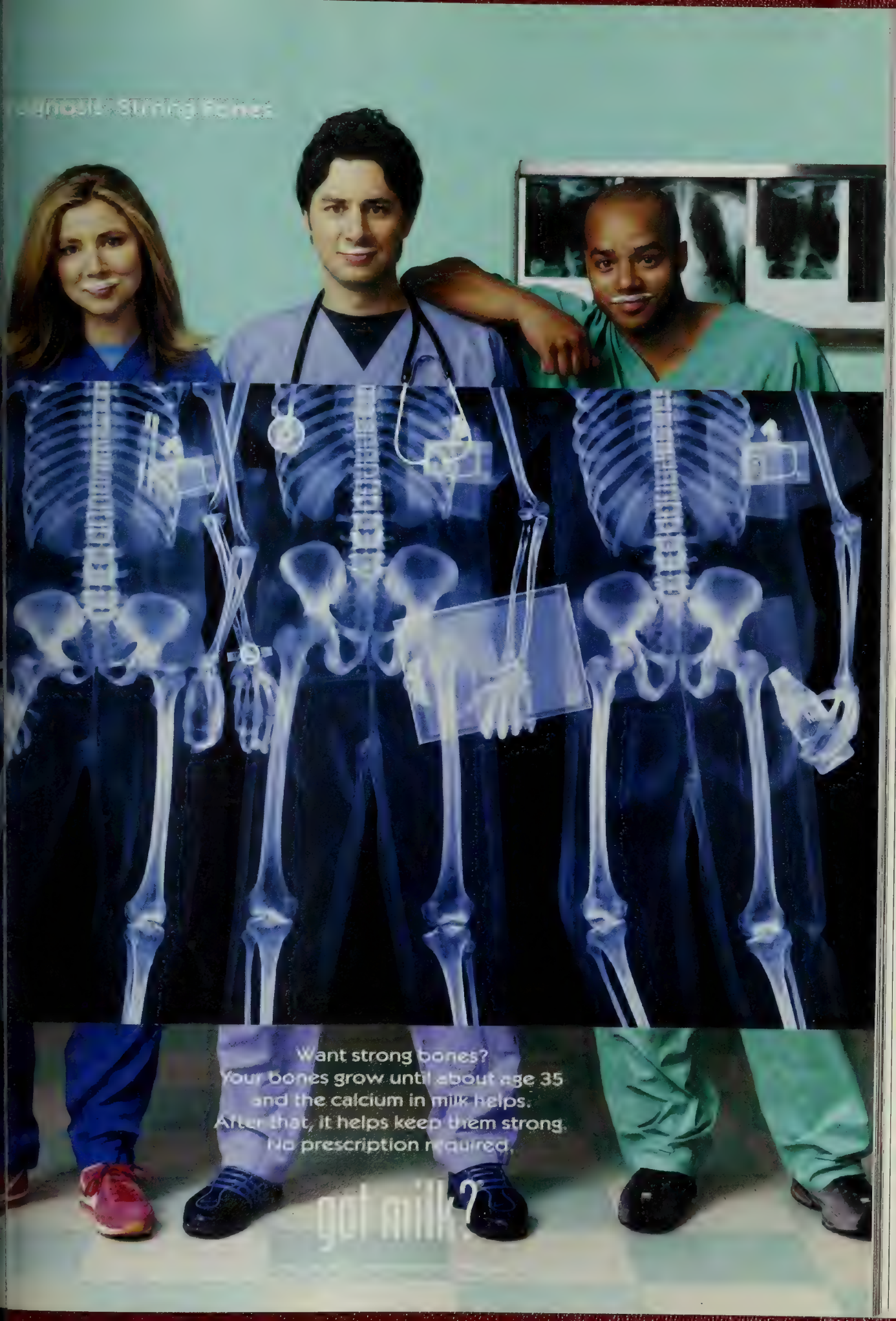
The ISI paid for a lawyer, but it didn do any good for Sheikh, who wa held without trial for the next fiv years in a maximum-security prison where, he said, he had been beate and urinated on. But it didn't preven Sheikh from smuggling out a note t a favorite Aitchison teacher:

I hope this letter finds you soarin the heights of happiness.

Living in the cold, hard world c criminals and the brutal echelons c state power, a world of self-interest an devious calculations ... I often wan der down memory lane, seeing with mor experienced (hopefully wiser) eyes all thos people who gave me love—glowing, unselfis love. Yes, sir, you encouraged me so mar times and you stood up for me when I was hot-headed youngster. I feel indebted to yo and more than a little wistful.

Sir, if possible, please do jot a quick not telling me how you and your family hav fared over the last few years.... My paren are in London, busy with the old garmen business. Naturally, my case came as quite shock to them, but Allah has given them th strength to cope. They understand that th is the path I've chosen. They have bee tremendously supportive.

Sir, if you could put in the occasion


Want strong bones?
Your bones grow until about age 35
and the calcium in milk helps.
After that, it helps keep them strong.
No prescription required.
got milk?

prayer for me that would be wonderful. I'll sign off now. Who knows, perhaps I'll pop round to see you soon.

Yours with affectionate respect . . .

In a PS, Sheikh added, "If there are some spare copies of the last few *Aitchisonians* [the school magazine], I'd be thrilled to have them."

It didn't look as if Sheikh was going to be "popping round" anywhere but his cell for the foreseeable future. But in late December 1999, Azhar's terrorist outfit—now renamed Harkat ul-Mujahadeen—seized an Indian airliner with 155 passengers and crew aboard; slit the throat of a honeymooning Indian businessman; and demanded the release of Azhar, Sheikh, and another jihadi. After the plane sat six days on the Kandahar tarmac under the watchful eyes of the Taliban, the Indians gave in.

Azhar went to Karachi and, before 10,000 howling supporters, called for the destruction of the U.S. and India. Then, after a few weeks touring under the protection of the ISI, he announced the formation of Jaish-e-Mohammed, the terrorist group Danny would find thriving in Bahawalpur.

Sheikh, for his part, stayed at a Kandahar guesthouse for several days, conferring with Taliban leader Mullah Muhammad Omar and—reports had it—Osama bin Laden, who was said to refer to him as "my special son." When he crossed the Pakistan frontier in early January 2000, an ISI colonel was waiting to conduct him to a safe house in Islamabad. From there he proceeded to London, where he reunited with family.

"Don't think this will be the end," read a kidnappers' note. "It is a real war on Amrikans."

Relaxing with friends on his return to Lahore, Sheikh showed off his wound ("This is the benefit of speaking good English," he joked), talked about his forthcoming marriage ("My wife has an M.A.," he bragged about his bride-to-be), and confessed to pangs about killing. Poison was his instrument of choice (he demonstrated how he secreted it in his wallet), though, according to a U.S. official, he slit a throat once to make his jihadi bones. As for the moral qualms, Sheikh said he resolved those by recalling images of Kashmir and Bosnia.

He went next to Afghanistan, and reportedly helped devise a secure, encrypted Web-based communications system for al-Qaeda. His future in the network seemed limitless; there was even talk of one day succeeding bin Laden.

But Sheikh kept running afoul of superiors. Azhar was said to have sidelined him from Jaish after getting fed up with his bragging about Indian exploits. Following further spats with two other terrorist groups, Sheikh joined up with Aftab Ansari, an Indian-born gangster.

By August 2001, Sheikh's activities had come to the attention of British intelligence, who asked their Indian counterparts to help apprehend him.

Then came 9/11. Tracing the hijackers' funding, investigators discovered that in the weeks before the Trade Center attack someone using the alias Mustafa Muhammad Ahmad had wired more than $100,000 to hijacking ringleader Mohammed Atta. On October 6, CNN reported that the U.S. had decided that Mustafa Muhammad Ahmad and Sheikh were one and the same. Not much later the U.S. asked Pakistan to extradite him for the 1994 kidnapping.

With recruits picked up from other jihadi groups, Sheikh and Ansari, meanwhile, were mounting their first big operation, the October 1 suicide truck-bomb attack on the Kashmir assembly, which left 38 dead. On December 13 they struck again, with a shooting and grenade assault on the Parliament building in New Delhi. That incident—which India charged was staged at the direction of the ISI—claimed 14 lives and prompted India to mass half a million troops on the Pakistan border. Sheikh was in the midst of planning yet another operation—a drive-by shoot-up of the American Center in Calcutta on January 22, in which five guards were killed—when Danny Pearl dropped into his lap.

"We had nothing personal against Daniel," Sheikh would later say. "Because of his hyperactivity, he caught our interest."

Danny had been here, there, and everywhere, an American Jewish reporter who lived in India, asking inconvenient questions. But his quest for a big score finally seemed within reach. Come to Room 411 of the Akbar International Hotel in Rawalpindi on January 11, he was told; "Bashir" would be waiting.

They talked for three hours. "It was a great meeting," said Sheikh, who shav his beard and donned sunglasses for occasion. "We ordered cold coffee a club sandwiches and had great chitcha

But chitchat is all it was. Not wanti to seem too eager, Sheikh stressed tl Gilani was a busy man; he'd have weigh the question carefully. "I ne asked Daniel to do anything," Sheikh la told his interrogators. "It was always h insisting." At the end of the meeting, D ny said he'd send along some examples his work, and "Bashir" promised to ke him updated via E-mail.

Danny and Mariane then departed Peshawar—Dodge City, except with Kala nikovs instead of six-guns. But, accordi to Rahimullah Yusufzai, the local strin for the BBC and *Time*, the only thing tl bothered Danny was the difficulty in ga ering information.

"He said he would be keen to m anybody from Taliban or al-Qaeda," Yus zai recalls. "I said, 'They may be he but [it] is impossible for you to meet th or me to meet them. They are all want and they would like to stay quiet. Esp cially they won't be meeting an Americ journalist.'

"I told him, 'If you try too hard, could be risky.' But he was very focuse He was so persistent in meeting eve body who could have helped him in t story. He was after something and wanted it."

A *Journal* reporter's need for a repla ment computer gave Danny more reas than ever to get it.

The reporter, Moscow correspond Alan Cullison, had had his smashed in l November, when his car rolled over wh crossing the Hindu Kush. On his arrival Kabul, a shopkeeper offered to sell hin used IBM desktop and a Compaq lapt for $4,000. Too steep, New York sa bargain him down. Cullison did, and pa $1,100 for two machines that—in a billi to-one shot—turned out to have been covered from the bombed headquarters Mohammed Atef, Osama bin Lade abruptly deceased military strategist.

Cullison couldn't get past the Compa encryption scheme, but on the IBM's h drive he found a treasure trove of al-Qae materials—at least 1,750 files, recordi four years' worth of terrorist doings.

Fearing lives might be at stake, the *Jo nal* turned over the material to the Defer Department and the C.I.A. for review. T spooks did their screening, and the fi *Journal* report about the documents fr the IBM machine appeared December But the Compaq laptop was much hard to crack, and it wasn't until January 16 t the *Journal* was able to publish the resul For Danny, it was worth the wait. On t

Gift Idea: *Flatware*



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hard drive was the itinerary of a target-scouting expedition by a terrorist referred to as "brother Abdul Ra'uff." It matched to a T the pre-9/11 travels of Richard C. Reid.

There was more good news the same day, with the arrival of an E-mail from "Bashir," using an address that showed Sheikh's sense of humor: Nobadmashi@yahoo.com—Urdu for "no rascality."

He reported that he'd forwarded Danny's articles to Gilani and apologized for not having contacted him sooner. "I was preoccupied with looking after my wife who has been ill," Sheikh said. "[She] is back from the hospital and the whole experience was a real eye-opener. Poor people who fall ill here and have to go to hospital have a really miserable and harassing time. Please pray for her health."

Having tugged at Danny's heartstrings with a phony story about his wife, Sheikh set the hook deeper three days later with an E-mail saying that Gilani was looking forward to a get-together.

"He was a very docile person, quiet, humble. Not a person who would go out and take risks in reporting."

However, he was currently in Karachi and wouldn't be returning for "a number of days." "Bashir" gave Danny a choice: wait for Gilani's return, or send E-mail questions, which he'd relay to Gilani's secretary. "If Karachi is your program," Sheikh said, "you are welcome to meet him there."

Danny chose the Karachi meeting, as Sheikh—who understood reporters—must have known he would. Before catching the Pakistan International Airlines flight south, Danny E-mailed him his plans, along with something that Sheikh didn't know: on January 24, he and Mariane would be leaving for Dubai and from there transiting to Bombay.

Friends had been urging Danny to take a break, and though another tour of Pakistan was planned, it wouldn't be for an indefinite while. If Danny was going to get Gilani, he had to get him now.

There was another story he wanted to try to cram in: a piece on Karachi underworld boss Dawood Ibrahim, an Indian-born Muslim terrorist who enjoyed the patronage and protection of the ISI. In mid-January, while waiting for "Bashir"'s next missive, Danny called Ikram Sehgal for leads.

"I hadn't heard from him in weeks," Sehgal recalls, sipping tea in his cluttered office. "I think Danny got more and more confident. This was the biggest thing that hit him. He was suddenly having access and chasing down an area where he had no expertise." He stirs the heat from his cup. "I mean, Danny just didn't have it.

"He asked if I had any contacts with the local Mafia. I said, 'Danny, the Mafia head here doesn't function the way you think Mafias do. This is not something out of *The Godfather.* I know the direction you're going in. Don't do this! Forget it! If you want to know something, come over and we'll talk, not on the telephone.'"

Sehgal's phone rings, as it has constantly since March 17, when militants attacked a church in Islamabad, killing U.S. Embassy employee Barbara Green and her 17-year-old daughter, Kristen Wormsley. Sehgal is now providing protection for every Christian church in the country gratis.

"I found him a little naïve," Sehgal goes on. "I would tell him, 'Danny, stick by the rules. Anybody you want to meet, meet him in a public place. Don't get into cars. Anyone could pick you up.' He would always say, 'Yes, you're right, Ikram, I ought to do that.' But you always had the feeling that what he was saying was perfunctory."

"Bashir" checked in again on Sunday, January 20, saying that Gilani would be available that coming Tuesday or Wednesday. Sheikh said he'd forward the phone number of a Gilani *mureed* (follower), who would escort him to the meeting.

"It is sad that you are leaving Pakistan so soon," Sheikh wrote. "I hope you have enjoyed your stay."

The next day, Danny and Mariane learned that their baby would be a boy. They decided to call him Adam, a name that resonates with both Muslim and Jew.

Wednesday, January 23, was going to be busy for Danny. Asra was hosting a farewell dinner party for him that night; he wanted to check out a cyber café to see if it was where a message was sent to Richard Reid instructing him to board the next Paris-Miami flight; he had an appointment to see Randall Bennett, the U.S. Consulate's regional security officer, at 2:30, and another to see Jamil Yusuf, head of Karachi's Citizens Police Liaison Committee, at 5:45. And then there was Gilani. "Bashir" by now had told him that "Imtiaz Siddiqi" was t*mureed* who'd lead him to Gilani. B Danny had yet to hear from him. Nor d he know that Siddiqi's real name w Mansur Hasnain and that he'd been one the Indian Airlines hijackers who'd fre Sheikh in 1999.

Danny phoned his fixer in Islamabad.

"Give me a quick reply," he said. "Is safe to see Gilani?"

Asif assured him it was; Gilani was public figure.

Danny set off on his rounds. Mariar who was to have come along, wasn't fe ing well and stayed at Asra's.

He had a good session with Bennett the consulate, but the cyber café was bust; it didn't have the technology to tra who'd sent the E-mail to Reid. On the w to Yusuf's office, Danny called the Do Jones bureau to ask the resident cor spondent, Saaed Azhari, to set up a fir appointment for him the next mornin Azhari, who couldn't fathom why Dan chanced taking cabs everywhere, rath than using a hired car and regular driv like other correspondents, said there w something Danny ought to know: Ghula Hasnain, the Karachi *Time* stringer, h gone missing the day before. Guessing w the ISI had picked him up because of exposé he had written on Dawood Ibrah for a Pakistani monthly.

Danny seemed unworried, and a f minutes later he was at the Citizens Poli Liaison Committee building, talking to Y suf, a former businessman who'd becor a renowned crime-fighter.

On the afternoon I catch up to hi Yusuf—who played a key role catching Danny's killers—is bemoa ing his trouble in getting warrants for ber searches. "Judges do not understa Yahoo is not a human being," he sa shaking his head. He then describes l last meeting with a reporter of whom was very fond.

"He asked me about Gilani, and I sa 'I never heard of him. I don't think a of people have heard of him in this co try.' Then he told me about this Richa Reid thing. I joked with him: I said, 'Da ny, do something else. The guy is caug He is with the F.B.I. Why waste time?'

"[When] he was sitting here, he got t phone calls. He said, 'Yes,' he is comi there at seven o'clock, somewhere close b did not know what was happening. He not tell me who he was going to meet.

"I advised him, 'You cannot go a meet strangers.' It's just like me going i New York and trying to meet the Maf then complaining to the world I got a ducted. You don't do those things.

"He was a very docile person, qui

umble. Not a person who would go out nd take risks in reporting. That is what urprised me.... [How] he came and sat ere for an hour and then went to that stu- id appointment of his without telling us."

Yusuf looks out the window down to here the security car he has had to hire trail him is waiting.

"Kidnapping a journalist is the easi- st thing you can do," he says. "They re hungry for information.... Anybody ould do it."

Danny's caller was the *mureed* he knew Siddiqi, saying to meet him at the Vil- ge Garden Restaurant, next to the Metro- ole Hotel, a mile or so away. In the cab the way over, Danny phoned Mariane,

Whatever I have done, right or wrong, I have my reasons, and I confess," Sheikh told the magistrate.

ling her where he was going and start the party without him. He'd back around eight.

The hour came and went without any sign of Danny, but initially his absence wasn't cause for ncern. Pakistanis are famously so- ible—Gilani may have insisted on rving dinner, and the talk may ve run on, as interviews with Mus- militants tended to. But mid- ght passed with no word from nny, who also wasn't answering cell phone.

Now truly worried, Asra phoned nny's boss, foreign editor John Bussey, the *Journal*'s headquarters in South unswick, New Jersey, where it was late ernoon. Bussey told her that he'd alert State Department.

Asra phoned Khawaja, thinking he uld know whether Danny actually had meeting. But Khawaja said he'd never rd of any meeting with Gilani.

The police arrived shortly thereafter, d Asra phoned Khawaja again, this e with an officer on the line. He asked t Khawaja put them in touch with Gi- i as soon as possible. Then Asra read "Bashir"'s and "Siddiqi"'s cell-phone mbers. Khawaja didn't recognize either hem.

By the time the flight to Dubai left the t afternoon, the story of Danny Pearl's disappearance was moving over the wires. No one was using the word "kidnapping" yet, but that was the suspicion. It was confirmed early Sunday morning, local time, by E-mails to *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, the *Los Angeles Times*, and two Pakistani news organizations. Attached were four photographs of Danny in captivity, one showing a 9-mm. pistol pointed at his head and a message in English and Urdu announcing the capture of "CIA officer Daniel Pearl who was posing as a journalist for the Wall Street Journal."

The note demanded that the U.S. hand over F-16 aircraft, whose delivery to Pakistan had been frozen by 1990 nuclear sanctions; that Pakistanis detained for questioning by the F.B.I. over the 9/11 attacks be given access to lawyers and allowed to see their families; that Pakistani nationals held at Guantánamo Bay, Cuba, be returned to their homeland to stand trial; and that the Taliban's ambassador to Pakistan, now held in Afghanistan, be returned to Pakistan.



IN CAPTIVITY Pearl in a photograph obtained January 26. The captors first claimed he worked for the C.I.A., then for the Mossad.

Of Danny, the note said, "Unfortunately, he is at present being kept in very inhuman circumstances quite similar in fact to the way that Pakistanis and nationals of other sovereign countries are being kept in Cuba by the American Army. If the Americans keep our countrymen in better conditions we will better the conditions of Mr. Pearl and the other Americans that we capture."

Sent on the account of kidnapperguy@hotmail.com, the message was signed, "The National Movement for the Restoration of Pakistani Sovereignty."

Police had never heard of the group, but the name sounded a gong at the Islamabad bureau of the BBC, which in late October had received a package from the "National Youth Movement for the Sovereignty of Pakistan." Inside were an unplayable videocassette and a computer printout announcing the capture of an alleged C.I.A. operative, "one Joshua Weinstein, alias Martin Johnson, an American national and a resident of California." Also enclosed was a photograph of a male Caucasian in his 30s. Flanked by two robed and hooded men aiming AK-47s at his head, he was holding up a Pakistani newspaper showing the date of his abduction—just as Danny would months later.

U.S. Embassy officials said at the time that no one named Joshua Weinstein or Martin Johnson had either come to Pakistan or been reported missing, and that the letter was a hoax. When local police agencies and other Western embassies said the same, the BBC let it drop. But the release of the virtually identical Pearl materials got the BBC checking again with American diplomats. Was the first "kidnapping" truly a hoax? Why so many similarities between the October episode and Pearl's abduction? The response was a studied silence.

Police, meanwhile, were focusing their suspicions on Harkat ul-Mujahedeen, the terrorist group that had hijacked the airliner to free Sheikh and Azhar. With a number of its members killed by U.S. air strikes, Harkat ul-Mujahedeen had the motive, as well as the M.O., its predecessor group, Harkat ul-Ansar, being thought responsible for the kidnapping and presumed murder of a group of backpackers in India in 1995.

Trouble was, this didn't have the feel of a jihadi operation. Where were the *allahu ahkbars* in the note? The riffs about Palestine and infidels and Western demons? There wasn't even a mention of "Zionist conspiracy." Instead, the demands read like an A.C.L.U. press release. The English was too good, too. Usage, spelling, and grammar were virtually perfect, and the few errors seemed deliberate, as if the writer was trying to hide his education. Jihadis didn't have to feign lack of schooling; most were illiterate.

One investigator, inspired, typed "foreign," "kidnapper," and "suspect" onto Google .com and clicked search. The first listing that popped up was "Omar Saeed Sheikh."

No one believed it; couldn't be that easy.

Within days, the elite Criminal Investigation Division determined the true identity of "Arif" and raided his house—where they found relatives in the midst of a Muslim prayer service for the dead. "Arif" had been killed fighting the Americans in Afghanistan, they claimed. No one believed that either, and a nationwide manhunt got under way.

The *Journal,* meanwhile, was moving on several fronts. Managing editor Paul Steiger issued a statement that Danny was not now nor ever had been an employee of any agency of the U.S. government, and the C.I.A. broke long-standing policy to say the same. Foreign editor Bussey and correspondent Steve LeVine flew in to shepherd Mariane, whose Buddhist group was chanting a mantra for Danny. A media strategy was devised. Mariane made herself available for interviews, but only to outlets that had Pakistan reach, such as CNN and the BBC. Questions about what story Danny was working on were deflected, lest the truth cause him harm. Finally, a confidential appeal was made to major U.S. media organizations to not disclose that Danny's parents were Israeli. All agreed.



"I would tell him, 'Danny . . . don't get into cars. Anyone could pick you up.'"



THE FALLOUT
Top, Pakistani president Pervez Musharraf and George W. Bush at their joint White House press conference; *above,* Mariane Pearl on CNN's *Larry King Live,* March 19.

But on January 30, Danny's Jewishness leaked. In a story in *The News,* Kamran Khan, the paper's chief investigative reporter, wrote that "some Pakistani security officials—not familiar with the worth of solid investigative reporting in the international media—are privately searching for answers as to why a Jewish American reporter was exceeding 'his limits' to investigate [a] Pakistani religious group."

"An India based Jewish reporter serving a largely Jewish media organisation should have known the hazards of exposing himself to radical Islamic groups, particularly those who recently got crushed under American military might," Khan quoted "a senior Pakistani official" as saying.

Having let the religious cat out of the bag, Khan—who doubles as a special correspondent for *The Washington Post*—revealed Danny's relationship with Asra Nomani, whom he claimed—falsely—Danny had imported from India to be "his full time assistant."

"Officials are also guessing, rather loudly, as to why Pearl decided to bring in an Indian journalist," Khan wrote. "[They are] also intrigued as to why an American newspaper reporter based in [Bombay] would also establish a full time residence in Karachi by renting a residence."

Khan's revelations stunned colleagues. But there was no wondering about the source of his information: he was well known for his contacts at the highest levels of the ISI.

The same morning Khan's story appeared, the kidnappers released a second note, changing Danny's supposed spying affiliation from the C.I.A. to the Mossad, the Israeli intelligence service.

The language that followed differed radically from the first note:

U cannot fool us and find us. We are inside seas,oceans,hills,grave yards, every where.

We give u 1 more day if America will not meet our demands we will kill Daniel. Then this cycle will continue and no American journalist could enter Pakistan.

Allah is with us and will protect us.

We had given our demands and if u v not then "we" will act and the Amrika will get teir part what they deserve. Do think this will be the end, it is the beggini and it is a real war on Amrikans. Amrika will get the taste of death and destructic what we had got in Afg and Pak.Inshallah

This did not sound like Sheikh—and wasn't. A note later found on his comp er read, "We have investigated and fou that Daniel Pearl does not work for t CIA. Therefore, we are releasing him u conditionally."

Having lured Danny, Shei had ceased calling the sho Danny's fate was now in t hands of more murdero others.

Investigators, however, w still concentrating on Gila who turned himself in on J uary 30, protesting his in cence and ticking off t names of more than a doz senior and retired officials who wou vouch for his services to state security.

After interrogating Khawaja—w backed Gilani's story—police began h ing second thoughts. Ul-Fuqra had ne been involved with violence in Pakist and indeed had become so inactive of l the State Department had dropped from the terrorist list. Someone had Gilani up. But who?

In Karachi, a newly arrived continge of F.B.I. men were tracing the sour of the kidnappers' E-mails, while Yust Citizens Police Liaison Committee v manually sorting the connections amc 23,500 telephone calls. The effort paid with the identification of Fahad Nasee an employee of a cyber café, as the sen of the E-mails and the linking of his phc calls to two other conspirators.

The police moved just after dark, he ing off in unmarked vans to grab Fah If Pakistani interrogation methods h their usual brutal efficacy, Fahad wo quickly lead them to the second kidn per, who—likewise persuaded—would l them to the third, who would rapidly cide that giving up the boss was in best interest. When they got him, the have Danny. It all had to be pulled off morning prayers at the mosque. After t everyone in town would know.

Stops one, two, and three yielded desired results. But they were stymied four. They had the ringleader's nar his phone number, his uncle's Kara address—before sunup, they even had uncle, cousin, and aunt in custody. T aunt placed a call to his cell phone, b ging him to surrender. Then the lead c


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ly one who takes
me seriously."
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cer came on the line. "The game's up, Sheikh," he said. The answer was a click.

For days, nothing more happened. Sheikh appeared to have vanished, and there were no further messages from the kidnappers. Fake messages, though, were cascading in, including one which said that Danny's body could be found in a Karachi cemetery. Three-hundred-plus cemeteries were scoured; no body. But a fresh corpse was found in a vacant lot near the airport. Though the face had been rendered unrecognizable by a bullet, to Randall Bennett, who'd been summoned to the morgue, the victim seemed the right age, skin color, and body type. But something was odd about the mouth; ever so slightly, it seemed puffy.

"Roll back his lips," Bennett asked. He let out a breath at the sight of metal. Danny had smiled often during their meeting; Bennett knew he didn't wear braces.

On his way to visit George W. Bush, General Musharraf—who was now blaming India for the abduction—assured the world that all would be well. The case had been cracked; Danny's release was expected any minute.

February 14, Sheikh made a liar out of him.

According to the police, he'd been captured in a daring raid in Lahore two days before. The truth was that he'd been turned over by Brigadier Ejaz Shah, home secretary of Punjab and formerly a hard-line officer of the ISI. Sheikh had turned himself over to Shah February 5, and for a week it had been hidden from the police. "Whatever I have done, right or wrong, I have my reasons, and I confess," Sheikh said when he was brought before a magistrate. "As far as I understand, Daniel Pearl is dead."

Police interrogated him for a week, a silent ISI man always present, but got little else. "You are my Pakistani and Muslim brothers," he said. "You can't be as cruel as Hindu policemen were with me in India."

Then, one day, the lead investigator—the officer who'd said, "Your game is up, Sheikh"—visited his cell. They discussed the Koran, and the investigator said, "Show me in the Koran where it says you can lie."

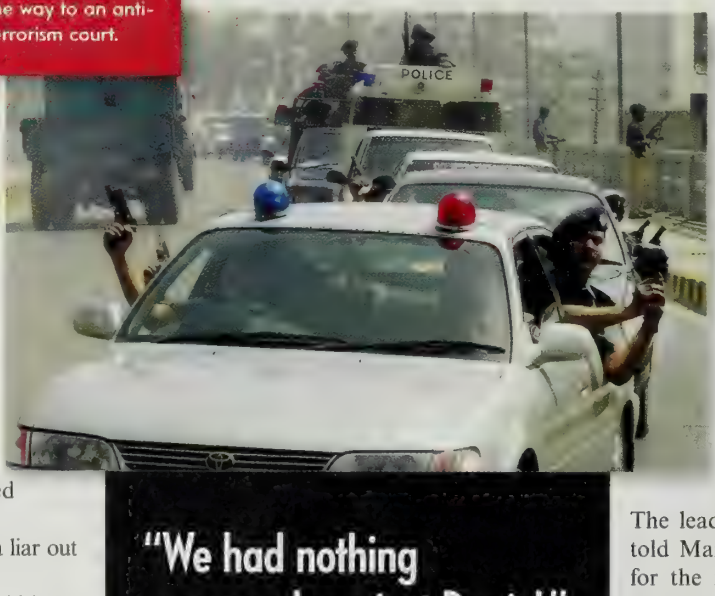
"Give me half an hour," said Sheikh. He said his prayers and made his ablutions, and then he told them nearly everything.

He'd learned that Danny had been killed, he said, when he called "Siddiqi" from Lahore, February 5, and ordered, "Shift the patient to the doctor"—a prearranged code for Danny to be released. "Siddiqi" replied, "Dad has expired. We have done the scan and completed the X rays and postmortem"—meaning that Danny had been videotaped and buried. As he understood it, Sheikh said, Danny had been shot while trying to escape. Where the videotape was or what was on it, he said he didn't know.

The sole subject he refused to discuss was the week he had spent with his ISI handlers.

"I know people in the government and they know me and my work" was all he'd say.

IN CUSTODY Police escort Sheikh through Karachi, March 22, on the way to an antiterrorism court.



"We had nothing personal against Daniel," Omar Sheikh said.

A week later the videotape was recovered in a classic sting. A man (authorities won't reveal his identity) called a Karachi journalist (nor his) and said he had a tape of what had happened to Danny Pearl, and would sell it to the movies for $100,000. The journalist told the U.S. Consulate, which instructed him to tell the man to bring it to the lobby of the Karachi Sheraton at four o'clock, where a movie producer would meet him. An F.B.I. agent played the role to perfection.

They watched the tape on Bennett's living-room VCR—over and over, to make sure of its authenticity. But that was Danny, all right, shirt off, unconscious, on his back. A three-inch wound could be se in his left side. A hand and part of a fo arm came into the frame, holding a la butcher knife. The person wielding seemed expert.

The rest you probably know by nc Mariane appeared on *Larry King* a signed a book deal and had her ba People wept at memorial services Danny in New York, Washington, Los A geles, London, and Jerusalem. As of t writing, Sheikh and three co-defenda were still on trial. Everyone in Pakist expects all of them to be convicted a sentenced to die by hanging.

You no doubt are aware, too, that D ny's dismembered body was found in shallow grave in the garden of a nurs outside Karachi in m May. The terrorists w led police to it said t Danny was picked up b taxi outside the Villa Garden, taken to a nea location, put into a v there, and driven arou Karachi for hours. He v very calm, they said, a did not resist. When at l they came to their fi destination, he aske "Where is the man I wa ed to meet?"

His killing moved p ple who are normally v tough about such thin The lead investigator wept when told Mariane Danny was dead, a for the first time in years work hazard posts, Randy Bennett let grotesque get to him. He was comm back to the consulate after endles watching the videotape, and a P istani was standing in the street c ered in the blood of a goat wh throat he'd just slit. Bennett saw large butcher knife in his hand, then man shot him an "I hate America look. He slammed on the brakes, got and went up to him jaw to jaw. "You g problem with me?" he said.

I never did answer the "why" of eve thing. Sheikh said that the reason wa strike a blow at Musharraf, while Mush raf himself said it was because Danny "overly inquisitive." And more than a knowledgeable Pakistanis think the was involved. When asked by *Vanity F* whether it shares that view, *The W Street Journal* issued a two-word writ answer: "No comment."

One "why" I was able to answer: W did Danny risk everything for a story?

I didn't need to go to Karachi to f out; I could remember. □

BEAUTY BEATS THE BEAST



ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 29,
THE MISS UNIVERSE PAGEANT TROUNCED THE NATIONAL BASKETBALL ASSOCATION'S CRUCIAL GAME 5

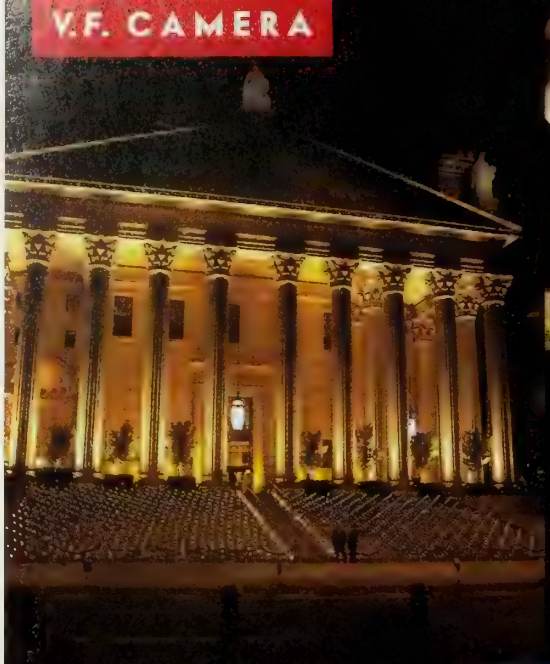
(New Jersey Nets vs. Boston Celtics) in television ratings and the even more important "demos." It also had much higher ratings than the lead-in, 60 Minutes II, and easily beat the competition on ABC to finish as the **#1 show of the evening**.

Congratulations to the most beautiful woman anywhere in the "Universe," Oxana Fedorova, Miss Russia, and to the four other finalists: Miss Panama, Miss China, Miss South Africa and Miss Venezuela.

Also, a special congratulations to pageant owner Donald J. Trump for having the foresight, imagination, and the well-known understanding of quality and beauty that brought the Miss Universe Pageant to a new level of excellence.



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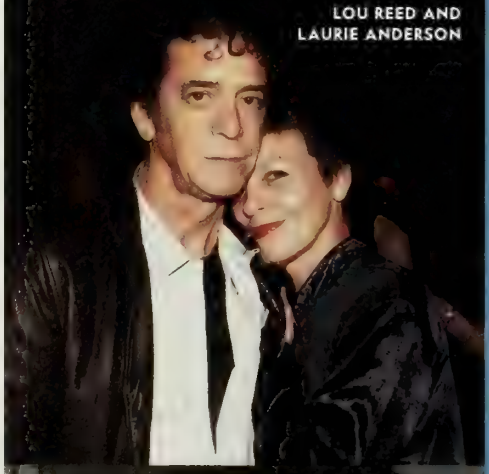


MARTIN SCORSESE

FESTIVAL OCCASIONS

In a transatlantic doubleheader, *Vanity Fair* lit the night for the Tribeca and Cannes Film Festivals

TRIBECA: One thousand votive candles greeted guests as they climbed the steps of the State Supreme Court building in Lower Manhattan for cocktails on the portico at *V.F.*'s spectacular, star-studded party, co-hosted by Robert De Niro, for the brand-new Tribeca Film Festival. In the pillared rotunda, New York's artistic and social elite intersected with movie types over a three-course dinner created by chef Geoffrey Zakarian of the restaurant Town. Among the 260 in attendance were Martha Stewart, Julian Schnabel, Hilary Swank, Martin Scorsese, Sheryl Crow, and Police Commissioner Ray Kelly. —KRISTA SMITH

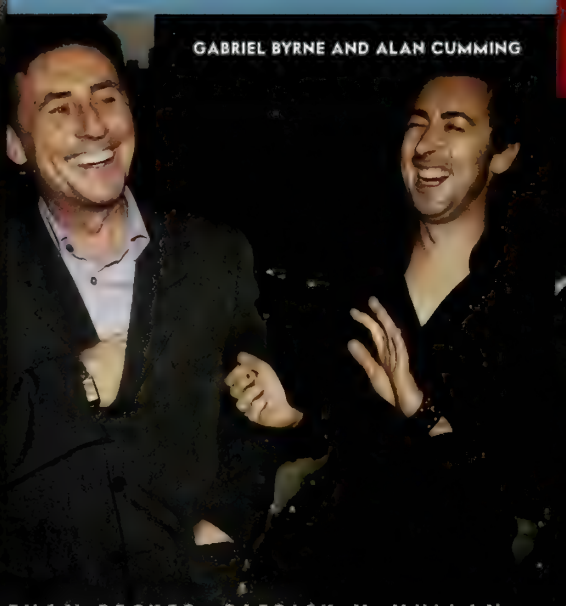


LOU REED AND LAURIE ANDERSON





ROBERT DE NIRO



GABRIEL BYRNE AND ALAN CUMMING



JERRY SEINFE
SKLAR, AND HIL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONATHAN BECKER, PATRICK McMULLAN, AND RICHARD YOUNG

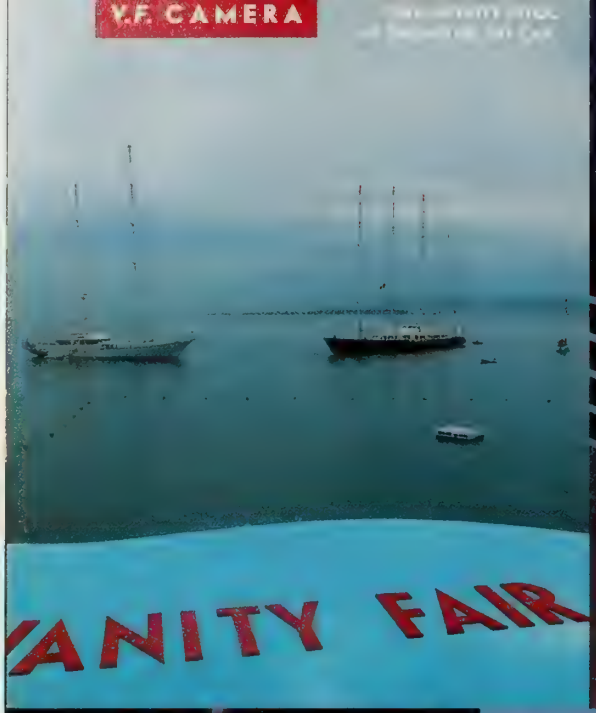
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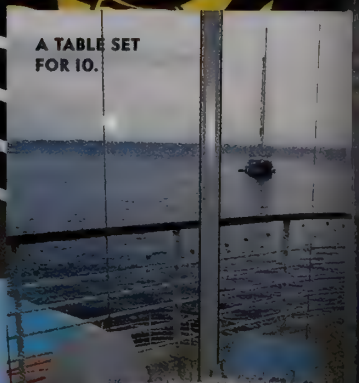
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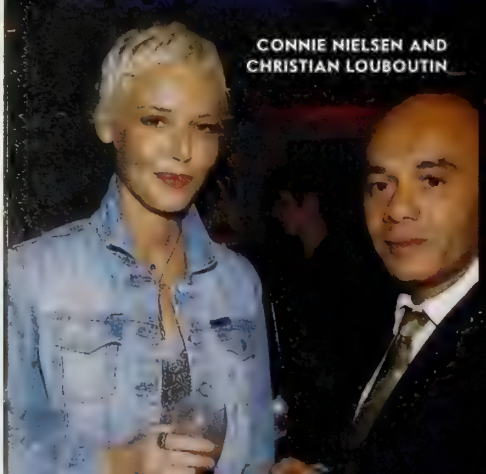


CANNES: For the second year in a row, V.F. traveled to Cap d'Antibes on the French Riviera to celebrate the Cannes Film Festival with a dinner under the stars and next to the sea at the Hôtel du Cap, Eden-Roc. After dining on lobster at tables decked with candles and iceberg roses, and sipping Bellinis by the illuminated "Vanity Fair" pool, the internationally fabulous invitees—among them Giorgio Armani, Christina Ricci, Pierce Brosnan, Juliette Binoche, Mick Jagger, Paul Allen, Milla Jovovich, Adam Sandler, and Sting—danced into the night to the sounds of British D.J. Steve Lewis. —KRISTA SMITH

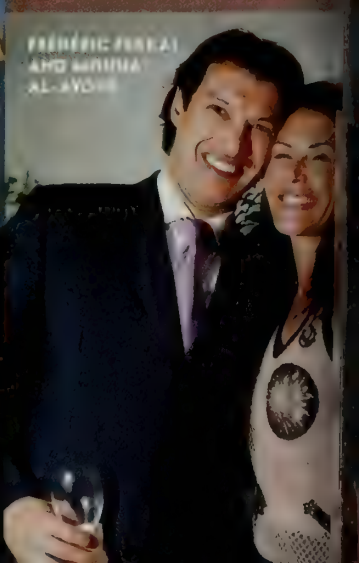


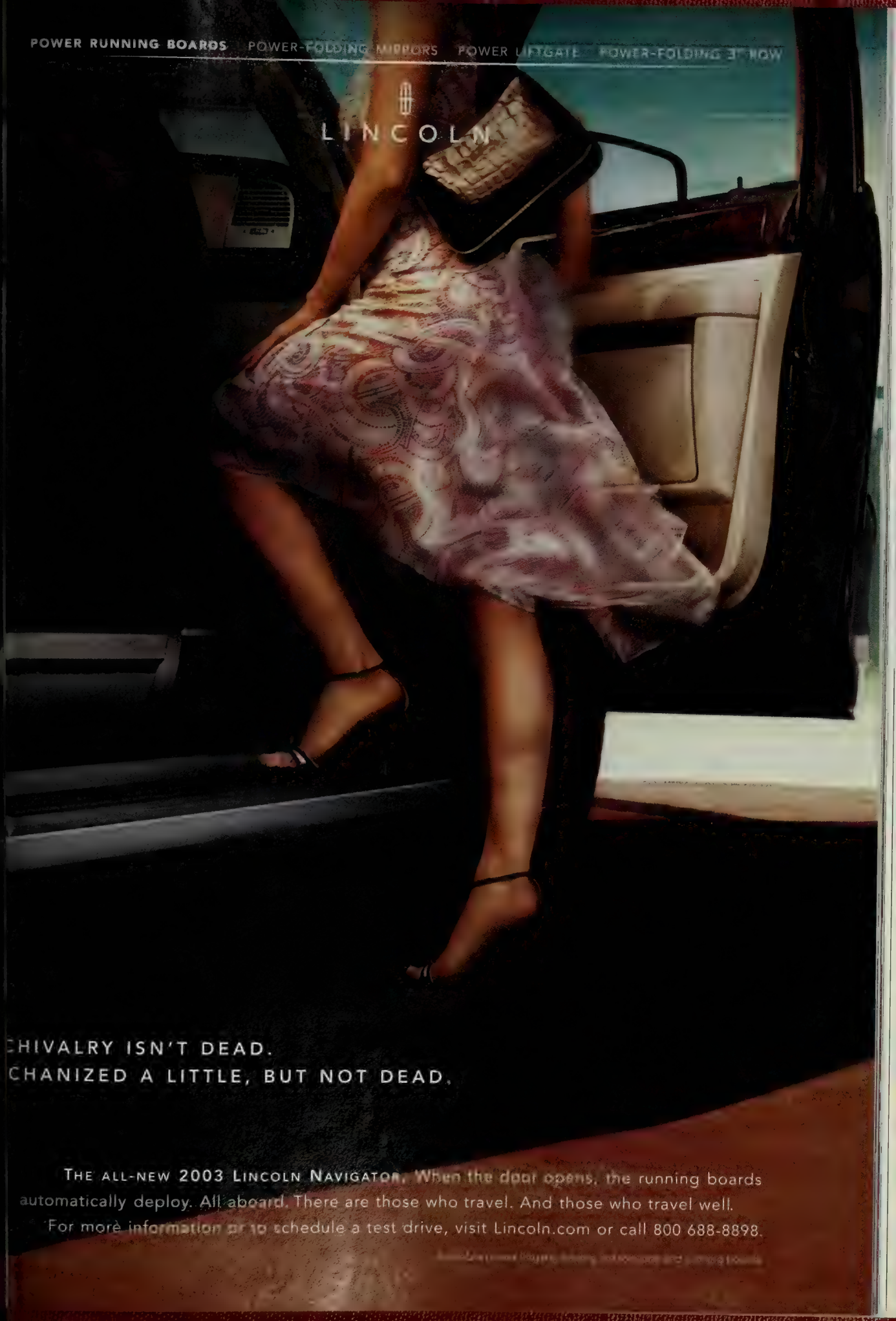






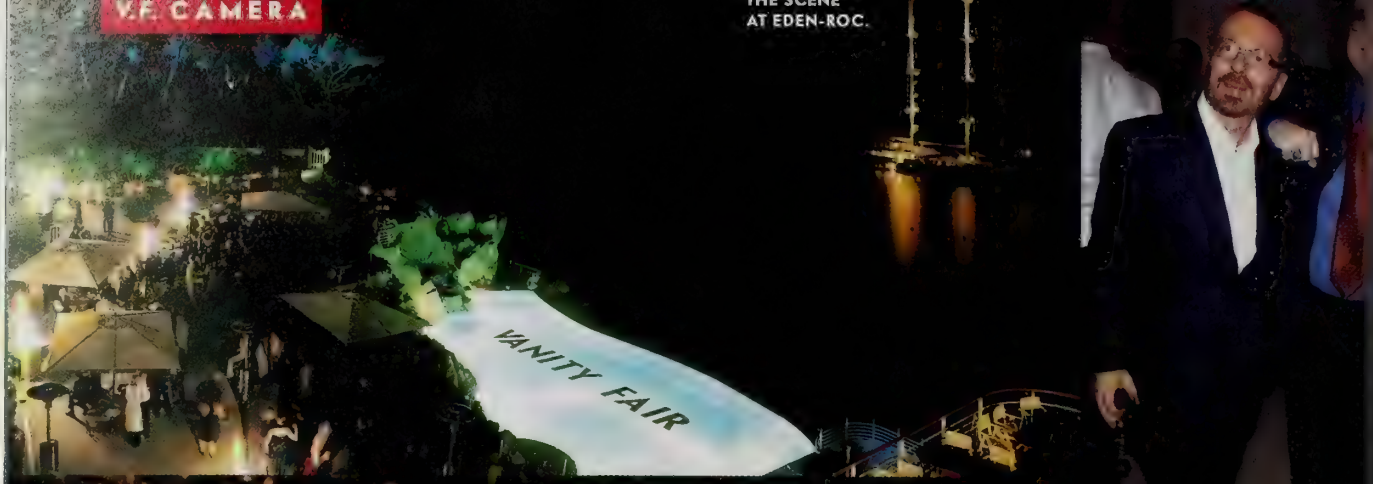





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THE SCENE AT EDEN-ROC.





HELMUT AND JUNE NEWTON



MICK JAGGER AND GINA GERSHON

DAVE STEWART AND PAUL ALLEN



JASON FLEMYNG



ROBERT EVANS, WENDY STARK, HELMUT NEWTON, AND CHARLIE EVANS



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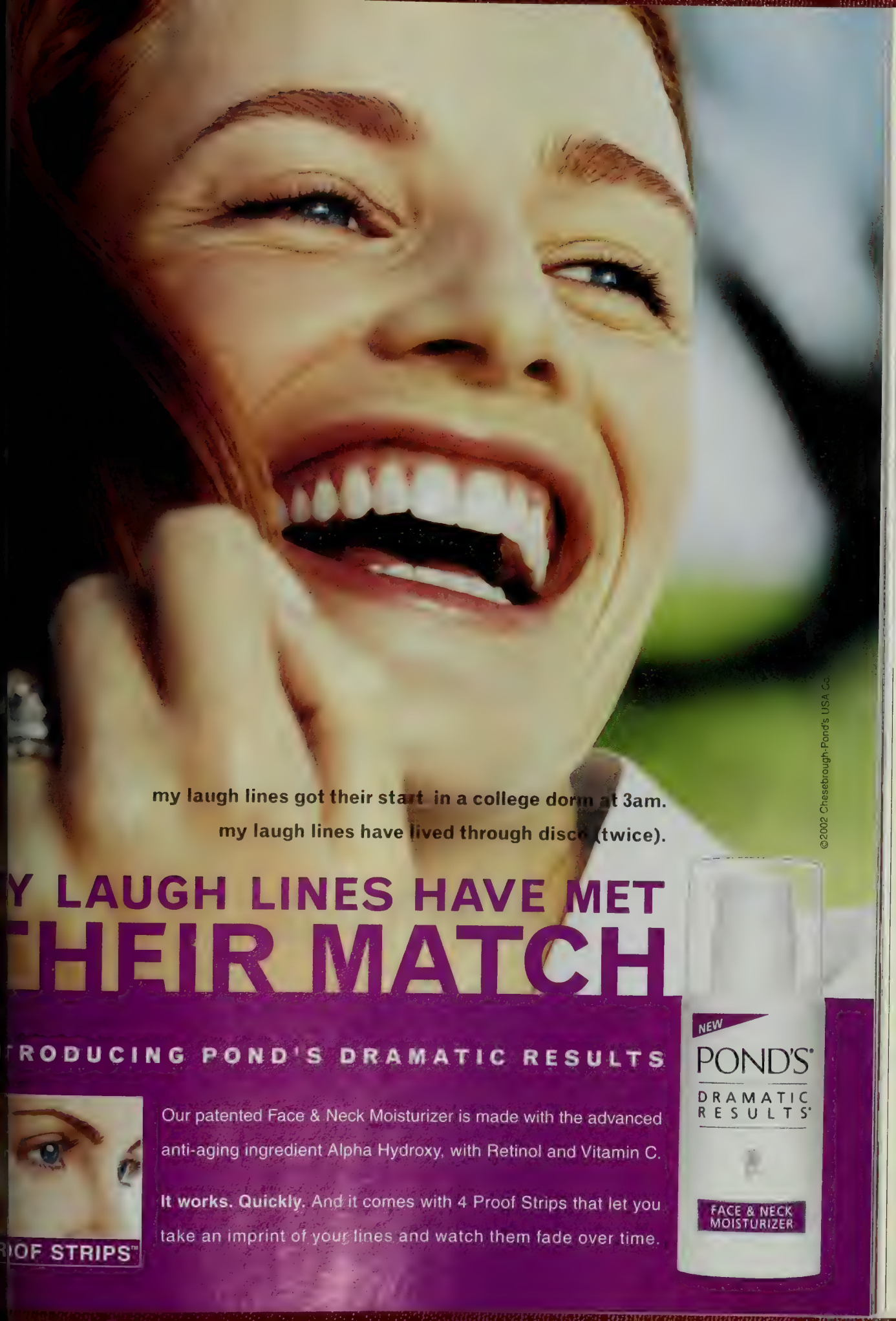
KEELY SHAYE SMITH AND PIERCE BROSNAN



JEAN RENO AND ROSANNA ARQUETTE

STING AND GIORGIO ARMANI

IVANA TRUMP AND HARVEY WEINSTEIN


my laugh lines got their start in a college dorm at 3am.
my laugh lines have lived through disco (twice).
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VANITIES



MAGGIE GYLLENHAAL

AGE AND OCCUPATION: 24, actor. **PROVENANCE:** Los Angeles. **INDEPENDENT WOMAN:** Gyllenhaal's upcoming projects include John Sayles's *Casa de los Babys* and Lodge Kerrigan's *In God's Hands*, but she cut her teeth on a range of roles in *Cecil B. Demented*, *Riding in Cars with Boys*, *40 Days and 40 Nights*, and *Donnie Darko*, alongside brother Jake (who stars in this month's *The Good Girl* with Jennifer Aniston). **SIBLING REVELRY:** "I think we have been competitive in a way that's good and bad, but now I feel like we're on the same team. It's a great team to be on." **DON'T MISS HER SPANKING NEW ROLE:** In *Secretary*, out in September, Gyllenhaal stars as a troubled young woman whose boss, played by James Spader, adds his special brand of discipline to the daily workload. The offbeat love story was a hit at this year's Sundance Film Festival. "I fucking loved [the script]. But I thought, This in the wrong hands could be a totally reactionary, anti-feminist, problematic movie." **CHARLIE'S ANGEL:** In the coming months, Gyllenhaal can be seen in two Charlie Kaufman–scripted films: George Clooney's directorial debut, *Confessions of a Dangerous Mind*, and Spike Jonze's *Adaptation*. **NOT ANOTHER TEEN MOVIE:** "Someone asked me why I didn't do teen movies or actiony movies, but I'm not interested in them, and they're not interested in me, either!" —KRISTA SMITH

PHOTOGRAPH BY DONALD McPHERSON


Lady Helen Taylor


Stephen Daldry and Lord Snowdon


Elisabeth Murdoch

VF CAMERA


Tom Ford and Richard Buckley

Playing Doctor

The audience thought the blood pouring from Jude Law's hand was a great effect. The stage manager, however, thought it might be a good idea to introduce the bandage prop early. Despite slicing his hand open while onstage, Law manfully carried on in the title role of Christopher Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus* during a benefit performance at the Young Vic Theatre in London. The after-party was thrown by *V.F.* at the restaurant Baltic, where it seemed an average of 12 drinks were consumed by each guest. (Perhaps some were trying to drown an intimate working knowledge of the play's theme: selling your soul to the Devil.) —KATE REARDON


Kate Reardon and Samuel West

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD YOUNG


Lord and Lady Saatchi


Jude Law and Gwyneth Paltrow


Jonny Lee Lis

NIGHT TABLE READING



MICHAEL HOEYE
author, Time Stops for No Mouse *(Putnam)*

The Last Report on the Miracles at Little No Horse, by Louise Erdrich (HarperCollins). "It traces the shifting borders between passion and compassion, men and women, saints and sinners, heaven and earth. Three hundred and sixty-eight pages of unforgettable characters and perfect, sweet, bitter prose."



JENNIFER JASON LEIGH
actor, Road to Perdition

Lucky Jim, by Kingsley Amis (Penguin). "Brilliantly funny and cynical and kind of sweet."



BARBARA KOPPLE
documentarian

Ava's Man, by Rick Bragg (Random House). "It is such a special experience to read Bragg's account of the grandfather he never knew during the Depression in the Deep South. I finished his book with tears in my eyes and joy in my heart."

SAM SHAHID
president and creative d Shahid & Compar Advertising and Des

A Big Life (in Advert by Mary Wells Lawrence "She was the reason f getting into this business, genuinely looking forw reliving how she inspirec fulfill my dream."



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GEORGE WAYNE Q&A

Luck of the Irish

In the realm of the 80s supermodels, Kathy Ireland was the cheery all-American amid a field of haughty-looking bitch-goddesses. In similar fashion, she has become a heartland Martha Stewart, with a slew of "revenue streams," including Kmart clothing lines and fitness equipment, to her name. Now, upon the release of her new book, *Powerful Inspirations—8 Lessons That Will Change Your Life,* she chats to our columnist about unscrupulous photographers, designer socks, and Yom Kippur.

George Wayne: *After reading your surprisingly inspirational book, the only word to describe Kathy Ireland is "perfect."*

Kathy Ireland: That's very kind, but I don't agree with you. I look at failure as an education, and in that respect I am very well educated.

G.W. *But you haven't had any failures. Did you always have the entrepreneur in you?*

K.I. My first real job was my paper route, when I was 11. After a few months I was making about $80 a month, and I decided I wanted my own room. I looked up in the Yellow Pages and called a contractor. My mom comes home and finds me in the driveway talking with this guy. It was very exciting until he gave me his bid.

G.W. *Where did the Elite scouts discover you?*

K.I. I was in Santa Barbara at a modeling school. Nobody took this seriously, especially me. It was quite a surprise when the scout asked if I wanted to come to New York for the summer. It was a really eye-opening experience. I learned a lot that summer.

G.W. *You were one of the supermodels of the 80s. And you created designer socks, Kathy Ireland. Where did you ever get that idea?*

K.I. I thought swimsuits would be too obvious. I kind of like starting from the ground up. I started my home collection with flooring, so there is kind of a theme there.

G.W. *Honey, you should next write a book about multi-tasking. Clothing designs, home furnishings, your philanthropy—not to mention being the movie actress, the TV spokeswoman, the certified fitness instructor. Plus, you're wife and mom to Greg, Erik, and Lily.*

K.I. For me the key to a successful business is to keep my priorities in order—my faith, my family, and then the business.

G.W. *You almost rival Martha Stewart.*

K.I. Oh, she's a legend. I couldn't even touch Martha Stewart. And we're very different, too. I am a lousy cook.

G.W. *Oh my God, she has one fault! She can't cook.*

K.I. One of many. I don't have a green thumb.

G.W. *Let's get back to the modeling career. What was the most tawdry incident you had to deal with?*

K.I. There were a few. There was a photographer who wasn't forthright with his intentions. He insisted I take my top off for a photograph. And I just simply didn't feel comfortable. And this guy was very pushy. He was not taking no for an answer. I had to give him a good shove back, and it was the only time I had to walk off a job. But he was just not respecting my answer.

G.W. *Who was it?*

K.I. If he was famous, I sure didn't know it. It was when I first started, and I was in Paris. I was 18.

G.W. *At a photo shoot once, the fashionistas were talking about Yom Kippur, and you said, "Who is Yom Kippur? Is that the name of the new Japanese designer?"*

K.I. I'm very embarrassed to admit that. It was an attempt to make conversation which ended up being a disaster.

G.W. *You were probably the first supermodel who was a Christian.*

K.I. I became a Christian when I was 18. I didn't meet a lot of models who were Christians. I remember, when I first started, meeting Rene Russo on a job, and she was reading her Bible. And I thought that was so cool.

G.W. *Is it true that you and Prince Edward collaborated on your furniture design?*

K.I. I had contacted him, and was quite persistent. He gave us a private glimpse at the restoration of Windsor Castle.

G.W. *What's next? The Kathy Ireland line of Tupperware?*

K.I. That's a good idea. Moms need Tupperware. But being a mom—that's the best thing I get to do.

G.W. *Just admit one thing to G.W.: you are flawless, perfect, an amazing inspiration.*

K.I. Well, thank you. I don't want to burst your bubble.

G.W. *Thank you very much, Kathy.*


So many taboos, so little time.
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The spirit of orange inside

The Bratt Pact

Not long ago, Benjamin Bratt was starring in perhaps the most popular TV drama ever, *Law & Order*. He was dating the world's most famou movie actress, Julia Roberts. And he had a problem: he was trapped in "the box." Now, as he takes the lead in a big-studio picture, the September thriller *Abandon*, Bratt opens up to EVGENIA PERETZ about sharing Roberts's spotlight, returning to his San Francisco roots, and the breakthroug role that brought him new pride, new love, and a long-held dream— all with his co-star turned wife, Talisa Soto



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRUCE WEBER



THE HONEYMOONERS

Benjamin Bratt and Talisa Soto were married in a private ceremony in May. They were photographed in Miami shortly after the wedding.

It's easy to see what Julia saw in him—and it's not just the chest. He enjoys walks in nature. He can tell you the names and characteristics of flowers. He takes sensitive photographs of impoverished children from around the globe. He strums on the guitar. He's romantic: for his date with this magazine interviewer, he's selected some world-class scenery—a bluff called Land's End, overlooking the Pacific Ocean, with Mount Tamalpais rising in the distance. He's selfless: one day he's buying houses for his schoolteacher sisters; the next he's on his knees hammering nails at his best friend's new restaurant; the next he's defending a random stranger who's had his taxi stolen. The Good Samaritan happens to drive a black Mercedes. On top of all that, he was the star of perhaps the most popular television drama of all time.

And so, the perfect man got the role he's still most famous for: Julia Roberts's boyfriend, in a mini-drama that came to an end after four years about a year and a half ago. To many, the relationship seemed like a great career move for Benjamin Bratt—overnight, the *Law & Order* actor became a household name. Soon, it started to take on the whiff of emasculation. Her fame grew and grew, along with the tabloid reports that she'd been unfaithful. But Bratt looked to be standing by his woman. His devotion crystallized in a single moment on Oscar night 2001. As Julia approached the staircase to accept her best-actress award for *Erin Brockovich,* he jumped up and eagerly fixed her train. He spent the rest of the evening gallantly carrying around her statuette, while she paraded her chompers through the flashbulbs. She was the hounded, workaholic, but immensely desired international movie star. He was the long-suffering, chivalrous, old-school gentleman who just wanted to be with her and one day, maybe, make babies.

Bratt calls the public take on their differences—differences which at first seemed complementary but then split them apart—"overly simplistic," yet it rankles him so much that there appears to be some truth to them. "You can't control the millions of people in the world and how they project on you," Bratt says. He thoughtfully looks to the ocean, gently playing with the dune grass, and lays out what he's learned: "I don't have to live in the box that you want to put me in. That's your trip; it's not mine."

Bratt talks a lot about "the box," and the box is not good. The box is the antithesis of keeping it real. It's phony, corrupt, and alienating. It's also a place he's been in during recent years, and now he has come home—both literally and figuratively. He has just moved back to his native San Francisco to be with his family—the "nucleus," he calls it—which consists of four siblings, m Eldy, and a pack of "*sobrinos*" (nieces and nephews). In M married Talisa Soto, a Puerto Rican actress and former m whom he credits with "saving my life." And soon he'll be a f himself, fulfilling a lifelong dream. Everyone around him is ing that something has changed, and they're celebrating, espe his older brother and "standard-bearer," Peter. "He was, as L Hill says, trying to fit into, you know, the box of what he th he was supposed to be," says Peter, who looks just like Benj except his nose is larger and not perfect. "And now he's ju ing who he is." Who Benjamin is is Peter's partner in Chac film company that specializes in non-Eurocentric projects a fers community outreach programs.

By seizing the moment of his nearly impossible transition TV cop to movie star—in *Abandon,* written and directed by St Gaghan, the Oscar-winning screenwriter of *Traffic—Vanity F* must be said, may be part of the box. Bratt wants me to u stand, *really* understand, why doing things like this makes h uneasy. "On some level, this interaction . . . ," says Bratt, gling to find the right words, as if he were trying to break up me as gently as possible. "You need to define who I am as a as a person, as an artist, in the four or five hours that we're to spend together. . . . That trips me out, you know? If I about it too much, it makes me cringe. . . . When you cor that with the fact that I have always felt like, 'What is it would have to say that would be interesting to other people?' makes for this kind of interaction to be quite . . . *awkward.*" ever fears he has would not have been allayed by Peter, who's crusade to keep Benjamin in touch with his peeps. "I said, who the hell's going to read *Vanity Fair,* man?'" Peter says, ulating wildly, clearly agitated. "'The migrant workers in the The people in the barrio? The people in the Indian comm On the res? You can't even sell the fucking magazine out th

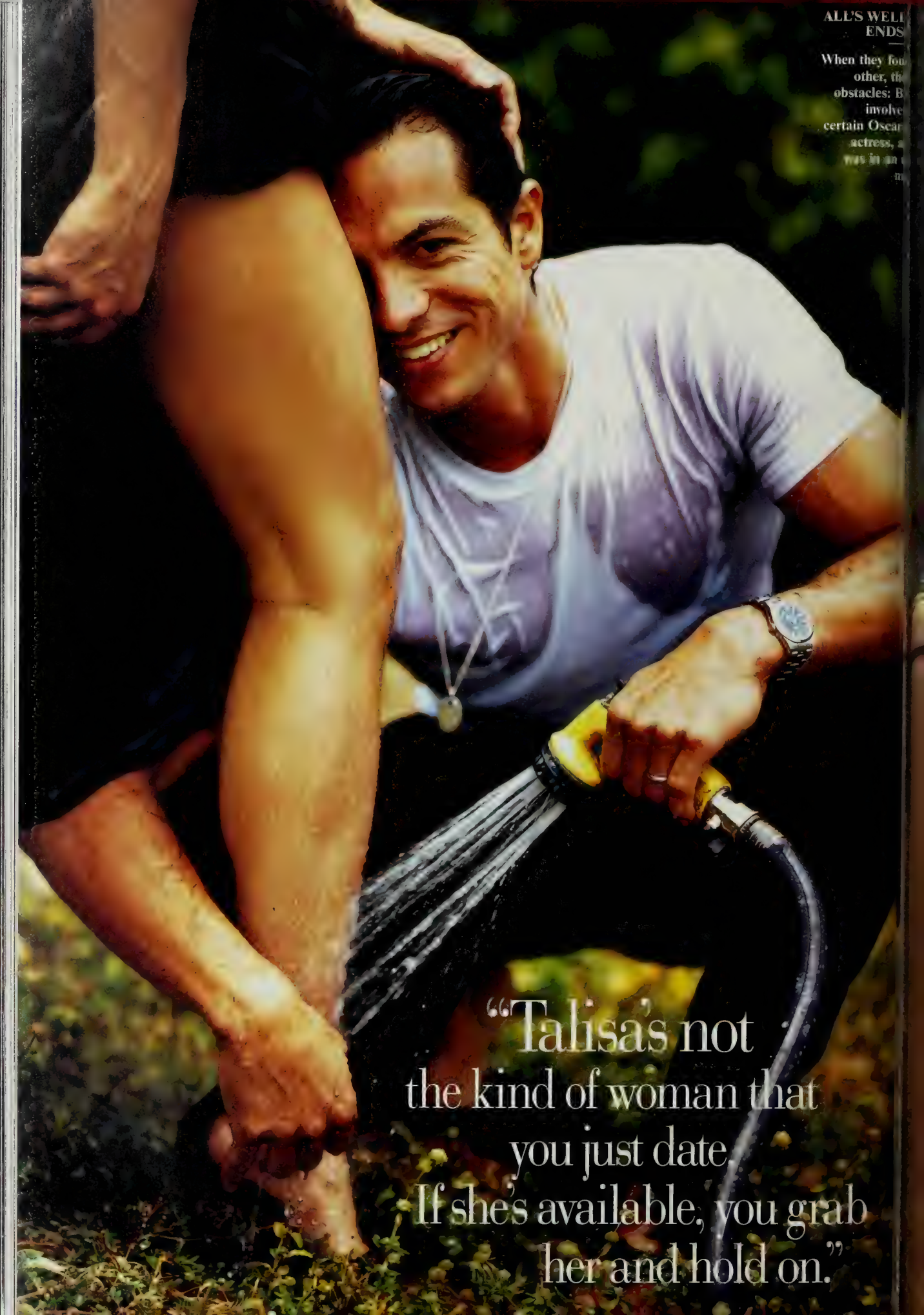
The people Peter Bratt is referring to are a those Benjamin counts as his roots. Bratt gr near San Francisco's ethnically diverse Dia Heights neighborhood, the son of a six-foot- inch, blond German-English father and a fiv two Peruvian-Indian mother. But when his p divorced early on, the Bratt kids followed Eld a life of radical social activism, mainly on behalf of Native icans. In 1968, when Bratt was just five, Eldy moved the fam Alcatraz Island, when AIM (the American Indian Movemen cupied it as a political statement. Bratt didn't know what th they were trying to say, but he knew it was pretty neat. "It w ultimate playground. It was cool in the haunted-house sense, Bratt, who spent his days goofing off in the prison cells wi new Native American buddies, while coming in contact with far-out famous people. He saw Jane Fonda, went to intimate ny Cash concerts, and helped Peter Coyote erect a tepee.

The family returned to the mainland a year and half lat Eldy did not let up on her activism. She taught her childre ple values, such as compassion and looking out for one's nei and tried to make ends meet. "My mother, as a single p struggled mightily with basic needs," says Bratt. "And it uncommon for our water or our electricity to be turne Though his mother was, and remains, his hero, Bratt soon f tug of something else out there, and as a teenager he chose live for a short time with his father, Peter senior. "I think rebelling against my mother's free-spiritedness," says Br



READY FOR HIS CLOSE-UP

With starring roles in *Piñero* and *Abandon*, Bratt moves into the ranks of Hispanic leading men such as Benicio del Toro and Antonio Banderas.



ALL'S WELL
ENDS

When they fou
other, th
obstacles: B
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think the way she lived her life was a little too disorganized for me. I needed a firm hand. I needed a father."

A sheet-metal worker "with the iron fist in the velvet glove," Peter Bratt Sr. "didn't let me get away with shit," Bratt says. "In my recollection he was the booming voice of God." Peter senior had come from artistic, eccentric stock. His father, George Bratt, had been an actor in the Grand Street Follies, alongside Jimmy Cagney, as well as a published poet and a photographer, and it was Peter senior who encouraged Benjamin to be an actor. Reluctant at first, because it didn't "fit my high-school image," Bratt says he gave acting a try "almost on a dare. The real prompt," he says, "was that I would have a great opportunity to make out with the girls behind the curtain."

Attending the drama program at U.C. Santa Barbara, Bratt fell in love with acting for real. He supported himself by working at his cousin's photoengraving shop and driving the Super Shuttle van back and forth from the airport. He got his first break when a casting director came through San Francisco looking for a young Mexican-American actor to play a sheriff's detective. Two days later, Bratt won the role—the first of many men-in-uniform parts—and had his own TV series, something called *Juarez.* The show was never picked up, but Bratt was hooked, mainly by the $8,000-per-episode paycheck. "For a starving kid, for a welfare kid, I was rich. I thought, This is some racket. Forget the degree, I'm going to stay down here and see what I can do!" A couple of years later, a producer named Dick Wolf cast him in a show called *Nasty Boys,* about six undercover ninja narcotics cops, which Bratt describes as "a lot of fast cars, drug busts, and fancy suits."

Nasty Boys ran for 13 episodes, but years later Dick Wolf would think of Bratt when casting the role of Detective Reynaldo Curtis, for *Law & Order,* the straight-man sidekick to Jerry Orbach's hard-boiled Detective Lennie Briscoe. Mainly, what Wolf remembered was "a really nice guy, which is a high accolade in this business." To *Law & Order* "he brought an unwavering moral compass that was obvious as soon as he started speaking."

More than the most successful television drama ever—a show that has run for 12 years and has led to three spin-offs—*Law & Order* has become a national obsession. Bratt routinely gets away with traffic violations, for example, because to cops nationwide Detective Rey Curtis is an icon, an honorary chairman of the benevolent association. William Shatner never got that kind of treatment for *T. J. Hooker.* "The people who watch *Law & Order,*" says Bratt, "they belong to a cult." One member is writer (and *V.F.* contributing editor) Fran Lebowitz, who has a recurring role as arraignment judge Janice Goldberg, a part she got basically by begging to come on the set, rifling through Wardrobe for a judge's robe, then appearing before cast and crew in costume and saying, "I could be a judge. Why don't you let me be the judge?"

"The only truly happy times in my life are when I'm watching *Law & Order,*" says Lebowitz. "It's on all the time, but not enough. I think there should be a *Law & Order* channel." As for Julia Roberts and Benjamin Bratt, Lebowitz theorizes, "She probably was just with him to get on *Law & Order.*"

But by 1999, after four years, the show had run its course for Bratt, partly because he discovered that asking questions—chiefly, "Do you know anyone who'd want to hurt him?"—didn't involve all that much acting. He talked about returning to San Francisco and the nucleus, but instead he fell deeper into, that's right, the box. For the next two years, he threw himself into a string of forgettable Hollywood pictures (save for *Traffic,* in which he one scene, playing an evil Mexican drug lord). There was *Planet,* about three cocky guys who go to Mars (a movie no only for the pathetic on-set feud between co-stars Val Kilmer Tom Sizemore), and John Schlesinger's *The Next Best Thing* ring Madonna), for which Bratt sincerely apologizes. "It lo attractive on paper?" he offers. By the time he had wrapped *Congeniality,* a movie in which he helps fellow F.B.I. agent S Bullock infiltrate a beauty pageant, "I wasn't feeling so about my life."

Dating the most famous movie star in the world was p the problem. The mention of Julia Roberts makes Bratt's tense up and his face turn a little red. The first time I bri the topic, he suggests that, if I really must ask about her, le it tomorrow. Tomorrow, he gives me the typical evasive phrases (which sound eerily like what I heard from Tom C several months ago about his breakup with Nicole): moved on," "Not really much to say about it," "The trut with the individuals involved," etc. But he can't help but let on what he hated most about life with Julia—the spotlight.

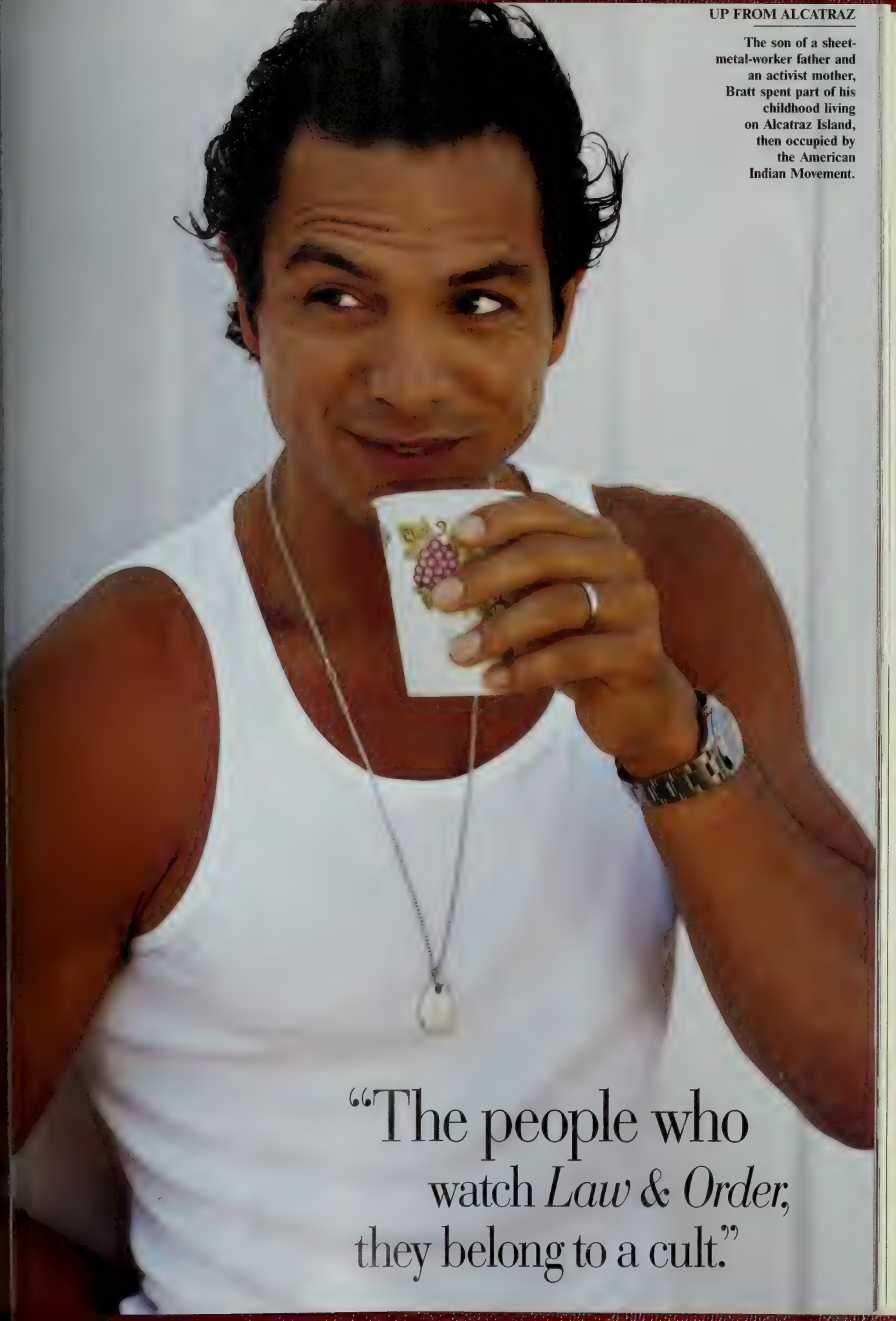
"I wasn't so naïve as to go into that relationship thinking will be an entirely normal experience," says Bratt. "You build your house in a redwood grove if you don't like sh Soon, however, "I experienced that living at that level of vis is something that doesn't appeal to me. And I discovered it really appeal to anyone. Even she, as well as other people o magnitude of fame, doesn't enjoy it."

Bratt gets more agitated, as if suddenly flooded with bad backs. "It's like a fly that won't leave you alone," he says attention they got. "It's that mosquito that buzzes in you when you're trying to sleep at night. You turn the light o you can't find it. You turn the light off and it comes back It's constant and ever present and it disrupts any chan peace.... When you live your life at that level of fame, i beyond your control. By the time you realize it, you're stu

Brother Peter did not like what he was seeing "I saw him limiting himself that way: 'I ca this, because I'm a public figure.' And wh was with Julia, that escalated 10 times. He co just do things that we normally do. Shit, ma go kick it in the taquería, man! We'll have tacos, down in the barrio, you know?" So suggested to his brother that he do the only thing he thought help. "I said, 'Bro, you need to go out and buy the new L Hill CD, *Unplugged.*' I said, 'You need to sit down, unplug phone, and listen. It's a two-CD set.'"

Bratt also needed better roles, roles that might let him ex some of the darker emotions he experienced inside the bo this point in his life, he'd been pigeonholed as the well-adj guy in law enforcement. "Once the perception is set, it's difficult to break out of it," he says. "I never expected the to become so limiting." Accustomed to losing the more inter roles to Benicio del Toro or Javier Bardem, Bratt—after re the script of *Piñero,* about Puerto Rican playwright-junki guel Piñero—thought, "What an amazing piece of work. To I'll never be the guy to play it." Indeed, when he met wit director, Leon Ichaso, "I walked away thinking, O.K., an one bites the dust."

Then Ichaso got hold of something CONTINUED ON PA



UP FROM ALCATRAZ

The son of a sheet-metal-worker father and an activist mother, Bratt spent part of his childhood living on Alcatraz Island, then occupied by the American Indian Movement.

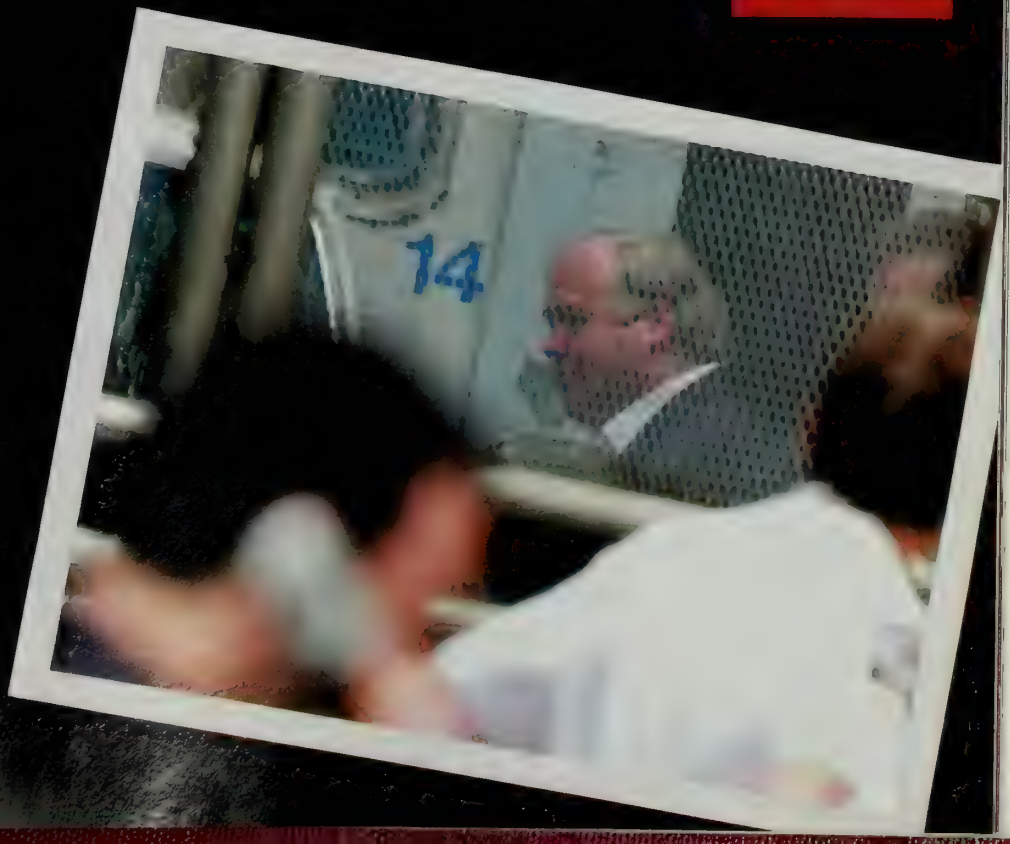
"The people who watch *Law & Order*, they belong to a cult."

Dominick Dunne and former detective Mark Fuhrman wrote books that helped bring the 27-year-old murder case of Martha Moxley to trial. *Inset,* Michael Skakel is led to a police van on June 7 after being convicted of Moxley's murder.



TRIUMPH BY JURY

Of all the crimes the author has reported on for *Vanity Fair*, the long-unsolved 1975 murder of 15-year-old Martha Moxley resonated most deeply, not least for its echoes of his own daughter's slaying and his bond with the victim's mother, Dorthy. From the leaked document that convinced him of Michael Skakel's guilt and revived the investigation to the telling behavior of Skakel and Kennedy relatives during the trial, the strange absence of Michael's brother Tommy, and the jury's emphatic verdict on June 7, DOMINICK DUNNE devotes this month's diary to an unexpected victory of justice over privilege



Will wonders never cease? After three days of deliberation, the jury found Michael Skakel guilty of the murder of 15-year-old Martha Moxley 27 years ago! During the month that I attended the Skakel-Moxley trial in Norwalk, Connecticut, I said to everyone who asked me to predict the outcome, and a great many people did, "Of course he's guilty, but he's going to walk." I said it with a heavy heart, because I firmly believed that Michael Skakel had killed Martha Moxley.

I have been convinced of it for a long time, ever since a young man who had been temporarily employed by Sutton Associates, a private-detective firm hired by Rushton Skakel, Michael's father, to divert attention from his son Tommy, for years the main suspect in the killing, contacted me three years ago and surreptitiously placed in my hands the resulting Sutton report. According to the report, Ken Littleton, the hapless tutor of some of the Skakel boys, who was spending the first night of his employment in the Skakel house when the murder occurred, was not a suspect. The young man who contacted me, about whom I have written before and who continues to wish to remain anonymous, pointed out the inconsistencies in Michael Skakel's story. Unlike the Sutton detectives involved in the investigation, which cost a reported $750,000, the young man had never signed a confidentiality agreement, since he had been hired merely to write up the report, utilizing all the evidence and interviews gathered by the agency. "I came to the point of suddenly deciding it was Michael," he told me. "I never thought Michael went to the Terriens' that night. But no one was thinking of Michael." He showed his "speculative report" to Jim Murphy, the head of the agency, who in turn showed it to Thomas Sheridan, the lawyer Rushton Skakel had hired shortly after the murder, whose niece, Margo Sheridan, grew up to marry Michael Skakel, bear him a son, and divorce him shortly before the murder trial started. Sheridan, after reading the report, called off the investigation. "The Skakels pulled the plug on Sutton," the young man said.

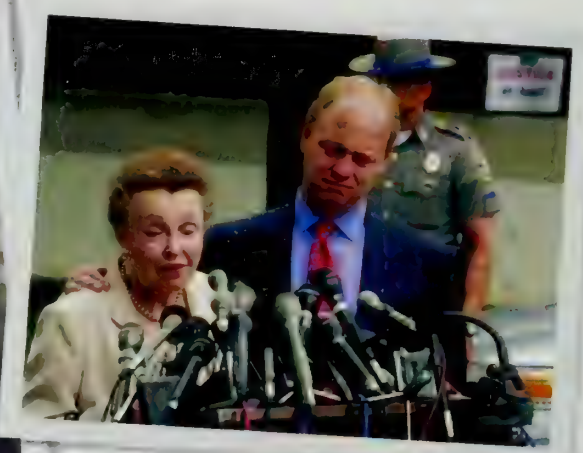
The Moxley case has obsessed me since I first became interested in it, in 1991, after visiting Dorthy Moxley, the victim's mother, in Annapolis, Maryland, where she had moved after the death of her husband. She told me on that first visit that she could not bear to look out her window at the Skakel house. "I didn't know who did it, but I knew that in that house someone knew."

Michael Skakel's guilty verdict shocked me almost as much as O. J. Simpson's not-guilty verdict had seven years before in Los Angeles. There were no fingerprints, no witnesses, no DNA—nothing, other than circumstantial evidence, on which to build a case. There is no doubt that Mickey Sherman, Skakel's million-dollar defense attorney, dominated the courtroom throughout the trial. I thc he was a shoo-in to win an acquittal fc client. He made you believe that he ally enjoyed being in the compan Michael Skakel. Skakel is a 280-po florid, 41-year-old man with desperatel happy eyes, shirts that are bursting a seams, and two cheap suits that don't

All Mickey Sherman had to do create a reasonable doubt, and it c well be argued that he did. But he los case, and no one was more stunned Sherman himself, unless it was Mic Skakel, who is up for 10 years to life he's sentenced on July 19. After the had been polled individually, and a members said "Guilty," Skakel spok the only time at the trial. "I'd like t something," he said tersely, but he become a convicted murderer onc jury foreman, Kevin Cambra, annou the verdict, and Judge John Kavane quite rightly denied him that privilege a very forceful "No, sir." Then two dep on orders from the judge, put Ska arms behind his back and handcuffed in front of his aunt Ann Skakel McC and his brothers, while his lawyers meaningless gestures of comfort an whole courtroom stared at him, trans by his humiliation. This trial has r a once proud family. Their besmir name will outlive them all. But hur tion was not a new thing to Michael kel. Sometime after the murder, Ru Skakel had sent him to the Elan Sc in Poland Springs, Maine, a correct school for the troubled children o rich, where the other students we lowed to spit in his face and pur him. After Rushton's wife died, he ev parental responsibility, leaving his da ter and six sons unsupervised, ir hands of hired help. He was away hunting trip the nig the murder.

Even Mickey She the person who be in the convicted most, made an emba ing mistake when he that the reason Mi had once jumped o the family car, whic chauffeur was driving the Triborough Brid New York, and trie commit suicide by le into the river was *n* cause he had killed M but because he had sk one of his dead mother's d and was ashamed. Later, man had to amend the





JUSTICE

Prosecutor Jonathan Benedict, *left,* clinched the case with his powerful summation. *Above,* Dorthy Moxley and her son, John, speak to reporters after the verdict.

e jurors were convinced that Michael Skakel had damned himself with his own words.

Michael hadn't slept *in* his dead er's dress, he had slept *with* it. One jurors later said to me, "If Michael ept his mouth shut all these years, ial would never have happened."

The great surprise of the trial was the closing argument by Jonathan Benedict, whom I had stupidly criticized as being too laid-back New England. At one point the jurors had even sent a note to the requesting that the prosecutor speak oudly, although his chair was the one t the jury box. Nevertheless, when ict stepped over to the table in front jury and looked them straight in the e became a man inspired. His sum- was as brilliant as anything I have eard in a courtroom. He was like ry Peck in *To Kill a Mockingbird.* It's d the speech wasn't televised, be- it should be shown to law students. s strong and solid, and he had total lence in the veracity of his case. ict is one of those rare lawyers who t looking for publicity. He described a as a pretty, flirtatious girl caught crossfire between two competing Michael and Tommy. A week or so I had said to my country neighbor Morano, one of the other prosecu- Why did you let them use that tape chael's voice?" I thought that had mistake, because Skakel sounded veet and likable on it, but Chris re- nly, "You'll see." And see I did with ct's closing argument. Before Skakel y idea he was going to be indicted rtha Moxley's murder, he had been g to write a revenge memoir about ily and his cousins the Kennedys, *Dead Man Talking,* with the subti- *First Account by an Insider of the , Perversion, and Gangsterism of a's Royal Family.* Using the tape of l Skakel speaking to his ghostwriter, l Hoffman, and projecting some of ual words on a screen, Benedict that Skakel couldn't have known sister's friend Andrea Shakespeare had left the Skakel house on the f the murder unless he was *in* the house at the time—when two of his brothers, Rushton junior and John, and his first cousin James Dowdle swore on the stand under oath he had been at the home of Dowdle's mother, Georgeann Skakel Terrien. After Benedict's summation, Mickey Sherman's closing argument seemed superficial. It began, "He didn't do it. He didn't do it. He doesn't know who did it. He wasn't there when the crime was committed, and he never confessed." But he had confessed. Benedict cited 11 confessions Michael had made over the years, in various forms. He called his behavior "consciousness of guilt."

Sherman's closing wasn't special. It was the same thing he had said into every microphone he had passed in the last two years. He continued to cast suspicion on Ken Littleton, but it was too late for that. It was lightweight. Benedict's summation had been heavyweight. And the jury picked up on that.

I met with four of the jurors in Greenwich a few days after the verdict, and we appeared on Court TV with Catherine Crier acting as moderator. This was one of the few juries I had ever seen that were truly made up of the defendant's peers. They were all educated and savvy. I never saw one of them snooze after lunch, as jurors so often do during trials. I happened to have lunch every day with several members of the press at the same restaurant where the jury ate, always together at one table. I couldn't help but overhear them on occasion, and—obedient to the judge's instructions—they never discussed the case. They would talk about their children, their trips, food—the sorts of things newly acquainted people talk about. They saved their deliberations for the jury room. They took their job seriously, were totally attentive to every witness, and noticed tiny details that were revealing. For instance, after James Dowdle said on the stand that Michael had been with him, watching Monty Python, at the time of the murder, Michael rose to give him a bear hug—just as he had when his father left the stand, even though he had written in his book proposal how much he hated his father—but Dowdle walked past him without speaking to him, let alone hugging him, as if his duty was now done and he didn't want anything more to do with his cousin. One juror pointed out that two of Michael's friends, Michael Meredith, the son of football great Don Meredith, and Andrew Pugh, Michael's best friend when they were growing up, had stopped being his friends after he told them that he had been masturbating in a tree next to Martha's house at the time of the murder. That led the jury to believe that he had probably told them more than that. Several of the jurors thought that Mickey Sherman had underestimated them. They were enraged that Sherman had said on-camera after the CONTINUED ON PAGE 162



THE SKAKEL BUNCH
An undated photo of the Skakel family with, from top, Rushton senior, Rushton junior, Julie, Tommy, Michael (circled), and the three younger boys.

HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS

This page, Baron Thyssen-Bornemisza and his fifth wife, Tita, wearing the 169-carat Star of Peace diamond; *opposite,* the Villa Favorita, his family home on Lake Lugano, Switzerland.



Treacherous

PHOTOGRAPHED BY HELMUT NEWTON

The cold war between Tita, fifth wife of Baron Hans Heinrich Thyssen-Bornemisza, and his children by previous marriages, for control of the $2.7 billion family trust, erupted in 1999 into one of the most expensive private lawsuits in history. Finally settled in February, just before the baron's death, the conflict mirrored an epic emotional drama that drove his voracious acquisition of one of the world's great art collections. Interviewing the combatants, MICHAEL SHNAYERSON wonders if the truce—and the treasure trove that fills both the Villa Favorita and Madrid's Museo Thyssen-Bornemisza—can survive that poisoned legacy



Inheritance

"A Hungarian Gypsy once read
hands and said, 'You're go
to die poor and completely alo
That prediction gnawed
him over the yea

On a fragrant May evening in Madrid, paparazzi crowd the steps of Los Jerónimos church beside the Prado. Inside, the pews are nearly full. Suddenly an entrance makes all heads turn. Flashbulbs popping in her wake, a blonde woman in black advances down the aisle, unbejeweled but for a necklace of gray pearls the size of shooter marbles. Half a step behind her looms a tall young man, slope-shouldered, his own blond hair framing a handsome if somewhat vacant face. If he were American, he'd make a perfect Biff. Instead, his name is Borja.

The man whose memorial Mass this is gave the boy, now age 22, his surname—adopted him, and took Borja's mother as his fifth and final wife. So the former Carmen Cervera of Barcelona, better known as Tita, onetime scrappy social outcast and 1962's Miss Spain, is the baroness and now widow of one of Europe's wealthiest industrialists, who amassed one of the world's great collections of art. A sea of dignitaries gathers around the baroness and her son up by the altar, but their condolences, muddied by the church's acoustics, sound like congratulations, and the whole scene, curiously, looks less like a funeral than like a triumphal march. So in a sense it is: at the end of one of Europe's messiest marathons of marriage and divorce, Tita and Borja are the ones at the finish line.

The saga of Baron Hans Heinrich Thyssen-Bornemisza, dead in April at 81, is first a story of art, much of it first-rate art, bought up over decades with a passion bordering on the pathological. Heini, as he was known, liked to say that if he didn't buy a picture a week he felt unhappy. The paintings, from old masters to modern, would come to fill the walls of th la Favorita, his family home on Lak gano, Switzerland, as well as those other homes, in London and Glouc shire, England, Paris, Monaco, Jan and, eventually, Spain. He sent batch paintings on tour in the U.S., which i many Americans came to know his r and he arranged important cultur changes between the West and the glasnost Soviet Union. Then, in a spe that mesmerized the art worl had European governments pete against one another to ac the bulk of his collection. won the contest, helped in no part by Tita, and so some 800 ings now fill the Museo Thy Bornemisza, catty-corner t Prado, boosting Madrid int pantheon of art-world capita

But the baron's life is also ry of recurrent personal sorrow lonely heir growing up ami ruins of a bitter marriage a solving to lead a happier lif failing time and again to sec Of a grown son seeing his la ther's old-master collectio persed among squabbling rel and as a result working for to buy the paintings back, o have his own, much larger c tion contested by *his* childre an older man struggling to b paterfamilias that his father was, yet ending up suing his born son in a bizarre trial th came one of the most expe private cases in legal history.

In the baron's last month simple desire for peace in his ly overrode all else. But in t termath of his death, a number of and emotional complexities remain sparking wires, to threaten a fragile ac One cause of those sparks is Tita.

"We never said anything to each that wasn't true," Tita says, chain-sm





THE BEGINNING AND THE END

Above, Tita and Heini at the Villa Favorita, 1990. *Left,* Heini with his parents, Margit Bornemisza and Heinrich Thyssen, his grandfather August Thyssen, and his sister, mid-1920s; Heini felt loved only by his nanny, who was rumored to have committed suicide after she was forbidden to see him.



GOING TO THE DOGS

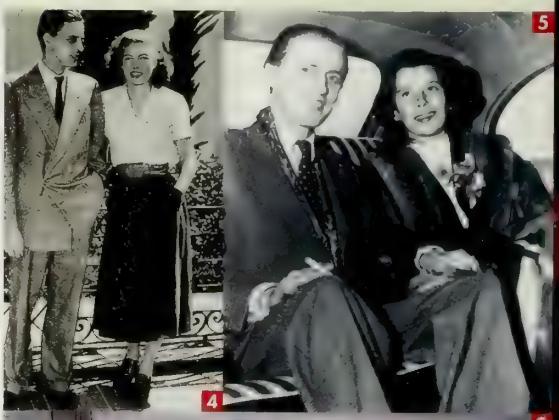
Baron Thyssen, New York City, 1981. On April 26, 2002, he said to Tita, "Give Juanita a kiss good night." He was speaking of his favorite of her five little dogs. A few hours later he died in his sleep.





OVEREXTENDED FAMILY

(1) A Thyssen steel mill in Düsseldorf, 1953. (2) The baron with a Ghirlandaio portrait he owned. (3) The baron, left, with playboy Gunther Sachs and a friend, Saint-Moritz, 1965. (4) The baron with wife No. 1, Princess Teresa of Lippe, 1949. (5) With No. 2, Nina Dyer, mid-1950s. (6) No. 3, Fiona Campbell-Walter. (7) With No. 4, Denise Shorto. (8) Tita and Heini, 1994. (9) The baron with his sons Georg-Heinrich and Lorne. (10) Karl and Francesca von Habsburg at their son's christening, 1997. (11) The baron at a ball in Venice, 1991. (12) Borja, Tita, and Alexander at the baron's funeral in Germany, April 30, 2002. (13) Lucian Freud's 1981–82 portrait of the baron.














3

in the living room of her sprawling pagoda-roofed house on the outskirts of Madrid. She's explaining why her marriage worked so well. "Heini was not a person who would ever say one thing when he meant another. And me too: I was as open with him as he was with me." That, she feels, is why she was able to make Baron Thyssen-Bornemisza happy in a way that none of his previous four wives had. In an interview published after his death in the worshipful Spanish magazine *¡Hola!,* the baron appeared to confirm this. "Today I'm a happy man," he declared, "and my happiness is all due to my wife Carmen, who loves me, and whom I love." By then, however, the baron was on heavy medication and much enfeebled, by some reports virtually unable to speak for himself.

At 59 the baroness remains a very attractive woman, lithe and sun-bronzed,

"I've never met a man who in such difficult circumstances with his wives behaved so well."


8

spunky and engaging and blunt. Her house in Madrid is incongruously grand, its central hall dominated by huge Venetian chandeliers and brass columns. The living room she's in has an extraordinary Tiffany lamp in one corner, an 18th-century Chinese triptych glassed over as a coffee table, paintings by Childe Hassam and other Impressionists on the walls, and a view of the Olympic-size pool, beyond which gardens cascade into undulating waves of sculpted, golf-course-like lawn.

Tita says she played no part in her husband's decision to sue his son Georg-Heinrich, nor in the decision to drop the suit in February. "You couldn't influence him to do anything other than what he wanted to do," she says. "I always tried to do what he wanted. If he said, 'Let's go and throw both of us in the middle of the lake,' I would do it."


13



Those do sound like words that would please the baron, who once famously declared that he loved paintings and women, but preferred paintings because "you hang them on a wall and they stay silent." But they're strikingly at odds with the view of some of his children, who feel that Tita, from the start, manipulated her husband, ultimately pulling the strings of a stroke-diminished man in a brazen attempt to break the trust that contained his billion-

"If he said, 'Let's go and throw both of us in the middle of the lake,'" says the baroness, "I would do it."

dollar business empire in order to put the businesses into a trust she controlled. "What she attempted," says one of the children's lawyers, "is the greatest robbery in history." Tita strongly denies this. "No way was the man manipulated," she says. "He wanted to get back what he was due."

His children agree that in business, for most of his life, the baron made his own decisions. But even as a young man, they say, he seemed maddeningly at the mercy of the women in his life. It was a mystery, this deep emotional vulnerability, but clearly it owed much to the forces that had shaped his destiny, well before he was born.

The fortune came from chicken wire. Heini's grandfather August Thyssen was a German peasant who saw what his neighbors needed, and parlayed his profits into a steel-and-armaments empire that helped support Bismarck's military might. August liked art enough to commission a set of six marble sculptures from Rodin, but it was his two sons, Fritz and Heinrich, who started collecting in earnest.

Fritz sympathized with Hitler and helped empower the Nazis with the steel mills he inherited upon his father's death in 1926; he bought some of his art from fleeing German Jews in the 1930s. Fritz broke with the Nazis and was sent by them to a concentration camp, but at the war's end the Allies thought little better of him, and jailed him for several more years. He died among bitter German exiles in Argentina in 1951.

The other son, Heinrich senior, a cold and formal man, at least abhorred his brother's politics. He had already washed his hands of Germany in 1905, starting a new life in Hungary and marrying the daughter of the king's chamberlain. Because the chamberlain had no sons, he adopted his son-in-law and bequeathed him his title—a barony—as well as his surname, Bornemisza. Strictly speaking, this was a bogus move. "You can't do that," sniffs journalist and bloodline royal Taki Theodoracopulos. "You can't even do that in a *Prisoner of Zenda*–type country like Hungary. They're not in the *Almanach de Gotha*. It doesn't lie; the real families are in there. You're either born into it or not. The Thyssens were not in."

The new baron's match turned out to be a loveless one and would have dissolved years sooner than it did had August not insisted on Heinrich's having a suitable male heir. A first son, Stefan, proved sickly and unfit for business. A second son—Hans Heinrich—was duly produced in 1921, in Scheveningen, the Netherlands. The boy was left in the care of a nanny while the mother led a decadent social life and the baron amused himself by acquiring old-master paintings—more than 500 in all. Many he bought from American robber barons broken by the Crash of 1929. The divorce came soon after. The boy's mother apparently had no interest in bringing her son to live with her. Instead, Heini went to live in Switzerland, where he remained in the care of his nanny, the one figure who showed him love. Family lore has it that upon Heini's 18th birthday his father fired the nanny and forbade her to see her charge again. Bereft, she reportedly committed suicide soon after.

Heini was only 26 when his father died in 1947, leaving him the bulk of his estate and control of his German-based business interests, mostly in shipping. They had been ravaged by the war, and Heini would spend the next years struggling to build them back up. But he would do so methodically, expanding all the while into plastics, glass, container leasing, and electric-power stations. At the time of Heini's death this year, the Thyssen-Bornemisza Group was a global conglomerate involved in more than 100 businesses, the whole works valued at as much as $2.7 billion.

As sole executor of his father's will, Heini planned to keep intact Heinrich senior's old-master collection, housed in a gallery on the grounds of the Villa Favorita. This was not received well by his siblings, particularly his two sisters and their husbands. Lawsuits followed, and Heini was forced to break up the collection. He made it his mission to buy back as many of those paintings as he could—one sister actually sold all her paintings back to him; the CONTINUED ON PAGE 166





The baron and Tita at the Villa Favorita, photographed for *Vanity Fair* by Helmut Newton in 1989.

OVITZ AGONISTES

Forced to sell his dream company, Artists Management Group for a paltry $12 million, his reputation tattered, Michael Ovitz wants the world to know he's a victim, sabotaged by the vicious backstabbing of David Geffen, the "Gay Mafia," former protégés at CAA, Disney C.E.O. Michael Eisner, and *The New York Times*. Is Ovitz paranoid, or were they out to get him? BRYAN BURROUGH hears from the man who once was king, the people he blames for a six-year nightmare, and Jeff Kwatinetz, the relatively unknown 37-year-old who bought his company

The man sitting across the conference table is on the verge of tears. A mist has fallen across his eyes. He begins to sniffle. He is a roiling mass of emotions. Anger. Self-pity. Contrition. Regret. He has been through so much. He never thought it would end like this.

He has been a Hollywood icon for 20 years. In the 1980s, newspapers routinely described him as the Most Powerful Man in Hollywood, a title he embraced with relish. For years he has been the Most Hated Man in Hollywood, the subject of vicious rumors and one scathing profile after another. Reporters ran out of adjectives to describe him: brilliant, megalomaniacal, Machiavellian, evil. But now there is a new adjective, a word whose accuracy few in Hollywood would dispute.

Michael Ovitz is ruined.

And it's killing him. It's not the money, although he's lost a fortune on his investment in Artists Management Group, the crippled multi-media company that was to have been his ride to power. He acknowledges his pre-tax losses are around $100 million, although some put them closer to $200 million. Whatever the exact figure, it may be the largest loss by an individual in a single project in Hollywood history. Ovitz can live with that; with a net worth estimated in the hundreds of millions, he probably won't be filing for bankruptcy anytime soon. What's killing him is the shame, the embarrassment, the vilification, the press attacks, especially those, he believes,

PHOTOGRAPH BY HELMUT NEWTON



Michael Ovitz, at home in Brentwood, California. 'You watched a disaster [illegible] with his nemesis David Geffen of Ovitz's fall.

from *The New York Times*. He's considering sending his youngest son off to a military school in the Midwest, just to get him out of L.A. He and his wife, Judy, are talking of leaving as well.

And now he's sitting here, in a hotel conference room I've rented because he no longer has an office, pouring out his heart to a reporter he barely knows. He doesn't want to do it, he says again and again. His whole family has begged him not to. But he wants to set the record straight. He wants people to understand why he did what he did.

"I didn't kill anybody; I'm not a murderer," Ovitz says. "I didn't set off a bomb in a shopping center. I didn't take off in a white Bronco. I'm an entrepreneur. The money I lost was mine. My money, my gamble, my mistake. And still they hate me. Everyone."

A minute later, he shakes his head and stares.

"I know how hard it is for people to see me as a victim," Ovitz says, "but in this case it's pretty close to the truth."

The Artists Management Group, the new company Ovitz unveiled in December 1998, died a slow, ugly death over the last year. It was to be a media giant of the new millennium, marrying a management company representing such clients as Leonardo DiCaprio and Cameron Diaz with ambitious creative units cranking out television programs, movies, and Internet programming. The centerpiece was the television business, the Artists Television Group, into which Ovitz plowed $150 million or more of his personal fortune; it was shuttered last August, and after that the handwriting was on the wall. All through the fall and into the winter, managers and clients scrambled for the doors. Ovitz was losing a million dollars or more a month when he finally agreed in early May to sell AMG's core management group to a little-known outfit named the Firm for a package valued at $12 million, roughly the price tag of a decent Beverly Hills mansion.

"They wanted to kill [me]. If they could have taken my wife and kids, they would have."

It all ended with a whimper, with a Sunday-afternoon press release and a barrage of nasty Monday-morning headlines. The tone of the coverage was unmistakably gleeful as reporters danced jigs on what remained of Ovitz's reputation and staged an impromptu coronation for the Firm's obscure co-founder, a 37-year-old talent manager named Jeff Kwatinetz, whose primary claim to fame was his shepherding of a very loud rock band named Korn. All but unknown outside the music world, Kwatinetz was suddenly hailed as the second coming of Ovitz: The king is dead! Long live the king! Writing in *Variety*, Peter Bart used his name as a verb to describe a smart acquisition: to kwatinetz. And then, oddly, just as the stories were gaining momentum, they stopped. Both the fallen king and the fresh prince shunned interview requests. Both, it turns out, had good reason. There are secrets here to tell, and they aren't pretty.

Appropriately for a town that makes money from tragedy and comedy of grand proportions, the word Hollywood used to describe Ovitz's fall was "Shakespearean." You hear it again and again, from friends and enemies alike. "It is like somethin of Shakespeare," says DreamWorks partner David Geffen has practically carved out a sideline in savaging Ovitz. a morality tale, like [the television series] *24* in real life watched a disaster before your very eyes."

Geffen should know, because it was a disaster he helpe chestrate. The collapse of AMG is the direct result of a fl business plan—Ovitz won't argue that—but behind the sc he believes, its demise was hastened by Geffen and othe mies, who at every turn did what they could to make his c a nightmare. They were there in the beginning, when he wa ing to get AMG off the ground. They were there in the m acts, pouring venom into the ears of those who could e AMG's survival. And they were there at the end, making the bleeding AMG died the most humiliating death possib

That's what Ovitz believes. It is one of the driving fact his decision to talk about what happened, a burning ne name names, to throw light on the shadowy Hollywood he believes did him in. He calls it the Gay Mafia, though al of its "members" aren't gay, and much of what he says these men is nasty and unprintable. In Ovitz's eyes the c demagogic leader, its merciless Macbeth, is Geffen, l waste to all Ovitz held dear, spreading rumors about his f at the same time he was poisoning the business deals would have saved AM things Geffen denies. G partners in crime, Ovi leges, include Ovitz's on protégés at the Creative A Agency, Bryan Lourd, I Huvane, and Richard Ld powerful Gonerils deter to kill the father figure gave them life.

I mention Ovitz's use term Gay Mafia to Barry chairman of USA Intera who inadvertently played supporting role in Ovitz mise. There is a long sil "You're not serious," I says. "Wow. He said th the record? Wow . . . Wow. Wow. I'm stunned. I'm stunned. I it's . . . uh . . . uh . . . it's worse than unfortunate, notwithsta his completely understandable anguish. A statement like that uh . . . uh . . . is . . . is . . . is beyond unfortunate. It's fairly ro

"Oh, please," says Geffen. "A Gay Mafia? This is so This is insane. I think he needs a psychiatrist. It's so para and so crazy, and so irresponsible, and makes him look like a nut. It's beyond crazy. On a scale of 1 to 10 crazy, it's He's made a fool of himself, and he's made a huge failure life. To say you've been brought down by the Gay Mafia a allies is as crazy as anything I've ever heard in my life."

Geffen calls back a minute later, and then a third time. W comes to Michael Ovitz, he is just getting warmed up. " mention his extraordinary homophobia?" he asks. "All th people get together, like the Jewish people get together. I r yeah, we meet on Thursday. I'm offended. That's just so offe You know, all the fags, they get together and they pick a v Let's go get that one! It's remarkable that, at this point in hi the most powerful man in Hollywood, he's been brought

gay cabal! I've never heard anything like it in my life!"
ıe cabal's allies, Ovitz believes, include Disney chairman
ael Eisner, who turned on Ovitz after ousting him from
residency of the Walt Disney Company in 1996. And tal-
ıanager Bernie Brillstein, the Falstaffian deal-maker al-
ready with an Ovitz-bashing quote. Ovitz reserves a
al wrath for Bernard Weinraub, the *New York Times* re-
r he characterizes as the conspiracy's town crier. But
of these enemies saddens Ovitz so much as his onetime
er at CAA, Ron Meyer, now the president and C.O.O.
iversal Studios. To Ovitz, Meyer is his personal Iago, a
nate whose friendship was captured and perverted by
n, and who now devotes his energies to bringing down
d friend.

avid has always hated me," Ovitz says of Geffen. "He
onnie to turn on me, and then Bryan Lourd and every-
lse.... It was the goal of these people to eliminate me.
usiness would've worked except for these five or six
They wanted to kill Michael Ovitz. If they could have
my wife and kids, they would have."

hat's just ridiculous," counters Meyer. "You know,
of us is that invested in Mike Ovitz. That's just Mike's
oia. Frankly, Mike Ovitz has no bigger enemy than
Ovitz."

Ovitz had scrambled into the conference room 20 minutes late. He was subdued and apologetic, explaining that he'd been busy arranging medical treatment for a dying 15-year-old at the U.C.L.A. Hospital and Medical Center, where he is chairman of the executive board and a prominent fund-raiser.

nope it's not too late," he said, plopping down in a
chair. "One thing that just kills me is when something
ns to a kid. I just can't deal with that."

ing beside him, I had no doubt that Ovitz had been
g the child. But in the context of our meeting his men-
g it came across as a naked bid for sympathy. It was
th him; at least, it was beneath the Most Powerful
n Hollywood. But this is a different Ovitz, a smaller,
Ovitz. He's the same man of his glory days, with that
r gap between his front teeth. But he looks tired. He's
y, and it shows. He's wearing a navy pullover, moss-
d slacks, and Euro-style eyeglasses. He looks odd with-
uit, like Iron Man stripped of his armor.

is is a big roll of the dice for me," he said, turning to
ıe in the eyes. "Up to the moment I stepped in here, I
d whether to do it. Instinctively, I just don't know if it's
ht thing." He reeled off stories of reporters who have
d him over the years, promising balanced articles and
g hatchet jobs. "I'm going to be insensitively direct," he
I'm just going to say what I'm going to say, and let the
all where they may. I think it's the low road out for me.
a lose-lose proposition. If I say nothing, I get killed. If
it comes off as sour grapes."

took a deep breath. "The last six years," he began,
been a nightmare for me."

ou've read this far, you probably already know the
Ovitz's story. The middle-class San Fernando Valley
e go-getting son of a liquor salesman, the high-school
ader, the ambitious college student who married his



BARRY DILLER
Chairman and C.E.O., USA Interactive and Vivendi Universal Entertainment. He backed out of a deal to invest $165 million in AMG.



BRYAN LOURD
Managing partner, CAA. Like Lovett, Lourd is a former Young Turk who turned on Ovitz after he left CAA for Disney in 1995.



MICHAEL EISNER
Chairman and C.E.O., Disney. Once Ovitz's best friend, he gave Ovitz the number-two job at Disney, but, according to Ovitz, undercut his authority from the first day.



RICHARD LOVETT
President, CAA. An Ovitz protégé, Lovett forbade CAA clients from working with AMG after Robin Williams left CAA for AMG.



SANDY GALLIN
Founder and chairman of Gallin-Morey Associates. Kwatinetz and ex-partner Michael Green worked for Gallin-Morey before they left to form the Firm in 1997.



RON MEYER
President and C.O.O., Universal Studios. Ovitz blames Meyer, his former CAA partner, for the audit that caused Vivendi's Canal Plus to dissolve its AMG film deal.



DAVID GEFFEN
Co-principal, DreamWorks SKG. The reputed leader of what Ovitz calls the conspiracy against him. Ovitz believes he was the spoiler of several AMG deals.



JULIE SILVERMAN-YORN
Co-founder, AMG. She and her brother-in-law Rick Yorn were offered 53 percent of the stock in AMG's talent business.



KEVIN HUVANE
Managing partner, CAA. He is a good friend of Lourd's and another Young Turk. Ovitz believes Geffen and Meyer turned the Turks against him.



BERNARD WEINRAUB
Hollywood correspondent, *The New York Times*. He has written numerous articles about Ovitz, who thinks of him as Geffen's mouthpiece.



JEFF KWATINETZ
Co-founder and C.E.O., the Firm. Prior to his purchase of AMG, he was best known for managing rock bands. He has a reputation for volatility.



RICK YORN
Co-founder, AMG. Ovitz's initial AMG hire, he managed AMG's highest-profile clients, including Leonardo DiCaprio and Cameron Diaz.

U.C.L.A. sweetheart. The hungry years at CAA in the 1970s, when Ovitz and Ron Meyer struggled to lure big-name clients such as Paul Newman to their infant agency. CAA's zenith during the 1980s, when Ovitz, emerging as an Armani-clad, Sun Tzu–quoting Zen warrior, packaged his clients into one blockbuster movie after another and was crowned the arrogant sovereign of a merciless city. These were the years when his rivals say power went to his head, when CAA's slash-and-burn tactics created enemies the way a hurricane produces raindrops. The ultimate story about the dark side of Ovitz is the one about a 1997 breakfast with Meyer, which had been scheduled to smooth over tensions that had developed between the two former partners. Meyer told Ovitz of a property in Malibu he was trying to buy. Later he discovered that Ovitz tried to buy the property out from under him.

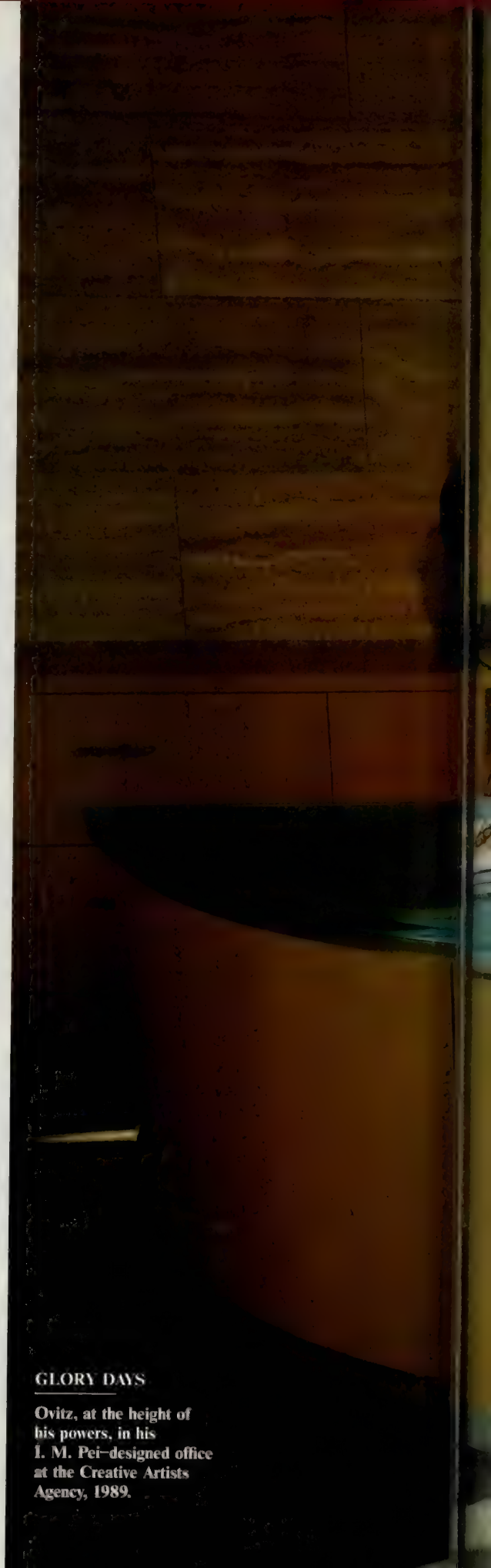
"You ask why people hate me?" Ovitz asks. "I'll tell you. When you start a business in 1974 without any clients and in 1984 you have a 70 percent market share, a lot of people lost clients. A lot of people got very angry. I'm not trying to say I'm a saint, but when I built CAA I played aggressively, sometimes ruthlessly, insensitively, and I hurt people. Sometimes that's what happens when you build a business."

At CAA, Ovitz grew so powerful he branched into areas never penetrated by traditional agents. He created television advertising for Coca-Cola and, tellingly, dabbled in investment banking, reaping tens of millions of dollars for advice he gave to Sony and other media conglomerates. In retrospect, it was here that Ovitz's hubris laid the foundation for his downfall. He caught a bad case of mogul fever. He found himself doing deals with Wall Street superstars, brushing elbows with the likes of Universal's then chairman, Edgar Bronfman Jr. He was in his 40s by then, an age at which an agent grows tired of listening to some actor gripe about the size of his trailer. Ovitz sized up the moguls who owned Hollywood and judged himself smarter, tougher, harder-working. Restless at CAA, he yearned to join their club.

When the chairmanship at Universal opened up in 1995, he engaged in a months-long flirtation with Bronfman. But he negotiated too long and too hard, and David Geffen persuaded Bronfman to give the job to Ron Meyer, who could see in Ovitz's roving eye the end of CAA's reign. When word of Ovitz's Universal negotiations leaked, he told his young CAA protégés—Lovett, Lourd, Huvane, David O'Connor, and the late Jay Moloney—it had never been serious, but the truth came out. Just as it appeared he was facing an angry revolt in the ranks, he was saved by his oldest friend, Michael Eisner, who offered him the number-two job at Disney, and a way out of his troubles. Looking back, Ovitz says that it was the worst decision of his life.

"The first day I got to Disney, nothing was like Michael Eisner said it would be," Ovitz says. "This guy who was my best friend for 28 years, who I helped nurse through a heart attack at a time David Geffen was running around telling everyone he was dying and Jeffrey Katzenberg should be named [Disney's] president.... In the hospital I held the phone for him so he could talk. My wife was best friends with his wife."

Ovitz stops and closes his eyes, as if in pain. "The day I went there, [top Disney executives] Steve Bollenbach and Sandy Litvak refused to report to me [in violation of my contract]. Michael, instead of backing my play, said, 'Do you CONTINUED ON PAGE 172



GLORY DAYS

Ovitz, at the height of his powers, in his I. M. Pei–designed office at the Creative Artists Agency, 1989.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

Spotlight

Another Championship Season

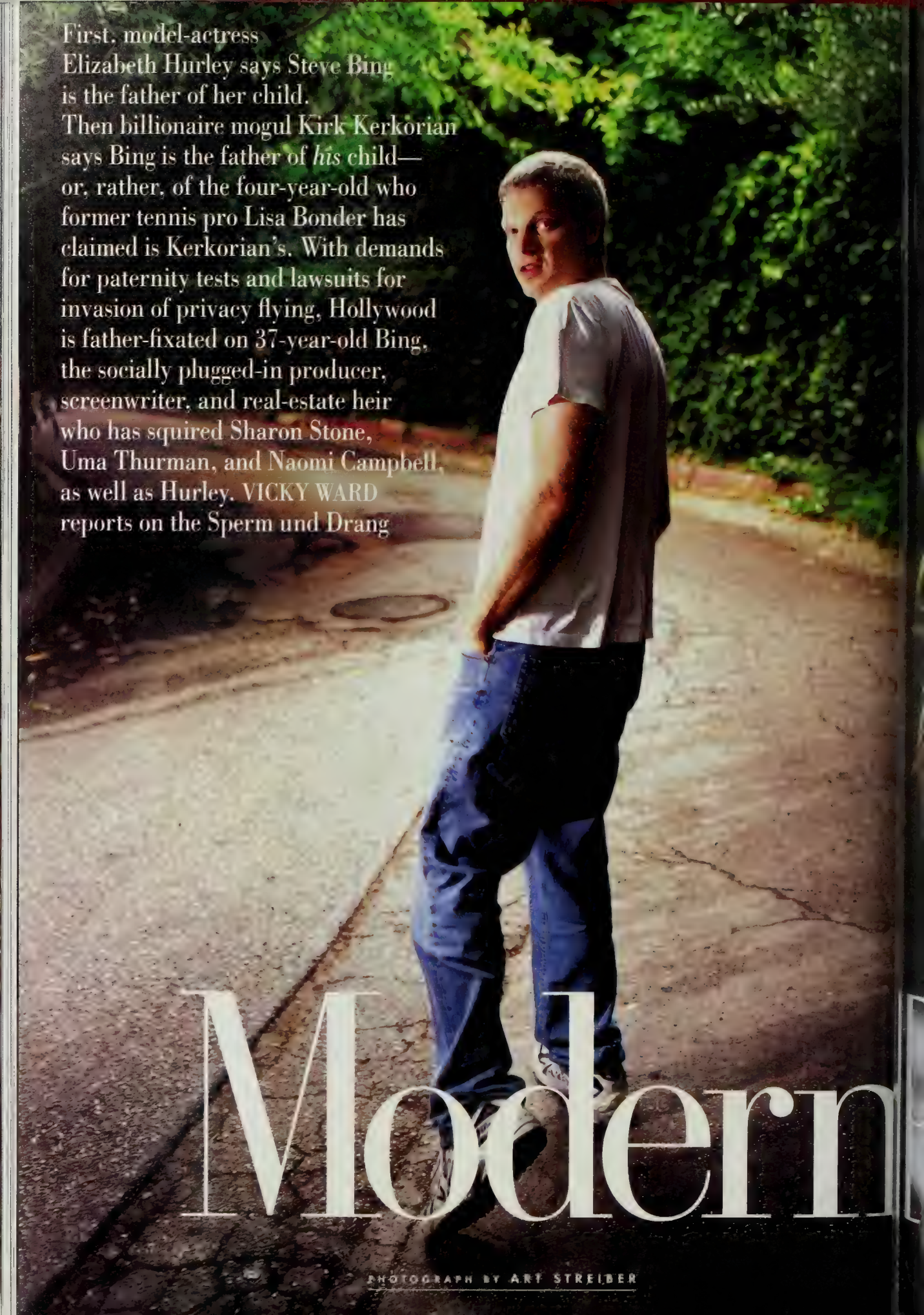
My first television play, an adaptation of Ernest Hemingway's *The Battler*, was to star James Dean, but shortly before the start of rehearsals in 1955, Dean was killed in a car crash. Our director, Arthur Penn, believed that Paul Newman, a young man from the Actors Studio who had been cast in a secondary role, could play the punch-drunk former welterweight champion. Newman's first rehearsal was far off the mark, but he checked into a fleabag hotel adjacent to a boxing gym in downtown Los Angeles and shared a room with an addled ex-boxer; soon, the slurred speech and wobbly gait of that pathetic prizefighter became part of Newman's persona for the role. As a result of his thrilling performance, Newman was cast in his first major film, *Somebody Up There Likes Me*, playing middleweight champ Rocky Graziano. He has acted in 54 films since then—with his wife, Oscar winner Joanne Woodward, in 11 of them—directed six films, and received two Academy Awards, for lifetime achievement in 1985 and for best actor in *The Color of Money* in 1986. To produce an authentic Irish brogue for *Road to Perdition*—out this month, directed by Sam Mendes and co-starring Tom Hanks—Newman used his old trick. He enlisted the assistance of Frank McCourt, the author of *Angela's Ashes*, and absorbed his accent. On November 5, Paul will recreate his original *Battler* role when *The World of Nick Adams* is performed at the Kodak Theatre in Los Angeles, with proceeds going to the Hole in the Wall Gang camps, which Newman and I started in 1986 for children suffering from cancer and other life-threatening diseases.

—A. E. HOTCHNER

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ



Paul Newman in rehearsal as the Stage Manager in Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*, photographed on May 28, 2002, at the Westport Country Playhouse in Westport, Connecticut, where his wife, Joanne Woodward, is the artistic director.



First, model-actress Elizabeth Hurley says Steve Bing is the father of her child. Then billionaire mogul Kirk Kerkorian says Bing is the father of *his* child—or, rather, of the four-year-old who former tennis pro Lisa Bonder has claimed is Kerkorian's. With demands for paternity tests and lawsuits for invasion of privacy flying, Hollywood is father-fixated on 37-year-old Bing, the socially plugged-in producer, screenwriter, and real-estate heir who has squired Sharon Stone, Uma Thurman, and Naomi Campbell, as well as Hurley. VICKY WARD reports on the Sperm und Drang

Modern

PHOTOGRAPH BY ART STREIBER



This page, Elizabeth Hurley in London at the August 1999 premiere of *Mickey Blue Eyes,* a film she produced with her then boyfriend, Hugh Grant. *Opposite,* Steve Bing outside his Los Angeles home, June 7, 2002.

Paternity

On Thursday, December 6, 2001, Steve Bing, a 37-year-old producer and screenwriter, drove down the piece of hillside he owns opposite the Hotel Bel-Air in Los Angeles. Ordinarily it's a bucolic journey, commencing on a grass driveway that blends in with Bing's eight-acre lawn. The vista from the house is spectacular, of mountaintops meeting the sky and Los Angeles sitting like a toy town in the distance. As it descends, the driveway twists and turns for half a minute or so until it meets Stone Canyon Road.

Most days Bing is greeted there by the grounds staff at the Hotel Bel-Air, where he lived for almost nine years, starting in 1991. He waves back, despite the fact that—or perhaps because—at 18 he inherited a fortune approaching a billion dollars from his late grandfather New York real-estate magnate Leo Bing. Steve prides himself on having the common touch. Whether he's in the strip clubs of Las Vegas or on the streets of Bel Air, appearing low-key is something of a priority with him, as both his 1997 Lincoln Town Car and his uniform of jeans, sneakers, and T-shirt, occasionally topped with a Hawaiian shirt, attest.

That Thursday, however, was no ordinary morning. Paparazzi, dozens of them, were waiting for him at the bottom of his driveway. Bing panicked. From the car he called his best friend, the 63-year-old actor James Caan.

Caan told Bing to get out and give them their shot, and Bing did as he was told. The resulting photos capture a tall, broad-shouldered man whose distinguishing feature is a full head of prematurely white-gray hair. His face is a blank canvas, his eyes slightly stony. It's a face that leaves you wondering if still waters run deep.

Evidently they do. Or at least the 37-year-old model and actress Elizabeth Hurley thought so—to the point that on April 4, following an off-and-on, 18-month romance, she gave birth to a boy, Damian Charles, who she claimed was Bing's son. Bing said he was not so sure, and sued her to have a paternity test performed on the baby. On June 18, his fatherhood was confirmed. Meanwhile, the souring of their relationship has done little to improve Anglo-American relations: most of moneyed Hollywood—especially those people whose charitable causes benefit from Bing's wealth—appears to think their friend has done nothing wrong; most of Britain believes he has supplanted James Hewitt, the Princess of Wales's paramour who kissed and told, as the world's worst cad.

The day the paparazzi ambushed Bing, the British tabloids called him "Bing Laden"; one, the *Daily Mirror,* actually printed a wanted poster of him on its front page and included his office phone number. The accompanying editorial encouraged readers to call and berate him, which they did.

And that was before it emerged, in May, that the billionaire Kirk Kerkorian, 85, who has bought and sold MGM more times than anyone cares to remember, and who likes to stay out of the public eye, claimed that there was a 99.993 percent chance that Bing was the true father of four-year-old Kira Kerkorian, whose mother is former tennis pro Lisa Bonder, 36. Kerkorian says he proved this after he had an associate rummage through Bing's garbage, where he found a piece of dental floss, from which a DNA sample was obtained; Bing, in turn, sued Kerkorian for $5 billion for invasion of privacy and other causes. The paparazzi once again parked at the bottom of Bing's driveway. By this time, some of them told him, they pitied him. He was soon nicknamed the Sperminator, and the *New York Post* made him the subject of a cartoon in which a park was littered with baby Bings.

Across the Atlantic, Elizabeth Hurley read about what was happening, and felt sorry for her ex-beau. Motherhood, her friends say, had mellowed her fiery temperament. She telephoned him from Elton John's country house in Windsor, Berkshire, where she had been hiding out for several weeks postpartum. (At her London town house, says a friend, she cannot even go out to buy a newspaper without being photographed.) The estranged couple spoke for the first time since Damian's birth. Her sympathy loosened former impedin to conversation. He asked her why had named her son after the child- from *The Omen;* she replied that Da had long been a favorite name of hers that some of her closest friends bore

Then Bing set her off again by tellin he was considering speaking to the pr an attempt to do damage control. H



BY THE SKIN OF HIS TE

Clockwise from above: **Lisa B Kerkorian and her daughter, Kira, in B Hills, January 2002; Bing gets on Hurley in Los Angeles, May 2001; Kerkorian, who went fishing for a d floss DNA sample in Bing's ga**

"None of us [knows] who is in what bedroo

who as the movie producer Jerry B heimer points out "certainly has the u hand as far as dealing with the me was furious, according to the Bing c Ultimately, Bing wheeled out his frien defend him to a reporter. They in Caan, a longtime mentor, and Bruckhe for whom Bing has co-written *Down Under,* a comedy set in the Australian back, due to be released in January; Reiner, with whom he backed Propo 10, which established a California sale



Adams, the president of the Natural Resources Defense Council (Bing gave $10 million); Norman Lear, founder of People for the American Way (Bing gave more than $1 million); and the model Alana Stewart, the former wife of George Hamilton and Rod Stewart.

Most of Bing's friends try hard to be polite about Hurley—they say things such as "She's much prettier in person" (Stewart). Or "She's a talented actress" (Bruckheimer). Caan is perhaps the least embarrassed to admit to his mixed feelings. "I offered my advice at some point during the relationship," he says. "I said to Steve, 'If it makes you happy, great. But I hope it doesn't go any further.'" (Caan and Hurley worked together on the 1999 Mafia caper *Mickey Blue Eyes;* Hurley produced it, and friends of Caan's say he feels she overly enjoyed the authority the job bestowed on her.) "She has that accent," he says, his voice dropping into London mockney. "Where does that come from?" Other friends of Bing's echo this particular complaint.

It is rather ironic that Americans criticize Hurley for her upper-class accent, which she appears to have cultivated in an attempt to elevate herself from her middle-class British origins. Her late father was an army major. To her friends this made her "incredibly grounded"; those in Steve Bing's universe, though, believe that this caused her to crave social acceptance.

But then, Hurley has always been a woman who incites strong passions one way or the other; from the very moment she hit the public consciousness in 1994 as a fresh-faced beauty in a safety-pin Versace dress, on the arm of Hugh Grant at the premiere of *Four Weddings and a Funeral,* she was celebrated for just being "It," and simultaneously reviled for being famous without a good-enough reason. Even

...nen. If there were no lies, there'd be no sex."



on cigarettes that aids the early education of children; Terry McAuliffe, chairman of the Democratic National Committee (after television mogul Haim Saban, Bing is the biggest donor to the D.N.C. ever—he gave $5 million last year); John Ford, the V.P. of development at Stanford University, to which Bing has pledged $25 million; Tom Shepherd, the president of Bastyr University in Kenmore, Washington, "America's leading institution in the natural health sciences" (Bing gave $1 million); John

inside Estée Lauder, the cosmetics firm, there was ambivalence about the woman they'd anointed "the Face of Lauder" in 1995. "Within the company she was called Sleaz-E behind her back," says a fashion insider. Her "alpha female" mode of dress—namely skintight Versace dresses and poured-on jeans and kitten heels—and her effusive, physical manner are two reasons cited. "Naughty" is a word that comes up often when people talk about Hurley. (Indeed, Bing's friends say it was the

party-girl side of her that appealed to him.)

Yet Leonard Lauder says the malicious gossip was just that. "The thing that gets me upset is . . . I am the only one who makes decisions about what model we hire. . . . What everyone else [in the organization] thinks is of no consequence whatsoever. . . . Let everyone talk." He adds, "[Elizabeth] has been a superb partner for us."

He admits her public image wasn't always quite what he'd have liked: "No one loves the idea of the Estée Lauder model being on 'Page Six' [the gossip column] of the *New York Post.*" And once, after a photo shoot in Germany where, Lauder says, Hurley "went too far," he had to call her and ask her to "be cautious." She agreed. He says later, "I am in no way judgmental about her private life. She's been rather open about that with me. . . . I do not subscribe to the notion that everyone is as clean and as pure as the driven snow."

According to Hurley's friends, her spontaneity leads her into trouble. "She's a sexy woman who's not shy with her affections," says one of her male friends, trying to explain why in the past two and a half years, when she was first dating Bing and then pregnant, she was photographed with Hugh Grant, Matthew Perry, Green Shield Stamps heir Tim Jeffries, N.B.A. star Steve Nash, actor Denis Leary, and financier Teddy Forstmann. The friend adds, "The irony is that with Bing she really fell for him. She *was* good. She wasn't naughty at all."

Cynics see Bing's wealth as the feature that most attracted Hurley to him, and certainly that's the easiest interpretation: the supermodel in her late 30s, facing a declining career, looks for security in the arms of a rich caretaker. Hurley was replaced as the face of Estée Lauder by model Carolyn Murphy last September; though she appears in August alongside Matthew Perry in *Serving Sara,* and will star with Sean Penn, Catherine McCormack, and Sarah Polley in *The Weight of Water* in November, she has only two other movies in the pipeline, both co-starring Denis Leary. They are not scheduled for theatrical release, according to Gold Circle Films, which financed them. She has a project planned with producer and director Jerry Zucker and Hugh Grant, but an industry insider says that Castle Rock Entertainment may not be renewing its deal with Simian Films, the production company Hurley runs with Grant. (Martin Shafer, the Castle Rock C.E.O., denies this.)

But Hurley's friends resent any gold-digger insinuation. "In my view I very much doubt that Elizabeth will ask Bing for a single penny [of child support] after the way he's treated her," says author and journalist William Cash, and other Hurley supporters hotly echo him on this point. Cash adds, "If she wanted to be with a rich guy, believe me, she's turned down guys who are plenty wealthier than Bing. She's not exactly lacking in money herself." The shadow of billionaire Teddy Forstmann, a frequent escort of Hurley's, hovers over our conversation. (Hurley declined to be interviewed for this story.)

Perhaps it was a case of opposites attracting: Hurley is allegedly as unsure of herself as she is assertive, while Bing has the reassuring confidence that comes with never having known the fear of not having enough. "The surprising thing about Elizabeth is that she does not believe she is beautiful," says one of Bing's friends, adding that Hurley always felt she had to put on heels and makeup before she went out, in case she was photographed. This ended up being a contentious issue for Bing. "He got tired of waiting for her," says the L.A. clothing-boutique owner Tracey Ross.





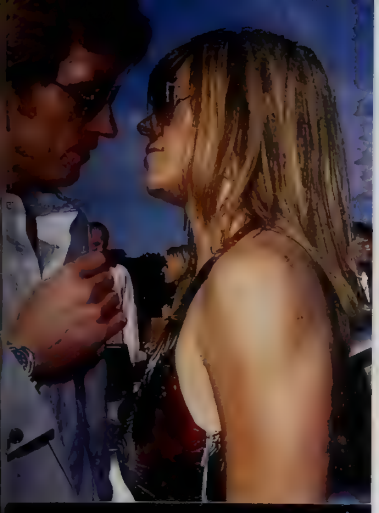


"They had a threesome in Vegas, so Hurley m

Sandra Ellis, who shared an apartment with Hurley when Hurley was just 18 and training to become a dancer, remembers, "She had absolutely no idea of the effect she had on people; even when she had pink hair and kohl all over her eyes in her punk phase, she was the most drop-dead woman I'd ever seen. She had milky skin and an amazing five-foot-ten-inch figure."

Similarly, Bing was known to tell friends, "Her sister, Kate [now a literary agent in





E ARM OF . . .

e from top left: Hurley and Grant, 999; Denis Leary and Hurley, 1; Leary, Hurley, fashion executive eynolds, and Bing, July 2001; nd producer Guy Louthan, July latthew Perry and Hurley, May 2001; nd heir Tim Jeffries, July 2001.

the D.N.C., he is impressively informed about national politics—he was among the early substantial donors to North Carolina senator John Edwards, the aspiring presidential candidate—and he also has regular conversations with California governor Gray Davis.

Bing talks easily about business and movies. He plays the blues on the piano. He is passionate about sports, especially basketball. (One Hurley friend says she didn't like that he'd show up for dates accompanied by a bunch of football players.) And he is modest and self-effacing, almost to the point of absurdity: Rob Reiner likens his two-bedroom house to a "postage stamp," because it is so out of scale with the size and grandeur of the property on which it sits. "Name anyone else with his wealth who only has a maid, no assistant," says Reiner. "You'd be hard-pressed."

Bing's favorite personal memento is a framed note on stationery from the Four Seasons Hotel, stating that Mr. Robert Mitchum will be joining him for tea. (Sharon Stone arranged for the two to meet when she was dating Bing, 10 years ago.) Bing tells friends that should his house catch fire this is the one thing he'd save. Which may have something to do with what even some of his friends see as a fault.

"Steve's a starfucker," says one. He has been seen with Uma Thurman, Farrah Fawcett, and Naomi Campbell in addition to Stone and Stewart, although Stone, not yet famous, was his only serious girlfriend. "I love Steve. I also think he's a starfucker."

Throughout the media storm, Bing's personal life hasn't taken any detours into reclusiveness. When people ask him why he spends time at the Playboy Mansion and at the strip clubs of Las Vegas (where, one of his friends eagerly points out, "Elizabeth enjoyed herself every bit as much as Steve"), he grins like a five-year-old: "You know, I'm single—what is so wrong?" He recently took the model Gisele Bundchen and a mutual friend for a drink at the Latin Lounge in Hollywood; he told Bundchen to crouch down in his car to avoid photographers. When she raised her head too early, the couple was caught.

Bing says to people that the former Mrs. Kerkorian, Lisa Bonder, whom he has not seen in five years, "was a nice woman." But just mention the name of caviar clerk Brenda Swanson, who claimed to the London tabloids to be the "other woman" while he was dating Hurley, and Bing turns vicious: "She had no authority to speak for me." (He is currently suing Swanson for defamation of character.)

One friend says that Bing has financially helped some of the strippers and others down on their luck with whom he's socialized. When someone asked him about this, he replied, "I've helped so many you'd have to get me the name to give you the details."

James Caan takes some of the credit for his friend's interest in strippers and models. "When he was 18 and 19, I took him . . . to the [Playboy] Mansion . . . and we met girls." He says he taught Bing to treat the women there well. "I was his second dad for a long time. I'd like to think I gave him the same New York moral code I was brought up with. That means being honest, respectful, and decent."



ve known it wasn't an exclusive relationship."

n], was always the beautiful one and eth] got no attention. And then over- e got breasts and got tall. And she's e ugly little girl that doesn't believe od-looking."

n and other friends of Hurley's who ng saw an urbanity that they be- ppealed to Hurley. "He's easygoing arming," says one. "There is more than your average L.A. producer."

, Bing is erudite on a vast range of s. Thanks to his relationship with

Bing as a teenager "had some issues," according to Caan, who believed that the heir deliberately lived like a pauper because he was afraid people would cultivate him for his money. "He lived in a shack off his parents' house and used to watch a 19-inch black-and-white TV. He didn't want anyone to know he had money."

Alana Stewart remembers that, when she used to go for lunch with Bing, "I felt really bad. I didn't want him to spend his money buying me CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

UNHOLY COMMUNION

For more than 30 years as a Catholic priest, Father Paul Shanley moved among Massachusetts parishes, a Boston youth ministry, and a gay motel in Palm Springs, California. Everywhere he went, he allegedly created a special kind of hell for the boys, some as young as six, who have since accused him of rape and abuse. Now, as the 71-year-old Shanley faces trial, MAUREEN ORTH discovers the devastation left in his wake, finds evidence that his fellow clergy suspected him, and exposes the grotesque indifference of the Boston Archdiocese to anything but the threat of scandal





PREDATOR

Paul Shanley at his arraignment for child rape in Cambridge, Massachusetts, May 7. *Inset,* alleged victim Greg Ford receiving first Communion from Shanley, 1985.

Last April, in the days before Father Paul Shanley was arrested and charged with raping a six-year-old boy in Massachusetts 19 years ago, he kept frantically telephoning a young man named Kevin English in Big Bear Lake, California. The two had known each other for 12 years, and, according to English, Shanley, 71, was desperate to keep the relationship secret in order to confine allegations of his long history of serial sexual abuse of male minors to his 30-year ministry in the Boston area. "Don't talk to anyone," English recalls him saying, "and don't believe these stories you are seeing about me. They are all a bunch of lies made up by the media." English broke his silence for *Vanity Fair* in late May.

Shanley and English met in 1990, after an evening Mass Shanley celebrated as a weekend-supply priest in Big Bear Lake, a Southern California ski resort. Shanley had been transferred to California from Boston as a "priest in good standing"; he was stationed in San Bernardino, an hour away. Shanley noticed the six-foot-four-inch, blond English during Mass and invited him to dinner. After learning that the 17-year-old virgin was recovering from a breakdown and confused about his sexuality, Father Shanley trotted out an old routine that had apparently worked in Massachusetts for three decades. He said he could help, English remembers, and took English back to the rectory with him. He would make it easy for the teenager to determine whether he was gay. He was willing to let English use his body for experimentation. "He did terrible things—perverted things," says English, now 30, who has suffered several breakdowns and undergone years of therapy. "I felt so guilty—I felt evil all over."

According to English, Father Paul wanted sex two or three times a day, and before long he was inviting Kevin down to Palm Springs, where he lived during the week in a raucous gay motel he co-owned with another errant Boston priest, Jack White, an old seminary classmate who had been treated for cocaine addiction. Dale Lagace, Shanley's quiet, nondescript, nonclerical roommate since 1972, was usually a member of the party. English didn't know it, but this was an old pattern with Shanley. Back in Boston in 1976, when he was sharing an apartment with Lagace at 391 Beacon Street, he would allegedly propose three-way sex with Lagace to another of his teen sex partners, confiding, "Dale likes to dress up as a woman and have sex with me." That teenager is now one of more than a dozen victims pressing civil charges against the Archdiocese of Boston, claiming that Shanley sexually abused him beginning at age 15.

Poolside sex was English's first experience of the world outside the small town he had grown up in. "It was Sodom and Gomorrah," he says. Shanley and White would rent the actor Tony Curtis's old house in Palm Springs for overflow guests, and English and Shanley would spend weekends there and at the motel. English says Shanley encouraged him to have sex with as many partners as possible and to watch porn with him. "Sex is all he talked about—it's what drove his whole life," recalls English, who says he resisted Shanley's attempts to pimp him and his suggestions to "be a porn star."

The two priests had bought property in Palm Springs in 1988, while Shanley was still the pastor at the St. Jean l'Evangeliste parish in Newton, Massachusetts, where he now stands accused of assaulting four boys, including Greg Ford and Paul Busa, who both allege that, beginning in 1983, when they were six years old, and for six years after that, Shanley would pull them out of catechism classes and anally rape them.

Shanley had pleaded ill health before being transferred to California, and in the more than 1,700 pages of documents in his Boston Archdiocese file that the court has ordered to be made public, he constantly begs his superiors for more money, in one letter alone listing 33 ailments, from "urination problems" to "recurrent scalp growths." At one point in Palm Springs, he even got the archdiocese to pay $4,200 for a hernia operation necessitated, he wrote, by doing "too many squats." (Shanley is still collecting a pension of more than $1,000 per month.)

Although Shanley took allergy shots, English says, he always appeared fit. He drove flashy cars, exercised regularly, and c $500 in cash in his wallet. "He play game to the hilt to get more money the church," English says. "I don't where all the money came from." A ing to Shanley's sister-in-law Estelle ley, the priest inherited money fro mother. Certainly he and White fou funds to travel to Thailand and Costa both infamous pedophile havens. Th as their forwarding address in Cost the notorious Hotel Del Rey, in San the capital. Bruce Harris, director o Alianza, a group working to curb prostitution and trafficking, identifi Del Rey as "the center for world pr tion in Costa Rica." In the bar, the Marlin, which is listed on sex Web Harris says, "people brag about nasty things done to under-age kids

White's favorite pastime in Palm S according to observers, was to drive old limousine down to the bus station passion was young black Marines, former Palm Springs hotel owner Jack and many would arrive from the nearb in Twentynine Palms. Sometimes, say Kendrick and Carter Proust, who b a motel from White, he'd misjudge hi and get beaten up. (White could r reached for comment.) Shanley also r edly cruised the station. White never m secret of being a priest, but Shanley t to hide it. "He called himself a 'reco Catholic,'" says English, "and said it big mistake ever to have become a p

Paul Shanley's sexual histor children and teens allege gan immediately after he w signed to his first parish, in Daniel Brennan was 14, eighth grade at St. Patrick S in Stoneham, Massachu when he first encountered the hand 29-year-old, newly ordained priest. Paul soon learned that Brennan had ther and a mother with a heart con and he called the boy in. "He asked few questions about why I was go Communion and all, so I told him, Brennan. "And then he asked me if he check me for a hernia. So he pulled my pants and fondled me. He told keep it a secret." Brennan, petrified, diately related the incident to his girl who would later become his wife. A later, Brennan says, Father Shanley

"I was terrified of him, of his power. I was terrified of G I thought he *was* God," says one Shanley accuser.



1

RED TRUST

t. John's Seminary class Circled, from left: John ack, Paul Shanley's longtime . Shanley; and three sts accused of sexual et, Joseph E. Birmingham, l. Lane, and Eugene M. n. (2) Shanley celebrating 79. (3) Greg Ford, 24, es Shanley raped him as 6, with his father, ey Roderick MacLeish Jr., other, April 6. al Bernard Law and a Boston. (5) Kevin English, victim of Shanley's in , photographed on June 6. y, center, at a "gay ght," 1979.



2



3



4



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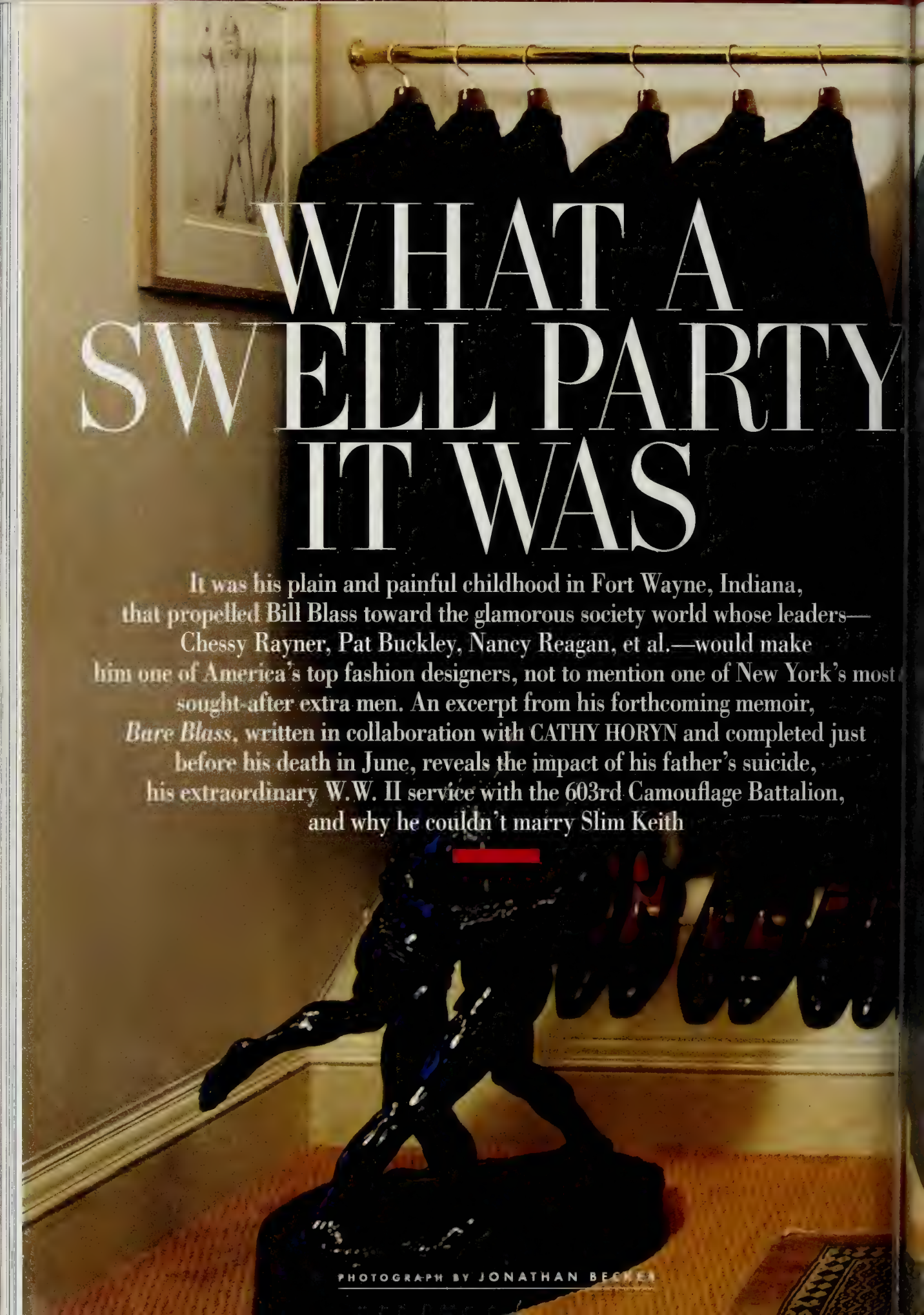
6

again. "I was scared, but I was stupid," says Brennan. "I didn't know what he was looking for. My mother never told me anything about sex." It didn't take long, however, for most of the boys to catch on to Father Paul's tactics. He would pace the perimeter of the schoolyard in his cassock, former students recall, pretending to read his Breviary but eyeing the boys. He'd rub up against them, they say, and sometimes dismiss the nuns from classes so that he could pose questions about sex. Marie Brown, who had five older brothers in the school at the time, says, "They all knew to stay away from him. Some of their friends were having relations with him."

In 1961, according to a recently filed lawsuit, Dr. Peter Devlin, whose son, Bud, attended St. Patrick, arrived home one day to find Father Shanley rummaging in their attic. Shanley said he was looking for pornographic material, because Bud, age 12, was "a sexual deviant." The doctor told him to leave. Later that day Shanley allegedly molested Bud in the rectory, threatening the boy that, if he ever told, Shanley would destroy his father's reputation. Bud's subsequent downward spiral so alarmed his parents that they contacted the parish pastor, who promised something would be done, but nothing was. Mrs. Devlin wrote to Cardinal Richard Cushing, and a bishop friend of the family tried to intervene at the archdiocese. None of these complaints appears in Shanley's file. Finally the doctor contacted the Stoneham police chief, but the family did not press charges. The chief told no one, not even his lieutenant William O'Toole, whose 12-year-old grandson, Bill, was also allegedly molested by Shanley. The only person Bill confided in was his younger brother, Michael, and he made him swear not to tell. The abuse allegedly went on for a year and a half.

Four years ago Bill O'Toole died of AIDS, agonizing to the very end, according to Michael O'Toole, because Father Shanley had told him that if he revealed what had gone on between them "he would burn in hell and our parents would burn in hell. Bill said Rosary after Rosary after Rosary, hoping he wouldn't go to hell."

It is horrifying to see up close the psychic damage allegedly inflicted by Paul Shanley. I have spoken to nine accusers, whose ages at the time they claim they were abused ranged from 6 to 21. A number have become alcoholics, some have developed suicidal tendencies and post-traumatic stress, and one has undergone electroshock treatments. Some say deeply buried images of Shanley molesting them return through recovered memory. What is truly CONTINUED ON PAGE 181



WHAT A SWELL PARTY IT WAS

It was his plain and painful childhood in Fort Wayne, Indiana, that propelled Bill Blass toward the glamorous society world whose leaders—Chessy Rayner, Pat Buckley, Nancy Reagan, et al.—would make him one of America's top fashion designers, not to mention one of New York's most sought-after extra men. An excerpt from his forthcoming memoir, *Bare Blass*, written in collaboration with CATHY HORYN and completed just before his death in June, reveals the impact of his father's suicide, his extraordinary W.W. II service with the 603rd Camouflage Battalion, and why he couldn't marry Slim Keith

PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN BECKER

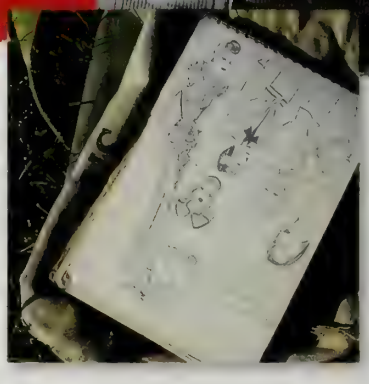


CLOTHES MADE THE MAN

Bill Blass in his Sutton Place apartment, New York City, July 27, 1999. By the mid-1970s, Blass was traveling 50,000 miles a year on business. The socialite Nan Kempner, his friend and client, recalls, "When Bill showed up in another town, it was like the Second Coming of Christ."









FRONTLINE FASHION

Clockwise from right: Blass, center, with army buddies Peter Matina and Bob Tompkins, in Luxembourg, 1944; a sketchbook Blass filled during the war; Blass, right, with Bunny and Bob Tompkins, Christmas 1943; Blass on a Manhattan rooftop, late 1940s. *Opposite,* Blass surrounded by socialites (clockwise from left) Louise Savitt, Topsy Taylor McFadden, Chessy Rayner, Missy Bancroft, and Mica Ertegun, mid-1960s.

Childhood bores the hell out of me.

I think it bored me even as a child, although I am certainly aware that had it not been for the joylessness, colorlessness, and fatherlessness of my small-town Indiana childhood I might not have gone anywhere. People today speak about the character-building qualities of the miserable childhood, but I can tell you from experience: there is nothing like the dull, unattractive childhood to give a bedazzled boy the *right* push.

The beauty of my upbringing was in its plainness. And there was this consoling feature: everyone we knew in Fort Wayne, Indiana, and everyone they knew were in the same plain boat. As a consequence of having little money ourselves and no social standing above my mother's widowed respectability—and even here we might have stood to gain some ground if my father had died instantly and unambiguously in a highway crash rather than by a self-inflicted gunshot in our front parlor—I learned, perhaps in that single isolating moment (I was five), how to occupy myself. In this stiff-upper-lip wholesomeness there was surely somewhere a budding genius for avoiding anything unpleasant or ugly. (What else am I to make of a drawing I did at the age of six showing a butler serving drinks in a Manhattan penthouse, other than, perhaps, an advanced knowledge of where the better customers lodged?) But at that time, in a life-in-general way, I was happy. And don't forget the world was a different place then. It didn't take much to amuse a kid, and everybody had troubles, on account of the Depression, so there was no point complaining about that. I used to spend hours up in my room, flopped on my bed, reading the latest *Vogue* or *Delineator* and marveling at the unapproachable glamour of "Lady in Emerald Hat, coiffure of ostrich." Fashion held such mystery then. On Saturdays, I and my friends would go down to the local movie house, with its aromas of sweat and cigarettes and drugstore perfume, and watch in gaudy silence as Marlene Dietrich breezed through 16 costume changes in *The Garden of Allah.* Even food had wondrous possibilities. I remember once being at the cottage we had on a lake, about 60 miles from Fort Wayne, and after a quick evaluation of our supplies settling on sandwiches made of cold leftover mashed potatoes, with lavish swirls of Miracle Whip (this was before we knew about Hellmann's) and lots of black pepper, on soft white bread. You can't imagine how delicious those sandwiches tasted.

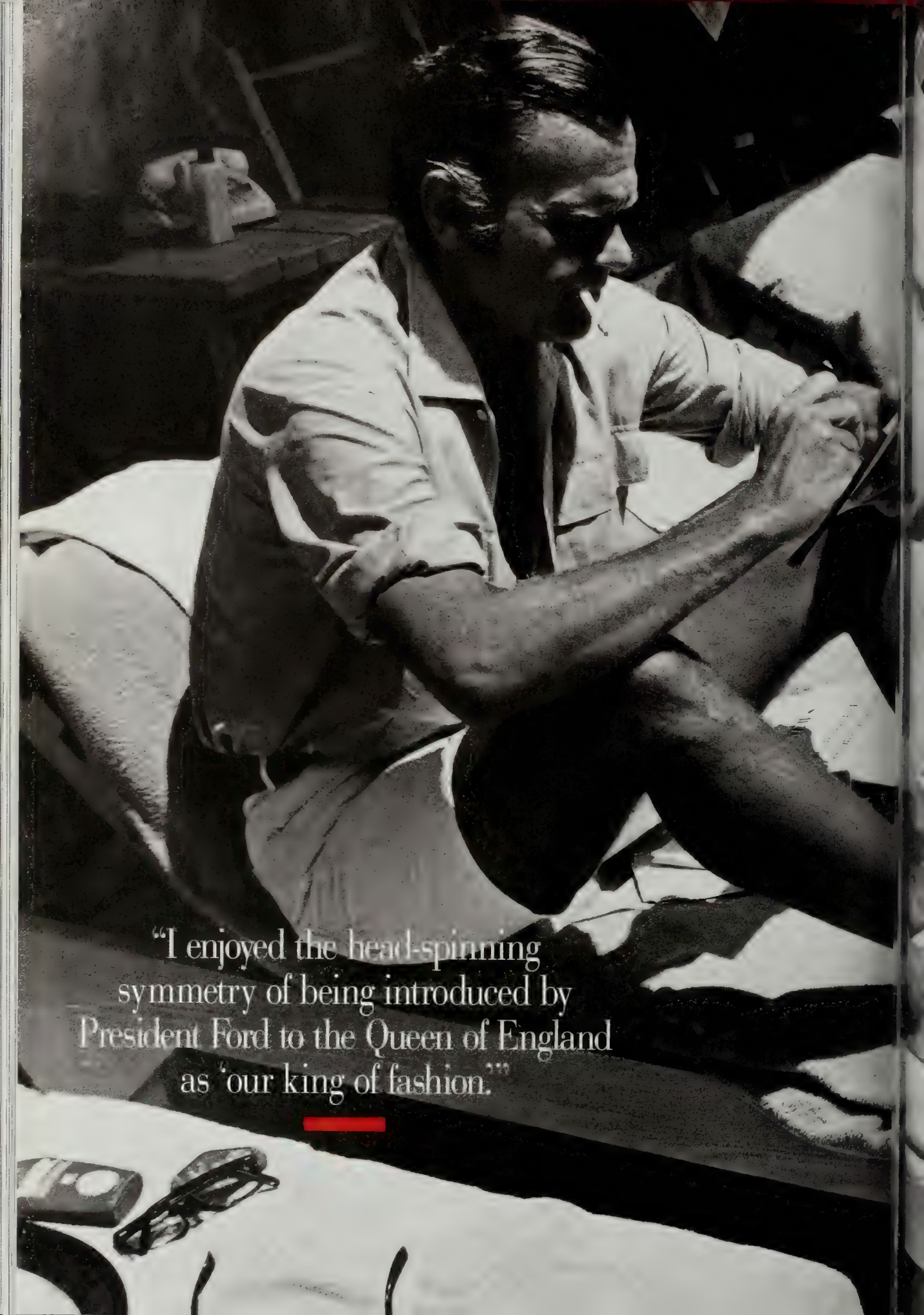
I was lucky in or spect. My type of l which were the oppo the type that appeal me, were wholesome nocuous enough to fi several local categorie sy to jock, while be ing to none. This may you as a bit of ver American foot-dragging toward the ir ble main event—sex, and sex with wh and given the expectation today that memoir writer will conduct himself the thoroughness of a House Un-Am Activities Committee investigation, all, I suppose I am ducking (for th ment) the question of sexual cate though, even then, I didn't believe in Sexual encounters between men we more prevalent among my classma South Side High School than encou with women, in part because so f the girls were willing to do it with boyfriends, and because homosexu being so forbidden, was so tempt accomplish. I recall a Sunday-school er gathering a group of us boys a for what we assumed would be a grim lesson about the apostles an saying rather jovially, "Let's do som different for a change. You guys know a circle jerk is?" Some of us did and of us didn't. Needless to say, none saw a religious tie-in. But I doubt th teacher or the kindly men posing ther figures, or even the more swee servant boys that I knew, most of destined for marriage, considered selves homosexuals.

As for myself, I was much more ested in joining worlds that before th would have been denied to a middl boy with only a high-school educatio this meant, at the very least, getting Fort Wayne. Luckily, as I say, my

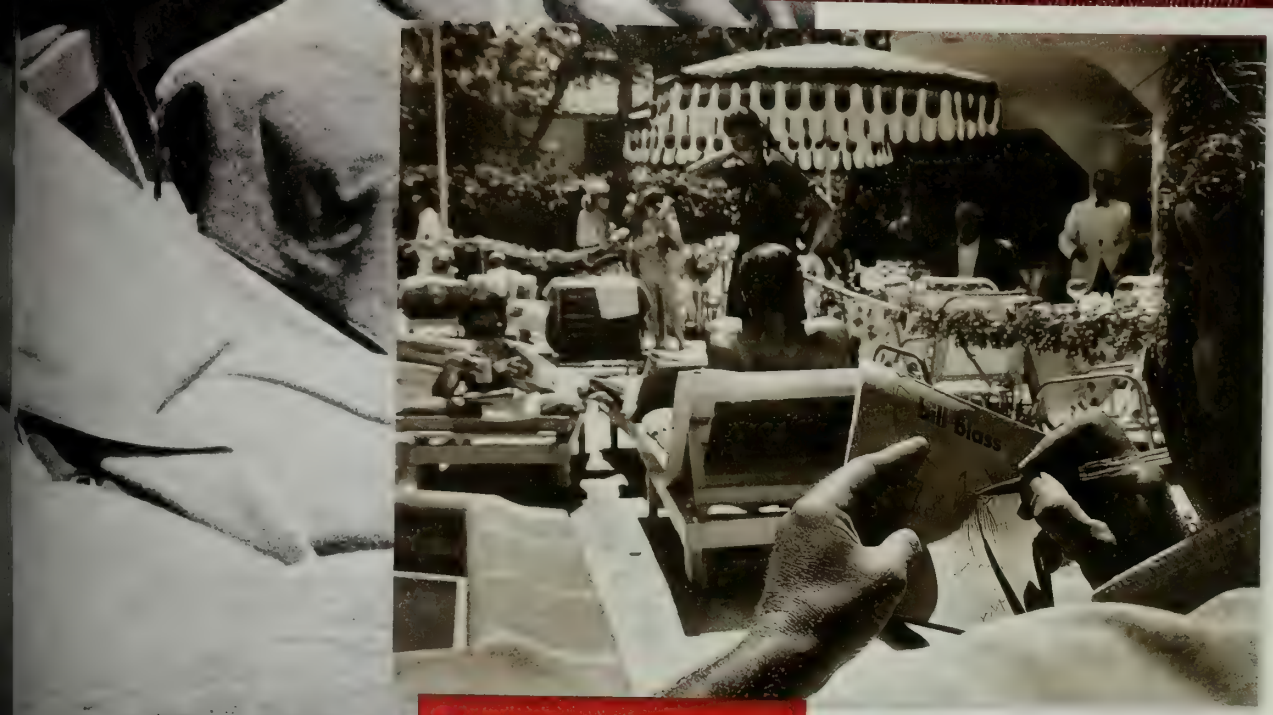
Excerpted from *Bare Blass,* by Bill Blass, edited by Cathy Horyn, to be published in August by HarperCollins; © 2002 by the author.

"I used to marvel at the unapproachable glamour of 'Lady in Emerald Hat ...'"





"I enjoyed the head-spinning symmetry of being introduced by President Ford to the Queen of England as 'our king of fashion.'"



DRAWING POWER

Blass sketches beside a pool in Palm Beach, 1969. As a young man, he would often go out to nightclubs and spend the following morning sketching the clothes that had caught his eye.

along with a sense of humor, helped me to straddle the different divides, and by the time I was 19, I had added, for good measure, the polish of a slight British accent—no doubt lifted from Frederick Austerlitz, better known as Fred Astaire, another midwesterner. Yet, curiously, it wasn't until I was in the army, living for the first time among men, that I experienced real happiness. And freedom.

When I was 15, I began selling sketches of evening dresses, at $25 a pop, to a manufacturer in New York called Kalmour (long gone), which did a brisk business selling to women who plainly saw themselves, as I saw Dietrich and Swanson, entering a room and insolently flinging their wraps down on the couch. I didn't make much off the Kalmour people, but it was enough to help pay for fashion school in New York. A few years later, in Europe during the war, I managed to fill several of the small notebooks that we all carried—all of us being creative types assigned to a rather enigmatic outfit called the 603rd Camouflage Battalion—with miniature drawings of ladies' hats, shoes, gloves, and dresses. I still have those notebooks. The man closest to me in the army, Bob Tompkins, who today lives in Gardnerville, Nevada, recently told me that I drew my first sketch of my company logo, a pair of mirrored *B*'s, while lying on a bunk in a convent in Luxembourg as we were waiting to go up to the Battle of the Bulge. I have no memory of this. He also reminds me that from the day we first met in boot camp, at





POSITIVELY BLASS-PHEMOUS!

Clockwise from below: socialit Annette Reed covers Blass's m as Chessy Rayner and her husband, Billy Rayner, wonder what they're missing, 1988; B backstage at a Tulsa, Oklaho fashion show, 1977; Blass's N York apartment, spring 2002; with Missy Bancroft, 1960s.





Fort Meade, Maryland, until the night we came home from the war, on July 5, 1945, and took the elevator up to the apartment in Greenwich Village where my mother and sister had moved from Indiana (and where Bob's wife, Bunny, now waited, too), I seemed to be smiling for dear life; and, according to the photographs I have, he is right.

In retrospect, I can see how certain influences of my childhood and youth entered my unconscious and remained there, like a fine fog, while I steered unaware, and apparently grinning, toward the only city I have ever wanted to live in (New York) to do the only thing I have ever wanted to do (fashion). Inevitably, my clothes displayed a similar taste for realism—admittedly, a jazzy, expensive realism—that occasionally put me on the outs with fashion editors, especially Diana Vreeland, who in the 60s kept *Vogue* filled with the Turkish-delight numbers that appealed to her love of fantasy but that generally were unavailable in stores. I minded the rejection—up to a point. Some years ago, at a meeting with other Seventh Avenue designers to discuss a show, it became clear to me that they were only interested in showing novel or outrageous clothes, and not the kind their customers actually bought. Finally, someone said, "We don't want those kind of people." To which I replied from my place at the back of the room, "I'll take 'em."

I can see how the plainness of my upbringing influenced me. It affected my eye, for one thing. But I have rarely talked about my childhood, certainly not in so many words, and usually with a peripheral interest, as though I were circling an earlier self I no longer recognized. I've never felt the slightest need to share the secrets of my youth or love affairs—another un-American activity. Nor have my friends been inclined to fault me for this. They think they already know everything anyway. "Oh, Bill, we know all about your life." End of subject. (Curiously, when word got around that I was doing a book, they struck a different note: "Oh, Bill will never talk about his personal life." A gauntlet? Or worry over what I might say about them? Ha!)

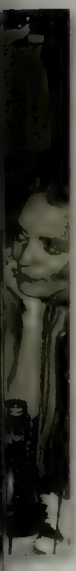
I am aware, of course, of certain patterns that formed in my childhood: on the minus side, a lack of affection, or display of affection, that surely accounts for my inability to relate to others on an intimate level; a need to keep up appearances that was part of my mother's refusal to discuss my father's death, and that is why I avoid any kind of conflict or emotional entanglement. And there is this odd association: much as I have adored women—dressed them, placated them, jollied them out of whatever misguided hope they had—the moment one of them gets it into her head to take possession, I am sliding toward the door. No one can get his coat on faster. It's always the same reaction: panic followed by . . . "Got to go!"

When I think about starting my life over, there are two things I would... with me. One is a small silver table... shape of a tree trunk, with a top of ... fied wood, that I found in Paris, an... stands next to my bed in my apartm... New York. It is the first thing I b... when I had enough money, and ... stayed with me, through various in... tions, through different periods, unch... in my eye.

The other is a black-and-white p... graph of a young man around the ... 20. This is Edward Payson Guild. W... in New York in 1940, about the tir... snapshot was taken, and he, too ... stayed with me, unchanged, for mor... half a century.

Ed wasn't my twin or other half. I ... was a sexual attraction, it went unexp... He was simply my best friend. He w... first real friend I had. Initially room... in a crowded West Side apartment, ... each fellow had his own cereal bo... and I eventually moved into a pla... Park Avenue South. He had come t... York straight from the New Englan... school where his father was a maste... had taken a job downtown with t... dustrialist W. R. Grace. So, our ... grounds were as different as they ... be. In the evenings, after work, we ... join the thousands of young men—

York seemed to specialize in then—
out to dinner or filling the sidewalks
the movie marquees. Afterward,
n our apartment, he would get in
l and I'd get in mine, and we'd talk
lk. Philosophize.
known many people since with
I could talk and go places and get
but never again with the sense of
ery I found with Ed. My God, he
me go to hockey games. He wanted
me to do everything with
him.



He enlisted in the Marines in the spring of 1942, and died not long afterward, accidentally killed on basic maneuvers at Parris Island, South Carolina. After his body was returned to his family in Boston, his mother told me that the only thing personal he had on him was the last letter I had written. It was in the pocket of his fatigues.

Six months later, I entered the army.

A book has recently

The qualities I admired most in men were not ones I associated with the effeminate world of fashion."

ny way, *Ghost Army of World War*
fellow named Jack Kneece, one
ral authors bringing out books
ny army unit, and the picture he
s of me outwitting the German
Hermann-Bernhard von Ramcke
l his *40,000* troops at Brest tru-
hazing, if not one for the record
I am indeed *one* of the Ameri-
diers whose decoy lines of in-
rubber tanks fooled von Ramcke
ust 1944, allowing Patton to slip
l bowl on to Paris. But I'm afraid
Keece gives me far too much war-
dit. You'd think from the play I
that Ike and I alone had won
urse, it is interesting that so many
my outfit went on to distinguish
ves after the war. In our group
painter Ellsworth Kelly, the pho-
r Art Kane, and George Diestel,
who was to design sets for the movies, as well as several hundred other artists, designers, and commercial illustrators, most of them young and straight out of the art schools and advertising agencies of New York and Philadelphia when they joined the 603rd Camouflage Battalion.

So there was definitely something novel about a military outfit composed entirely of creative people. We supposedly had the highest average I.Q. in the army, 119. I couldn't swear to this. I spent most of my time in the war inflating dummy tanks and dreaming up marvelous new uses for chicken feathers. The rest of the time I was in a bubble—a bubble of delight. I know this is a strange thing to say, given that we weren't exactly in the most delightful place on earth—the French mud with German shells exploding around us.

But, you see, for me the war didn't represent the hardship that it did for my friend Bob Tompkins, who, after all, had a wife and a baby at home, or that it might have for Ed Boccia, another fellow in my outfit who, like Bob, had just graduated from the Pratt Institute. For me, the three and a half years that I spent in the army represented absolute freedom. I was truly on my own for the first time in my life. So, naturally, in that exuberant state of mind, I didn't always notice how bad things were.

From Bob Tompkins's war diary, August 24, 1944: *Moved up 500 yards to new area and set up 10 tanks. Willy and I set up our tent with our feet sticking out in the pouring down rain and pass out at 3:00 a.m.*

Ed Boccia: *Blass was always cheerful. We could be up day and night, night and day, so that you don't know whether the sun's coming up or going down. You get pretty grumpy. But Blass never got grumpy, no matter how hard it got. He always had this big smile and these big white teeth—as if he was at a party somewhere.*

Today, there is a great deal of nostalgia for the war; I get calls all the time from journalists asking me about it, even though, as I say, my part was very small. And I don't know if someone can appreciate what it meant to a kid who had only just left the farm, so to speak—who, really, in many ways, was still a mama's boy—to suddenly be among men, literally thousands of them, in a life-and-death situation.

Have you ever seen those photographs of troopships, crammed with guys lying stem to stern on the deck like bathers at Coney Island, except they have on fatigues and about 50 pounds of gear? That is my other picture of the war—a world entirely of men.

Until then, except for that brief period in New York, I'd lived exclusively with women—my mother, Ethyl; my sister, Virginia; and my mother's younger sister, Anna. And I see now that as my career accelerated, in the mid-50s, I began again to spend more and more time with women. But in those intervening years, between leaving Indiana and establishing my name in New York, it is really a man's story. Of a boy coming of age, yes, but also, in my case, of recognizing that the qualities I admired most in men—among them, loyalty, responsibility, a love of order, and certainly courage under fire—were not ones I associated with the shrill and effeminate world of fashion. I am not saying that such qualities cannot be found there, only that, in the period when I was forming opinions about manhood, they were not evident to me. I know, too, that in making such a statement I am bound to be criticized, since I have lived most of my life in a contradictory position—with one part of myself safely in the closet and the other out and up to all kinds of things. But it is a contradiction, among others, I can live with. Manhood, whether it wears a hard face or an eye-catching negligee, may still be manhood, but at a certain point it comes down to a decision of conduct. For me, after the war, there was no choice. I would always feel more comfortable in a heterosexual world than a homosexual one. And, paradoxically, I think this sense of familiarity, acquired during the worst of circumstances, subsequently gave me greater ease and insight into the lives of the women I dressed.

I enlisted in the army's camouflage unit in the fall of 1942 and went straight to basic training at Fort Meade, Maryland. The 603rd was one of four noncombat units that were part of a phantom division called the 23rd Headquarters Special Troops. I say phantom because throughout the war—







DESIGN FOR LIVING

Clockwise from below: Nancy Ki with her yellow Lab, Tyler, and Blass, 1977; Slim Keith and Bl at a farm stand, late 1970s; clockwise from top left, Keith, J Zipkin, Mica Ertegun, Billy Ra Blass, Chessy Rayner, and Ahm Ertegun in Santo Domingo, mid- *Opposite,* Blass, photographed b Bill King for *Harper's Bazaar* in with, from left, models Shelley S Cheryl Tiegs, and Shelley Hack.

indeed, for years after—only a handful of brass and the 1,100 enlisted men involved knew of its existence. Our identity was kept secret for the simple reason that we were posing as other Allied troops in order to fool the enemy.

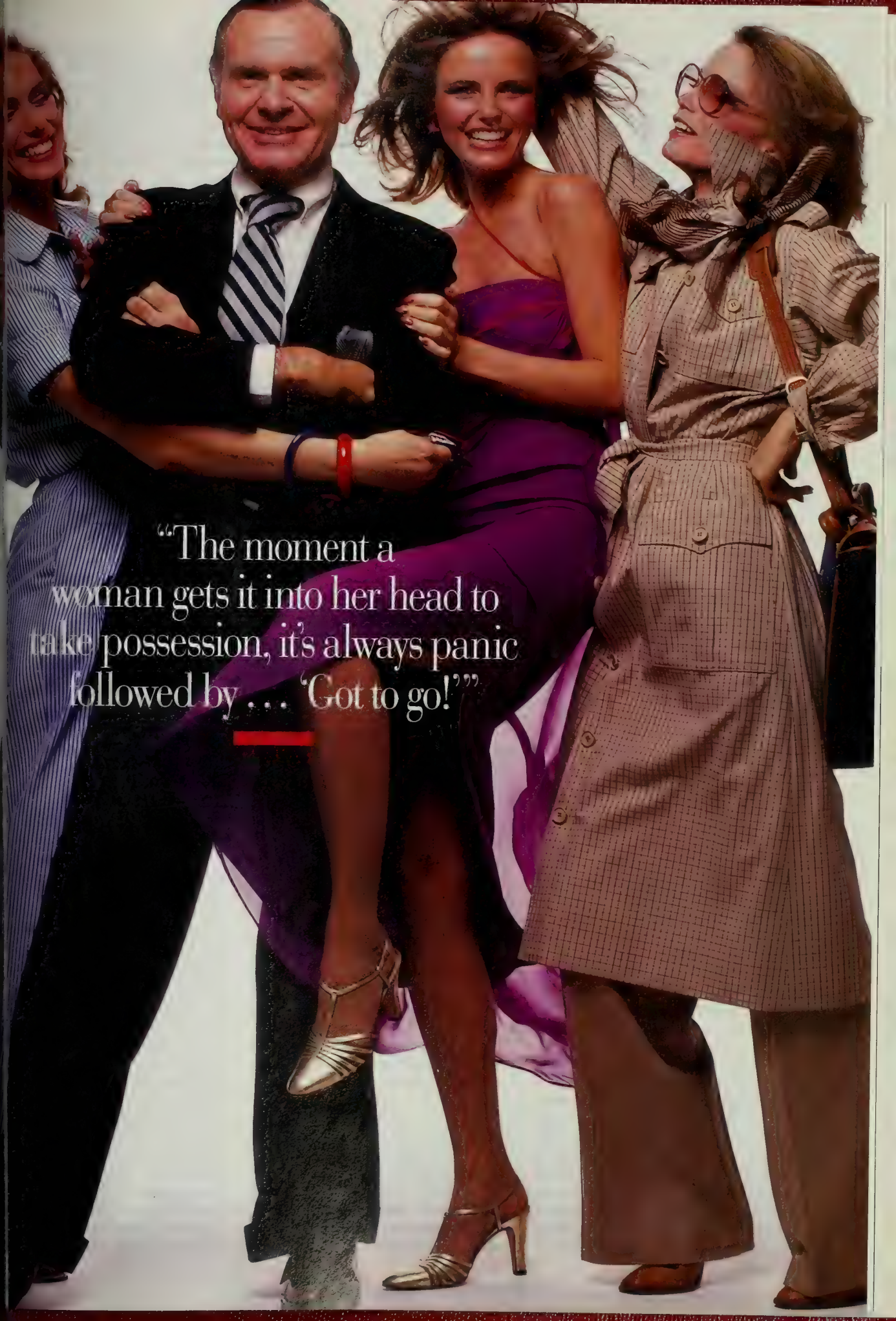
That's what we were doing at Brest—pretending to be Patton's armor, the 15th Tank Battalion. Except that instead of his Shermans we had rubber ones that we inflated at night and left in his same tank tracks. We even had ways of faking tank fire and noise, which the men in our sonic unit blasted all night long at the Germans. So when von Ramcke looked the next morning through the haze and battle smoke with his field glasses, he thought he was seeing Patton's forces. In a matter of hours he would have known it was a ruse, but by then Patton had attacked somewhere else, and we and our portable dummy tanks had vanished. We did this sort of thing in 21 engagements, often simulating troops 10 and 15 times our size, right up to the crossing of the Rhine.

We landed at Omaha Beach in July 1944. Bob had come over a few weeks earlier with a corps of drivers. I arrived with what was referred to as the "residual" forces, in a gusting storm, and had to climb down nets on the side of the ship to go ashore. My first looks at France, a country I'd known only through the glittery pages of fashion magazines, were of bombed-out villages, dead farm animals abuzz with flies, and miles of military vehicles backed up on the narrow roads. On our way up to the Brittany peninsula, we passed a headless cow dangling 30 feet in the air from a charred tree. There were bomb craters everywhere, and everywhere ghostly villages. Truckloads of German P.O.W.'s rolled past us, going east. It amazes me, now, to think that for four or five months in 1944, before we moved east ourselves and took part in the last big offensives of the war—the Battle of the Bulge and the crossing of the Rhine—our little outfit was a Michelin of remote French villages and back roads.

I don't know if being part of an invisible force made us luckier than the soldier in the foxhole, or if by being known he was luckier, because his bravery was recognized. I've never really given the matter much thought. For me, the experience of the war satisfied needs that had gone unmet in my own life. Brotherhood. The feeling that I could survive anything. That was the only kind of recognition I wanted.

In my mid-20s, newly home from the war and not yet in civilian clothes, I had formed the idea of being a "presentable young man," a subtle tribute to glamour's lower entry requirements, and to the fact that, positionless and approaching insolvency, I had nothing whatsoever to present to the grown-up world. Still, funny things happened that I chalked up as progress. I remember having lunch with an army buddy, George Vandersluis, who later became a university professor, at a fashio New York restaurant—don't ask m we paid for this extravagance—and invited to a picnic with the O'Conn ters, Gloria and Consuelo, then famo ciety models. (Consuelo would later the Roman P.R. man Count Rudi C Their mother had seen us from acro room, asked us to join them for coffe I guess concluded from our uniform table manners that we were, well, p able young men. But that's all it took sun-dappled, Maypole innocence late 40s and 50s: a nice face and M approval. I don't remember if Georg I went to the picnic, but the fact that preserved this speck in amber shou you how naïve and susceptible I v glamour. I doubt the busy O'Connor ever gave the moment another thoug

Going out at that time meant only one thing: going to nightclubs. ually, it meant getting drunk, and sionally very drunk, and I am rem that after one particularly drunken n woke up to find myself wearing on cuffs. Unable to extract the studs, cut my way out of my shirt with of nail-scissors. There was no rout these nighttime excursions, though nitely had women under surveillanc would often, the next morning, sk dress or an evening coat that had c


"The moment a
woman gets it into her head to
take possession, it's always panic
followed by . . . 'Got to go!'"

my eye. I would drop by any lounge where Bobby Short was playing, usually the Blue Angel. Or run over to the Monkey Bar to hear Bunny Pendleton. It was an era of great chanteuses—and clean hair and long, long necks.

In the past, I have stated somewhat glibly, but not inaccurately, that much of my early success as a designer arose from the fact that women saw me as an extra man with a dinner jacket. I supplied a nice balance to their boy-girl-boy-girl placement.

I've had one or two love affairs in my life. I'm 79 years old, for God's sake—don't you imagine something might have happened? But considering that I've never lived with another person, I don't think it would be an exaggeration to say that I have a problem with confinement. I was going to say commitment, but as I reflect on my tendency not to stay in a situation or place too long, beginning with Indiana, I think the other term better describes my feelings. Of course, the war represented a period of intense physical confinement, but we all knew that situation couldn't last forever.

No, what I am referring to is something more general—and specific.

Although I have never made any attempt to conceal my sexuality, neither have I ever wanted to flaunt it. Moreover, to have lived in a long-term relationship with a man would have been to categorize myself too narrowly. Because, in so many cases, I've been attracted to women. To the romance part, plus the acceptance of a hetero relationship—that being the most natural way, in my opinion, to live one's life. But I never wanted marriage to a woman any more than I wanted an openly gay relationship with a man. It was a question of conduct—conduct, perhaps, being the last refuge of a coward—but also I knew I could be easily dominated by a partner, though maybe not a woman. This was the wall I eventually hit in my friendship with Slim Keith, the great beauty who was the love of so many men. She wanted a more formal arrangement—marriage—and I didn't. So that was the end of our being friends. But I don't see how such a marriage can ever be fair. It's not fair because the only one truly benefiting is the male—and then she's responsible for taking care of you when you turn out to be an old prick anyway.

Before I sold my business and retired, in 1999, I arrived at the office at eight in the morning. Not that it looked anything like a country club, but the atmosphere was very relaxed, and all sorts of people were coming in. Nancy Kissinger often came by with Tyler, her yellow Lab, and he'd stretch out under my desk while Nancy and I caught up. Socialites Nan Kempner, wife of the banker Tommy Kempner, and Pat Buckley, wife of the columnist William Buckley, were stopping by. Women like Nan and Pat tended to approach dressing as a business. Strip down to their bras and panty hose and stand there smoking a cigarette. Pat just loved being in her panty hose and bra.

Decorator Chessy Rayner, stepdaughter of former Condé Nast president Iva Patcévitch, was the first to start coming in. That was in 1953, when she was a junior editor at *Ladies' Home Journal* and I was taking my first tentative steps out of the back room at Anna Miller, a Seventh Avenue manufacturer of the late 1940s and 50s. She moved along to *Glamour* and *Vogue,* and we became friends. Chessy had a wonderful sense of style, although it is only in our time that we could have appreciated someone with her distinctive look and equated it with beauty.

I've known many women who had great taste and a flair for dressing, but only two whose style unquestionably was their own. One was Chessy and the other was Slim Keith. Chessy was the first in her crowd to mix and match, to use color in imaginative ways, and to put on something as austere as a gray flannel skirt with a white blouse and make it look chic. She dressed so simply. With her skinny body and smooth cap of hair, she could wear Madame Grès's couture drapes as well as a boy's T-shirt and a pair of khakis. In fact, before anyone else picked up on it, she was buying things at the army-navy store on 42nd Street, $6 chinos and so forth. In the 60s.

Mica Ertegun, decorator: *When you went up to see Bill, it was fun. It wasn't like going and trying on a dress. He was always pulling things out and saying, "This would be very chic to wear." I remember he had some satin blouses, and he gave me a black one and a white one, and he said, "Wear one on top of the other." And I'll tell you, it was the chic-est thing.*

Perhaps because I tend to avoid all forms of entanglement myself, I try to keep my advice simple, topping it off with humor. Now, you can't say to a woman stepping out of a fitting room, her face beaming with hope, "Oh, my God, that makes you look fat." But you can say, "Kid, that's not you. Let's try something else." She can accept that without embarrassment, and the fitting chugs along. Among the women whom I dressed, or who merely dropped by for a cigarette and a chat, I made no deference to age or social rank. I spoke the same way to grandes dames such as Brooke Astor and Judy Peabody's mother, Mrs. Dennington, a very formidable lady, as I did to the younger gals such as Pat Buckley and Nina Griscom.

Lynn Wyatt, Houston socialite: *I remember the first thing he said to me. I had on this stunning bronze-and-brown satin dress with a low neck. I could wear it today, and was 25 years ago. He came up to me said, "Oh." Of course, he knew the dre his. I said, "What? You don't like it?" he said, "Yes, but you have it on back I told him I wanted the low part in the And he said, "Well, it looks great, bat*

By the 60s, as word got around, women were coming in. Mica was com Nancy Kissinger started coming in dur 70s. Nancy and Henry played a huge my social life in the 80s and 90s, invit to their parties in Washington and Nev It was really the Kissingers, I found ou who were responsible for inviting me first state dinner at the White House, i during Queen Elizabeth's Bicentenni That was the hottest ticket—and the night—in Washington. Absolutely swel I took Slim, who wore a strapless dress in shades of pink and peach tha made for her, and we went with Jack chairman of the Heinz ketchup compa his wife, Drue. You couldn't take you off the guests that night. It was the m credible throng. Cary Grant was there Roosevelt Longworth. The heads of big industry. But would you believe th a single individual from the fashion had been included on the original gue It was the Kissingers who saw the And I must say I enjoyed the head-sp symmetry of being introduced by Pre Ford to the Queen of England as "ou of fashion." Granted the title was by and the euphoria would evaporate by day morning, but don't kid yourself. signers love those rare occasions whe are the only one.

Slim had recently entered my li though we had seen each other occ ly in London in the 60s, during her m to her third husband, Sir Kenneth K British merchant banker, who, I suppo the misfortune of following the directo ard Hawks and the producer Lelan ward, to say nothing of the other me had pursued her—leading off with Gat Hemingway. Sir Kenneth probably sa as the catch of all times, while she, w everything on life's scales, figured she do worse than to marry a man who a large estate in Norfolk and spoke re to the prime minister. But after 10 yea bolted and returned to New York.

Certainly, Slim did nothing in sma sures. And those who, in a sense, sig with her were treated to the full, up blast of her personality—the stimu slightly bitchy conversation, the consci way she made guests in her home feel (indeed, her wide knowledge of hous ing), her fleecing humor, and the th fulness of her gifts. You were never

of having a dull time with Slim. She
t a great deal to life—just pure old-
ed life. So Slim and I began seeing a
ach other.
ading her letters more than 20 years
am struck by how essentially auton-
she was. Obviously this played a sig-
t part in her appeal to men: no ball
ain here. On the other hand, she
to recognize no true north in her in-
compass. There was direction, but it
thout a sense of destination, and
she frequently spoke of wanting to
to someone, it was mostly from old
ther than real need. For I don't think
t that she could belong to anyone.
uld say the same of myself. But did
erstand the geographical properties
ds?
n I found my house in New Preston,
ticut, in 1976, I let her invade my
her, accepting her suggestions for
the place comfortable and cozy, two
have almost bleached from my vo-
y. But let's give credit where credit
Slim expertly gave comfort—in her
anners, and confidences. She had
n christened Big Mama by Truman
for nothing. And at 60, even with a
re pounds around the middle, she
l beautiful. She was still Slim. So
not feel invaded. Besides, for me, I
at full occupation was not possible.

ibicoff, widow of Senator Abraham
Slim, in my opinion, was wonderful
e for a time. She had great taste,
be at times he had better taste. But
it was exciting for them to go
and wandering. I remember they
Washington in 1978, when [Senator]
nd Carolyn Long were giving a
party for Abe and me. They were
giggly. They came up to the Senate.
n. But it sort of alarmed me that
so bossy with him. She would say,
will not take the 9-o'clock shuttle,
the 9:30." I remember her tone, and
. Oh, lady, that's not going to work.

was devoted to choreographer Jerry
They had been lovers the summer
eft her for Pamela Harriman, the fu-
assador to France, and she stayed
with him. The fact that Jerry swung
s would not have been a serious ob-
a woman as sophisticated and self-
ing as Slim. Nevertheless, seeing Jer-
one of his boyfriends brought out a
e streak in Slim that displayed itself
prising cruelty. In 1976, Jerry had
love with an aspiring photographer
esse Gerstein, then 19 years old.
met at Bloomingdale's, a detail that
ed on, adding, in Jerry's presence,
the basement." I liked Jesse. So

did many others who knew him. He was a sweet, attractive kid. Jerry brought him to my house in Connecticut a couple of times for dinner—or, rather, Slim brought them, and then she wouldn't speak to Jesse.

This possessiveness was continually breaking through her affections. It might have bothered me if it hadn't been outweighed by her stronger qualities, and if I had thought there was any chance I could be possessed. Shortly after I started seeing a lot of Slim, I had a call from the Hollywood agent Swifty Lazar, inviting me to lunch.

Swifty and Mary Lazar were very much a part of Slim's life, and they had become friends of mine. I met him at the King Cole Bar at the St. Regis.

"I'm going to tell you something," he said. "You seem like a nice chap. But I can't let you get caught in the Slim trap. She's out for Slim. She doesn't have an ounce of loyalty. And I don't want you to get taken in by her."

Sound advice for any man, but I'm afraid, in this case, he truly had the wrong man. "It's not likely," I said. "I just have a good time with Slim." That was the uncomplicated truth. Slim and I had great times together.

In the summer of 1981—our last one together, as it would turn out—Slim and I decided to rent a house on Nantucket, along the bluff in 'Sconset. She would stay in the main house, I would take the small guest cottage; we would bring our dogs, and we would rest, read, and go on a long-promised diet. That was the plan.

It was not entirely unknown to me, in the weeks before we left for Nantucket, that Slim had other expectations for that summer; friends had heard rumors and issued warnings of a premeditated marriage strike. Swifty's words in the King Cole Bar now came swiftly back to me. But it wouldn't be until much later, until well into the fall, that I realized how extensively this apparent certainty had traveled on the grapevine.

And by then, embarrassed, I had clammed up.

C. Z. Guest, socialite and columnist:
I mean, she had a goddamn nerve to expect him to marry her. I never really liked Slim. She was so bitchy. She'd come up to me and say, "Oh, little Lucy, are you still writing your column?" And I'd say, "Yeah, why don't you get one?" She thought she was an intellectual. And then this thing with Blass.

I was so appalled. How dare she! They had been friends for, what? Twenty years? Somebody told me, "Oh, Slim is going to marry Bill Blass." I said, "You've got to be kidding." It broke up their friendship. She really didn't care for his feelings, did she?

I don't recall now how many nights I stayed on Nantucket, but after the first candlelight dinner, with Slim dressed up (and me in my usual summer slob attire), I could see that our plan of quiet evenings wasn't the only one in operation. Unbeknownst to me, Slim had arranged a monthlong schedule of dinner parties and houseguests, the first of whom had already descended. There is no way that I can fault Slim for the way she ran things; she did it beautifully. Only, I am not a person who can be run. And, of course, as soon as this thought takes hold, my immediate reaction is: I've got to get out of here. I flew back to New York after the first week and spent the rest of the summer dodging the perplexed looks.

Slim should have known how I felt about the subject of marriage, or even living with another person. We had spent enough time together by that point. I realized, naturally, that my hasty departure from Nantucket and the abrupt end of our friendship, combined with Slim's understandable feelings of bitterness, lent a certain undue mystery to the situation. People were curious. What went wrong? What happened?

In fact, that was the most curious part of all. It was rather Henry Jamesian—a mysterious situation in that nothing did really happen.

By the mid-70s, after a martini here and there, I was traveling 30,000 miles a year. There was hardly an American city, or a group of gals, I didn't know. Washington, Nashville, Detroit, Chicago, Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Phoenix, Dallas, Houston. I was in Midland, Texas, promoting a collection, when a woman was trying on some clothes and a cow stuck its head—her head—through the dressing-room window.

Nan Kempner: *When Bill showed up in another town, it was like the Second Coming of Christ. No matter where he went, he had friends, and he made more with each trip. He was fun and interested, and interesting. Some of his comments about those trips were pretty interesting, too, and if the ladies knew what he said, they'd slit his throat. But that's our Bill.*

When Ronald Reagan became president and went to Washington, in 1981, Nancy needed a New York confidant. Of course, she had her California friends, she had her Hollywood friends. I remember she became friendly on the telephone with Marlene Dietrich, whom she had not known in her actress days. One night, out of the blue, Marlene just phoned the White House and asked to speak to Nancy. Well, why not? Marlene felt she was as big a star as life itself. And she was lonely.

I first met Nancy in California at a dinner when Ron was governor, and we talked briefly that night. She was instantly the most charming, offhand, unpretentious woman. She showed enormous interest in people. We

Bill Blass

saw more of each other after she moved to Washington, and I started making clothes for her.

Nancy would come to New York from time to time. I remember one night at the Buckleys', just the four of us for dinner. For some reason or other the president couldn't come. Anyway, it was a sweltering summer night, and the Buckleys didn't have air-conditioning. To make matters worse, their King Charles spaniels, so relieved to see their mother and father after an absence, started relieving themselves all over the place. Not puddles: stacks. One here, one over there. We kept spotting stacks everywhere. At one point, when nobody was looking, I whispered, "Pat!"—and pointed to the ceiling to make her think one was up there too. We didn't know what we were going to do after dinner. Then Bill started playing the piano and I started singing, so you know how desperate we were to try to think of something to do. But Nancy was marvelous on those kinds of occasions. She simply gave a great deal to people she was fond of.

It was wonderful going down to the White House. If it was summertime we'd be out on the Truman Balcony for lunch. I remember being there once on my birthday. Nancy, too, was a Cancer, and she knew my birthday, but she made no mention of it—until we were about to have dessert and out came a big cake in the shape of a Seventh Avenue shipping box.

The 80s were certainly good years for business. People think the 90s were so good for fashion, but the real money was made in the 80s. We had clients who spent, easily, $200,000 a year on their clothes. Yet, funnily enough, I don't remember thinking that fashion in the 80s was excessive. To be sure, it was a time of poufs and panniers and brioche hair. But I think the excess—and triumphalism—was more evident in people's houses and decorating. Designer Carolyne Roehm, then married to financier Henry Kravis, was doing their magnificent apartment. The Steinbergs were in play. The opulence was there for everyone to behold and envy. Then it e
Like that.

For me, the decade brought a sign
reversal: I wanted less, not more—few
jects and less stuff around me, but also
few exemptions, less contact with the
who had made up my world. I hadn't
ed to get old (I measure everything b
if you can't tell), but I was beginning
exceptionally tired—tired of the duty
parties and obligations to be snappi
like a returning train, tired of the bulls
always been able to balance a love of f
with the suspicion that it was count
And for as long as my career kep
pening, I told myself, this was O.K
was the routine. But I am someone wh
lived for most of his life in search of o
al or another. Someone who was a b
a friend, a mentor—but, in any case,
one you could look up to. That's the
fatherlessness that hardly anyone ge
not the loss of love you mind most; i
loss of a permanent ideal. And ever
you stop actively looking for that pers
feeling itself never goes away. □

Dominick Dunne

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 123 trial that they had delivered an emotional verdict, because they felt sorry for Mrs. Moxley. They were convinced that Michael Skakel had damned himself with his own words, by placing himself at the scene of the crime in taped conversations with the ghostwriter of his never-to-be-published memoir.

When the guilty verdict was announced by the foreman, there was an audible gasp from Mrs. Stephen Carroll, the recent widow of the retired detective Steve Carroll, who had been on the case from the beginning, had remained loyal and helpful to Dorthy Moxley after his retirement, and had always been a cooperative source on the facts of the case. Carroll was not afraid to criticize the inadequacies of the work of the Greenwich police at the time of the murder or the intimidation he felt the Skakel family had brought to bear. His comments frequently infuriated the Greenwich police, and he had not been seated at the hearings in Stamford. A few months ago, Dorthy Moxley and I attended a testimonial dinner in Carroll's honor given by the Horseneck Republican Club in Greenwich. He died shortly thereafter. For Mrs. Carroll, the delivery of the verdict was a moment that honored her husband of 46 years.

Anyone who reads me on a regular basis knows how much I think of Dorthy Moxley. Her behavior over the years defines for me the meaning of the word "mother." She never forgot for a moment how much she loved her daughter and missed her. I have never known her to be vindictive about the Skakel family, who had lied and lied to her since that terrible Mischief Night in 1975, when she kept phoning their house looking for her missing daughter. Georgeann Skakel Terrien also lied to Dorthy that night; in subsequent years Mrs. Terrien, an alcoholic who has since died, would often tell people that two Skakel brothers showed up on her doorstep that night, covered in blood. Rushton Skakel later even invited Dorthy and her late husband, David, up to the family's country place in Windham, New York, for a weekend, to the very house where the Skakel boys had been whisked the day after the murder. In my mind that's a form of lying, too. Dorthy Moxley simply wanted justice, and on June 7, in Norwalk, she got it. If you could have seen the look on her face. This lady has class. Never for a second did she gloat over the fate of Michael Skakel. She said simply, "This is Martha's day." No one called out "Congratulations!" to her. She wouldn't have allowed that. She watched Michael being put into handcuffs. She was hugged by a lot of people. Then, with her devoted son, John, beside her, she walked out to face the phalanx of reporters and cameras, and everyone applauded.

That night I was on *Larry King Live* with Dorthy and John Moxley. In the makeup room before the show, I was in one chair, Dorthy was in another, and John was standing nearby. We were talking about the extraordinary events of the day when in walked Mickey Sherman. We were supposed
on for the first 50 minutes of the sho
he for the last 10, from another studio
there would be no overlap. Although M
Sherman and I are in adversarial pos
I've always liked him, so I said hello. It
extremely uncomfortable moment. H
the Moxleys had never spoken. There
have been bitter feelings. Dorthy kept l
straight into the makeup mirror. M
stepped forward, right up to her cha
said, "As heartbroken as I am for my
I would like to tell you how happy I
you, Mrs. Moxley." It was extremely gr
Dorthy slowly turned her head towa
and said, "Tell your son, Mark, how
have enjoyed meeting him." Mark Sh
had been a member of his father's
team. On the air a few minutes later,
King asked Dorthy if she hated M
Skakel. She said she didn't. She put
blame for the way Michael had turn
on Rushton Skakel, who had let his c
run wild. Michael, she said, "admitt
that at 13 he was an alcoholic." I'm s
hypocrisy of the invitation to Wind
Rushton Skakel's attempt to divert a
picions the Moxleys may have had
his sons—must still gall her.

Michael Skakel's confessions over th
were often oblique and evasive.
so drunk, I don't know if I did it o
he allegedly once said to his father, a
father repeated it to Cissie Ix, his ne
and his late wife's best friend, who re
it under oath to the grand jury and t

d it under oath at the murder trial. i would never say anything like that one of his children," she said on the "I must have put those words into his i by mistake." The jurors I talked to believe her. Several years ago, Cissie Ix er daughter, Helen, went to visit Dor- oxley in New Jersey, where she now ind asked her to drop the case, saying ie Skakels had suffered enough. Dor- oxley asked her, "Would you ask that re *your* daughter?" Dorthy and Cissie, riends, never spoke again.

ring the trial, when things appeared for the prosecution, I had a call at *Fair* from a woman named Joanna in Santa Barbara, California. When d her back, she told me that she had n intern at an alcohol-and-drug reha- on center called Anacapa by the Port Hueneme, California, north libu, in 1997, when Michael was a patient there. According ker, Michael said then that he en in Russia setting up alcohol- ug rehabs but had fallen off the and ended up at Anacapa by i. She said he was totally para- the time, fearful that both the and the C.I.A. were spying on cause of something he had done e was a teenager. At some point d to him, "Did you do it?," and ied, "Yes, and I've been running life." She was not a counselor. s acquiring enough hours to get nse. She told me she had made f what Skakel said during friend- ersations. She said that he could rming, playing the unhappy who had had a bad childhood, could also be arrogant, as if he bove the therapists who were him. He gave off a sense of entitle- although not a single member of his came for family week. I immediately Chris Morano and told him the sto- he called Frank Garr, the chief in- on the case. Garr called me, and I m Joanna Walker's number in Cali- She said she was willing to come for- she were given police protection. It ed that there was a privacy issue, Walker had been an employee at the and that might come up on appeal. end she did not appear, and it out that Jonathan Benedict didn't er. Mickey Sherman, having first d f this alleged confession to Walker comments on television, says, "We y it."

have personal connections in the nal and federal cases I cover for *Van-* and this one was no exception. Rush- kel was several years ahead of me at Canterbury School in New Milford, Connecticut, although I never knew him there. In 1950, I went to Ethel Skakel and Robert Kennedy's wedding at the original Skakel mansion on Lake Avenue in Greenwich. It was a grand estate with fountains shooting jets of water high into the air. I went as the date of a friend who had been a classmate of Ethel's at Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart, the fancy school for rich Catholic girls. It was a dazzling occasion, uniting two of the richest Catholic families in America. In Michael Skakel's book proposal, he briefly mentions me because of my novel *A Season in Purgatory,* a fictional version of the Moxley murder which came out in 1993. During the trial, I had no interaction whatsoever with the large number of family members and friends who arrived each day to support Michael Skakel. But one day outside the courthouse a woman who identified herself only as a sister of Cissie Ix told me that she had read a book I wrote about my life, and then said, "I think it's sad you cared so little for your wife and children." I looked at her, astonished. She had hate in her voice and on her face. I couldn't believe what she had said. "Imagine that you are making money on the sorrow you have caused the Skakel family," she hissed, like a serpent. Naturally, she made no mention of the Moxley family's sorrow.



MARTHA'S DAY
Justice came for Martha Moxley, shown here at 14, 27 years after her brutal murder.

Another day, Robert Kennedy Jr., who is often vitriolic about me in the press, once calling me the leader of a lynch mob against his family, made a token appearance in court, where he stayed for an hour or so, arriving late and attracting attention during Jonathan Benedict's closing argument—a fact not lost on the jury. His aunt Ann Skakel McCooey took his arm as they left the courtroom for the lunch break, and said in a loud voice, as they passed me, "Jerk!" The next morning I was on the *Today* show, talking about the case with Katie Couric, and she said, "Somebody walked through the courtroom and called you a jerk?" So I got to tell the story on television.

Once, while waiting to go through the metal detector, I had a brief but pleasant exchange with Rushton Skakel Jr. about life in Bogotá, Colombia, where he lives. Another day, there was one of those jam-ups at the courtroom door, when everyone was trying to get in at the same time after a break, and I found that I had pushed in ahead of Julie Skakel, Michael's sister. I turned to her and apologized, fully expecting to get the steely-eyed treatment that Michael gave me whenever our eyes met. But she wasn't like that at all. She smiled pleasantly and said, "We haven't met. I'm Julie Skakel." "Of course, I know," I replied. "I'm Dominick Dunne." "I know," she said, and then we went our separate ways into the courtroom. When she was on the stand being questioned by Jonathan Benedict, she gave an extraordinary picture of growing up in the Skakel family.

"During his teenage years, did your brother Michael have a turbulent relationship with your father?" asked Benedict.

"We all did," Julie replied.

"Did Michael have a turbulent relationship with Thomas?"

"We all did," she replied.

"Did Michael have a turbulent relationship with you?" Benedict asked.

"They all did," she said of her six brothers.

Even now, they aren't close. You could see that by the way they sat apart from one another in the courtroom.

The mystery figure of this trial was, without doubt, Tommy Skakel. For 20 years he had been the prime suspect, the one everybody said was the last person to be seen with Martha Moxley, roughhousing with her. Even though the Sutton report placed the blame on Michael, there remained a suggestion that Tommy may have helped move the body. There was a lingering rivalry between the two. Michael thought Martha was his girlfriend, although her diary indicated that she did not return his ardor. He also thought Tommy was moving into his territory with Martha. A member of the Terrien family once approached me at a book signing for *A Season in Purgatory* to tell me that two brothers did it, not one. He said, "I've kept my mouth shut about this case

Dominick Dunne

long enough." But he would never talk to me again, no matter how hard I tried to make him. Tommy has been living in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, with his wife and three daughters. At one time he was said to be marketing a golf club, a driver called "the Terminator," named after the Arnold Schwarzenegger film, but ultimately good taste apparently prevailed and the project was abandoned. Although Tommy Skakel has to have pertinent information about the night of the murder, neither side called him as a witness. Emanuel "Manny" Margolis, his faithful lawyer of 25 years, attended the trial every day and took copious notes, which he doubtless relayed to Tommy. Then, toward the end of the trial, Tommy appeared in court for one day only. If he spoke to his brother Michael, I missed it. There was certainly no sign of affection between them. Manny Margolis said, "They are not close. I would not say they are close." Jonathan Benedict described Tommy as Michael's nemesis. How complicated their relationship must be. In contrast to his brother, Tommy has the look of a prep-school teacher, with horn-rimmed glasses and a tweed jacket and khakis. His appearance in the courtroom was a token one, like his cousin Robert Kennedy Jr.'s. The only thing I heard him say the whole day was to Steve Dunleavy of the *New York Post,* whose reportage was vehemently pro-Skakel. Tommy said, taking his hand, "Hey, Steve, how are you? I appreciate what you've done."

Tommy Skakel heard the verdict in Stockbridge, where he rents a carriage house on Main Street. The town police reportedly had to stage a lockdown at the school his daughters attend just to keep the media out. Friends said that Tommy had been glued to the television at a friend's house during jury deliberations. A person who was with him when the verdict was reported said he totally lost control, bawling and shouting, "Oh God, no!"

Robert Kennedy Jr. said to reporter Lindsey Faber of *Greenwich Time,* "The tragedy of Martha Moxley's death has just been compounded by the conviction of an innocent man. My cousin Michael is absolutely innocent." And Mickey Sherman wasted no time in filing an appeal. So what? Whatever may happen in the future, *nothing* can ever change the fact that a jury of Michael Skakel's peers found him guilty of murder.

This has been a long haul for a group of us who have kept hanging in there with Dorthy Moxley. She calls us her angels. There's Len Levitt of *Newsday,* a reporter I admire, who finds time to go to his son's baseball games. Len got into a loud scrap with Manny Margolis the day Tommy Skakel appeared in court. Since Tommy wouldn't speak to any reporter but Steve Dunleavy, Len took on Margolis. "Why did he change his story?" he asked Manny. In 1975, Tommy had told the police he left Martha at 9:30 to write a school paper on Abraham Lincoln (no such paper had been assigned). When he was interviewed in the 90s by a detective from the Sutton agency, he said that he had later gone back outside for 15 or 20 minutes and mutually masturbated with Martha. Tommy then started to cry, and Margolis stopped the interview. In court, Len kept taunting Manny until he finally snapped back, "I don't have to speak to you!" Len Levitt was right to press for answers to lingering questions. After the trial, Jonathan Benedict said that someone must have helped Michael. There had to have been a lot of blood, so what happened to the clothes? And I'm sure it took more than one person to drag Martha's body 80 feet and put it under the tree in which Michael later said he masturbated.

Then there's Frank Garr, with whom I've had a few troubles over the years, but whose dedication to the case was admirable. And there's Tim Dumas, the writer of a book about the case called *Greentown,* who in 1993 interviewed me at my house in Connecticut about *A Season in Purgatory* for *Greenwich Magazine.*

I've already spoken about the young man who brought me the Sutton report; I consider him one of the heroes of the story. Possession of a copy of the report brought
an extraordinary change in the lives
men, Mark Fuhrman, the disgraced de
from the O. J. Simpson trial, and me.
man had been ruined for lying about
said the n-word, while a man who I be
killed two people walked free. I was in
every time Fuhrman took the stand
Simpson case, but I never met him
1997, when the then literary agent Luc
Goldberg arranged to bring us togeth
the Four Seasons restaurant in New
He came and stayed at my house in
necticut, where I gave him the Sutton
which ruffled a few feathers amon
media friends, but I made the right c
There were those who didn't like Mar
he had no fear of getting into people's
Dorthy liked him from the start. He w
book called *Murder in Greenwich,* whic
sented Michael's masturbation story. E
me, his book had a lot to do with the
of a grand jury after 25 years, and
that came the indictment of Michael S

Did I have a vested interest in this
from the beginning, even before
to Annapolis to meet Dorthy Moxley b
1991? Yes, I did. My daughter, Domi
and Martha Moxley were both attacke
killed by men they knew on Octob
Martha died in 1975, Dominique in
but they were born only a year apart
verdict in the Moxley case is the one I
ed for John Sweeney, my daughter's
who has subsequently changed his na
John Moira, instead of the ludicrous
on-the-wrist sentence he received. He
only two and a half years, and after
thought, I'm never going to let som
like this happen again. After covering c
ty trials for *Vanity Fair* over the years,
become so cynical that I simply ass
Michael Skakel would walk, as people
class and wealth so often do. In the n
wrote about the case, the character
on Michael did walk. But at the trial,
prevailed. Here's to you, Martha Moxl
Dominique Dunne, who got gypped
your lives. I send you both my love. □

Steve Bing

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 145 lunch.... I didn't find out for a few years that he was not the poor struggling young writer."

Bing and his sister, Mary, now a 35-year-old married social worker in Queens, grew up knowing they had money, but not what or where it could get them. The family always flew coach and drove around in beat-up station wagons. Their father, Peter Bing, was a doctor who worked for Presidents Kennedy and Johnson in public health. Their mother, Helen, is a former nurse with a long gray braid.

When Steve was three, his father moved the family from Washington, D.C., to Los Angeles and embarked on full-time philanthropic work. Quietly. The one thing that got drilled into the Bing children was: Whatever you do, do it modestly and not for self-aggrandizement.

Bing dropped out of Stanford in his third year to focus on co-writing the script of the 1984 Chuck Norris movie, *Missing in Action.* Over the next decade he wro
movies that never got made and one e
of *Married ... with Children* that d
1996 he sold the script of *Down and*
to Jerry Bruckheimer, and more recer
founded Shangri-La Entertainment a
an eight-picture deal with Warner Bro
first movie he had a real role in prod
Night at the Golden Eagle, with Vinnie
received mixed reviews and has pla
only a few theaters.

"Steve is actually a great writer,"
Bruckheimer. "He also has amazing i

there's another picture we're trying to
ing of his too."
e of his current scripts, Bing enjoys
people, is entitled *Why Men Shouldn't*
; the protagonist is Joe Garrett, a mi-
st who winds up falling for a *Vanity*
porter sent to profile him. The wom-
s long hair, a "stunning" figure, an
nterest in—and athletic ability for—
ball, and a quick wit. When you read
find yourself wondering, How good
abeth Hurley at shooting hoops?

n those of Bing's friends who didn't
e her could not deny that Elizabeth
mesmerized Steve Bing. He wrote
e letters and bought her a sapphire-
mond ring from Neil Lane, a Holly-
lealer in estate jewelry. "In many ways
an old-fashioned romance," says a
"He really wooed her."
also looked after her. He hired his
the lawyer Marty Singer to get her
a potentially damaging situation
alone among high-profile actors any-
she broke the Screen Actors Guild
the summer of 2000. (She claimed
dn't known about it.) Singer got her
a $100,000 fine from the union.
ey in turn adored Bing. "From what
she and Bing seemed very happy,"
sh.
ording to Bing's camp, it all went bad
he called him at the end of the sum-
m London to tell him she had some
he knew would horrify him; it had
d her at first, she said. She was preg-
idently because of the interaction of
tibiotics she was taking with the pill.
surprise she said she was thinking
ing the child. Bing told her to get
ane so they could discuss it in L.A.
he arrived, he said he thought it best
e get an abortion. She refused. He
ed therapy. Again she refused. Her
say that she didn't need therapy to
rough something she felt so sure of.
is meeting they split up.
Bing considered the relationship to
nexclusive"—the term he is said to
ed when asking her to have an abor-
d never crossed her mind, say her
rs. Evidently it never crossed his
expected him to be faithful. One of
ds says, "They had a threesome in
o she must have known it wasn't an
e relationship." In the summer of
addition to seeing her in the news-
with other men, Bing heard whis-
m Gold Circle Films that Hurley
ing an affair with Denis Leary. An
here says, "No one ever admitted
remained speculative." (Leary did
n calls for comment.)
the paternity issue with Damian
ered, Leonard Lauder said, "None of us has any evidence as to who is in what bedroom when.... If there were no lies, there'd be no sex."

What annoyed Bing the most about his relationship with Hurley, says his camp, was the unwanted publicity it brought him. "Suddenly it would appear in the press that Elizabeth had been playing pool with Bill Clinton [and Bing] at [supermarket magnate] Ron Burkle's house," says boutique owner Tracey Ross.

If Hurley was trying to fan the flickering flames of a high-flying career that seems on the brink of morphing into something different—a source at IMG, her modeling agency, says that she is in discussions about writing a diet book—one can scarcely blame her.

Nobody has ever claimed that she is not ambitious; a Bing defender recalls that the day after Hugh Grant was caught with Divine Brown on Sunset Boulevard, and Hurley was playing the victim in public, she phoned a senior executive at Castle Rock and told him that it was business as usual as far as Simian Films was concerned.

Hurley must be all too aware that very few former models and actresses of her level continue to "make it." "In the fashion world, to be considered glamorous you need to retain a glamorous lifestyle—and that costs millions," says a fashion editor. "If Elizabeth stops flying first-class, she's over, and she knows it."

Hurley told Bing she was pregnant on September 1; he claims to people that the date is stamped firmly in his mind, since it was the day after she was told officially she would not be renewed as the face of Estée Lauder. She went public with the pregnancy in November 2001, and shortly afterward William Cash wrote an article in the *Daily Mail* which made it plain that she felt abandoned by Bing. (One of her friends says she'd heard Bing was dating other women and she wanted to pre-empt any "humiliating" speculation that she'd been dumped.) In December, Hurley went on the *Today* show and told Matt Lauer that she was certain that Bing was the father. "Do you really think she'd have done that if there was any doubt in her mind?" asks a friend.

Yet when Bing kept asking her privately to have a DNA test done, she stalled, according to Bing allies. Why should she stoop to his level? her friends ask angrily. But then, after Damian's birth, he took matters a step further and actually sued her to have the test done—the papers were served at Elton John's house. She told people that she felt violated. "He was putting her on the defensive," says a friend. "She didn't like it."

The Bing camp meanwhile points out that in London, unlike in L.A., child support is determined by "reasonable need" and not a percentage of parental income.

As this article was going to press, Bing flew to London and took a paternity test on the airport tarmac before returning to Los Angeles. Hurley did her part, and the question was finally resolved.

If Bing is eager to avoid more undue publicity or a court battle in his home state, there is good reason in the form of the other paternity-test soap opera in which he has a starring role.

Case SC070406 in L.A. Superior Court is *Lisa Bonder Kerkorian* v. *Kirk Kerkorian,* the owner of 81 percent of MGM as well as the Bellagio and Mirage hotels in Las Vegas. The leading lady of this saga makes Elizabeth Hurley look as pure as her white-robed persona in the Estée Lauder ads.

Lisa Bonder Kerkorian, currently living in an $8 million home just five minutes from Steve Bing's house, recently increased her already record-breaking support demands to $320,000 a month for her daughter, Kira, including $436 a month for a pet rabbit. Bonder was married to Kerkorian for only one month—in a deal she'd asked for in order to legitimize their child. (He had been guaranteed a divorce agreement before he married her.)

Some months ago, while the Kerkorians were haggling, a "mutual friend" of Bing's and Kerkorian's told the latter that Bing and Bonder had had a brief relationship. Bing tells people that theirs was a one-night fling—and given his track record, it's hard not to believe him—during a phase when Bonder and Kerkorian were more off than on.

Early this year Kerkorian telephoned Bing. At the outset, Kerkorian was courteous; the court papers say that he asked Bing "man to man" if he was the father of Kira. Bing, who has not seen Bonder in five years, said that it was a possibility. He agreed to take a test but asked Kerkorian to keep the matter private. Kerkorian refused to do so, and when Bonder's demands grew to obscene proportions, he felt he had to reveal the affair.

Bing's friends do not approve of what Bonder has done. Alana Stewart says, "I had two children from a man who flew around in jets and private planes.... I never expected or wanted my children to lead that kind of life ... so I find when a woman asks for that kind of money it's outrageous." His sister, Mary Bing, says that in both cases her brother has been "reproductively taken advantage of. He has been snookered into being a parent."

Bing tells people he'd like to be involved in raising Damian Charles Hurley. Hurley, his circle claims, is not rushing to have

Steve Bing

him back in her life; she's reportedly suggested recently that Bing could be something of an "uncle" to Damian. Some of her friends think he's lucky to have gotten that far. Several weeks after giving birth Hurley posed with Damian for the cover of *Harper's Bazaar* and gave an interview about being a single mother.

Bing's plight has served both to put him on the map as a public figure and to generate a wave of sympathy in his hometown. The list of people who have apparently called to offer condolences is long and illustrious. It includes David Geffen, Mick Jagger, Naomi Campbell, and producer Eric Fellner.

Bing recently bumped into Jodie Foster, who commiserated and said no one made such a fuss about finding out who is the father of her kids. He claims h wants to get married, and even joke friends about the contretemps with ley. "Sure I'd like to have kids," he "kids, that is, that I voluntarily play in conceiving."

Jimmy Caan doesn't buy it for a se "Married? Steve? I think present wouldn't want to be married, because I he wouldn't want to cheat.... He's ex ly moral." □

Thyssen-Bornemisza

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130 other refused, so Heini had to buy them off the market as they appeared—and began, cautiously at first, adding other old masters. Collecting for Heini, one dealer would later suggest, was about more than the art itself. It was a way of trying to please the cold, distant figure who had been his father.

Just before his father's death, Heini had married a true royal: German Princess Teresa of Lippe. The match was a disaster. "She was from a grand family, and treated him as if it were a terrible misalliance," recalls one friend. (Inheriting his father's dubious title of baron apparently did little to elevate Heini in the princess's eyes.) Teresa bore him his first son, Georg-Heinrich, but Heini suspected the child wasn't his own. In the thick of the later lawsuit between father and son, Tita would tell two reporters from *The Wall Street Journal* that Georg-Heinrich's genetic father was Ivan Batthyany, late husband of one of Heini's sisters, and point out physical similarities in pictures of the two. Princess Teresa adamantly denied the charge, telling one reporter, "My son will submit immediately to a DNA test providing that my ex-husband does the same."

Divorced at great cost from the princess, Heini plunged without hesitation into marriage again, this time to an extraordinary British model, Nina Dyer—a mistake that made his first marriage seem prudent.

Dyer frequented Paris's most fashionable nightclubs—the Elephant Blanc, Jimmy's Bar, Moulin Rouge—with a café-society set that included the model Bettina, Porfirio Rubirosa, and Aly Khan. Also a tall, handsome, European actor named Christian Marquand, who was Nina Dyer's lover.

Like a lot of her model friends, Dyer was on the prowl for a very rich husband, and Thyssen fit the bill nicely. "She was mysterious and unavailable, which made Thyssen crazy about her," recalls designer China Machado. The black panther that Dyer kept in her apartment astonished the young industrialist as well. According to one friend, Dyer continued her affair with Marquand after marrying Thyssen in 1954, and went as far as to buy her lover an Aston Martin and a private plane with her new husband's money. The marriage lasted only a year, and after the divorce, Dyer embarked on an affair with a woman, and later married Prince Sadruddin Khan, brother of Aly Khan. But a second rich man made her no happier than the first: in 1965, Dyer died of a drug overdose that is widely assumed to have been suicide.

Unrepentant—a man, as one friend put it, who made the mistake of marrying all his lovers—Heini took a third wife in 1956. To longtime Thyssen-watchers, Scottish model Fiona Campbell-Walter remains the most beautiful of the lot, fine-boned, with flaming red hair. With her, Heini soon had a second child, Francesca—his only daughter and, some would say, the only child indubitably his own. Yet his marital troubles would soon begin again.

"When I was very young, before my parents got divorced, we'd sometimes go off, just the two of us, and have great fun," recalls Archduchess Francesca von Habsburg of her father. "He had a convertible Mercedes at one point. He'd put me in the back and drive around like the blazes. Of course, I wasn't strapped in—there were no safety belts in those days. He'd do tailspins in the snow, whipping around in circles. I'd be thrilled out of my mind; my mother would understandably be apoplectic about his irresponsible behavior, but he was all about living life to the fullest, regardless of the consequences!"

Francesca, tall and stately at 44, sips her cappuccino at a sidewalk café on the main street of old Dubrovnik, the Croatian medieval fortress town on the Adriatic Sea. She and her three young, towheaded children, with the children's nanny, are here while her husband, Karl von Habsburg, attends East Timor's independence ceremony as head of a political advocacy organization. She has come partly to start fixing up her and her husband's newly purchased home within the fortress walls, partly to oversee the latest restoration work being done by the ARCH Foundation, which she founded. Its current projects include everything from Renaissance church panels to a Franciscan monast the nearby island of Lopud. Her fa death still brings tears to her eyes, and ble of feelings: deep love, regret, and or two of lingering frustration.

By the time Francesca was riding father's Mercedes, her parents' ma had crumbled. Like one if not both first two wives, Campbell-Walter had a lover: Sheldon Reynolds, a witty a tractive American television produce *eign Intrigue*). Once again, Heini had cuckolded. Once again, he endured t discretions—longer, at least, than man ers might have done—even when hi bore a child, Lorne, who was, sever servers believe, Reynolds's son.

"I've never met a man who in such cult circumstances with his wives be so well," says one woman close to the tion. "With all the women in his life, was a prince of a man." Though he su ed that the boy was Reynolds's, he too as his own, bestowing upon him the name and all rights of inheritance.

The real loser, in a sense, was Rey who backed off, watching his purport grow up from afar. Eventually he m Andrea Frottier-Duché, who, after div Reynolds, would make her mark on s as Claus von Bülow's inamorata 1980s. At some point, Heini, ever the man, arranged through Andrea to Reynolds meet Lorne as an adult, t the boy remained a Thyssen-Borne Living now in upstate New York, Sh Reynolds listens in silence to a sugg that he set the record straight. "I kne ni," he says distantly, "and that's it."

Heini's marriage to Fiona laste the mid-1960s, partly because h adored her, partly because he had a feels his daughter, of being abandon Hungarian Gypsy once read his when he was quite young, and said, going to die poor, and completely That prediction gnawed at him ov years. The fear of being alone was thing that he'd suffered from in his hood, so it remained with him."

Francesca was six years old whe

s separated. Neither parent bothered her the news. "My life just changed ght, and no one felt it reasonable to n why and what it would mean to me time," she says sadly. Fiona settled in nd with Lorne, five years Francesca's while Francesca was put in boarding in Switzerland. There she remained rest of her childhood. "I was very of Lorne, that he could move to Lonth Ma and I had to continue living in rland alone at boarding school," sca recalls. "Now, having patched up ationship with my mother, I underhat I was a very angry little girl. And ade it very difficult for her to have me don. When you feel you've been abanby your parents, you get so angry you e impossible to live with."

r her divorce, Fiona em- on a romance with Alex- Onassis, despite the disapof his father, Aristotle, who st earned widespread disal himself for marrying line Kennedy. Tragically, der died in a plane crash in oday, after some reportrbulent years, Fiona is a grandmother, leading a quiet life.

ni was on the prowl again, a none too subtle way. One gant New York woman reing set up with him at this rough mutual friends. "He y urbane, trying to impress n the details of his incredi" she recalls. "But I also he was cold. I like men e funny; that was not the ion I had." After two dinners, the got a call from the mutual friends: she like to go to Europe on the private plane for a third date? The declined. Another New York woman ced to him at that time was underd, too. "Very sallow skin and bad, eeth. And a funny voice," she recalls. s kind of silly, but there was also a ption in his silliness that everyone ay attention to him."

se Shorto, a young, Brazilian-born of English and Scottish expatriate , thought rather better of Heini e met him in Gstaad. Her father Coca-Cola bottler for northeastern He sent his four daughters and two school in Switzerland, and there remained, flirting through the winn at Gstaad with various prospects. nd recalls her renting a chalet with er sisters. "They didn't have as much s they were thought to have," recalls nd. "They had three good dresses, and they'd share them. Whoever had a date got to wear the Pucci."

Heini was getting older, but his wives were getting younger: Denise was some 20 years his junior. His 1967 marriage to Denise was a happy one at first—happy, indeed, for several years. Along with her beauty—petite, with long blond hair and a beautiful complexion—Denise possessed a quicksilver mind and exuberant, almost manic energy. According to one of her brothers, Roberto, she gave Heini the confidence to fire some of the more ossified members of his executive board and take new chances in business. She orchestrated a "face-lift" of the Villa Favorita and let in the fresh air of new friends and art-world colleagues. After dinner she and Heini would lead the way from the main house across the lawn. "We had this key that would open the gallery," she explains in Madrid. "We'd unlock the door and walk among the paintings. It was a *private* museum."



THE ART OF LIVING WELL

The baron poolside at the Villa Favorita, 1986. "We'd unlock the door [of the villa's gallery] and walk among the paintings," says his fourth wife, Denise. "It was a *private* museum."

As often as not, the houseguests would include one or more of Denise's siblings. When Francesca went to the Villa Favorita to visit her father, she felt that a whole new family had moved in. And the father who had once been so warm was bafflingly distant. If Francesca tried to engage him, the sense she got was that children should be seen and not heard.

At Denise's urging, Heini ventured from the staid world of old masters and began buying newer works his father would have abhorred. "As a collector, he had stopped at German Expressionists when I met him," Denise says. "We built up the whole modern collection together—there's a story behind every painting."

With Denise beside him, the baron was collecting with a new ferocity. "He might go to an auction, fail to get one painting, and so buy another he hadn't intended to buy, just because he'd wanted to buy a painting," recalls Simon de Pury, his curator at the time (now chairman of the auction house Phillips de Pury & Luxembourg). And not just paintings. "Heini was buying right across the board: gold boxes, silver, Renaissance bronze, carpets . . . "

Modern American art, though, was his main focus now. "European collectors and museums at that time were buying only post–World War II American art," explains de Pury. "He was the first European to show a great interest in 19th-century American artists like Thomas Moran, Frederick Church, and Winslow Homer. Also early-20th-century painters like Edward Hopper." So voracious was his appetite that dealers knew to show every newly available major painting to Baron Thyssen-Bornemisza first—chances were he'd buy it. But a select few dealers had the inside track.

One was Denise's brother Roberto, just 18 when his sister married Heini. Soon enough, Roberto was leading Heini to paintings by the English contemporary stars Francis Bacon and Lucian Freud.

Yet Heini was not always comfortable with modern artists' innovations. One memorable weekend, Roberto had Andy Warhol visit the Villa Favorita in order to begin a portrait of Denise. By Saturday, Heini was pulling Roberto aside. "When's he going to start the preliminary drawings?" the baron hissed. Literally as Warhol was saying his good-byes to a fuming baron, he blithely took a couple of snapshots of Denise against a wall. "*That's* what he works from?" the baron raged after Warhol swanned out. When the typical Warhol silkscreen of Denise arrived, Heini sent it back.

Soon another dealer was crowding Roberto's turf. Tall, blond, and rakishly handsome, Franco Rappetti was a "beautiful hustler," as one friend put it, from Genoa, Italy. Despite his modest background, Rappetti charmed his way into the baron's circle—and into Denise's bed. "Finally the penny dropped," as Taki puts it. The baron realized he'd been cuckolded yet again. And, according to some observers of the period, he seemed, once again, unwilling or unable to take action.

Thyssen-Bornemisza

The three of them actually hung out together. Rappetti and Heini would play backgammon for hours at the Villa Favorita. On Sardinia, they'd go out with Denise in Rappetti's Don Aronow–designed Magnum speedboat, *The Rapage.* ("Like 'rampage,'" one observer explains. Rappetti had a black Magnum; Denise had a blue one.) Then the three became four as Denise presented the baron with another son, Alexander. Once again the issue of paternity was murky: some would say that Alexander looked a lot like Franco Rappetti and not at all like Heini Thyssen-Bornemisza. Once again the baron took the boy as his own. Once again matters went from bad to worse.

Rappetti, who was a heavy drinker, graduated to cocaine. Meanwhile, a third dealer had elbowed his way into the baron's affections: the notorious Andrew Crispo. Heini had stopped in at the up-and-comer's 57th Street gallery in Manhattan and noted that a Charles Demuth watercolor on loan for Crispo's first big show had a placard with the name of the owner misspelled. "How do you know?" Crispo demanded. "Because I am he," the baron replied.

Crispo jumped at the prospect of being the baron's new U.S. dealer for modern art. But there was the matter of Rappetti in Europe. Crispo later recounted to journalist Anthony Haden-Guest that Rappetti had come to him to demand a commission for any painting Crispo sold to the baron, and that Crispo refused. For a year, Crispo said, he was frozen out. But then, on June 8, 1978, his fortunes improved. On that day, in Manhattan, Rappetti somehow flew out a window of the Meurice hotel on West 58th Street.

The baron's first words, upon arriving in New York the day after Rappetti's death, were reportedly "Does Denise blame me?" One good friend of Rappetti's says the truth was more mundane: Rappetti's cocaine habit had spun out of control. He had mounting debts and a deepening sense of paranoia. He kept saying to one of the last people who saw him alive, "They're after me. They want me dead." But at the end, the friend says, he was merely a man alone who jumped.

Still, Heini was undeniably delighted by the news. "He was grinning from ear to ear when he walked into the Waldorf," recalls Nona Gordon Summers, a friend of Denise's who helped comfort her in the aftermath. "I've never seen someone so happy as [Heini was] when Rappetti died." Heini had come over to help arrange the quick transportation of Rappetti's body to Europe—without autopsy, it would often be noted, though this was almost certainly an act of extraordinary chivalry, not a cover-up. Crispo helped the baron make the arrangements. When he learned that the cost of flying Rappetti back in a special casket on a chartered plane would be $150,000, he gasped. "Isn't that a bit expensive?" he asked.

"Believe me," the baron said, "it's a bargain."

Now Crispo became Heini's principal art dealer, forcing all others to go through him or be frozen out. "The word was 'If you want to sell to Heini, you have to go through Andrew Crispo,'" recalls a former New York art dealer. "So one never did get anything to Heini." The dealers' revenge, adds the dealer, is that, "in terms of art, when [Heini] started buying American art through Crispo, he bought badly."

Denise, by one dealer's account, allowed Crispo to replace Rappetti as her husband's principal dealer. Later, Crispo would say that his sales to Heini climbed to as much as $3 million in a single month. But like Rappetti he spent an increasing share of his commissions on cocaine, which led, for him, to increasingly dangerous games of S&M sex, in a gallery office stocked with leather masks, handcuffs, and the like. He would soon be implicated in the hideous 1985 S&M murder of a Norwegian male fashion student and be jailed, eventually, for tax evasion. The baron would come to see that Crispo, however fawning and amusing he was, could not be trusted. But probably the real cause of Heini's break with Crispo was that Denise had lost her influence.

The two stayed married for years after Rappetti's death, but these were the baron's darkest days, made worse by prodigious drinking. "Frankly, alcohol was a problem for him," says one observer of the period. "While he was in his 40s he carried it off, but it became more acute and nasty. There would be whiskeys and Bloody Marys in the morning, followed by wine at lunch. Then he gave up spirits and drank only wine, but it was the negotiating that a heavy drinker does with his habit."

The drinking led, in turn, to fights. A houseguest of the time recalls, "I was always going to bed and hearing the doors slamming.... Neither had done any therapeutic work, so the heavy baggage would come out every time they fought." Later, the baron would say that he lacked the stomach to seek another divorce. Instead, he morosely wished that his private plane might crash with him inside it.

Then came the day, he would say, that changed his life: the day that he met Tita.

Heini was in Sardinia in 1981, dividing his time between a villa and his 50-foot yacht, *Hanse,* when his old friend Fred Horowitz, a Swiss jeweler and man-about-town, invited him and Denise to di Tita was Horowitz's houseguest; she been scheduled to leave that morning she recalls, the planes were full, s stayed. Horowitz and his girlfriend ha suggested that Heini might be worth ing around to meet.

Tita recalls Heini fixing her wit intense, smoldering look. Another pa pant at the dinner recalls Tita as bein subtle at best: "half naked." Heini ha Horowitz household over for lunch th day. "Watch out," Roberto Shorto caut his sister Denise. But it was too late. evening, Heini invited Tita out to his and kissed her, as she recounts, on the deck. "Everyone in Sardinia," she "started talking."

Gorgeous and vibrant, if unsophistic Tita had more than her share of co stories for a woman of 38. In 1963, winning the title of Miss Spain, she ha actor Lex Barker of Tarzan fame on a and become, as she would with Hein fifth and final wife. (Barker's earlier had included actresses Lana Turner an lene Dahl.) Barker was in his mid-40s past his Tarzan days, but had revived h reer in Europe, starring in German-m Westerns, such as *Old Shatterhand* and er adventure yarns. As Tita soon learne also came from a wealthy family and direct descendant of the founder of R Island, Roger Williams.

In 1973, Barker suffered a fatal hea tack on a New York City street at ag Christopher Barker, one of the actor's contends that Tita pressed successful the bulk of her late husband's $2 milli tate in an out-of-court settlement in Ge Later, Christopher would tell Francesc Tita had undertaken a campaign, over of replacing trustees for his father's ings with people sympathetic to her. denies this and says she got nothing Barker's estate, which in any case claims, was far less than $2 million.

"Tita was in a very bad situation Lex Barker died," recalls one friend time. "She was in Capri with Fred witz"—the same jeweler who would lat troduce her to Heini—and looking into to get her fair share of Barker's estate the friend. Oddly enough, Sheldon olds, Fiona's former lover, was th houseguest of Horowitz's. He gave Ti name of a lawyer in Los Angeles, Bautzer, who was something of a lady- Bautzer, in turn, introduced her to wh dealer Kirk Kerkorian, with whom sh came involved in a fairly serious affai would taper into a friendship of 30

Tita says that if she were a gold digg would have married Kerkorian. Instea followed her heart and went with a Ver lan movie producer named Espartaco

"He wasn't dishonest," recalls *Vanity* contributing editor Reinaldo Herrera. ust had no idea what money was. He it away." A string of bad B movies all ankrupted him and apparently left him rate. Tita bailed him out of jail in id but left him soon after. A few years she had a child out of wedlock: Borja. ever disclosed the name of the father. Borja still a baby when she met Heini, as, as the Spanish newspaper *El Mun-* t it, a woman "very few people would placed their bets on."

i's arrival precipitated another messy eriod in the baron's life. One day, De- imply cleared out—reportedly with illion worth of jewelry. Heini actually or its return. One observer sympa- to Heini says that $35 million of the were either family jewels or valuables t as investments. An ver sympathetic to e scoffs at that. "The had been given to ring the marriage. was no family jewel- there had been, the would have inherited ?" This observer says uch of the jewelry as atonement. "[Hei- ld get drunk and say angry things. Then o out the next day y her jewelry as an y." After much legal ing, Denise got to he jewelry—and, by port, also secured a ent rumored to be neighborhood of illion.

aps to keep any future wives from his assets, Heini, in 1983, put the f his Thyssen-Bornemisza Group, then $2 billion, into a Bermuda-based He was very, very aware of what his sses were," says Francesca. "He set rusts up as a protection against his lf." The Continuity Trust put his el- n, Georg-Heinrich, in charge of the Heini no longer owned his business y the terms of the trust, however, he receive 30 percent of the T.B.G.'s at least $20 million a year, assuming 100 companies did well. According close source, the children would get ey from the trust but would have in- f their own.

not yet wife No. 5, was not repre- in the Continuity Trust. Nor was hough the baron would later adopt thout bothering to tell his other chil- Vhen Tita did marry, she would be y her grateful husband a 169-carat diamond called the Star of Peace, reportedly for not pressing a claim to the trust. (Tita says the diamond was just a gift.) Yet, more than a decade later, when the lawsuit was launched, its aim would be to break the Continuity Trust and put the T.B.G. into another trust—one controlled by Tita.

Before she got married, Tita's one song, as Francesca puts it, was that Heini had not had real relationships with his children; she wanted to change all that. But when Francesca arrived for the wedding in 1985 at Daylesford, her father's English country estate, she learned there was no room for her at the house. "That's fine," she said, knowing there were many small hotels in the area. "Where *am* I staying?" The nearby hotels, it turned out, were also filled with the couple's social friends. Francesca was to stay in a hotel 90 minutes away—nearly the distance of her drive back to London.



LAST HURRAH
Heini and Tita at their Barcelona home celebrating the baron's last birthday with his sons, from left, Alexander and Borja, April 2002.

"I remember saying to myself there and then, *Nothing has changed* despite all her promises to keep the family together."

In spite of his misadventures with Rappetti and Crispo, Heini had continued to collect with a passion. "Every New Year's he'd resolve not to collect anymore," says de Pury. "By January 3 or 4 that wish would be broken." Now Tita was helping him, and the baron professed to be pleased. "Heini always told me, 'You don't have to learn art to understand painting,'" Tita recalls. "He said, 'You need to have the eye.' He said I had that."

Denise all but gags at that. "Oh, come on! When Heini and I collected, we did it so seriously. It wasn't a matter of 'the eye.' It was a matter of research—hard work!"

Since paintings were spilling out from the Villa Favorita and Heini's other homes, some new large space would be needed to house them, but where? Heini's first thought was to build an extension of the gallery at the Villa Favorita. As architects' estimates climbed to $9 million, Heini asked the Swiss authorities to help; after all, the gallery would be a public space. "The attitude" was, recalls de Pury, "Well, the man is rich enough to pay for his own thing." At that point, Heini began wondering if other countries might not be more obliging. And Tita began pushing for Spain.

A parade of eager dignitaries hastened to Lugano to make their pitches, including England's Prince Charles and Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. They offered a site on Canary Wharf, at that point London's wild frontier. Heini was flattered but unpersuaded. Germany offered a space in Stuttgart, a city that held little interest for him. California's Getty Museum offered lots of money, but only a wing, not a whole museum. Spain, on the other hand, offered the Villahermosa, a large palace in the center of Madrid. Tita and the baron were thrilled. The children, who had stood to inherit the art, were nonplussed. And so the battle began.

Both in private and in public, Tita declared that the children were betraying their father by balking at the Spanish deal. They had money already; they were just being greedy in refusing to let their father dispose of his art as he wished and wanting it for themselves. Francesca in particular she called an airheaded party girl. But the children stood firm, and so Spain agreed in 1988 to take the roughly 800 paintings in question as a loan, paying $5 million in annual rent for them for a period of 10 years with the hope that the paintings would later be made a permanent gift. The government also agreed to refurbish the Villahermosa for $45 million with, at Tita's insistence, salmon-pink walls and white marble floors.

Some believed assurances *were* given to the government by the baron and Tita, despite the children's refusal to sign. "After all, here they were spending $45 million on a building and another $50 million on rent. How could they have recouped that through entrance fees?" muses Roberto Shorto. "Also, once the pictures were in Spain, how would you get them to leave Spain? The government might not even give them back. The children had no real choice."

Thyssen-Bornemisza

Francesca and Georg-Heinrich felt that Tita cared only about reaping the social glory the deal would confer on her in Spain—including the title of duchess, which may have been dangled before her. For that, she was willing to hand over paintings worth $2 billion—for almost nothing. The children wanted *something* for them, given that the paintings represented a large part of their inheritance. They also wanted some say in how the collection was managed, not just during their lifetimes but in perpetuity. Georg-Heinrich, a lawyer by profession, began drafting terms. Slowly, the children started to come around.

Georg-Heinrich stayed low-key and nonconfrontational. But between Tita and Francesca, tensions deepened. During the 1980s, Francesca had done her share of rebelling. But in working for her father at the Villa Favorita, she met the Dalai Lama and was transformed. Now she began curating shows of her own at the Villa Favorita—first of Tibetan art, then Islamic manuscripts. But on the eve of an opening, countermanding orders would come from Spain. A gallery agreed upon for a show—in which the art was already set up—would suddenly be deemed unsuitable. Corporate sponsors that had underwritten a show in exchange for being allowed to host a party for special clients at the villa would have to be told, at the last minute, the party was off. The edicts came "from the baron and baroness." But Francesca felt sure who was behind them. And if she tried to call her father about them, he was never available. In frustration, she started her ARCH Foundation, to support art restoration. She also married Archduke Karl von Habsburg, grandson of the last Austro-Hungarian emperor, which just happened to make her an archduchess.

In 1993 the children agreed at last to a deal with Spain. The government paid $350 million into a trust whose beneficiaries were the children and the baroness. (The baron himself got a small portion to pay off some debts.) As a sweetener to his first four children for accepting the deal, Heini formally agreed that, after his death, his 30 percent of the Continuity Trust's profits would be divided among them. Neither Tita nor Borja was included in the deal, though both would share in the baron's stake while he was alive.

The baron's health, however, was deteriorating. In 1994 he lapsed into a coma after an artery operation and remained in it for 15 days. "When he came out of the coma, one side of his body was not working quite right," Tita explains. "Though the mind was perfect." This was debatable. At the least, the near-death experience seemed to make him fearful and more dependent on his wife.

One day in 1995 Tita marched into Georg-Heinrich's office in Monaco and declared that her husband was very upset. He was accustomed to giving a lot of money to poor children, she said. But now he found there wasn't enough money left over to give, because the Continuity Trust was sending him a fraction of the agreed-upon annual payment. Later, she toted up the shortfall and found it to be $69 million. She wanted Georg-Heinrich to disburse that immediately. Georg-Heinrich reminded her that the payment was dependent on profits from the T.B.G., and corporate profits were down.

Over the next months, lawyers for Tita and the baron pressed their demands. When the children gathered at the Villa Favorita in 1996 for the baron's 75th birthday, the mood was tense. By one report, Georg-Heinrich stormed out. Tita scoffs at that. "The only thing that happened there was that Georg-Heinrich renounced his position on the Spanish [art] foundation." Apparently, Georg-Heinrich suggested to his father that Francesca take his place until matters with Tita were resolved. The baron seemed amenable. "[Georg-Heinrich] wanted to put someone else," Tita recalls airily, "and my husband didn't agree on the person he wanted to put, so he put Alexander [Denise's son] instead."

To both sides, that was the last straw: from now on, lawyers would press the fight, profiting handsomely as they did. The war, declared Tita, had started.

The suit was heard in Bermuda, because that was where the Continuity Trust was based. In legal motions that began in early 1999, the baron's lawyers accused Georg-Heinrich of "undue influence," and said their client was owed $232 million—the figure had grown considerably since Tita's first demand.

As the ranks of imported London lawyers on both sides grew, it became clear that no Bermuda court could hold them all. So the two parties paid almost $250,000 to have a Salvation Army hall converted into a suitable venue. In a sense, the baron also paid for the opposition's defense, since Georg-Heinrich's lawyers submitted their bills to the Continuity Trust. In all, the case would run up about $100 million in lawyers' fees in order to prove, in the end, almost nothing.

For the British "silks," it was a once-in-a-lifetime payday. Michael Crystal, the baron's top barrister, began his opening address in October 1999. He finished *15 months later,* after endless delays. The address involved examination of voluminous documents—121,959 would be filed in all—and Crystal's ruminations on his personal favorite painting in the Thyssen collection (a Memling). Tedious as his perorations were, Crystal spoke to an ever appreciative audience of fellow barristers: for all, duty away from home meant a 10 percent supplem "refresher," to their already impressive of up to $1,500 an hour. When a re asked a young lawyer why he kept w "ARTR" on his briefing papers each c morning, the lawyer explained what it n Always Remember the Refresher.

Neither the defendants nor the pla were in attendance and the lawyers traded their brogues and Savile Row for custom-made lightweight gown wraparound sunglasses. They rode a on motor scooters and frequented bars, raising toasts to the baron. On ends, their spouses often popped over England, traveling business class a baron's expense. Crystal's wife, Susa came a fixture at the Bermuda air "dripping in jewelry," as one newspap port had it. Crystal and his colleague R Ham did make at least one effort to e mize: they rented a mansion togeth $15,000 a month.

As Crystal droned on into late some observers began to think th might go on for five years, in which by some arcane law, the lawyers' fees w be tax-exempt. The cost of the cas now said to be running about $540,0 week.

On the baron's fractious family, th man cost of the suit was, as Francesc it, "total destruction." Georg-Heinrich stopped speaking to his father. Fran says she was cut off completely. Whe called, she would be told the baro asleep, or having lunch, or doing ph therapy. Once, she went to Madri rang at the gates of her father's hou longtime servant admitted on the inte that if he let her in he would lose h on the spot. Tita denies this. "He didn Georg-Heinrich, because he had tha suit," she says. "The other children come ... anytime they wanted, and times they came."

The baron had become a somewh thetic figure. He still appeared occasi at parties, but walked unsteadily, his lyzed left arm in a sling. In 1999 o porter found a bizarre scene at the ho Madrid. "The first thing Tita said don't talk for my husband. I'm not all to talk.'" But the baron, the reporter re could hardly speak at all. So Tita t continuously for him. "This is my hu talking," she kept explaining. The bar peared weak and disoriented. At lun drooled. At one point he wandered from the table and peed off the balco

Occasionally, friends would still vis ter dinner, Tita would excuse herself the friends, over a glass of port, v sometimes try to persuade the bar abandon the suit against his son. (

t walked into the next room to find tray full of freshly stubbed butts: seemed, had been eavesdropping. end was never invited back, and his uent calls were never put through. ughingly denies this. "If we had over, we stayed together all evening, iyone who wanted to see him was ie."

um up, Crystal told the court, the on was misled about the way the is structured. So it should be changed sorbed by the Vlaminck Trust—the iat Tita controlled. In response, Heinrich's lawyer Jeremy Sandelhly observed that it was "frankly ab- suggest that a man of [the baron's] and ability would not have got in- n the decision to effectively give away iness interests." The defense had a witnesses to attest to the baron's presmind, and intent, in creating the trust done, not to mention all the papers ned.

Nelson raised another point that loudly in Madrid. If the trust was led, he said, the baron's estate would ct to Swiss law, which gave the heirs ghts. By that logic, the inheritance ould come back into play and, in opardize the Spanish art deal. The might claim the paintings had been fraction of their worth: Spain might ve to pay much more for them or deal undone.

rmuda, Judge Denis Mitchell had nough. In March 2001 he told his was appalled by the trial's obscene . "I was born and brought up in d and taught a proper respect for he railed. "It was not to be wast- the judge also reportedly demandis own salary be almost tripled for continue to preside over the seemdless case. When the island's gov- declined his request, Judge Mitchell ed both sides by resigning. With case ground to a standstill.

e baron's lawyers threatened to sue nuda government for $15 million, began reaching out quietly to their arts to come to terms. For all the th sides were sick of the case and go home. Talks went on through nly to break down over Christmas. the baron had had a heart attack. n Tita began pressing for peace: erally her husband's dying wish.

bruary 15, 2002, a flotilla of law- gathered in Basel, Switzerland, to ivate family accord. In essence, the side had capitulated. The trust ay as it was, with Georg-Heinrich e of it. The first four children would inherit much of their father's 30 percent of the trust profits. Neither Tita nor Borja, according to one close observer, would get a share.

As originally outlined, the trust would expire in 2043. When it did, the assets of the Continuity Trust—which was to say the $2.7 billion T.B.G. empire—would be divided among the first four children, or their children. And because of the way the trust was set up, according to one report, none of the baron's children or grandchildren would pay a dime in taxes. For each beneficiary, this was in addition to his or her share of the $350 million art trust, the balance of the baron's collections, and other assets of his estate. The baron, though obviously frail, seemed relieved, even happy, to sign all the papers, though the seven hours it took exacted its toll.

All the children signed, with the exception of Alexander, much to his father's distress. By one report, Alexander thus retained the right to "blow the structure away and attack everything," which might yield him more money than the accord would. At 26, Alexander is said to be unusually close to his mother. "Denise won't let him out of her sight," says one friend. "She still lives with him.... She smothers him; he's never allowed to do his own thing." At the least, he appears to be acting in his mother's interest as well as his own.

One by-product of the accord is that Francesca is now on the board of the Spanish foundation—the seat formerly denied her. Tita is on the board, too. The week before the first board meeting the two would attend together, Francesca visited her father in Barcelona. He was startled to see her; no one had bothered to tell him she was coming. Still, they had a good talk. He told her he wanted to go to Madrid with her to see the collection. He looked at her intensely. "Let's go together in May!" he said.

On April 26, 2002, the baron was attached as usual to a defibrillator for the night. He was under 24-hour medical care at the Barcelona home where he had spent most of his last months with Tita—a home that Lex Barker had built for her on land she'd inherited from her father. "Give Juanita a kiss good night," the baron said, referring to his favorite of Tita's five little dogs. He and Tita discussed paintings, she recalls. Then she withdrew, and he went to sleep. At one A.M., he died, quietly, of a thrombosis.

At the first funeral, in Barcelona, all the children were present: an odd lot, made odder still by the presence of Borja, whom the others had just insisted on marginalizing in the final accord. Still, Borja is hardly a poor stepchild. He is sole heir to his mother's share of the Spanish art deal and the rest of the collections. Presumably he will also inherit his mother's personal collection of 800 paintings—including important Impressionist works—that the baron encouraged her to buy during their marriage. Borja also has a nascent art collection of his own, including a Goya given to him by the baron. For now, he has decided not to attend college, but instead to learn from his mother how to steward a private collection. At the Madrid house, he seems a sweet, shy young man, happy to hang out in the weight room with his bodyguard. His greatest passion, it seems, is cars. He owns a Mercedes SL and has just persuaded his mother to let him buy a Ferrari 360 Spider.

"He promised he would not drive fast," Tita says, and for that moment her guard drops to reveal a very anxious mother.

"Not more than 300 [kilometers per hour, i.e., 188 m.p.h.]," Borja says with a grin.

After the memorial Mass in Madrid, mourners migrate to the Museo Thyssen-Bornemisza for a reception. One circle forms around Tita and Borja, another around Denise and Alexander, a third around Francesca. "One night my father found us dancing on that rug," Francesca says of a huge Oriental carpet exhibited on a wall beside her. "He said, 'You're not going to ruin my carpet!' and rolled it up himself." This was years ago, at the Villa Favorita, when Denise was Francesca's stepmother. "Oh," Denise says when asked about the story, "that's not how it happened at all."

More revealing than who's here is who's not: Teresa and her son Georg-Heinrich, Fiona and her son, Lorne. Madrid is Tita's venue, so they have shunned it. Besides, the whole brood has already assembled once, in Germany, for the baron's interment in his family vault—near the bones of the father he never felt he pleased, and the grandfather whom his father probably never pleased, either. In pictures from that extraordinary gathering, the three surviving ex-wives and Tita look beautiful still. Fiona reportedly has a younger Greek boyfriend and divides her time between Greece and Switzerland. Lorne converted to Islam, years ago, and works as an actor and film producer. Denise also has a beau, and divides her time between Rome and Sardinia. Teresa of Lippe has remarried, to Prince Friedrich zu Furstenberg. All the wives, Tita reports, had "very good manners. We kissed each other."

Tita thinks the peace will hold. "Everything is very well understood," she says. Francesca thinks so, too, though that may only be because Tita has no gambits left to play. Yet just a week after the memorial Mass in Madrid, sparks are flying again between the widow and the baron's daughter. A commemorative party has been arranged by the baron's children at the Villa Favorita—a

Thyssen-Bornemisza

party for longtime friends not part of Tita's circles in Spain. Tita is saying the children can't use the Villa Favorita for it. "She has alienated so many of these people over the years, I think she's just terrified of facing them now," says Francesca. But Tita has her own version. She says the house is in turmoil because all the art in it—paintings, furniture, and other collectibles, none of it sold to Spain—is being packed up for the children, to whom it was parceled out by rotation at the time of the Spanish deal. "I said, 'It's all your furniture we're packing, that won't look good.' So we had the reception in the gallery, and it was fine."

The packing denotes a larger contretemps. Tita says she plans to sell the Villa Favorita. Why, she suggests, would she want to be there without her husband? The children could buy it, she says, but adds that they have declined to do so. A week later, Spanish tabloids trumpet the news. In print, it makes Tita look callous. Days later, she has her press secretary declare that the baroness has no intention of selling the villa. "I want to keep it, at least for a v she says. "It's a romantic thought."

Meanwhile, the children, after de Tita's earlier plan to sell the villa, ar ing in family goods of their own. Six ings from the Thyssen-Bornemisza tion said to belong to Francesca, inc a Camille Pissarro estimated to fetch $2.2 million, have just been put up f tion through the baron's old curator de Pury at Phillips de Pury & Luxem in London. Legacies are lovely, b everything else, it seems, they can be the price is right. □

Michael Ovitz

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 136 want to back out now?' I said, 'Michael, I've already left CAA. What might you be smoking?' That night I went home and told Judy, 'I'm not going to be at the Walt Disney Company in 90 days. I hope. It's a mistake.'" A Disney spokesman did not return calls seeking comment.

Ovitz sighs. "That was the beginning of six years of nonstop aggravation for me."

He describes his 16 months working for Eisner as pure hell. "I was a lame duck at Disney," Ovitz says. "Michael cut my legs off at every opportunity. Every division that reported to me, he told them to ignore me and report to him." In desperation Ovitz cast out lines to old friends, hoping a new opportunity would emerge. He says the top executives at Sony, after asking and receiving permission from Eisner to talk to him, offered him a position as chairman of Sony's worldwide television and music businesses. After a long bout of soul-searching, Ovitz decided against taking the job.

Instead, in December 1996, he resigned from Disney and went home to his family, unemployed but with a severance package valued at about $140 million. "I decided to retire," he says. "I'm devoted to my family. I've been working since I was nine years old. I'd just turned 50. Judy said, 'This is ridiculous—let's just retire and goof off.'" Ovitz manages a half-smile. "It was a stupid idea for a number of reasons," he goes on. "One, I had three kids still in school, so I was tied to their vacation schedules. Plus, I just didn't have anything to do. I'd worked all my life. I felt like such a loser, just useless."

For 18 months Ovitz simmered in the wilderness, mulling new ideas, taking breakfasts at his home in Brentwood, thinking, planning, plotting. His only major investment during this period was the $20 million he sank into the Broadway production company Livent, which promptly collapsed when its founder, Garth Drabinsky, was accused of cooking the books (he was indicted for fraud in 1998). To Ovitz, "Livent was never a job for me. I made a $20 million investment. I didn't have an office there. I didn't have anything to do with it."

During those long, lonely days in Brentwood, Ovitz realized he needed to re-invent himself. The Michael Ovitz of the 1980s, the ruthless *Über*-agent, wouldn't fly in the Casual Friday 90s. He had to soften the sharp edges, refrain from micromanaging, and look for ways to build bridges instead of storming them. His vehicle, he decided, would be a new company. At its core would be talent managers, not agents. In the arcane rules of Hollywood, managers—unlike agents—are allowed to participate financially in all manner of deals with their clients. (Most major actors have both a manager and an agent.) If you could pair a supergroup of managers with a first-rate film-and-television-production company, Ovitz judged, you could mint money.

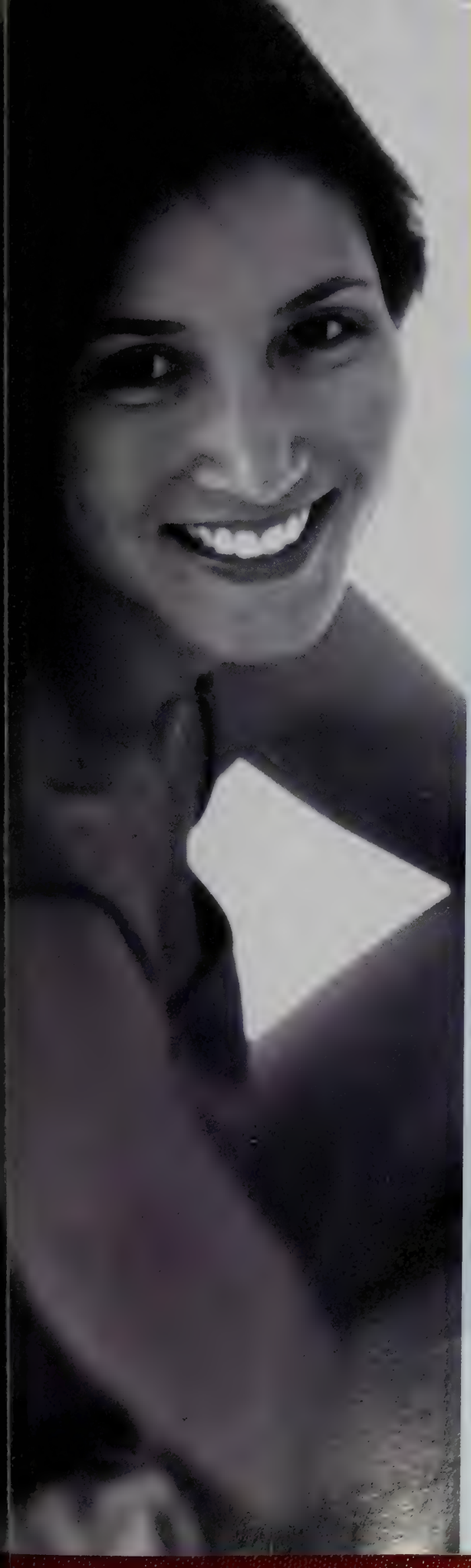
Not everyone agreed. "Early on, I told him the concept, you just can't do it all—nobody can," says Herbert Allen, a New York investment banker and an old friend of Ovitz's. "I never understood the company. I didn't understand what he was talking about. If you simplify the logic, he was going to be a studio, only he was bringing along his own talent. To effectively become a studio and an agency at the same time, to make movies and television and records, means in effect that you're going to start a new studio. To do that you need $4 or $5 billion. It doesn't make any sense."

Ovitz ignored Allen and other naysayers. He had a vision, of an entirely new role for himself, one that suited a laid-back lifestyle as he reshaped his old image. Where at CAA he had thrust his fingers into every pie, at AMG he wanted to be more relaxed, to take a more removed place at the top of the organizational pyramid. Each of AMG's four major divisions—talent management, film, television, and Internet—would be run and partially owned by its own managers. Ovitz would be the architect, the sen viser, but the day-to-day operations wo handled by a young group of up-and-c he would hand-select. He figured would take maybe half his time. "I w ing to transform myself," he says. "I go to talk with Ron [Meyer] and say, ' want to be all-powerful. I don't want the most powerful man in Hollywood want to run a little business. That's all

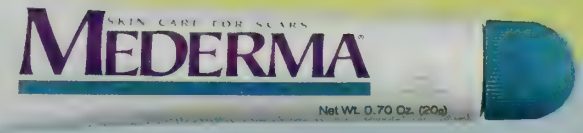
His first move, in the fall of 1998, staff the key component of AMG, its management business. He had break his Brentwood home with a charming manager named Rick Yorn, who, w sister-in-law Julie Silverman-Yorn, had ing practice at a Hollywood manag company named Addis-Wechsler. Ov fered the Yorns 53 percent of the st AMG's talent business, as well as stakes in each of AMG's other divisi return they would bring their star-st client list, including DiCaprio, Dia Samuel L. Jackson.

It was a fateful step, because it Ovitz into a confrontation with h enemies. The Yorns' boss, Nick We reached out to David Geffen and t him to persuade the Yorns not to join In a meeting with the Yorns at his h home, Geffen recalls, "I did everyt could to get them not to work with (It did no good. The Yorns threw in th with AMG, and in December 1998 th broke in *The New York Times* and newspapers. The resulting coverage, with the old images of a ruthless Ov to screw his friends, portrayed hi grasping thief eager to barge his wa into the talent business. Then, after Williams and agent Mike Menchel lef for AMG, Ovitz's onetime protégés f any CAA clients to do business with It was war.

"I was going to transform myself, b press wouldn't let me transform m Ovitz says. "They wouldn't let me b thing but what I was, CONTINUED ON P



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SKECHERS
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hael Ovitz

UED FROM PAGE 172 a tough business-whatever you want to call it."

as an ominous way to start. Ovitz Geffen. "I assumed I was gone for ars and everybody would leave me he says. "I thought I was pretty much vid Geffen's radar screen. That was id assumption. I was pretty dumb hat."

sighs. "I don't know what it is about Geffen," Ovitz says. "I've done ev-g I can to make peace with this guy. ted me from the first time I can re-r. I sent [entertainment lawyer] Bert to talk to him once to try and find ere this all began, and Bert told me n Geffen could remember.... David destroy everything close to me. He ter my kids. He spread rumors about The guy is totally immoral, and he himself like this priest.

s all started at CAA," Ovitz goes on. 't want to go to Geffen's house for very Sunday. I wouldn't. I wouldn't e my kids for that. I was at my kids' eague games. I just wouldn't do it. [eyer] was the guy who watched that or me. Ron protected me. And when ped, those guys came down on me n of bricks. [I] was stupid. It was a ed error on my part."

z has tried everything, he says, to ruce with Geffen. Probably his dumb-tegy was suggested by a mutual Barry Diller—"the worst advice I ever vitz claims. As Diller remembers it, el Ovitz called me for advice [on handle Geffen], so I, just being flip, et off the phone, I just said, without ht in my head, 'Just beat him up.' It l high-school. The thing was so high-nyway." And so Ovitz drove out to office at Steven Spielberg's Amblin nment building, sat down, and told t if he didn't stop spreading rumors is family "I would beat the shit out " as Ovitz recalls it. Somehow this sult in a truce. For his part, Geffen preading any such rumors.

vehicle Geffen has repeatedly used age his image, Ovitz charges, is *The k Times,* especially its Hollywood cor-ent, Bernard Weinraub. Ovitz has d a list of Weinraub articles about r the years. Few have much nice to twice met with the newspaper's se-T, including publisher Arthur Sulz-r., but it's been no use.

establish the foundation of the neg-Ovitz says, "it all comes down to effen and Bernie Weinraub. Every-mes back to those two. It's the same quoted] in every article. I came up with a name for it: linked spin. Geffen comes up with the spin, and Weinraub parrots it back, quoting the same people over and over. There's no balance in their coverage of me. None. Zero."

Despite the bad publicity, Ovitz and the Yorns set to work forming AMG. They rented space in the Bank of America building at the corner of Wilshire and Beverly—a building so fancy that it even has art in the garage, not to mention high-profile tenants including Ron Howard and Brian Grazer's Imagine Entertainment—and put an estimated $10 million into remodeling it; by one account, it was the most expensive build-out in Beverly Hills history. The Yorns brought in a Columbia TriStar Television executive named Eric Tannenbaum to run AMG's television business, and a woman named Cathy Schulman to run film. "I had never even met these people," Ovitz says. "[But] I gave these three groups of people a lot of rope. I was not going to micromanage. I was going to be the architect."

He purses his lips. "It didn't work out that way," he says.

He goes on. "About 90 days into the deal . . . " Again, he pauses. He is clearly angry and disappointed with the Yorns, but, as he will throughout our interviews, stops short of criticizing them. "About 90 days into the deal, I got sucked into the middle of [the talent business]," he says. "I was tired of getting calls from people who weren't getting their phone calls returned." (The Yorns declined to comment.)

When I ask whether he found the Yorns to be inadequate administrators, Ovitz closes his eyes, sighs, and changes the subject. Lax administration wasn't AMG's fatal flaw, he points out, and he's right. It was the money. It was always about the money.

What surprised Hollywood most about Ovitz's new venture was his willingness to bankroll its operations from his own pocket. AMG's sumptuous offices were only the beginning. The serious expenses came in the television business, where Eric Tannenbaum immediately struck expensive production deals with more than a dozen major writers, including Darren Star (*Sex and the City*) and Adam Chase (*Friends*). In fact, though few outside AMG understood it, Ovitz never intended to finance the company itself. The money he sank into it was to be start-up capital, nothing more. The permanent financing, the long-term money Ovitz would need to keep AMG afloat, would come from outside investors. It was the heyday of synergistic deal-making, a time when Microsoft was co-founding cable networks and every high-tech company from Silicon Valley to Boston was looking for ways to generate its own unique "content."

"The idea was 'He was Mike Ovitz—people will flock to [invest with] him,'" remembers one senior AMG executive. "Who wouldn't want to invest a couple hundred million dollars in this guy? Never for a second did I think we couldn't do a deal. I thought, We're golden."

Ovitz didn't go in with some blind hope of long-term financing deals. When AMG officially opened its doors in January 1999, he already had two handshake deals. The European pay-TV company Canal Plus, headed by his longtime friend Pierre Lescure, had committed to covering the overhead of AMG's film-production company, Artists Production Group, or APG; negotiations sputtered on for months, but the details were eventually hammered into place, ensuring APG's future.

The television-financing deal, however, was far more important, in large part because television is a far more difficult financial proposition. Generally no series turns a profit for its producers until it goes into syndication—many years after the initial, high investment. To cite just one example, one of Darren Star's series for Artists Television Group (ATG), *The Street,* was alone costing more than $2 million per episode, and the more than 30 projects Ovitz had in the works in the company's opening months pushed his out-of-pocket costs ever higher. Initially, Ovitz wasn't worried, thanks to his second handshake deal. His new partner, he says, was to be AT&T, whose chairman, Michael Armstrong, had agreed to invest $150 million.

As a former AT&T executive tells the story, "[Armstrong] came back from a social encounter with Mike Ovitz and said that Ovitz had pitched him about a content relationship that he wanted to do: $100 million plus, big number. Armstrong had grown somewhat infatuated with content. We weren't in the content business, but Mike [Armstrong] really liked that stuff. It was a typical Armstrong deal. He's a will-o'-the-wisp. You can blow in his ear and own him."

That spring the head of AT&T's broadband unit, Leo Hindery Jr., flew to Los Angeles to work out the details. Hindery declines to comment on the talks, but a former AT&T executive says they lasted barely two days. "It took a nanosecond to get [this deal] done," this executive says. Hindery returned east and began laying plans to present the new arrangement for approval at AT&T's monthly board meeting. Ovitz wanted to unveil the deal at a press conference at Herbert Allen's Sun Valley conference that July. He began working on the presentation.

But then Ovitz's past apparently came back to haunt him: according to the AT&T executive, Armstrong had a quiet talk with one of Michael Eisner's executives at Disney. "Suddenly Mike [Armstrong] is backtracking huge," says the AT&T man. "He says he is not going to do the deal. We were dumb-

struck." Armstrong told Hindery to break the bad news to Ovitz. According to the AT&T man, "[Hindery] goes, 'What are you talking about? I don't want to do it.' [Armstrong] says, 'I don't want to do it. You tell him.' Honest to God, I just thought it was unbelievable. You almost felt sorry for Ovitz."

When I ask Michael Armstrong about this, he says he has no memory of discussing Ovitz with anyone at Disney. "Did I have an acquaintance with Michael Eisner? Yup," says Armstrong. "But I don't remember calling and talking about it with him.... I have no recollection of talking to anyone at Disney about this. What drove my decision were [the risks] involved in a $150 million investment. Those were the factors that weighed heavily on my mind."

In the end it was Hindery who in late June 1999 telephoned Ovitz, who assumed he was calling to discuss details of the Sun Valley announcement. Ovitz was floored. He called Armstrong, who confirmed that the deal was dead. "In a period of six weeks the deal is done and it falls apart," the AT&T man says. "On this single instance, in my opinion, Ovitz got screwed. There was nothing he did that changed anything. It was a Disney guy. I don't think Ovitz ever knew who dissed him."

"To this day, I don't know what happened there," Ovitz says. "Something happened, and Michael Armstrong just jumped ship on me. When I saw him at the Allen & Company conference, he avoided me. He would walk across a room to get away from me."

Ovitz was forced back to the drawing board. No one was too worried; there were dozens of companies still to approach, from tech giants such as Microsoft to overseas investors like Canal Plus. That fall Ovitz drew up a list of 20 or so potential investors and took it to New York to show to Barry Diller. Sitting in Diller's 57th Street office, Ovitz ticked off names as the two discussed the pros and cons of each.

"At the end of 30 minutes," Ovitz recalls, "as only Barry Diller could do, he said, 'You should do this deal with me.'"

At first Ovitz didn't take the offer seriously: "I told him, 'Barry, don't do this if you're going to screw me.'" Diller waved him off and summoned his number-two man, Victor Kaufman. The outlines of an agreement were quickly struck: Diller's USA Networks would invest $165 million in ATG over a five-year period, covering all its overhead. Ovitz breathed a massive sigh of relief. They were saved.

Negotiations on the details, however, dragged on for months. A major sticking point was a secondary financing deal Ovitz had made with Sony, which was funneling ATG some start-up moneys in return for international and other rights to programs it created. Diller wanted those rights for himself, so Ovitz was forced to approach Sony to get out of the earlier deal. Those talks stretched on for weeks, but finally, in May 2000, Ovitz secured a go-ahead from Sony to kill their deal.

Two days later, Ovitz says, "I got a call from Victor Kaufman. He said, 'The deal's off. Barry's going to call you.' I said, 'Why? Can you tell me why?' Barry called the next day. He said, 'We've known each other for a long time'—and this is a direct quote—'but I can't do this deal with you. I just can't.' I said, 'Can't you tell me why?' And he wouldn't. I was devastated. I'll never feel anything worse as long as I live. I knew right then it was over for me."

Diller knew it, too. "[The decision was] simply that we didn't want to make a greater investment in television production," he says today. "It was no more or less complicated than that. We were impressed with a lot of the things that Mike had gathered together. In the end we looked at it and said, 'We have enough television production.' I felt very badly for him. I thought that—I knew that—survival would be very difficult. I also thought we were one of the last, if not the last, straw. [So] it had more resonance than a normal situation, where you say, 'Gee, I just don't want to do this, thank you.' It was very hard to say it to him. I remember hanging up the phone and thinking, Wow, he probably will not be able to make it."

Ovitz is shaking his head. "To show you how naïve I was," he says, "it never occurred to me someone had gotten to him."

Ovitz believes Geffen persuaded Diller to kill the deal. For his part, Geffen confirms he was talking to Diller "on a daily basis" at the time, but both Geffen and Diller deny these conversations had anything to do with Diller's decision to back out.

"David and I were talking all the way through this," says Diller. "But we never discussed this at all. Never. Ever. I don't do that. David and I kind of had a policy on Michael Ovitz. He would say something, I would be somewhat defensive, so we kind of agreed there was no productivity in this. It's a bit of a delicate play, a bit of ballet. But he had no input in my decision."

The death of the Diller deal sent tremors through AMG. "That was the first real 'Uh-oh,'" remembers a senior AMG executive. "At that point some of us really began to get worried."

Ovitz urged patience on his employees: He would get a new financing deal. It would just take time. Privately, though, he knew he had been struck a fatal blow. "When the Diller thing died," he says, "I started looking for an exit strategy. I knew ATG was going down in flames."

The problem was the changed bu environment. While Diller was dickerin Ovitz, the world had changed. That Ap stock-market bubble had burst. The N was plummeting. Every morning an dot-com went under. Overnight the idea of synergistic media strategies was No one would step forward to fund now, and Ovitz knew it. The money overhead was coming primarily out pocket, at least a million every mont says he felt like a complete and utter fo

"I spent 25 years as an agent telling ple, 'Don't put your own money into this,'" Ovitz says, shaking his head. only reason I did is I had the AT&T until Mike [Armstrong] fucked me. I th I had that deal finalized. I didn't exp put up any of my own money. I th maybe $20 million."

The actual funds for ATG's overhead coming from Ovitz's bank, J. P. Morga he had personally guaranteed the loans now Morgan was getting nervous. owned only 35 percent of ATG, and the wanted more equity as collateral. Ovi proached the Yorns, who owned abo percent of the division, and asked th give up stock for that purpose. They eve ly did, but not before hiring an outside ney, Skip Brittenham, to negotiate the Ovitz groaned. "Skip is a known t wagger," he says. "He's David Geffen yer, and Jeff Katzenberg's best friend er than that, he was great." (Britte could not be reached for comment.) looks at the ceiling. "After that, every we did was public record."

As rumors of Ovitz's plight sprea began seeing the Yorns' names i ries that seemed planted in the newsp He knew what was going on. He ge from his chair and begins to pace. "Ski shopping them," he says, letting Holly know the Yorns might be willing to AMG. "I understood that. I did this living, remember. I'd done the same for 30 years. This is a game in our bu you have to be terribly unsophisticate to understand. This is not rocket scie

In fact, Ovitz insists, he wanted the to leave, because, since their employ contracts ran through 2003, the onl for them to jump to another company be via a friendly merger. Ovitz felt i his only way out. He got busy assem names of other management companie might be interested in buying AMG list was short. There were talks with Grey, chairman and C.E.O. of Brillstein Entertainment, and others. None came to fruition. By the summer of 2001, could see that his best chance of headi disaster was a merger with something the Firm.

hear a lot of stories when you start
cing people about Jeff Kwatinetz, a
ıo has managed music acts as varied
p Bizkit and the Backstreet Boys.
of these stories are both unprintable
confirmable. All deal with the wilder
rock 'n' roll. He has a temper, that
clear. Former executives of the Firm
d stories of Kwatinetz standing on
s, throwing things at people's heads
outing obscenities. Friends dismiss
les, preferring to view him as the vi-
they say he is.
erson Kwatinetz is a self-deprecating
r in a blue Armani suit. Six feet four
ermometer-thin, with a bony face,
ent nose, and shaggy rock-star hair,
s like what would happen to Big
he spent a decade as one of Ozzy
ne's roadies. Not in eons could you
: the time needed for this man to
n himself into Michael Ovitz. Where
rrounded himself with a milieu of
d wood and Far Eastern mysti-
watinetz has a geeky adolescent ap-
st signified by his use of the word
as in "Dude, this band is the next
pelin!" Where Ovitz was renowned
cy cool, Kwatinetz seems a bundle
es, his left shoe repeatedly tap-tap-
throughout our interviews in his
Boulevard office. He is the first to
comparisons to Ovitz.
ole ask, 'Is Jeff Kwatinetz the next
he says at one point. "That's ridicu-
aven't accomplished anything yet."
iddle-class kid from the New Jersey
Kwatinetz got into the music busi-
way many managers do, promoting
nds in college, in his case North-
University. In Chicago he is remem-
s an intensely ambitious go-getter
mised his bands the world, and
es came close to delivering. "When
e comes up to you and says, 'I'm
ake you a superstar,' you take them
soned and bullshit," says Nick Trem-
hicago singer Kwatinetz advised in
s. "With Jeff he really meant it."
netz was promoting a single band,
curity, when he met Joe Shanahan,
er of Metro, a Chicago rock club.
n remembers Kwatinetz as a fo-
quisitive college boy, determined to
big time. "I could definitely tell the
s of Metro would not be the last I
Jeff Kwatinetz," Shanahan says.
at Metro that Kwatinetz met his
partner, Peter Katsis, a gentle giant
with him to Los Angeles after grad-
m Harvard Law School in the early
Katsis, who later helped manage
Limp Bizkit, who many in the music
credit for Kwatinetz's early success-
r Katsis is the best music manager
siness, period," says Aaron Ray, who
was a senior executive at the Firm until his resignation last year. "That's what Jeff had. He managed Pete Katsis."

Kwatinetz and Katsis endured lean times after moving to L.A. For years their major client was a Chicago band called Material Issue, which briefly succeeded in getting a video aired on MTV after having secured a deal with Mercury Records. Kwatinetz's big break came when, having left his job at a small L.A. entertainment-law firm, he was sent a tape of a Southern California heavy-metal band called Korn and signed on as its manager. Backed by Kwatinetz's relentless promotion, the band attracted a national following and is still a staple on MTV.

Kwatinetz leveraged his success into a job at Gallin-Morey Associates, the personal-management firm run by Hollywood stalwart Sandy Gallin. There he met and befriended Michael Green, a young manager whose clients included the comics Martin Lawrence and Richard Lewis. After two years Kwatinetz and Green decided they wanted to break their employment contracts and strike out on their own. Gallin threatened to sue, but the next day his two young managers beat him to the punch. That's when things got nasty. In their suits, Kwatinetz and Green alleged that they had left Gallin-Morey in part because Gallin, who is gay, had asked them to introduce him to men. Gallin vehemently denied it. It was a scorched-earth tactic, but it worked. The litigation ended several months later in a quiet settlement.

Kwatinetz and Green formed their new company in Kwatinetz's Malibu condominium. They named it Focus Entertainment, until Richard Lewis told them they needed something that sounded more powerful. Lewis suggested "the Firm," presumably a reference to the John Grisham novel. The name stuck. In January 1998 the Firm opened its first offices on Sunset Boulevard and assembled a staff. Its first new client was the rap star Ice Cube, but for a year it was Kwatinetz's client Korn and Green's Martin Lawrence that paid the bills.

Inside the Firm, Kwatinetz quickly established a reputation for volatility. "I've seen him throw things at Pete [Katsis]'s head, and embarrass him, in front of staff," says Aaron Ray. "That's just Jeff's M.O. People are scared to death of him."

One deal that helped cement the Firm's future was struck on New Year's Eve 1998, at an arena in Orlando, Florida. The Backstreet Boys had fired their manager, and Kwatinetz and Green approached them. Waiting outside the group's dressing room before a nationally televised concert, the two men were growing antsy. "They were keeping us waiting, and it was very frustrating," recalls Kwatinetz. "Michael turned to me and said, 'Whaddya think if I push my way in?'"

"Well," Kwatinetz said, "we have nothing to lose."

One of the young singers, Brian Littrell, was physically blocking the door when Green barged in, Kwatinetz behind him. They made their pitch and the band, impressed by their audacity, signed on. (The group subsequently left the Firm.)

That spring, Kwatinetz used the deal as part of his presentation in a series of fund-raising pitches to institutional investors. A Wall Street uncle helped out, and by all accounts Kwatinetz's pitch was dazzling: the Firm would branch into film production and consumer products. In a brash promise he made again and again, Kwatinetz said his aim was to become the next Time Warner. The Internet media craze was at its peak, and outlandish as the pitch sounded, it worked. In early 2000 the Firm took delivery of a whopping $35 million in new money.

Kwatinetz swiftly put the money to use, snapping up a series of small music-management companies, reeling in big-name music acts such as Enrique Iglesias and the Dixie Chicks. The Firm also acquired Pony, a flagging sneaker brand. In May 2000 word leaked that Kwatinetz was preparing a merger with Overbrook Entertainment, actor Will Smith's management and production company, which, *The Hollywood Reporter* noted, would catapult the Firm "into a powerhouse entertainment monolith."

That kind of publicity attracted attention. The largest of Kwatinetz's new investors was the entertainment impresario Robert Sillerman, the power behind SFX Entertainment, which had invested $25 million for a 16 percent stake in the company, two seats on its board, and veto power over acquisitions. Then, just as Kwatinetz prepared to buy Will Smith's company, Sillerman, who at this point had left SFX and was acting at his own behest, informed him that he intended to buy the rest of the Firm's stock. It was part of a plan to buy and combine a series of management companies, including Brad Grey's. According to Kwatinetz, Sillerman promised that he, Kwatinetz, would co-run the new company with Grey.

To make a very long story short, the deal never came off. In December 2000, Sillerman, having used his veto power to block the Will Smith merger, announced he was backing out, citing a noncompete agreement he had signed after leaving SFX. A month later Kwatinetz sued. They were in the thick of this litigation when the Firm got the strange call from Michael Ovitz's company.

The awkward dance between Ovitz and Kwatinetz began with a phone call from Ovitz's number-two man, Jon Vein, to one of his Harvard Law School classmates, Kwa-

Michael Ovitz

tinetz's number two, David Baram. Over breakfast at the Beverly Wilshire in the spring of 2001, Vein suggested they get their bosses together. Kwatinetz was cool to the idea. He had no interest in working for Ovitz, or, for that matter, having Ovitz work for him. The Firm was young and hip, and Ovitz was yesterday's news, and bad news at that. "Mike Ovitz, fairly or unfairly, I mean, he'd had major negative press," says Kwatinetz. "I didn't want that baggage."

When Ovitz mentioned the Firm to Rick Yorn, Yorn's ears pricked up. Rick's brother Pete Yorn is an up-and-coming singer, and music is one of Rick Yorn's passions. Through back channels he sent word that he would like to meet Kwatinetz. A few days later, an executive from the Firm named David Schulte popped into Kwatinetz's office and said he'd just met Yorn.

"Dude, you should know Rick Yorn!" he told Kwatinetz. "He's just like you!"

Yorn and Kwatinetz had lunch and found they had much in common, including a passion for the Oakland Raiders football team. "I did leave that lunch thinking, That guy is a winner," Kwatinetz says. "I would love to be in business with him." Yorn felt the same. He began peppering Kwatinetz with calls. "Dude," Yorn said at one point, "we should do something together. Let's sit down with Mike."

A meeting was arranged. Ovitz and the Yorns went to Kwatinetz's office. Ovitz did the talking, going on about the wonderful synergies in his business. Kwatinetz is diplomatic, but he makes it clear to me that it was all he could do to avoid rolling his eyes. There was a second, unremarkable meeting at Ovitz's home. But other than Michael Green, "no one here wanted to be in business with Mike Ovitz," Kwatinetz says. "People were filing into my office, going, 'We're not selling to Mike Ovitz, are we?' There was a nervousness." Ovitz, too, found enthusiasm elusive. As an adviser puts it, "You could tell Mike wasn't excited about selling out to some music weenie."

The momentum died that summer as Kwatinetz was swept up in settlement talks with Sillerman—the Firm actually apologized for suing him—and a severance agreement with Michael Green, who had decided to leave. But Kwatinetz and Yorn stayed in touch, and in September the talks rekindled. By then ATG had gone under, and Ovitz was eager to discuss a merger. He insists he never asked Kwatinetz for a job or a seat on the Firm's board. But Kwatinetz's advisers insist he did just that. They say they resisted, and once again the talks died.

Ovitz says the negotiation foundered in part on questions of respect. "The big thing that stopped this with Jeff Kwatinetz was he was just disrespectful of me in a positional way," he says. "He just kept saying how I couldn't work for him. I didn't *want* to work for him."

On a Thursday evening in late May, Ovitz welcomes me into his home for dinner. His wife, Judy, and all three of his children are there. Everyone is very polite. The kids have firm handshakes. No one seems like demon spawn. The Ovitzes have lived here for 22 years. In the glass-paneled bar are photos of Ovitz and Hollywood royalty, Spielberg, Scorsese, Eisner. Walking around in navy sweatpants, Ovitz gives me a tour of his fabled art collection, a Jasper Johns white American flag, a brace of striking Picassos, several pieces of 400-year-old Chinese furniture, and a series of 19th-century African sculptures. There is a story behind each one, and Ovitz enthusiastically traces the effect African art had on Picasso and other early modernists.

Here in the bosom of his family, Ovitz strikes a more assured note than at our earlier meetings. Gone is a measure of the contrition I had seen before. Surrounded by his children and his art and his photographs, he almost seems like the Michael Ovitz of old. During dinner the subject turns to the dissolution of AMG's film-financing deal with Canal Plus, another of the blows that broke the company's back.

Buyout talks with the Firm were stalled last December when Canal Plus's corporate parent, Vivendi Universal, suddenly hired Barry Diller to oversee its film and television operations. Word spread that Vivendi would consolidate its production businesses and take a hard look at its relationship with Ovitz. At the same time a smoldering corporate feud between Canal Plus's president, Pierre Lescure, and his boss at Vivendi, Jean-Marie Messier, burst into the open. When Canal Plus auditors suddenly arrived at AMG and asked to see the books, Ovitz knew what was happening. "This had nothing to do with me," he says. "This was a feud between Messier and Lescure. They just wanted out of our deal."

He's right, and articles in *The New York Times* and the *Los Angeles Times* generally backed Ovitz up at the time, not that it generated any sympathy for him. What the Canal Plus auditors found is a matter of debate. Some sources have suggested as much as $2 million in AMG expenses was questioned. Ovitz says it came down to a Rolex watch he had given an attorney and a series of Christmas gifts he gave to reporters. Whatever the case, it led to an agreement in which Canal Plus backed out of AMG.

"When these guys came in for an audit, they were looking for a rat," Ovitz says. "They were looking for something. They couldn't find anything, so they pick up this thing with the Rolex watch. I mean [illegible] on. How did they know to do an [illegible] How did they know what to look fo[illegible] how did Bernie Weinraub know all at[illegible] I'll tell you how. Because [*New York* [illegible] reporter] Anita Busch plays pool wi[illegible] Meyer three nights a week."

For this, the final nail in AMG's [illegible] Ovitz blames Meyer, who as presic[illegible] Universal was in a position to at leas[illegible] about the audit. "What pains me," [illegible] says, "is I never knew how active Ro[illegible] er was in working against me. Any p[illegible] could hurt me, he did it. It was like th[illegible] the moment David Geffen got ahold o[illegible]

Meyer acknowledges he knew of [illegible] dit in advance, but says it was nothi[illegible] sonal. "An audit was done because [illegible] time to do an audit," he says. "It wa[illegible] by accountants and auditors, not me[illegible]

The Canal Plus audit, and the e[illegible] agreement to end its financing of [illegible] film business, forced Ovitz to acc[illegible] talks with the Firm. An old friend, [illegible] vestment banker Roy Furman, had [illegible] been working to grease the machine[illegible] man met with Kwatinetz and tried [illegible] Ovitz into context. This was the Mos[illegible] erful Man in Hollywood, Furman exp[illegible] His ego was bruised. They had to [illegible] stand who the man was. "He told us t[illegible] a little more deference," says one o[illegible] tinetz's men. "It was clear that, if [illegible] any chance to get this done, we had [illegible] little more ring kissing."

In March, as stories of the Can[illegible] audit broke in the newspapers, Ovi[illegible] Kwatinetz met twice, alone. Ovitz s[illegible] first meeting at the Bel Air Countr[illegible] on a Sunday, but Kwatinetz show[illegible] in jeans and was turned away. They[illegible] through Westwood in search of a[illegible] restaurant, eventually sitting down at [illegible] burger Hamlet. "He was like a littl[illegible] Ovitz says of Kwatinetz. "I gave him[illegible] ideas that blew him away. And I to[illegible] to quit saying he was AOL Time W[illegible] In this day and age, that's not a gooc[illegible] It was a good meeting. He finally go[illegible] respect for me."

Once the question of "respect" w[illegible] tled, the talks moved swiftly forward[illegible] an April 11 meeting of the principals[illegible] tinetz's advisers got a preliminary l[illegible] AMG's numbers and were asked t[illegible] their bid. "You could see how quickly [illegible] were deteriorating, how every mo[illegible] was digging into his own pocket fo[illegible] more million dollars," says one ad[illegible] the Firm. "But you could also se[illegible] and Julie's management company w[illegible] ally running positive cash flow. It w[illegible] all buried under his mountain of [illegible] The Firm's lawyers and bankers, in f[illegible] they knew more about AMG's fi[illegible]

itz himself did. "It's odd," says one viser. "[Ovitz] never dug down into bers of his own business. You get e he's intimidated by the math."

Wednesday, April 17, Kwatinetz had bid ready. Ovitz asked if he could ver the phone. Kwatinetz insisted it in person. He sent former Goldhs banker and current Firm partBannon to see Ovitz alone. That Bannon sat in Ovitz's office and lisan hour as Ovitz went on and on e tremendous synergies AMG afy acquirer. Finally it came time for to unveil the bid. Ovitz was looking mber in the neighborhood of $35 o $40 million. The Firm, Bannon offering $5 million—and none of it nt cash. Ovitz won't admit it, but e of humiliation must have been . Here was the Most Powerful Man wood being dead lowballed by a set ic weenies." For a moment Ovitz ning. Finally he told Bannon, "If I now you personally, I'd throw you e room."

e didn't, because he couldn't. By t it was apparent, even to Ovitz, was out of options. No major stud ride to his rescue, no agency, no e Silicon Valley start-up; the end . That meeting, in fact, was the last one at the Firm ever saw Ovitz. He ended another gathering of any kind atinetz or anyone else at the Firm. irm executive, "It was like at some the process a trigger went off in his d he just disappears. He knows it's he has no interest in attending his eral."

llowing Wednesday, after a long of studying the numbers and dehe Yorns, Kwatinetz faxed Ovitz a d bid: about $10 million. Ovitz sent rd he was looking for at least $25 The exchange set the stage for an allotiating session between the Firm's s and Ovitz's attorneys. When it n Friday morning, April 26, Ovitz ed to sell his only viable asset, management arm, to Kwatinetz for on.

the deal was finalized, someone whole thing to *The New York Times.*

almost feel sorry for Jeff Kwatinetz. he purchased a management comm anyone else in Hollywood, he ve gotten four paragraphs in *The d Reporter,* some high fives at the a boost to his reputation as one of ry's up-and-comers. But he had the of buying from a reporter magnet ichael Ovitz, and the ensuing tidal ublicity caught him standing on the beach in his underwear. "We bought Pony, a major sneaker brand, and got a blurb in the *New York Post*—a blurb," he says, shaking his head in wonderment. "We did a deal with [producer] Beau Flynn and nobody did anything. We were accustomed to getting no attention. We thought this would be a one-day thing. I mean, we had no idea."

The first-day stories were straightforward recitations of the deal, each dwelling on Ovitz's fall. It was the second wave of reporters, assigned to write feature articles on Kwatinetz, who began asking uncomfortable questions. According to executives close to the Firm, reporters for the *Los Angeles Times, The New York Times,* and at least one business magazine confronted the Firm's outside public-relations counsel, Hayley Sumner, with stories that Kwatinetz was a frequent user of cocaine. According to these executives, Sumner persuaded all three not to mention drugs, arguing that they were "unsubstantiated" and "beneath the dignity" of such respected outlets. Both newspapers subsequently printed dry profiles of Kwatinetz stripped of any drug references. The magazine article has yet to be published.

I, too, heard these stories, from fringe acquaintances, former Firm employees, and a trio of former friends who have known Kwatinetz for more than a decade. All portray Kwatinetz as a man who has struggled with cocaine. "Jeff had a serious drug habit," says Aaron Ray. "I can give you a definition of a functioning addict. He is not one. I mean, when you come in at seven A.M. and find a guy standing on his desk screaming at people ... This is not *Bright Lights, Big City.* It's not like everybody does a little blow. During the workday, he uses. I mean, that's unheard of."

Ray says he first witnessed Kwatinetz's drug habit at Gallin-Morey. When Michael Green asked him to join the Firm, Ray says, he asked Green one question. "I asked Michael if Jeff still had a drug problem," Ray recalls. "I remember Michael waited a beat. Then he said, 'There may or may not have been some issue in the past. But I wouldn't be in business with somebody that had a drug problem.'" In fact, Ray says, he later saw Kwatinetz with powder under his nose.

"We've all experimented with drugs in our lives," says a longtime member of Kwatinetz's retinue. "Generally we leave them behind at some point in life. But there are people with addictive personalities. There have been situations when Jeff has disappeared. He disappears for three and four days. I remember this one particular incident where there was this huge fund-raiser. It turns out he went out on a binge. When they finally went and got him, he was walking around saying he was going to commit suicide.... He's gone through his periods of peaking off, trying to be clean and sober, a month here, a month there. We've discussed it. All I can tell you is it's not stopped. Enough people know that you'd be negligent not looking into it. I know what people are saying, and it's not just people who want to see him fail."

I ask Kwatinetz point-blank if he has a drug problem. He refuses to respond on the record. The next day the Firm's president, Dave Baram, calls and reads me a statement: "Did a young concert producer and music manager experiment with drugs when he was young? Sounds shocking. All I can say is in the five-plus years that I've known Jeff as a businessman, I've never known him to do drugs. Jeff has one vice: he works 24 hours a day, seven days a week."

Whatever challenges Jeff Kwatinetz faces, his story is yet to be told. Michael Ovitz's is over. In the near term, he'll be dealing with litigation. One former AMG executive, Eric Tannenbaum, has already filed suit, and there is speculation one of Ovitz's investors, supermarket tycoon Ron Burkle, who believes he had an option to purchase 10 percent of AMG, may do so as well. (A Burkle spokesman declined to comment.) Ovitz remains chairman of AMG's last asset of note, Artists Production Group, which has 30 movies in various stages of development. The settlement with Canal Plus has given him enough money to keep it open for at least 18 months, he says, and day-to-day management remains in the hands of industry veteran Mark Canton, the former Columbia Pictures chief.

"I don't know what the future holds," Ovitz says. "I don't want to work in the business. I've done it enough. I want to do other things, spend time with my family. I'll tell you what I'm not going to do, not after this. I'm not going to fight Richard Lovett and David Geffen and Bernie Weinraub. I've had enough. Ask me again in the fall. I don't know if it's over for me. I don't know. Maybe I'll know then."

I asked a number of Hollywood figures still friendly with Ovitz to assess his legacy. Several put CAA in a historical context as the last in a series of 20th-century talent agencies, beginning with William Morris and MCA, that enjoyed periods of industry dominance. It's difficult to come up with more than that. CAA today is a first-rate agency, one of several, and Ovitz is an angry man, tramping around his house in sweatpants.

"His legacy?" Barry Diller asks. "A moment in time. A brief moment in time."

"Mike was what he was," says Herbert Allen. "Which was a man of enormous power in his day, which is gone. There's nothing profound about that. Everybody comes and goes in that business. One more, one less. What's it matter?" □

Benjamin Bratt

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118 Peter Bratt had made, a small 1997 movie called *Follow Me Home,* about four minority muralists out to change the world through their pictures. For Benjamin, making the movie was a brief sojourn away from the box. In it he played a convincing Latino badass, with protruding never-been-brushed teeth and a don't-fuck-with-me knit cap. "That's what did it for [Ichaso]," says Bratt.

Bratt threw himself into *Piñero,* reading every play and poem the man had ever written, hanging out with his surviving friends on Manhattan's Lower East Side, listening to the music Piñero listened to: Eddie Palmieri, Rudy Cologne, Rubén Blades. The film is jumpy, impassioned, and sometimes verges on jive overload. But Bratt inhabits this troubled, fatalistic man body and soul. It didn't matter that only about eight people saw it. It proved to critics and to Hollywood that he could do something other than smile and jot things down in a notepad. For the first time in his acting career he "felt a surge of pride. I saw that I disappeared. Who I am, as a man, as a person, completely disappeared on the screen through this character, and I couldn't see myself."

Through the emotional tumult and vulnerability of channeling Piñero, he opened himself to something else: true love. One of his costars was Talisa Soto, with whom he had been acquainted for years, and he started having some feelings. "We were at the same time having trouble in our respective relationships," says Bratt. "We found solace in the parallel turmoil of our relationships." Bratt did the right thing and held back, waiting until he was unattached and she was irrevocably on the road to divorce, and then basically pounced. "Talisa's not the kind of woman that you just date. If she's available, you grab her and hold on."

Most movie-star marriages are something not to get too attached to, but Bratt and Soto actually make sense. "There's no mystery, no deception," Bratt is happy to announce. It doesn't hurt that both are almost freakishly gorgeous. When they walk into a crowded room together a hush falls and all heads turn. "It's like the E. F. Hutton commercials," says Stephen Gaghan, Bratt's director in *Abandon.* And contrary to what her rocking body would suggest, she's a traditional girl; like Bratt, she is devoted to family. For their sake she almost didn't do *Piñero,* because of a planned nude scene. "I come from a very religious family, and I knew they wouldn't be very pleased," says Soto, who is 35 but looks 22. Soto stuck to her guns, and the director revised his script.

The kitchen in the Ashbury Heights town house where Bratt and Soto live is plastered with pictures of family members from both sides. Together, the two dining-room tables are 16 feet long, for when the Soto-Bratt *familia* gets together. As for Talisa's effect on



BEFORE TALISA CAME ALONG
Bratt with his old flame Julia Roberts at the 2001 *Vanity Fair* Oscar party. She won an Academy Award that night in the category of best actress for her role in *Erin Brockovich.*

Bratt, "She makes me fearless. I'm so secure when we're together . . . I feel ready for anything. I feel unshakable." Ruminating on his time with Roberts, Bratt says, "I learned definitively that there's a vast difference between what you want and what you need. . . . From the way I'm feeling right now, I look back and I see that it was necessary to go through whatever it was that I did to clearly understand and ultimately enjoy the heights of this love." Soto is three months pre her belly just slightly protruding fro slim frame. They're announcing it p for the first time at this very mome this very article.

It all sounds well and good, but t one problem. Bratt's homecoming i pening just as he's getting what Holly likes to call "heat." He's become, lik not, a new kind of sex symbol, for with traditional values such as marria monogamy. "He's a really chivalrous g always handles himself wi credible dignity," says Ga "[And he has] leading-man and a physicality I associat people like Harrison For thriller about the disappearan a student from an Ivy Leag lege, *Abandon* is Bratt's first st role in a big-studio movie. It plays, well, a detective, but a tive conflicted about his id and profession. "It was refr to be able to play someone w some level I was familiar w cop, and yet do it in a way th real," says Bratt, whom Gagha always had in mind for the "The dialogue that Stephen was very honest. . . . There's re baring that goes on."

The film opens in Septemb the meantime Bratt will h Australia to take on his next s hicle: John Dahl's *The Great* about a 1945 raid on a Phil P.O.W. camp where 500 Am soldiers were being held. "I'm chotomy," admits Bratt. "W espouse the need to be here rested and be with my famil that's very much the heartfelt I also recognize the side of n needs to be on the move a countering different creative I thrive on that."

Will Bratt join the ultra-ex pantheon of Hispanic leading a group that consists basically of Beni Toro and Antonio Banderas? "More than not, it's an unspoken bias," say of the difficulty he and other men o encounter in Hollywood. "No one c right say, 'We can't hire him, becau too dark.' But if we are really to be with ourselves, the issue of racism country hasn't really truly been dealt exists in all circles and it exists in the wood industry. Thankfully, that's cha "Bro" is one of the people makin change happen. It should be no surp see him do for Latino actors what on heroes, J.Lo, has done for Latina ac And, after all, his butt's just as cute.

il Shanley

UED FROM PAGE 149 alarming is how their stories resemble one another, ac- g to their ages when they were abused. ey allegedly lured the youngest chil- vith games such as strip poker, the r teens with the pretext of examina- of their penises during puberty, the youths with an invitation to use his o get over their fears of homosexuali- apparently was a master of manipu- and cunning.

Arthur Austin, who at 54 is highly ent and an eloquent writer, yet he is ibility for depression and anxiety. Re- l and inexperienced at age 20, Austin eady in an agitated state when in 1968 ght help from Father Shanley. The ad been abruptly transferred the year from Stoneham to the St. Francis n Braintree, Massachusetts. (Shanley's ntains a letter from a priest in Attle- Massachusetts, to the archdiocese re- that in 1966 the priest had learned anley had taken a boy to a cabin near- masturbated him. The file also con- strong denial from Shanley.)

is Austin's account: He went to Shan- use a friend had told him, "He is so with young people." Austin had just first homosexual affair. "I thought, God, I'm gay—what am I going to e had stopped eating and was having attacks and crying jags. He recalls eting: "The first question out of man- Shanley's mouth was 'How big is enis? How big is your friend's pe- Did it taste good?' Then he leaned e desk and said, 'You loved it!' I was , but I thought, There must be a rea- cause he is a priest."

in says Shanley declared right off the ou are gay—there is no point in dis- anything else." Austin was shaken. "I 'm going to hell for the rest of eterni- . Father Shanley explained, there was So he made the famous offer: 'Take clothes—let me look at you.'" Austin and Shanley told him, "You can use y, because it's better for you to come r this than giving blow jobs in alley- strangers." As Austin points out, the range of choice—sex with Father dirty filth in dark alleys."

next day Shanley took Austin to a e owned in Milton, Massachusetts. est had frequently taken groups of ere when he was in Stoneham—usu- more boy than there were beds so e of the boys would have to sleep n. "Then he raped me," says Austin. l me to get on the bed and without do he tried anal penetration, and I ely freaked out. But he penetrated me digitally, and I had to service him orally; he wouldn't talk to me during that time. After it was over, Shanley said, 'You can call me Paul now. You don't have to say Father Shanley anymore.' That was my reward."

For several years Austin was at Shanley's beck and call. Shanley often took him to the third floor of his clerical residence, where they would frequently encounter Jack White, who, Austin says, could not *not* have known what was going on.

One night up at the unheated cabin in subzero weather, Austin dared to refuse Shanley sex. Furious, the priest got in his car and left. When he returned later, Austin was sobbing. "Come into bed now" was all Shanley said. "I ran to that bed, ripping my clothes off, and I never said no to him again about anything," Austin recounts. "He made me do things that night that would make you gag."

Paul Shanley was born in the working-class section of Dorchester, in St. Mark's Parish, the second-youngest of four brothers. The family later moved to a public-housing apartment overlooking the beach in South Boston. Shanley's sister-in-law Estelle tells me that until his arrest he had never told any of them that he was gay.

Shanley's father, who died young, owned a pool hall and bowling alley, where Paul worked as a pinboy. According to Estelle Shanley, Paul was singled out and mentored by the pastor of St. Mark's, Father Dunford. "The priests were revered, so if you were getting this attention, it made you special and the family special," she says. "In those days the highest honor for a mother was to have her son be a priest." She adds that Paul wrote beautiful letters of "encouragement, understanding, and prayer" to her late husband, his baby brother.

Shanley's ordination in 1960 came at a dramatic historical moment. The election that year of John F. Kennedy, a Boston Irish Catholic, was tremendously empowering, and much of Shanley's early life as a priest took place in the social and sexual revolution of the 60s. Vatican II, convened by Pope John XXIII from 1962 to 1965 to reform the church, was divided between reactionaries and progressives. One hoped-for result for many was that the vow requiring priests to be celibate would be eliminated; when it was not, 20,000 U.S. priests soon left their orders, many of them to marry, and the church has never recovered.

Shanley's training as a priest at St. John's Seminary in Brighton, Massachusetts, which has been called the West Point of seminaries, was strict and uncompromising. One former seminarian there says wryly, "They dressed us like girls, they treated us like boys, they called us father." Contact with women was strictly forbidden, and the most serious offense was to be caught in someone else's room.

Seminarians were taught no skills for coping with celibate life, and the single course given on sex had both its text and notes entirely in Latin. Cardinal Cushing, the hard-drinking, crusty, and colorful local cardinal then, once led a retreat that Notre Dame theologian Richard McBrien, who was two years behind Shanley in the seminary, has never forgotten. Cushing told them, "Men, if you're going to do it, do it with a woman—don't do it with another man. And if you get her pregnant, come to me—I'll take care of it." McBrien thinks most seminarians were basically clueless about homosexual activity. "We only noticed the gays who were more overtly feminine," he says. "We knew them as 'the girls.'" To McBrien there was no hint that Shanley's class would produce five priests who would be accused of sexual misconduct. (The class of '62 produced four more, and the class of '63 an additional six.)

Shanley was strong, bright, charismatic, never afraid to challenge authority, and many of his young fellow priests cheered him on. He always focused on youth—first suburban kids, then juvenile delinquents, runaways, and hippies—and people were in awe at his ability to reach them. "He was like a hero to us radical kids," says Patty McAndrews, 47. "He had long hair, dressed in jeans—for a priest, that was cool for a 15-year-old."

Marie Brown says her social-activist parents in Stoneham were enthralled by the young priest, who told them he was gay and it wasn't a sin. She recalls, "He had a big following. People felt like he was God, not an agent of God." Sister Barbara Whelan, who met Shanley in the late 60s, credits him with inspiring her and two other young nuns to take up the vocation of ministering to alienated and abused youth and with creating Bridge over Troubled Waters, the successful resource agency for disturbed adolescents in central Boston. "He introduced us to the street," she says. "I would say, in the 60s, Paul was it out there."

Boston was a magnet for runaways, and Shanley quickly cast himself as hero-protector to wary street kids who did not trust authority. At a time when battle lines were being drawn throughout the country regarding civil rights, the Vietnam War, and drugs, the need for spiritual guidance among the disaffected was obvious. Father Paul boldly stepped in to fill the breach.

Shanley was not shy about promoting himself. He once invited Cardinal Cushing to have Thanksgiving with the street kids, and Cushing was so impressed that he reportedly said if he were a young priest he'd be doing the same thing. Many traditional priests, however, found Shanley distasteful and self-aggrandizing. "Essentially what Shan-

Paul Shanley

ley did," says lawyer Carmen Durso, who has handled several civil cases brought by Shanley accusers, "was to go out and create his own pool of victims in such a way he wouldn't have to worry about parents' catching on to what he was doing. He sets up this ministry with access to screwed-up kids no one cares about and access to kids who thought they were gay. When they thought there was no one else to talk to, he was there. It must have been pedophile paradise."

Some apparently figured Father Shanley out fast. One 13-year-old runaway says he realized immediately that Shanley was offering a hot meal and a bed for the night in exchange for sex. "He forced himself on me and anally raped me, but I wasn't going to cry. If I wanted to be fed for a few days and stay warm, that's what I'd have to tolerate."

Mike Ware at 14 had already run away a number of times and had just come off the street when, he says, he "read about this wonderful priest." Shanley took him to his elderly secretary's house for Sunday supper. While she cooked downstairs, Ware says, the evening "turned into a nightmare upstairs. I blacked it out. It didn't get to the point of rape—I was too street-smart to let it go further." Ware, an artist, later turned his feelings into a searing three-dimensional work. Inside a black box are a rosary crucifix and a pair of small white briefs smeared with a glue-like stain. Wooden baby blocks spell out FCK YOU. On the back is Ware's first-Communion picture, and the box is addressed to Paul Shanley.

Some boys Shanley allegedly raped came from stable homes. One boy saw Shanley because his mother urged him to. They had just moved to Stoneham, and the adolescent was having a hard time fitting into a ninth-grade class of strangers. Shanley met him at the rectory. "Have you ever seen the second floor of a rectory before?" he reportedly asked, and things escalated from there: "Would this arouse you? Would that?" The accuser says, "I'm a heterosexual, and I found things like kissing him on the mouth pretty disgusting."

Week after week, according to the accuser, Shanley told the parents how "special and unique" he found their son and urged them to bring him over. Often one or two other priests were present at the rectory, and the accuser is convinced they knew what was going on. (One is now in jail for molesting children.) "Shanley would sodomize me, and when I cried out in pain he'd get a pillow to muffle my sounds. It's a rape, and your 15-year-old body is not designed to take an object into it like that. There's the aroma of feces—it's disgusting. 'Stop being so rigid,' he'd say. He was very forceful."

According to the accuser, Shanley would constantly invoke God's name: "God understands the difficulties of boys your age. He wants us to open up to him, accept him into our life. Your coming before me right now is a sign of this." Facedown on the bed, the boy would totally detach himself. "I used to fix my stare on the crucifix. I really left myself." Since he had had no previous sexual experience, the weight of the way Shanley talked to him, he says, "psychologically broke me down. I was terrified of him, of his power. I was terrified of God. I thought he *was* God." After a year, the boy stopped going to see the priest. "If I wanted to write a horror movie about how to impair someone for life, I couldn't do better than to marry faith and sex abuse," says Diane Nealon, who works with Roderick MacLeish Jr., a lawyer representing Shanley's accusers. "Because you take away childhood, faith, and innocence—you take it all."

When a major article about Shanley by Sacha Pfeiffer appeared in *The Boston Globe* on January 31 of this year, the accuser says, "I thought it was a sign from Heaven." He tried to report the matter to the Boston Archdiocese, but it took a month and more than a dozen phone calls before he got an appointment. "I went in there and stated the facts. They were spellbound. . . . The nun taking it down kept shaking her head—'You poor child.'" He remembers she said of Shanley, "'He was well liked in the community.' I had to remind her of the criminality of these acts."

By 1970, Shanley had pretty much left the street in order to start a communal country retreat in Vermont called Rivendell for people burned out from working on the street. Some of his accusers have reported that they were abused in the farmhouse there and were invited to participate in orgies inside a big tepee.

To the outside world, with which he communicated via an in-your-face newsletter that brought the gutter home to readers, Shanley cast himself as a martyr in bulletins such as this: "'Father Shanley is controversial.' Indeed! Precisely for this did they crucify Christ." In fact, his archdiocesan file contains nearly 200 pages of such histrionics on drugs and homosexuality, full of complaints and boasts. Of a runaway girl he found on Boston Common who didn't want to go to a shelter, where she would be required to call her parents, he writes, "Do I leave her there to be balled by a dirty old man on the Common, or take her there to be balled by a dirty young man? I sometimes choose the latter. Imagine? Much of my life these last few years has been choosing not twixt good and evil but the lesser of two evils. My God, I've even taught kids how to shoot up properly!"

Since all these writings come straight out of his file, it's clear that the archdiocese knew where Shanley was coming from. He most of the 70s traveling the country pervised, speaking out on sex educatic the burgeoning gay-rights movemen making statements about sex betwee and boys that prompted people to co to the archdiocese. Much of that time living in an apartment with Dale L whom Arthur Austin remembers mee 1972 and describes as "very small an pretty"—obsessed with Judy Garlan Liza Minnelli. For gay activist and wri an McNaught, Shanley's support at tha was crucial: "I know that the good many people feel I do has been heav fluenced by my association with him.'

All during the 70s, as Shanley bu outspoken, radical image, his ant baiting the Establishment, condemnin ents, and going to the press frequentl barrassed the new Archbishop of B Cardinal Humberto Medeiros, Cushing cessor, a holy man but a timid adminis whom one priest called "the advance for Our Lady of Perpetual Sorrow." A ing to Arthur Austin, Shanley used to him and Dale Lagace by acting out h sions with the archbishop, undoing h man collar (which he rarely wore othe and saying dramatically, "If I don't hav confidence, Your Eminence, I will su my priestly duties." Then he would imp ate Medeiros saying, "Oh, no, no."

According to his file documents, in Shanley sent Medeiros a five-and-a-hal letter in response to one in which the ca stated, "It pained me recently to learn o criticism of the Bishops' statement on istry to homosexuals." Shanley had ri into one passage in particular: "Whil oners frequently submit to homosexua under terror, they are not entirely inculp Shanley thundered, "I deal frequently gay prisoners who have been raped by of heterosexual men in prison and ashamed to see such a statement in pr this makes me disloyal or disobedient haps it could be excused by my emot proximity to raped 14 year olds."

In 1977 a woman in Rochester, New wrote to Cardinal Medeiros complainin Shanley had given a talk there on hom ality and pedophilia and had espouse belief that the child was the seducer an not harmed by the relationship, and th child was traumatized only when the intervened to question him. Her lette answered by Auxiliary Bishop Thom Daily, now Archbishop of Brooklyn. simply said that Shanley was responsib his own beliefs in these matters.

Shanley probably pushed the envelop thest by attending a daylong, invitatior conference in December 1978, describ a February 1979 article in the Boston

Gaysweek as "the first ever semi-
gathering in North America of men
e involved in relationships with male
ters." Shanley was cited in the article
ing related the damage done by one
arents, who had turned in the lover
young son, with the result that the
as put in jail. "And there began the
c demise of that kid," Shanley
nted. He concluded, "We have our
tions upside down if we are truly
ed with boys—the 'cure' does far
amage." Right after the conference,
and two teenagers (the paper does
e names) caucused and founded the
American Man Boy Love Associa-
AMBLA). One of Shanley's accusers
e that Shanley had shown him pic-
very young nude boys, "some with
enises."

never Cardinal Medeiros tried to rein
in, he would respond with imperti-
ters containing veiled threats about
the press. In 1979, it appears, Me-
had finally had enough. In the Shan-
is a rough draft of a letter that may
not have been sent, criticizing "this
t focus on yourself" and removing
from his ministry, which Medeiros
s "contributed significantly" to peo-
nfusion "on the issue of homosex-
The cardinal continues:

hanged the assignments of many priests
years but this is the first time that a
as gone immediately to the press and

reaction by you as well as your com-
n the airwaves and your recent letter
n added clarity and insight to me con-
you and things I did not wish to be-
out you.... I reject completely your
on that I am inflicting punishment on
xuals and their families. In fact, if I
e to leave you in this work that is the
mage I could inflict on them in the
. I shall pass over in amazed but laugh-
ce the threats you invoke against me
ing further public pronouncements—
about our Seminary.

cardinal ends by urging Shanley to
of the limelight and involved in the
everyday work of a priest."

en, even the Vatican had become
f Father Paul Shanley. Cardinal
Seper of the Sacred Congregation
Doctrine of the Faith in Rome wrote
iros regarding now purportedly lost
anley had made entitled "Changing
n Sexuality," in which he disagreed
urch doctrine that being homosexu-
sinful but that homosexual acts are.
ven-and-a-half-page reply, Medeiros
has transferred Shanley to "a regu-
h assignment" and told him that he
to work with homosexuals. Shanley,
aring this, he continues, "went to
," casting himself as a champion of
downtrodden gays. Medeiros concludes, "It is on this subject of homosexual acts that Father Shanley presents confusing and distorted teaching. I believe that Father Shanley is a troubled priest and I have tried to be understanding and patient with him."

Thus Shanley constructed a perfect foil: the church's "backwardness and rigidity" regarding homosexuality. Medeiros even mentions in his letter how widespread homosexuality is in American seminaries. Would the church dare attack anyone so willing to go public and confront the hierarchy itself?

When I met John Harris, he was wielding a picket sign that read, GOD IS TRUTH, NOT LIES, and protesting the Boston Archdiocese's policy of shuffling priests such as Paul Shanley from parish to parish after allegations of sexual abuse had been lodged against them. Harris was stationed outside the lush, 60-acre site of the archdiocesan headquarters and St. John's Seminary in Brighton, where Shanley was ordained. Harris is on permanent disability and has undergone shock treatments. When he met Shanley in 1979, he was a 21-year-old virgin, struggling with whether he was gay, and very tense. Harris says Shanley suggested a massage, pulled down Harris's pants, and anally raped him. "I thought I had to go along with it not to disappoint him," says Harris. "I asked him to stop and he told me he was almost done." Confused and embarrassed, Harris says, "I went back in the closet." Two weeks later, however, he called Shanley again, and claims Shanley took him to two gay bars and a gay porn theater where couples had furtive sex behind the screen. Harris says that, when he tried to leave, Shanley told him, "I know your type. You want the suburban house with the white picket fence." That was the last time they saw each other. "I felt ashamed. He severed my spirituality. I decided to go to gay bars and got into booze."

In January 1979, Shanley was sent to the quiet little parish of St. Jean l'Evangeliste (St. Jean's) in Newton, Massachusetts. The transfer was clearly intended to silence him. "Shanley went from one extreme to the other," says Father Gerard Barry, the retired pastor of St. Bernard's, a parish near St. Jean's. "He became very conservative in that he ran a parish in a traditional way." Many St. Jean's parishioners remain devoted to Father Paul. Anne Marie Rousseau, now a minister in the United Church of Christ, came out to Shanley as a lesbian in confession. "He told me to stand up, and hugged me and told me that God loved me." Rousseau argued with Shanley, however, over Jack White's openly living with a gay roommate, "a black queen who painted his toenails." Shanley, who Rousseau says had a short temper and "that priestly-entitlement thing going on," blithely told her that "many priests never keep their vows of celibacy," but he did not disclose anything about himself. Dale Lagace, she says, was around frequently and was allowed to go upstairs in the rectory when no one else was. (Lagace did not respond to attempts to contact him.)

Rousseau taught both Greg Ford's and Paul Busa's first-Communion classes, and she does not remember Shanley's pulling the boys out in order to molest them. Neither does Verona Mazzei, mother of Busa's fiancée, who was head of all catechism classes. According to the local newspaper, the *Newton Tab*, however, others do remember Shanley taking Greg out of class to punish him.

Shanley made every effort to charm his new parish, and he succeeded mightily, with one notable exception: Jacqueline Gauvreau, the confrontational daughter of his executive housekeeper. In the early 80s, Gauvreau angrily called Shanley after hearing from a 15-year-old boy she had sent to him for counseling. The boy reported that Shanley had told him it was all right to have sex with men or women and had groped him in his car. The boy said he had jumped out, and Shanley had not even bothered to go after him. Gauvreau claims Shanley said, "So what? Prove it!"

She became the priest's sworn enemy; Shanley considered getting a restraining order to keep her from phoning him. Gauvreau called the Boston Archdiocese about him, but never got through to anyone of consequence. She became such a nuisance that a document in the Shanley file suggests, "Leave her hanging until she hopefully gets discouraged."

In 1984 the ecclesiastically conservative but fiercely ambitious Harvard graduate Bernard Law replaced Medeiros as Archbishop of Boston, and the following year Paul Shanley was promoted to pastor of St. Jean's. One of Shanley's first acts was to remove parish offices from the rectory, telling people he did not care to live and work in the same space. He also had his living quarters expensively redecorated.

One day, after singing in the choir for a televised Mass celebrated by Cardinal Law, Gauvreau approached Law to tell him that Shanley was a child-molester. She claims Law said that he would look into it, but nothing ever happened, and in a recent deposition Cardinal Law says he does not recall meeting her. There is a photograph of them together, however, and two of Gauvreau's friends say she told them right away about the boy's allegations. "This has been Jackie's concern for years," Betty Morrissey O'Brien tells me. "Nobody would listen to her."

Gauvreau says she approached Law a second time. "What do you intend to do about Father Shanley?" she asked. She

claims Law said, "That is why I have my bishops." He told her to call Bishop Mulcahy in Lynn, Massachusetts. Mulcahy's notes of her accusations appear in the file, but no action was taken.

Today, Law admits to having seen a 1985 letter from another woman, Wilma Higgs, complaining that she had heard Shanley, in a speech in Rochester, make references to children seducing adults. A response went out from the Reverend John B. McCormack, secretary for ministerial personnel, another 1960 seminary classmate of Shanley's, who would become his protector. A handwritten note of his at the bottom of Higgs's letter says, "Saw Paul—he feels she basically misunderstood him."

In the early 80s, Shanley allegedly began molesting much younger children, though he vehemently denies the charges. Paul Busa, now 24, filed the first criminal complaint against Shanley, as well as a civil lawsuit, in which he claims that, beginning in 1983, when he was six, he was taken out of catechism classes in St. Jean's church by Shanley and molested for six years. The *Boston Globe* article about Shanley that ran on January 31 triggered Busa's memory, he says, and he is now under a psychiatrist's care. In June, Shanley was indicted on 10 counts of child rape and 6 of indecent assault and battery involving Busa and three other boys at St. Jean's in the 1980s.

The life of one Greg Ford, 24, was also transformed by the *Globe*'s exposé. For 11 years Ford and his family had endured a living hell. His father, Rodney Ford, a police officer, says it began when Greg was 13. "He came downstairs from his room and his face was bleeding, and he had pierced his ear, but I looked into his eyes and I saw my son wasn't there. It was just a hollow, sickening look.... The next morning we took him to a psychiatrist. They deemed he wasn't safe."

Of all the accusers I have spoken to, Ford has suffered the most severe damage. His parents explain that one part of his brain blocked out his rape memories, but at times they would begin to surface and another part of the brain would react violently to push them back down. The day his aunt brought the *Globe*'s article for his parents to read, Rodney Ford says, "I knew in my gut I had the missing piece of a puzzle.... I showed Greg the article ... and said, 'Do you remember this person?' It was a couple of pictures of Shanley. He looked at them and went, 'No.'" Then Greg's mother got the photo album with pictures of Shanley giving Greg his first Communion. "He looked at the picture, put it down on the table, got up, and instantaneously collapsed to the floor crying," says Rodney Ford. "I literally had to pick him up, and we held each other and hugged for 20 minutes, crying."

Greg, like Paul Busa, was allegedly raped repeatedly by Shanley for six years. "The same M.O., the same pattern—torturing the kids physically as well as mentally," says Rodney Ford. "'If you ever say anything, I'll hurt your family, and no one will ever believe you.' At six years old that's a very impressionable thing on a kid's mind, never mind physically abusing him. He just ultimately destroyed my son's life."

When he was no more than seven or eight years old, Greg began to mutilate himself and light fires. By the time he was in the seventh grade, teachers were telling his parents that his writings were violent and bizarre. The Fords are a close-knit, loving family, but the counselors who saw Greg said he was exhibiting classic signs of sex abuse, which naturally put the parents under suspicion. Today they even admit to having wondered about each other at times. "It was after Shanley left in the early 90s that my son had a complete breakdown," says Rodney Ford. "He was in and out of 17 institutions and halfway houses." He tried to commit suicide twice. "Greg tried to jump through a seven-foot window," his father says. "He severed all the tendons in his hand." In the second suicide attempt, says Rodney Ford, "he came at me with two knives in the backyard. He wanted the police to respond and see that he was holding a knife at me and shoot him so he wouldn't have to go on."

"You just didn't want to live anymore?," I ask Greg Ford. "For how long?"

"A long time," he answers.

Throughout his long career, Shanley had cast himself in the role of a crusader battling tired old dogma. As a routine condition of becoming pastor of St. Jean's, he was supposed to sign an oath to uphold the teachings of the church. This, he said, "in conscience" he could not do. With equal amounts of grandstanding over his firm resolve and self-pity for his "precarious" health, he tendered his resignation to Cardinal Law in November 1989, and in the same letter stipulated how much money he wanted on "sick leave"—$1,690 a month plus airfare.

Unbeknownst to the archdiocese, Shanley had bought the property in Palm Springs with Jack White in 1988. "If you would prefer I get a job, I will although it would seem counterproductive to the healing process," he said in his letter. He also asked for a letter certifying him as a "priest in good standing," which he got: "I can assure you that Father Shanley has no problem that would be of concern to your diocese," wrote Robert Banks, vicar for administration, now Bishop of Green Bay, Wisconsin, in January 1990 to Shanley's new diocese in San Bern... California. Shanley also signed an a... for the San Bernardino Diocese stati... his record was clean. In accepting hi... nation, Cardinal Law thanked him for ... years "you have been in the service ... ... an impressive record.... The liv... hearts of many people have been t... by your sharing of the Lord's Spirit. ... truly appreciated."

Shanley must have felt relieved ... though "sick leave" was sometime... phemism for sexual deviance. Despite ... tent rumors—several members of the ... O'Toole's family say they phoned anc... the archdiocese in 1988 accusing S... of being a child-molester—Paul S... was starting over, thinking happily, ... nia, here I come.

But Father Shanley did not go to ... nia quietly. Roderick MacLeish ... Robert Sherman, lawyers for his alleg... tims who have also dealt with a num... other priests accused of pedophilia, s... Shanley stands out because of his ab... manipulate. "He's a con man with a ... says Sherman. "I think in many respe... you come away with the impression th... church just didn't know how to hand... at all, that he controlled them as opp... they controlled him."

Shanley's file paints a picture of ... manding drama queen, a querulous ... tor. During his first year in Palm Spri... told his genial superior in the Boston ... chy, his old seminary chum Father M... mack, now Bishop of Manchester ... Hampshire, and until recently the c... the U.S. Bishops' Committee on ... Abuse, that he needed more money i... to have his allergies treated. When th... diocese balked at paying for allergy t... he wrote back, "My apprehension h... exacerbated my condition and I find ... too ill to work." In May 1990, when ... owed a check by the archdiocese, he ... an overt threat: "The media have fou... and again pressure me for a story.... I ... have to explain to any parishioners wh... happened and that would precipita... media whirlwind. I think the best for ... cerned is medical retirement."

When Shanley's sick leave was up ... end of 1990, McCormack wrote to C... Law's assistant, "If he came back, I ... know what we would do with him." ... ley got 12 more months of sick leave ...

In 1991, McCormack visited Sha... Palm Springs. Shanley lived mostly at t... bana Club, the gay motel he co-owne... Jack White. "What do you think of ... staying overnight at your rectory?," M... mack asked. According to Father La... Grajek, pastor of St. Anne's in San I... dino at the time, Shanley performe...

ıy-evening and early Sunday-morning every other week; he almost never the rectory, and McCormack did not re, but he clearly visited Palm Springs. ch 1991, Shanley wrote him, "Thank your kindness during your brief visit vild west." McCormack went to bat again with Law and got him more While Shanley shilled for additional money, he was renting a beachfront with Dale Lagace in a tony part of ego.

the next year, Shanley continued to in about his health and his heavy id of "baptisms, youth retreats, [and] e services." Father Grajek says, "That tright lie—he was only a weekender." during this period that Shanley was y involved with Kevin English.

der to help Shanley acquire permasability status, McCormack asked provide a letter from his doctor. 's response, including a diagnosis of c anxiety neurosis," was questionough to be vetted by Dr. Edwin H. of Harvard Medical School, who ted a number of clerical sexual mo-Pointing out that "anxiety neurosis" credible pathological definition, the old McCormack that it was "not unask outright whether his avoidance is voluntary. Palm Springs is not or-associated with a life of hardship." wondered whether Shanley ought amined, but McCormack wrote that uld be "terribly threatened by this ooperative with the effort."

2, in Boston, Roderick MacLeish Jr. to pierce the wall of priestly secrecy senting many of the more than 100 who had come forward in the neighliocese of Fall River to accuse a forest there, Father James Porter, of g children. MacLeish's stance was ve. "I think being raped by a priest holic culture is in many respects as as a homicide case," he tells me. Porneither treated nor punished, merely ed around by the diocese. The widecized Porter case, however, spelled or Paul Shanley.

eptember 1993, one of the first accuby a lawyer—representing a 15-year-way—had appeared in Shanley's file, l by three others. In one instance, ng to an accuser, Shanley blamed his . He had taken a group of altar boys bin, and one had to share a bed with told the boy, however, he had taken gy pill and was not responsible for avior. In the morning he took the onfession.

ey was ordered back to Boston to be d, and he later admitted to doctors had had "sexual activity with 4 adolescent males," as well as about five heterosexual relationships. He allegedly told some people, including Kevin English, that he was bisexual "but that boys were easier to handle." When confronted, Shanley told his examiners he was ashamed. He said he wished "he had found the gay community earlier." The archdiocese paid his lawyer's retainer of $2,500. In October 1993, after the mother of a man Shanley had allegedly molested showed up to report the abuse to the archdiocese in order to fulfill a promise to her dying son, McCormack finally called the San Bernardino Diocese. According to Father Howard Lincoln, the diocesan spokesman there, he followed up with a letter saying that "the Archdiocese had received within the past months several allegations pertaining to sexual misconduct with a minor." San Bernardino dismissed Paul Shanley immediately.

The Boston files, however, show that in each instance of reported abuse the archdiocese negotiated with the alleged victim's lawyer or merely listened politely and hoped the accuser would go away. "The emphasis was always on protecting the priest and never on protecting the child," MacLeish says. "And that's what's so striking. There's nothing in these documents about the victims. So we have to ask why."

As a result of the public outcry over the Porter case, Cardinal Law created the Archdiocesan Advisory Board to deal with sex-abuse accusations directed against the clergy, and Paul Shanley became Case 33. The board's assessment of him was disingenuous, indicating that his accusers had said he engaged basically in masturbation, although one report had alleged oral and attempted anal rape. The board concluded, "He is an honest, straightforward person who identifies with various causes."

By February 1994, McCormack had still not told the Bishop of Palm Springs about Shanley, who had returned to work there at the gay motel. Shanley's medical report from the Institute of Living in Hartford, Connecticut, where he had been examined, said he was histrionic and narcissistic and had a personality disorder. Shanley offered to move to Costa Rica or Mexico, suggesting "it might allay the concerns of the victims." At one point he boldly proposed setting up a "safe house" for "warehoused priests." McCormack wrote that he had had the same idea. About that time McCormack also wrote, "It is wonderful how you maintain your sense of humor in the midst of your difficulties, Paul."

At the end of August 1994, McCormack filed the results of Dr. Cassem's further assessment: "Father Shanley is so personally damaged that his pathology is beyond repair. It cannot be reversed." Yet in October the advisory board weighed in once again to say that Shanley had shown no "evidence of a diagnosable sex disorder," but that he was resistant to admitting his past behavior and was afflicted with psychosomatic illnesses. Its recommendation was to keep him out of sight—give him sick leave, have him live out of state, and prevent him from doing any ministry. Not until December 1994—shortly after Shanley returned from a trip to Costa Rica with Jack White—was he informed that he could no longer function as a priest.

During the 80s, Shanley had paid visits to McLean psychiatric hospital in Belmont, Massachusetts, where he became friendly with a patient named Francis J. Pilecki. Pilecki would be forced to resign as president of Westfield State College in New Jersey over alleged sexual misconduct. He later pleaded guilty to abusing a 13-year-old boy. In February 1995, Pilecki was seriously ill with cancer, and he summoned Shanley to New York to help him run Leo House, a nonprofit Catholic hotel near Greenwich Village. Dale Lagace also came to work part-time there. At first the New York Diocese was told nothing about Shanley's abuse history, nor were the people at Leo House.

In March there was another abuse allegation, from a lawyer representing a man who said Shanley had masturbated him when he was 13 and called another man over to watch. By then the Reverend Brian Flatley had replaced McCormack, and he contacted the New York Archdiocese to make sure no misconduct was occurring at Leo House. In the meantime, one of Shanley's accusers was threatening to tell his story to *The New York Times*. An internal memo in the Shanley file states, "It would be hard to defend if any public disclosure was made about it, i.e., NYC, possibly questionable supervision, transient guests, young people, not of our making, etc."

Pilecki soon announced his intention to resign, and Shanley expressed a desire to replace him. New York's Cardinal John J. O'Connor would have to approve the appointment—with "strong support from Boston," wrote Flatley in a memo. "The bottom line is, what do we do with him if he has to leave there?"

In November, recuperating from hernia surgery, Shanley received a sympathy letter from Cardinal Law: "This has been a tumultuous year for you, Paul. It must be very discouraging to have someone following you and making inconsistent demands." In December, while the archdiocese was trying to negotiate a settlement with one accuser—another claim had already been settled—Sister Anne Karlin, a nun working at Leo House, received another call saying that Shanley was a child-molester. She wrote to Law, "Here I am with this time-bomb. Would you be so kind as to clarify Fr. Paul's integrity and reputation and character."

Paul Shanley

Sister Anne was told that a past problem had been resolved and that Leo House was a "good placement" for Shanley. By the end of the year, Pilecki had decided not to resign immediately, and Shanley was allowed to stay on. He promptly began campaigning to become a "Senior Priest" at age 65 and secure a pension from the Boston Archdiocese, which Cardinal Law approved. "For thirty years in assigned ministry you brought God's Word and His Love to His people and I know that that continues to be your goal despite some difficult limitations," Law wrote to Shanley. "This is an impressive record and all of us are truly grateful for your priestly care."

As for Shanley's becoming director of Leo House, before Cardinal Law could mail a letter to Cardinal O'Connor saying that he had no objection, O'Connor had rejected his appointment. Shanley decided to move back to San Diego.

"I have spent considerable time reviewing your file," wrote Monsignor William Murphy, who had replaced Flatley. "The restrictions against living with a roommate and not living near children or known homosexuals were prudent while you were under such close scrutiny by [the accuser] but I feel comfortable in lifting those now." Shanley was also told he could be a priest again if it was "outside of a parish or a setting which regularly involves children."

Murphy urged Shanley to speak to Monsignor Dan Dillabough, who was in charge of personnel for the San Diego Diocese. Murphy recommended Shanley as being well suited "for administrative work, especially in the area of sexual misconduct." Dillabough tells me he does not recall meeting Shanley, adding, "My thought and hope is we didn't have anything to do with him."

At least six settlements made with Shanley's accusers through 2000 were kept confidential and have since been referred to as hush money. Roderick MacLeish Jr., however, defends them. "We just didn't take the money and run. If you look at our settlement agreement on Shanley, it says he had to get out of active ministry, not be around children, and be in psychotherapy."

After Greg Ford and Arthur Austin came forward to name Shanley as their tormentor in a moving, dramatic press conference, Shanley E-mailed scores of friends telling them that the stories were all lies. Then he disappeared for a few weeks, until TV channel WBZ in Boston, working with KFMB in San Diego, caught him sneaking out of the San Diego apartment he shared with Lagace.

By then the Boston district attorney was ready to arrest him. The D.A.'s office asked WBZ to hold its story overnight and allow officials to apprehend him on May 2. Neighbors in Shanley's stuccoed building professed surprise at his arrest. He had seemed so pleasant and accommodating, though one neighbor says she had always thought he was too friendly for a reason.

Since Shanley's arrest, the number of his accusers at St. Jean's alone has risen to six, four of whom were pre-pubescent.

Paul Shanley may be an egregious example, but 250 priests have resigned or been suspended on charges of sexual misconduct in the United States since January. Some of these have more than 100 accusers, so the ripple effect in the Catholic Church is vast enough to be called epidemic. Like many molesters, Paul Shanley told doctors, he had been sexually molested himself, first as a teenager and later "as a seminarian by a priest, a faculty member, a pastor and ironically by the predecessor of one of the two Cardinals who now debate my fate."

Informed individuals in Boston clerical circles believe that a deceased high-ranking member of the administration of St. John's Seminary was Shanley's abuser, and that the archdiocese's fear that Shanley would go public with the information was what allowed him to operate with impunity for 40 years. People close to the case say they would not be surprised if he uses what he knows to plea-bargain.

Shanley's reputation as a predator in Boston was so notorious that even gay seminarians were careful to avoid him. "He was known to be abusive, known to have rent boys," a Boston-trained Jesuit in his early 40s tells me. Yet a total of four cardinals and three bishops failed to make the slightest effort to bring him to the attention of civil authorities.

There is no correlation between homosexuality and pedophilia—most pedophiles in the population at large are heterosexual—but authorities say that the victims of Catholic priests are overwhelmingly teenage boys. Abusers of teenagers, as opposed to children, are known as ephebophiles. Father Donald Cozzens, the former Vicar of Priests in Cleveland, writes in *The Changing Face of the Priesthood:* "Our respective diocesan experience revealed that roughly 90 percent of priest abusers target teenage boys as their victims. Relatively little attention has been paid to this phenomenon by Church authorities—perhaps it is feared that it will call attention to the disproportionate number of gay priests."

In fact, the issue of homosexuals in the priesthood has become a lightning rod used by both sides in the current controversy. Vatican spokesman Joaquin Navarro Vals declared that gays should not be ordained, whereas the gay Jesuit I spoke with the vast majority of gay priests are "c vant" of celibacy and consider their h sexuality "a gift" which allows them more sensitive to prejudice. He agrees Cozzens that what is not addressed "enormously high rate. There are a large percentage of priests who are think it is acknowledged in the clergy 70 or 80 percent.... Priests feel open veal themselves to other priests, but feel for personal reasons they can't rev publicly—the culture wouldn't be rea it," certainly not "the clerical admir tive culture."

"Secrecy and shame" are first cous former priest and psychologist me. "People stay as sick as their se are, and institutions stay as sick as the crets are."

The consequences of decades of se have been grave. When was the last a cardinal was deposed? The most s U.S. prelate, Cardinal Bernard Law, spoken of as the first American cand to be Pope, is now an object of sco Boston; his lax oversight at home whi campaigned in Rome to increase his ence will cause many charities to suffe probably much valuable church pro to be sold as the number of victims i Boston area seeking restitution climb ward 500. Reportedly a grand jury th considering whether criminal charges c be brought against Cardinal Law and er church officials for knowingly pl predatory priests where they could m minors. The *Boston Herald*'s Robin V ington has revealed that, even as a y vicar in Mississippi, Law protected his est seminary friend, who had been acc of abuse. They are currently both the ject of a lawsuit there.

Many of the bishops at the recent ference of U.S. Bishops in Dallas Law personally responsible for their bling assembly. At the same time Charter for the Protection of Children Young People produced by the confe promises that priests such as Paul Sh will no longer be able to function. "I past secrecy has created an atmosp that has inhibited the healing process in some cases, enabled sexually ab behavior to be repeated. As Bishop acknowledge our mistakes and our r that suffering, and we apologize and responsibility for too often failing vi and our people in the past." The ch also quotes Christ in the Gospel of thew, saying about anyone who w lead the little children astray that it w be better for such a person "to have a millstone hung around his neck an drowned in the depths of the sea." □

ON

Benjamin Bratt's Calvin Klein
Talisa Soto's Calvin Klein dress from
ein, N.Y.C. and Dallas;
alvin Klein Underwear
Bloomingdale's and
ores nationwide;
etzner for the Agency.



): Soto's Dolce &
a slip and dress from
Gabbana boutiques,
everly Hills, and Bal Harbour, Fla. Bratt's
shirt from the Ted Baker
.C.; Canali jacket from Bloomingdale's
tionwide, selected Saks Fifth Avenue
d Barneys New York, N.Y.C.
): Soto's Calvin Klein dress and Bratt's
ein suit and shirt from Calvin Klein, N.Y.C.
as.
): Anne Fulenwider styled by Christine Hahn.
7: Maggie Gyllenhaal's Ralph Lauren
n shirt and vest from selected Ralph
nd Saks Fifth Avenue stores; Jennifer
r Jed Root Inc.
): **Kathy Ireland** styled by Linda
for Art Mix (The Agency); shirt by Kathy
r Kmart, from Kmart stores nationwide;
Celine by Michael Kors, from the Celine
N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills.
2–13: For Talisa Soto's Cosabella top,
w.cosabella.com, or call 786-293-8888;
ein skirt from Calvin Klein, N.Y.C. and
r William Goldberg earrings, call
4343. Benjamin Bratt's Calvin Klein Black
t from Calvin Klein, N.Y.C. and Dallas;
watch, call 800-36-ROLEX.
): Bratt's Calvin Klein Black Label coat



from Calvin Klein, N.Y.C. and Dallas; CK Calvin Klein Jeans jeans and Calvin Klein Underwear tank top from Bloomingdale's and Macy's stores nationwide.
Pages 116–17: Bratt's Calvin Klein Underwear shirt from
dale's and Macy's stores nationwide;
in pants and Soto's Calvin Klein dress
in Klein, N.Y.C. and Dallas.
): See credits for page 115.
8–39: Evyan Metzner for the Agency.

Y AND GROOMING

enjamin Bratt's hair
Frédéric Fekkai for
oming Clay and Hair
a Soto's hair styled
ric Fekkai Glossing
d Instant Volume;
rom Frédéric Fekkai
C. and Beverly Hills,



3-FFEKKAI; Didier Malige for Frédéric
uté. MAC grooming and makeup
om all MAC locations, or go to
osmetics.com, or call 800-387-6707.
face, Day S.P.F. 15 Light Moisturizer
owder in Medium; on his lips, Lipstick in
Soto's face, Moisture Feed/Skin and
Foundation in NC35; on her eyes,
Brow Set in Coal Black; on her cheeks,
Frost; on her lips, Lipglass in Explicit.
Anne Fulenwider's hair and makeup by
kin for Halley Resources.

Page 68: Nanette Burstein's and **Brett Morgen's** grooming by Assumpta Clohessy for Susan Price, Inc.
Page 107: Maggie Gyllenhaal's hair styled with Bumble and Bumble Straight and Gloss, from selected salons; for more information, call 800-7-BUMBLE; Roberto Di Cuia for trafikinc.com. On her face, Nars Makeup Primer and Oil Free Foundation in Mont Blanc; on her eyes, L'Oréal Brow How in Brown, On-the-Loose Shimmering Powder in Sugar Coated, and Lash Intensifique Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, Cheek to Cheek Sculpting Blush Duet in Blissful Bronzes; on her lips, Nars Lip Liner Pencil in African Queen and Lip Gloss in Scandal. L'Oréal products from drugstores nationwide; Nars products from Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide and www.sephora.com; Paco Blancas for L'Atelier/Skin Alison Raffaele.





Page 110: Kathy Ireland's hair by Ken Paves for Pave Products; makeup by Matthew VanLeeuwen for Artists by Timothy Priano. Hair styled with L'Oréal Studio Line Fast Forward Quick Dry Hairspray and Total Control Clean Gel, from drugstores nationwide. On her face, Shu Uemura Moisture Fluid with Prescriptives Traceless Foundation in Level 3.5; on her eyes, Shu Uemura Pressed Eyeshadow in Brick 360 P and Mascara Basic in Basic Black; on her cheeks, Shu Uemura Glow On Blush in Peach 47 P; on her lips, Prescriptives Swirled Lippity Split in Warm. Prescriptives products from fine department stores nationwide, or go to www.gloss.com; Shu Uemura products from Shu Uemura boutiques, N.Y.C. and L.A., and Barneys New York, N.Y.C. and L.A.
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CORRECTION:
On page 125 of the July issue, the photograph, top right, is by Erik Aeder.

Michael Lutin tells Leos the egg is about to hatch

LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22


Milton Friedman

Miracles do happen. Don't laugh—it's true. With Jupiter at the end of your solar 12th house and the new moon on Mars, you may get a chance to refresh yourself during a few rare moments of peace and contentment. Drink in every available drop of tranquillity while you can, and give thanks for whatever rest and relaxation you are able to secure for yourself. Something big is definitely coming. Energy is gathering deep within you, and your spirit is restless, stirring, very much alive, and preparing to break out of its shell any day now.


Gloria Estefan

VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

You feel like one of those poor gerbils running endlessly in its wheel. The 4th house–10th house nodal axis has had you racing back and forth between home and work, with barely a moment for your usual escapes. You will be happy to learn that a respite from your weary climb to the top has arrived at last. Even if you cannot entirely shrug off the mantle of responsibility that you are constantly moaning is too heavy, you can at least enjoy your version of a family reunion—with like-minded colleagues, loved ones, and geeks from all over the globe.

LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23


Emily Post

The restoration of your tattered relationships with family members who you believe have hurt, abandoned, or betrayed you is within your grasp, now that you have the gifts of awareness and maturity on your side. Here's hoping you will do something constructive with your newfound sense of adulthood. The power of a new lunation gives you a chance to walk tall and make a mark on the world, without all the garbage you've been toting around for God knows how many years. It's amazing how far you can go when you dump the angry-victim bit.


W. C. Handy

SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21

Despite your spooky feeling of doom and your preoccupation with mortality over the last few months, the power of positive thinking must rule your patterns of behavior in the weeks ahead. With so much activity in your 9th house, your sense of adventure has to be at least as strong as your love of catastrophe. If you've got a dream, pursue it. If you get a chance to probe the heart of darkest Africa, go, for Pete's sake. And don't let anybody shake a bony finger of warning at you, either. Do you want to be remembered as a chicken?

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21


Gregg Allman

One reason many Sadges get so anxious over the issue of sex is that they are often torn between the needs of their bodies and the thoughts in their minds. You're not comfortable simply obeying the powerful instinctual commands of your hormones, especially when they threaten to override what your head is telling you is right or wrong. When the sun, the moon, Mars, and Jupiter team up in your solar 8th house, however, it is nearly impossible not to start scratching that proverbial itch. Never forget: you're half animal.


Marilyn Horne

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN. 19

When a new moon occurs in your solar 7th house, you'll get offers. That's a given. Thanks to Chiron in your sign, however, it takes a heck of a stretch for you even to imagine that somebody out there could love you just the way you are, with all your wrinkles, love handles, and zits, or whatever other aspects of your appearance you worry are too hideous to be seen by human eyes. At this very moment, however, people are coming forward on your behalf, disproving your notions about your undesirability and fraudulence. Which of you is right?

AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

Mike Bloomberg

As soon as Jupiter enters your 7th house, there's a good chance that your relationships will take a turn for the better. Until then it would benefit you immensely to stay busy and healthy and not allow ent wear you down like a top that's almost finished spinning. You need now, so make sure all employees and mommy figures are happy a Also, while exercise may not erase all your woes, it is a powerful form apy. If you make work your passion, your head can't possibly explo the pressure. Hang on.


Paula Zahn

PISCES FEB. 19–MAR

Considering the fact that Neptune in your 12th house is teach not to be overattached to anything in this world, you may be st to see that you can still get totally turned on and excited by such eart as romance, kids, and the performing arts. While the spiritually con highly evolved side of you looks with detached bemusement at t games people are compelled to play, you can be sure that, as long live, you too will be subject to the vibrations of Jupiter in the 5th You're not a saint yet.

ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

Francis Ford Coppola

As pleasant as it may be to chill out with loved ones in the shade of the weeping willow on the lawn at the family homestead, or to reminisce about the old days by the flickering light of a campfire, part o already champing at the bit to begin the next phase of your life. This it feels like to be on the cusp of the 5th house. You're about to bre and when you do you can say *ciao* to the old days. For the moment, t yourself a favor: lie back, have a cool drink, listen to the crickets, an rush the future.


Elaine May

TAURUS APRIL 20–M

Although no one can predict the extreme reversals of fort may befall any one of us at any moment, crises and frustrat cur to everyone over the course of a lifetime. As a Taurus, however, y more than anyone else when fate steps in and screws up the pl thought you were making. With a Mars-Jupiter conjunction heralding trance of Jupiter into your 4th house, there is hope. As long as you c to keep the channels of communication open between you and your and neighbors, your security can be restored, not to mention your s

GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

Natalie Portman

It is clear to everyone who knows and loves you that you have been mashed nearly to a pulp by a long, slow Saturn transit that continues to pile weight after weight upon your shoulders. Provided you don't g a frenzied binge, spending money can be therapeutic now. When a new moon occurs in your 2nd house, you don't want to hear any o isons between you and a drunken sailor, mainly because you've been oned in a tiny box for too long. You want your mobility back, damn you don't care how much it costs.

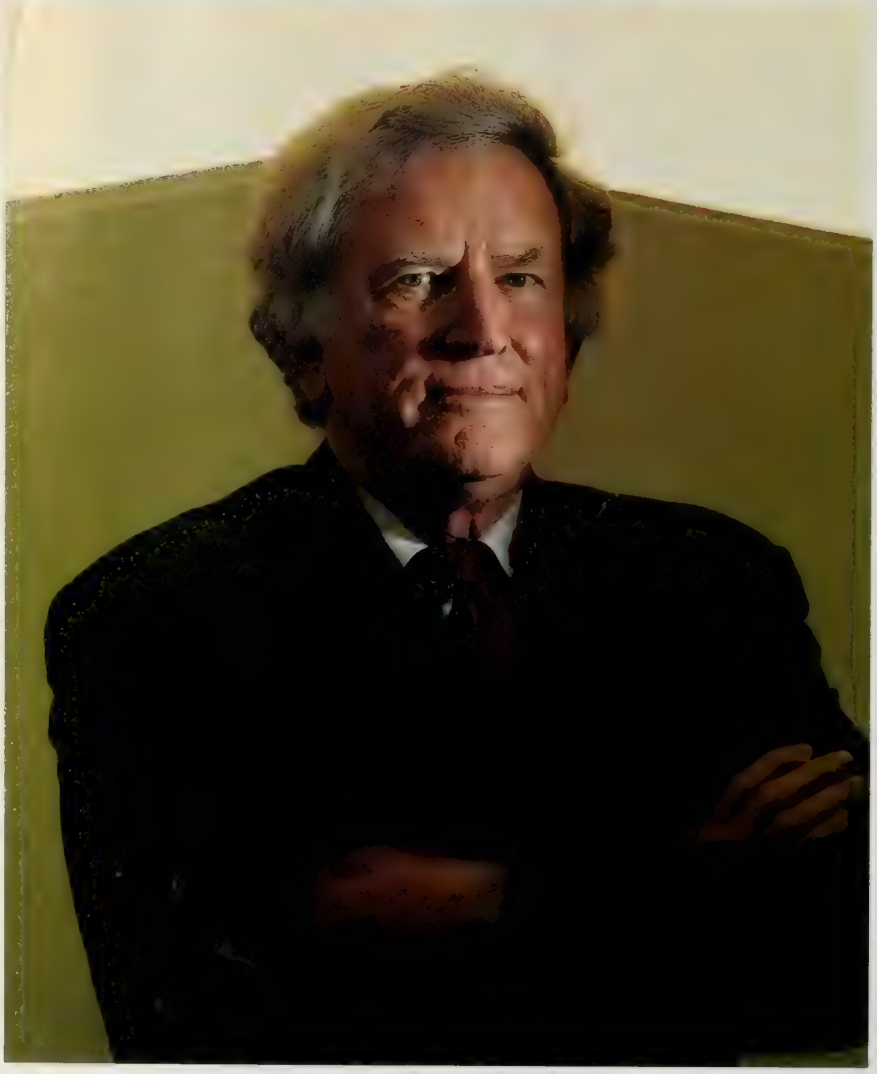

Carson Daly

CANCER JUNE 22–JU

Nobody can totally calm your feelings of being put-upon, picke hemmed in lately. Since you've still got a few 12th-house issues t take several months to work out, you aren't ready to toss in the towel away from it all, much as you'd love to. In fact, you should be feelin renewed, full of vitality and optimism, and ready to kick the butt one who dares to repress or reject you. Since it's so tough for Cance real without feeling guilty afterward, don't be too mean now. You *will* it later.

To hear more about what's happening in your horoscope—and everyone else's—listen to Michael Lutin weekly by calling 1-900-28V-FAI on a touch-tone phone. Cost: $1.95 per minute. If you are under 18, you need parental permission.


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GARY HART

Twice a candidate for the Democratic nomination for president and now an elder statesman for his party, Gary Hart was co-chair of a federal commission on national security whose report on terrorism, completed in January 2001, proved to be a prescient look at the country's vulnerability to attack. On the eve of the release of his 12th book, *Restoration of the Republic: The Jeffersonian Ideal in 21st-Century America*, he takes a moment to reflect on his love of Ireland, his continuing desire to serve his country, and a failure to suppress the Dionysian spirit

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Reading *The Odyssey* in classical Greek on board a three-masted schooner off the island of Chios.

What is your greatest fear?
Never having another opportunity to serve my country.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
My political mentor is Thomas Jefferson.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Books.

What is your favorite journey?
Traveling the lanes of Connemara.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Piety.

On what occasion do you lie?
It is excusable only to protect the honor of others, never oneself.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
Where do I start?

Which living person do you most despise?
Anyone cruel to a child.

What is your greatest regret?
Failure to suppress the Dionysian spirit.

What is your current state of mind?
Searching, always searching.

If you could change one thing about your family, what would it be?
To have not lost my parents too soon.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
Possibly to have inspired one or two young people.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
A symphony conductor.

If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?
An eagle.

What is your favorite occupation?
Writing books.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
Courage.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
Laughter.

What do you most value in your friends?
Loyalty.

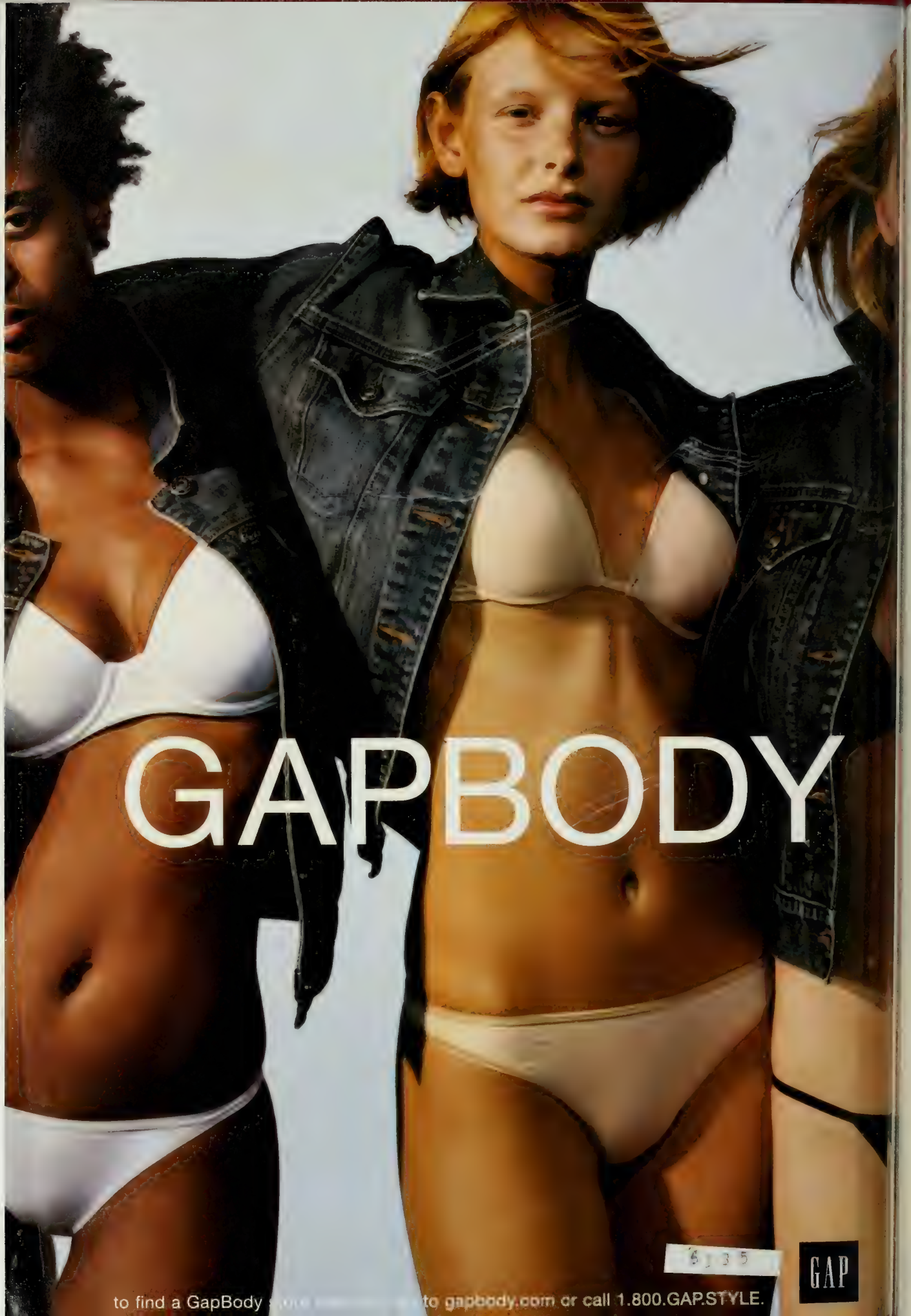
Who are your favorite writers?
Where do I start? Homer, Tolstoy, Joyce, Faulkner, Yeats, etc., etc., etc.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Odysseus.

Who are your heroes in real life?
Alas, they are all now gone.

What is your motto?
"March on!"


unger. Sexier You In Minutes!
LOOK TALLER AND SLIMMER Naturally
ADD INCHES TO YOUR BICEPS, TRICEPS AND PECS!
Reduces Wrinkles On Contact!
BRIGHTER, WHITER TEETH INSTANTLY
WATCH THE POUNDS MELT AWAY!
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